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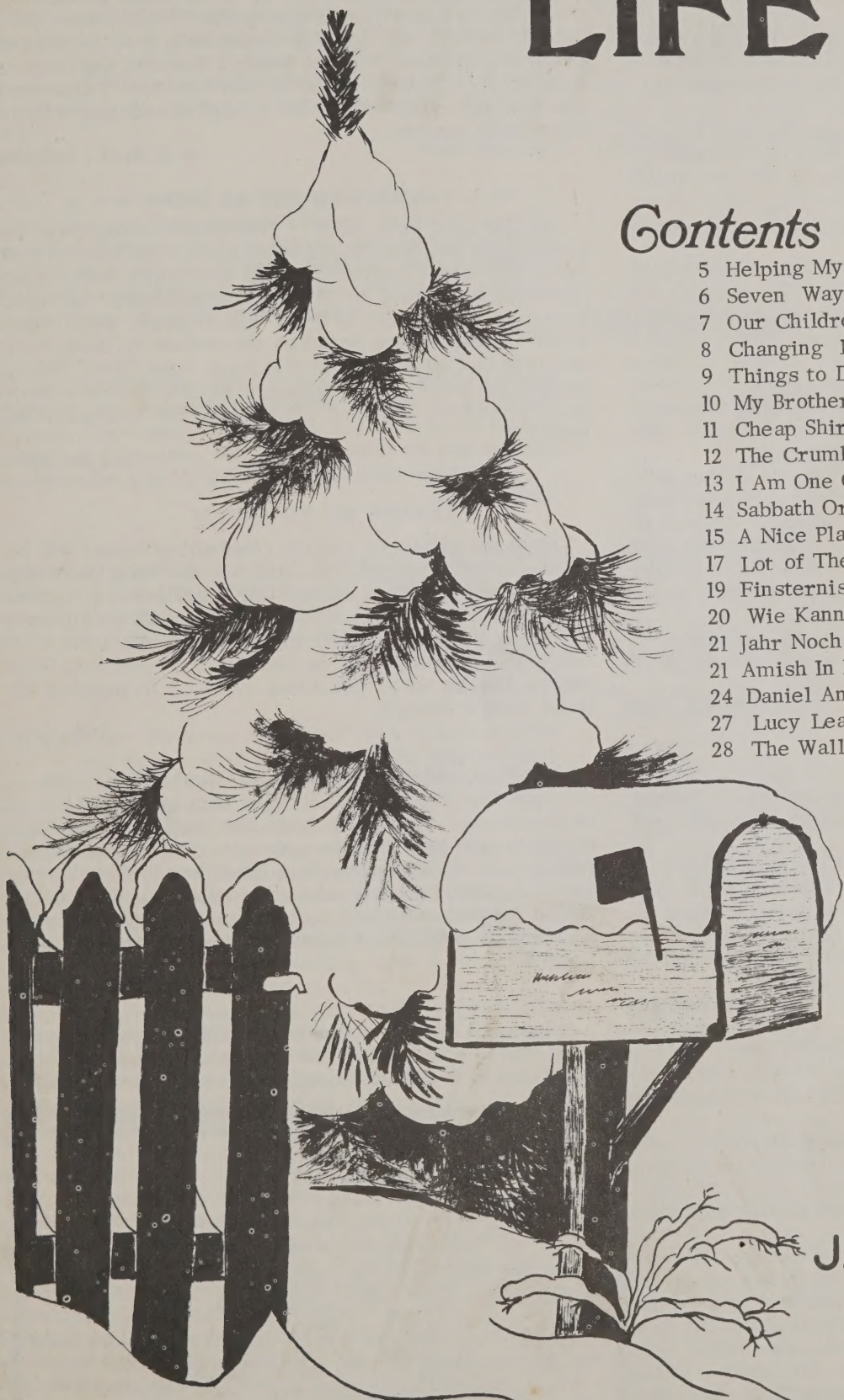






# FAMILY LIFE

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JANUARY

1972

# letters to the editors



## MORE REBEKAHS AND ISAACS NEEDED

"More Than A Pretty Face" (November issue) was interesting to me. We are in need of more Rebekahs. I believe we still have some among us but not enough.

The way things are among some of our young folks is something to think of. I believe the lack of Rebekahs is the cause of it. We, as mothers should be concerned about our daughters and teach them high moral standards. We should teach them to pray for a Christian partner.

Recently I read an article by an English man. He said how it was among them sixty years ago. The young folks used to come together for skatings and there were just as many girls as boys. They had a good time. But the coming of the scantily clad female seems to have doomed the skating pond. They couldn't stand the cold in that kind of clothes. When the girls quit going to the pond, it dampened the enthusiasm for the boys as well, and now skating is a thing of the past among them.

I believe everybody would be better off if the girls would quit trying to do what some of the boys are doing such as drinking, smoking, and driving cars. Instead of this, they should do as the Bible says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them" (Eccl. 12:1).

Maybe if there would be more shamfacedness and modesty among the girls, some of the problems we have to contend with today would disappear.

— A Mother, Ohio

I heartily agree, we do need more Rebekahs and have for a long time. But we also need more Isaacs, young men who have values that go deeper than exterior beauty.

However, we can not have Rebekahs and Isaacs as long as we have parents and grandparents who look down on children who don't have the nicest clothes. A child or baby with a pretty face or fancy clothes is admired and fussed over while one who is plain is barely noticed. What are we doing to our children?

—Goshen, Indiana

## AMISH SHOULD BE MENNONITES

The article, "The Amish Division of 1693" was outstanding. I would like to make a few comments which came to my mind.

First it seems to me that Jacob Amman was the one who held to the Biblical views as taught by Menno Simons, and that Ammons followers should be the ones called Mennonite. Hans Reist's followers perhaps should have been called "Reistnites."

Second, it seems that some of the Swiss Mennonites after emigrating to America returned to the historical Mennonite faith. Many of those who settled in the Lancaster area returned to a stricter church discipline, feet washing, plain and uniform dress, etc., that are characteristics of the historical Mennonite faith. However, it must be added that many of these have lost their Mennonite practices and views during the last twenty years.

Third, it is true as the article observes that the Men-

nonite church (at least west of Pennsylvania) owes its existence to the Amish. This may not really have been such a blessing as one might first think. There have been too many Amish who have joined the Mennonites because they could be "more up to date." Too often these have possessed a liberal spirit and not a true Christian experience. Too often the Mennonite church was too eager to take these in as members and did not look for evidence of a rebirth. This has resulted in a complete change in the Mennonite church. No group can receive the liberal element from another group and still keep faithful to its historical faith.

I wish we could all realize the significance of the above changes. The Mennonite church should be more than an ex-Amish church. It should be more than a stepping stone for ex-Amish to change to the world. True Mennonites should realize their faith and practices have much in common with the Amish church. The best in both of these groups seek to recover New Testament Christianity. Those who don't want to do this should leave both groups.

— L.M.H., Indiana

## LAW AND THE BEARD

"Is The Law Still Alive?" (November issue) was interesting to me. We could almost get the impression that Lev. 19:27 and 2 Samuel 19:24-29 contradict each other. However according to Strongs concordance the word beard in Lev. 19:27 is from the Hebrew word "zaw Kawn" meaning the beard as we ordinarily think of it, whereas in 2 Samuel 19:24 it is from "saw fawn" which means lip piece. So it appears to me that the Jews trimmed the lip piece but did not mar the corners of the beard.

— A.J.B., Ohio.

## SAYING NO TO SATAN

I hope the article on suicide (November issue) will be of help to some people. I believe just knowing there are many others who have had similar experiences is a great help. I don't think we can fully realize what such people are going through, as well as the ones around them. If only they could say "no" to Satan and let God into their hearts. Maybe we're not doing our duty in praying for these people enough.

-A.H., Ohio

I liked the article "The Greatest Gamble" as it was a very good one for me. I used to get blue spells and blame everyone else. I hope that from now on I can admit my faults to someone near me and not forget that others really care. Self-pity can do a lot of harm if we harbor such thoughts. I think we should be satisfied, married, or single, large family or small. As soon as we allow ourselves to think the other fellow has it nicer, we give Satan a hold.

-Pennsylvania.

I, too, was once tempted and I still am unable to say what the root of the trouble was, probably selfishness. But living with inlaws brought it to a climax. If only I

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could have told my partner what was troubling me and received even a little understanding, it would have meant so much to me. But I was only ignored, or told to be more patient. I no longer have this temptation and hope it will never return. Although other trials have replaced it and I need the prayers of praying people.

-Indiana

If it is true, as one writer states, that at least one tenth of all people are at least partly mentally sick, I believe many of us could find ourselves in that article somewhere. But it is also encouraging to know that with Christ, all things are possible.

-Ontario

I think the article was worth all the space if filled and contains valuable information. I hope you will continue to face life as it is in printing serious and needed articles. These are more precious and have deeper meaning to me than the ones which are written in story form but I do not wish to discourage any writer for with others it might be different.

-Narvon, Pa.

If only a few people go through this temptation, I believe those few ought to benefit from the article. I also believe that if we try to keep our natural bodies healthy in such things as eating and drinking and having a healthy mental and spiritual attitude toward life, we will be less apt to be tempted in this respect.

-E.K., Ohio

We need articles like this. Perhaps some will be helped by knowing that others have also been tempted and have overcome. The lesson I get from the article is that if people have problems, they should open up and talk to someone and not try to carry the load themselves.

-M.B., Ohio.

As I read the article, I had to think of another kind of suicide, of the poor man bound to the tobacco habit, thus committing it the slow way. Also of the farmer who supplies him with the stuff to do it with.

-F., Pennsylvania.

I think "The Greatest Gamble" is a much needed article in our time and day. I hope it will help not only those who are tempted to commit such a sin, but also those who are around people who have to do with depression and mental disorders.

There was one point missing which I had hoped the article would bring out, and that is the need for man and wife to be fully agreed, working together in harmony for the welfare of themselves and their children. Satan is not satisfied in only bringing discord between families in a community; he is also working hard to cause disagreement between man and wife.

Here in our community, it seems one thing he is using is to get married couples to disagree on which church they want to attend. Perhaps the man's parents are in favor of one church and point out the good points of that church while the wife's parents are opposed to that church and favor another.

In our community, it seems one church division is followed by another. We have so many denominations that it is a rare case indeed where the parents, grandparents, and children are all in the same denomination. All this is apt to bring discord into what should be a sacred tie, resulting in married couples who can't agree. Once Satan has succeeded in bringing division of opinion on such an important matter, the rest is easy. Frustrations follow, and confusion, and discouragement and in extreme cases, suicide. I'm afraid the church problem has to take the blame for at least some of the far too many suicide cases in our area the last few years.

-Holmes County, Ohio.

Waterloo, Ontario

Ich war dankbar für den Artikel, "Die Schädliche Neigung" in October Nummer von Familien Leben. Ein Katholischer Mann hat mich einst gefragt ob diese Sachen noch geübt wird in unsere Gegenden. Ich schämte mich daß ich sagen müßte daß ich habe schon gehört das es zu Zeiten als noch geübt wird, jedoch mit völligen Kleider angezogen. Sein Antwort zu mir war, "Gefleidet oder nicht gefleidet, es ist doch eine große Versuchung und ich könnte nicht gedanken für solches erlauben in mein Hause."

Es hat mich schon oft gewundert wie diese Sachen angefangen ist unter unsere Leute den wir wissen das es war länger zurück nicht so gewesen. Es möchte ein Jeder von uns die Frage an uns selber tun, "Könnte ich solch eine Sache tun ohne unreine Gedanken haben?"

In Matt. 5 lesen wir daß wir sollen das Licht der Welt sein. Mit dem Katholischer Mann sein Antwort als noch in meine Ohren klingend wollte ich gerne die Frage stellen, "Wie klar ist unser Licht?"  
—A.M.

(Continued on page 7)



# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## ASPIRINS CAN BE DANGEROUS

A University of Maryland doctor has urged people to be careful with the use of aspirin tablets after finding that they can cause bleeding in the intestinal tract.

Dr. Vernon M. Smith believes aspirins interfere with the blood clotting in normal cases of bleeding. He said many persons have a small amount of bleeding in the intestinal tract every day but when aspirins are taken this may develop into something serious.

He also said the drug may be responsible for some heart disease and strokes. Since a stroke is caused by the rupture of a small blood vessel in the brain, anything which would hinder the blood from clotting could bring on a crippling stroke.

## HEIFER PROJECT HELPS THE HUNGRY

During the past 26 years Heifer Project, Inc. has sent more than four million animals to needy farmers in 84 different countries of the world. The farmer must promise to care for the animal, and give the first female offspring to some other needy farmer in the community who must promise to do the same thing. In this way the gift keeps going indefinitely.

A Dunkard farmer by the name of Dan West devised the plan right after World War II and since that time, many poor peasants have been delighted to acquire livestock of their own. Anyone wishing to help in sending this livestock to the needy is invited to make contributions or join with others in raising funds.

It costs \$300 to buy a bred heifer and send her overseas. A gilt costs \$70.00, a sheep \$50.00, a goat \$50.00, a doe rabbit, \$10.00, a beehive, \$10.00 and baby chicks are 25c each.

The address is Heifer Project, Inc., Box 808, Little Rock, Arkansas 72203. Even children can get together to

send small animals to children in other lands.

## TURN OUT THE TURTLES.

Indications are that the cute little turtles which can be bought in many ten cent stores are turning out to be anything but cute. Reports are coming in from all parts of the U.S. that these little turtles are spreading an infection known as salmonellosis. The most common

victims are children who play with the turtles. The disease causes nausea, vomiting, abdominal cramps, diarrhea, and sometimes a blood infection with rashes, abscesses, and fever. The disease usually develops within two weeks or less after exposure to the germs. Prompt treatment is necessary to avoid complications. The germ is related to typhoid fever.

For the sake of your family's health, don't buy any of these pets and if you have any then get rid of them and disinfect the bowl thoroughly.

# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## COULD THIS HAVE BEEN YOU?

The story is told of a group of friends who gathered one night to have a birthday party. They were having a splendid time, with much laughter and joking and everyone was in a gay mood. Finally someone entered with a large birthday cake, set it on the table and then called out, "The one for whom this birthday celebration is being held shall come and cut the cake."

Everyone waited for him to come forth but no one came. Then the man called out again but still no one came forth.

Everyone became deathly quiet and each one looked at the other but no one could find the person for whom the celebration was being held.

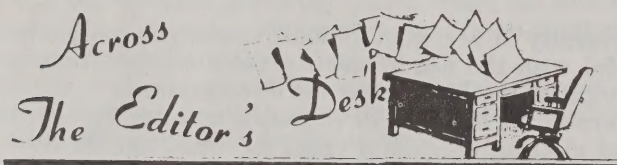
Finally someone asked, "Who was supposed to invite

him?"

After some commotion, it was discovered that he had not been invited. Then the truth dawned upon the guests and they were very much ashamed. They realized they had come together to have a good time, to eat, drink and be merry. Although it was supposed to be a party in honor of the one who was having a birthday, each one was really just concerned in serving the desires of his own nature.

This sounds ridiculous but wait! Could it maybe really have happened many times over the past Christmas season? Could there have been Christmas celebrations, supposedly to the honor of Christ, whose birthday was to be observed, but where the real reason for coming together was to have a good time, to eat drink and be merry?

-Malinda Stoltzfus, Pennsylvania.



**DO MAGAZINES** such as *Family Life* and *Young Companion* take away Bible reading time? This question has been asked and we think it deserves an honest answer. Recently a member of one of the plainer Amish churches made the statement that he thinks they do. He said, "When we used to get *Family Life*, every month when it came the children would be so taken up that they could hardly think of anything else. I feel that with one of the Pathway magazines coming every ten days there would be very little time left during the month for Bible reading."

It is true, of course, that conditions are not all the same in the different homes, and that the head of each household must work out what he feels is best for his own family.

But some rules do hold true for all families. One of these is that if there are a few eager readers in a family (as there appears there are in the above family) then chances are they will do a lot of reading in a month. The next question is, how long does it take the average reader to read the Pathway magazines? As near as we can tell, the average child will spend about one evening reading the *Young Companion*. A fast reader can read it through in an hour, but by taking a little more time, they can get more out of it. *Family Life* is larger but the average child will not read it all, so again he will spend about an evening on one issue. A certain part of *Blackboard Bulletin* is mostly for teachers, but the eager reader may still read most of this, too, accounting for another evening. This makes a total of 3 evenings per month, which would leave 27 evenings for reading the Bible or

other books.

Actually the ideal setup would be to read part of the magazine in an evening and leave the rest for some other evening. In this way it would not interfere with Bible reading at all.

Would it be possible, with a family of eager readers, to restrict them to reading only the Bible? If it were possible, would we want to do it? We believe a high percentage of parents would say no. We want them to read other things, but it should be such material that will help them either in making a living or in getting along in life. It must be material which will not conflict with their Bible teaching, or their desire for reading the Bible. This would automatically rule out most of the material contained in newspapers and worldly magazines for there they find such things as comics, sports, love stories, war stories, etc.

There is one type of reading matter on the market today which is especially destructive and quickly kills the desire for serious reading. Every day, thousands upon thousands of tons of books and magazines are printed which are for **entertainment only**. They have little or no value but they can do untold damage by polluting the readers' mind with all kinds of evil thoughts that will be extremely hard to get rid of. The parent of the eager reader should realize that his children are going to read something else beside the Bible. It is up to him to put within their reach the kind of material that will be of value to his children and create an interest in Bible reading instead of the kind that will destroy this interest.

**"TRUE STORIES** are worth more than fiction," a reader recently wrote, and we agree. Of course it all depends on what we mean by fiction. There is a kind of fiction which is unrealistic and gives an altogether false picture of life.

The stories in *Family Life* are either true stories or are  
Family Life

true to life. Sometimes a writer takes incidents from the lives of different people and puts them together in one story. The characters in true-to-life stories often make us say, "That's just like someone I used to know." In the Bible we find many parables and true-to-life stories which teach us a lesson.

We prefer true stories, too, but since many things which have already happened in this world have never been recorded, and are now mostly forgotten, we must depend on true-to-life stories to teach many important lessons.

**THE HIRED GIRL STORY** in this issue is, we are sorry to say, a true story. We hope no one will be offended because the author speaks in plain words. It is the plain truth, and if we do not heed it's message, then we may someday wish we had. This is the first time this story has been told in full. The author states, "I never told anyone this story, not even my parents." Perhaps this accounts for her further statement as follows, "Several years later I worked at another place in town. That time I was in a much greater danger than the first time, but it was an entirely different kind of danger." She has promised to write it for us and we hope to have her second story within a few months.

**WHAT'S HAPPENED to our writers?** So far every winter we have gotten a good supply of articles which carried us over the busy summer months. But this winter they have been slow in coming in. The **Pathway Pen Points** have hit a new low, and the type of feature articles, submitted by our readers like we used to have the first few years are getting rather scarce.

Perhaps you have sent in some material which has not been used. There are about two dozen reasons why a certain article is not used right away or not used at all. Perhaps we have had another article on the same subject, or maybe we feel that it is of insufficient interest to the majority of readers. In the past we have received quite a few articles which were clipped out of **Reader's Digest** or other similar magazines. First of all, we do not use selected articles if there are original ones available. Secondly, all the material in **Reader's Digest** is highly copyrighted and it would probably cost us a thousand dollars to get permission to use it. Thirdly, many of our readers have already read the article, anyway, if it is taken out of some commonly known magazine.

If you have anything you think would be of general interest and value, please send it in. Now is a good time to get your writing done, before the spring work begins.

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## WATCH THAT OIL STOVE

**An oil stove explosion!** How often have we heard this said after a disastrous fire. An oil stove is made to give a lifetime of trouble-free service if a few simple rules are followed in giving it the care it needs. Let's stop and see what causes an oil stove to explode and what can be done to prevent it.

1. **Dirty Burner Caps.** Most parts of the burners are made of brass or copper. These should be cleaned weekly, and polished to a shine. Due to prolonged use, the burner caps will become coated with carbon. When this carbon builds up thick enough and becomes heated to a certain degree it ignites. The flames will then shoot higher than the stove, setting afire anything within reach.
2. **Never hang a towel or cloth or any inflammable material on the back of an oilstove.** Under certain conditions, these could become heated and ignite.

3. **A leaky oil stove is a very dangerous object to have**

inside your home. Either throw it out or quit using it until it is repaired. Once a year the pipes should be drained to remove any water, rust or dirt.

Due to human nature, the above simple precautions are often neglected. If these rules would have been followed, many a fire might have been averted already.

-M.E. Hershberger, Baltic, Ohio.

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## Helping My Husband

**A** father really is someone. It is a serious business to be a father for God expects great things of the man. When a man marries, he must accept the obligations and responsibilities for the physical, moral, and spiritual welfare of his home. God intends for the man to set the pattern for his children.

The woman is the weaker vessel and it is her duty to be the keeper of the home. A wife who tries to help her husband in every way will receive many blessings beyond measure. She must trust her husband's judgement and stand back of him.

A father is someone who needs to be feared, not as one who rules with an iron rod. It is for our protection that we obey him and respect his judgement.

After John became my husband, his life was never quite the same. God said when a man and woman marry, they shall leave father and mother and the two shall be one flesh. Few people really realize what all this includes. The husband is the provider, the protector, the deliverer of his wife's body. Every man who marries, takes care of his wife as a sacred trust. The husband is to be the head of the home, even as Christ is of the church. As the church is obedient to Christ so shall the wife be to her husband.

It seems at our house things don't go as smoothly when Dad is not around. There always seems to be more tension and frustrations, but when he is here, everyone feels a sense of security and protection and everything goes better. When a storm comes up, I always feel better when my husband is at home with me and the children.

At first John worked away from home but this never seemed right. The children and I would do the chores by ourselves. I remember the evening when John said, "Wouldn't it be nice to milk more cows and make our living off the farm?"

I have often thanked the Lord for letting me marry a farmer, for there are many blessings in a farm home. A faithful wife can encourage a farmer a great deal. The investment needed to start farming can frighten a man whose wife is a spendthrift.

The father is the provider and the bread earner but the wife and children need to help all they can in the duties and labors of a home. A father should talk financial problems over with his wife. The children ought to listen in for children can often learn a lot by just listening. A lot less problems come up in homes where the husband can talk with his wife in a loving way, and where the father enjoys the children.

God expects the man to take the lead for the woman is the weaker vessel. It is her duty to make a home out of a house, where her husband can come home to meet his love, not a grouch!

There must be love between husband and wife. Remember you were each other's choice and this was your answer to a lonely heart and to supply the comfort and joy of fellowship. When two walk together, life is much happier. If one stumbles, the other is there to hold him up. If one is discouraged, the other one should give encouragement. Two people can sleep warmer than one. Two hearts can be more cheerful and happy than either one alone. Happiness in married life is something that has to be worked for, it will not come naturally.

What can be lovelier and more beautiful than a home where husband and wife and children work together for the spiritual welfare of each other?

— M.E.G., Indiana

# FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

## SEVEN WAYS HOW NOT TO ACCEPT REBUKE

**W**e're all quite familiar with the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, mainly because it's read to us twice a year -- at each "Ordnungs Gemeinde." From this chapter, too, our ministers preach the need for brotherly admonitions. They tell us how important it is for Christians to keep the commandment in verse 15, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."

I have heard ministers lament that so few members take this command seriously, and that in place of it they are likely to tell a brother's faults to others, or at best, carry it to the ministers and ask them to see about the matter.

Certainly, it would be good if all of us were more willing to rebuke a brother when he is in error. To go to him in a prayerful humble way and talk matters over -- this is the Scriptural method, and there is no substitute. We need to practice it more.

At the same time, I can't recall very many sermons on accepting rebuke. Suppose I am the man who has erred, and a concerned brother in the church comes to talk to me about it. What should be my reaction to his coming? How should I respond to his criticism of my life?

I am sure there are a number of wrong ways to accept rebuke. The old adamic nature within us squirms mightily when pressure is brought to bear upon it, especially when the pressure comes from the hand of some other person. Perhaps it is because so few people accept correction gracefully that going to tell a brother his fault is an unpopular thing to do!

What are some very common, human responses to criticism? Let us study the reaction of seven imaginary people, each of which has his own special **wrong** way of encountering rebuke. Perhaps if we recognize how not to accept reproof, it will be easier to accept it in the right way -- the humble, child-like, willing-to-be-taught Christian way.

### "I have been wronged..."

John Miller and his wife can't forget what happened several years ago; they feel the church didn't use them right at that time. Now when a brother comes to rebuke them about something else, the grudge flares into full flame. Suddenly their eyes brim over and they break into sobs. What began as an attitude has matured into a personality trait, and at the slightest reminder John and his wife are engulfed in self-pity.

The well-meaning brother who came to talk to them is perplexed and doesn't know what to do. He soon sees he isn't getting through to them, for they have insulated themselves too well in self-pity. How is he to fulfil his duty toward John and his wife?

### "You're always pick-pick-picking."

Eli Yoder and his sister are two young people that have caused some mischief among the young people. A young unmarried brother talks to Eli about it, but Eli won't listen. "You're just a goody-goody, so you pick-pick on people like me. Always picking. Why don't you pick on your cousin Alvin, or on the Raber boys. No, they're your friends."

Eli's attitude is nearly the same as John Miller's, yet it is different. Eli is convinced the reason people rebuke him is not because he is worse than others, but because he's from the wrong family and everybody has a pick on him. He is not bothered with self-pity; rather, he claims he doesn't care. But his actions prove he is bitter, and that he resents criticism very much.

### "Really, I love an argument."

Levi Weaver is middle-aged, and by his own admission can help himself quite well in talking. Levi likes nothing better than a lively debate, and some people are sure he steers a discussion purposely toward an argument.

Every brother in the church knows that if he goes to Levi's house to rebuke him for a fault (of which, incidentally, he has several), he won't get away with the last word. Levi must have that. So everyone is a bit reluctant to talk to Levi.

Once when the deacon had been to speak to him, Levi was heard to boast the next day, "Ich hab sei maul g'stopft." And what are Levi's weapons? He uses Scripture verses like a soldier uses a sword -- to cut down his opponent.

### "I can't see that it's any worse than..."

Here we have the old comparing game, and no one is better at playing it than young Sam Brennemans. Sams keep wearing clothes and doing things that are not approved by the church. When they are admonished, the answer is always, "Oh, but I can't see that it's much different from..." and they compare their latest disobedience to something that is no offense in the church.

One night a burdened brother determined to beat them at their own game, and when Sam and his wife started comparing, he took it right out of their mouths, and kept on comparing this with that, and that with this, step by step farther and farther out, until he had Sam's wife wearing a miniskirt and Sam himself selling life insurance. The Brennemans were silent that night, but the next time something came up, they were back in the rut.

### "Digging up old bones"

Jonathan Mast has an unusual memory. Used in the right way, his memory might serve him well, but Jonathan remembers only bad things about other people. And he keeps these things, like sharpened arrows, ready for firing. It's amazing what he can relate in detail that took place a dozen years ago. When someone rebukes Jonathan, he never fails to recall an incident that to him seems much worse, that some respected person committed in earlier years.

"But Jonathan, that is past and forgiven, and should be forgotten," the brother rebukes him. "After we've communed together in peace, those matters should not be brought up again."

But Jonathan refuses to hear. His tastes run with the vulture family, and no one is going to forbid him from

feasting on dead things of the past.

**"But the Bible says..."**

Harry Bontrager is one of those people who convinces himself he is never wrong, and always manages to find a Bible verse for support. Sometimes he takes verses out of their context, or otherwise twists the Scriptures to get the meaning he desires, and then he is content. Some say Harry means it well and doesn't know better, but others think he should know better. When a minister kindly explains the correct message of a passage, Harry will listen but always his own understanding of it will come to the surface at the last, and he will still believe the same as before.

**The yes-yes brother who lives no-no**

Dave Nissley is a young bachelor who is easy to talk to. Nobody finds it a difficult task to rebuke Dave, and those who don't know him very well come away with a good impression. For Dave readily admits it when he's wrong, and easily gives in to others. His speech is mild and even-tempered, "Yes, yes, you're probably right."

But time has shown that Dave does not live as he talks. Either he is not sincere in the first place, or he is so weak that he promptly forgets his resolutions. Those who have been to reprove Dave feel almost as if it were lost time to talk to him again.

For most of us, it is not easy to rebuke a brother for his fault, and it is likewise not easy to accept a rebuke in a truly humble manner. In either situation, the grace of God is needed to overcome that strongman, SELF.

But just because something is difficult or unpleasant, is no excuse for neglecting it. The Christian has a real responsibility to warn and rebuke his fellows, and he has the second responsibility to willingly confess his sins to others when they are pointed out to him.

It is well, it seems to me, that our ministers should continue to encourage the brethren to obey Matthew 18:15 -- to go personally to an erring brother and rebuke him. And it needs to be clearly understood that the best way to get a humble response is to have a humble approach -- and a true desire to help the brother, not shame

him.

And the second responsibility, that of accepting rebuke gracefully -- perhaps here, too, we need more teaching. For the message in Matthew 18 is directed fully as much at the brother who has committed a sin, as it is to the one who should rebuke him. What happens when the erring brother does not accept the warning?

"But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."

Indeed, these are not light matters -- the Scriptural rebuke and the Scriptural acceptance of it.

And so I must ask myself, "Am I willing to speak to a brother who has sinned against me, and go to him in the right spirit and with the right motives, to help him?"

But wait, who said the person needing rebuke is the other man? It could well be that some concerned brother has seen a fault in me, and is right now feeling convicted to come to talk to me. Is he perhaps fearful, afraid of the response he will get, worried that I won't try to understand him?

When he has gathered the courage to come and speak to me, how will I receive him? I can, of course, react sourly and poke a few things back at him. Or I can submerge myself in self-pity till he leaves. I can tell myself he is just picking on me.

Or I can stand up for my rights, and like Levi Weaver, show him how to argue. I can justify myself at any cost, even if it means having to dig up the past, as Jonathan Mast would.

But no, surely there is a better way. The wise man Solomon said, "Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction; but he that regardeth reproof shall be honored."

As Christian brethren we are here to help each other along the way. My weakness may be my brother's strength, so why shouldn't I welcome his helpful correction? Why should my own personal pride stand in the way?

Certainly, it is good to be humble -- humble enough to accept rebuke, and not refuse it in any of the seven ways we have studied.



**"letters to the editors"**

-Continued from page 3

Der Artikel „Peter Von dem Berge“ im November Nummer bringt uns wieder ein wenig zum erstaunen und zurück denken, wie die Leute früher ihre Arbeit zuwege gebracht haben. Wo ist heute jemand der es unternehmen wollte vierzig Acker Land abklaren mit nur eine Art und Schaufel? Ich dachte die Leute heute würden ziemlich geschwind „Abje“ sagen zu solch eine Sache.

Der Knabe ist von der Schweiz gekommen, und angelandt in New York auf sein achtzehnten Jahrestag. Sein Bruder und Schwester die älter waren wie er hatten schon mehr Geld und gingen sofort nach Ohio. Der Peter mußte eine Zeitlang arbeiten in Pennsylvania, denn er hatte nicht genug für sein Jahrgeld zu bezahlen. Er arbeitete für ein Bauer und bekomme sechs Taler per Monat.

Nachdem er ein wenig Geld hatte ging er zu Fuß der ganze Weg nach Ohio. Er hatte aber nicht genug Geld eine Farm zu kaufen, da ging er betrübt wieder zurück nach Pennsylvania und arbeitete noch länger. Später versuchte er es wieder nach Ohio zu gehen mit 200 Taler. Das war aber noch nicht genug, seine Farm kostete 400 Taler. Ein Nachbar half ihm ein wenig aus, er arbeitete vier Jahre lang vierzig Acker abklaren um genug Geld zu verdienen seine January 1972

Farm zu bezahlen.

Er mußte die kleine Bäume ausgraben, und alles bereiten für der Pflug, dazu mußte er noch genug Riegel spalten es in 8 Felder einzufensen. Nach meiner Rechnung mußte er ungefähr 15,000 Riegel spalten, und das alles bei Hand mit Schlegel und Keil. Dies muß eine sehr langweilige und mühsame Arbeit gewesen sein, aber er konnte immer vorne schauen mit frohem Muth: Wenn ich fertig bin, kann ich meine Farm bezahlen und mir eine Heimat verschaffen.

Ich habe selbst da ich noch ein Knabe war, geholfen Riegel Fense widerherstellen, aber es waren keine neue Riegel mehr gespalten in meiner Zeit. Jetzt gehen wir ganz anders daran für Fense oder Gebäude aufzutun, und Land abklaren als wie sie sind da der Peter von dem Berge seine Gebäude aufgetan hat.

Dieser Man war später erwählt zum Dienst und Bischofsamt und ohne Zweifel hatte er noch viel schwere Arbeit getan in der Gemeinde da er vorangegangen ist für manche Jahre.

Ich wünsche wir könnten mehr von solche Artikeln von alte Beschreibungen beibringen, wie die Leute getan haben in Alters Zeiten. Es würde uns verursachen mehr vergnügt und zufrieden sein mit was wir haben.

—B. D., Mo.

# GOTT LOB!

## DAS NEUE JAHR TRITT EIN

Gott lob!, Das neue Jahr tritt ein  
Es ist schon angehoben  
Ach könnt ich doch recht dankbar sein,  
Und Gott vollkommen loben.  
Ich schenck mich dir; ach schenck dich mir,  
Mein Gott und Licht, mein Lebenszier;  
Ach bleibe stets mein Helfer.

Verleih mir deinen guten Geist  
Der Herz und Seel regiere;  
Der mich mit Glauben allermeist,  
Mit Gottes Furcht mich ziere.  
Der mich erfülle allezeit,  
Mit Hoffnung, Lieb und Heiligkeit  
Und bleibe stets mein Führer.

Lasz meines Glaubens Freudigkeit  
In diesen Jahre fiegen;  
Und in den siegesvollen Streit  
Des Fleischeslust erliegen.  
Auf dasz ich bleibe fromm hinfort  
Zu aller Zeit, an allem Ort  
Und bleibe mein Regierer.

Ach groszer Gott, verlasz mich nicht  
Wenn ich vor dir hintrete,  
Wend nicht von mir dein Angesicht  
Wenn ich im Glauben bete.  
Ach Herr, erhöre meinen Bitt,  
Ach teil mir deines Hilfe mit  
Und bleibe mein Erbarmer.

Ich bitt noch mehr, O Gott, von dir,  
Ach gib mir deinen Segen;  
Dann lasz doch deine Liebe mir  
In meinem Tun beilegen.

Ach liebster Vater, segne mich  
Mein Auge schauet nur auf dich;  
Ach bleibe stets mein Vater.

Und weil du weiszt was mir gebricht  
So wirst du für mich sorgen;  
Es ist ja deiner Weisheit Licht  
Mein Zustand nicht verborgen.  
Drum sorg für mich in dieser Jahr  
Wie du versorgest immerdar.  
Und bleibe mein Versorger.

Sollt mich auch treffen Kreuz und Leid,  
So biet mir deine Hände;  
Sei du zur Hilfe mir bereit,  
Das sich die Trübsal wende.  
Ach! gieb mir Glauben und Geduld  
Erhalte mich in deiner Huld  
Und bleibe mein Erretter.

Ja tröste mich zur Leidenzeit,  
Und lasz mich bald empfinden,  
Der Kinder Gottes Freudigkeit,  
Lasz alle Angst verschwinden.  
O Gott des Trostes, wende nicht  
Von mir dein Licht und Angesicht,  
Und bleibe stets mein Tröster.

Soll auch dies Jahr dasz letzte sein  
Das ich noch soll erleben,  
So führe mich zur Freude ein,  
Da wolest du mir geben, wollest  
Erquickung nach der Trauerigkeit,  
Die Krone nach dem Kampf und Streit,  
Und Herrlichkeit und Wonne.

Sel. by Mrs. Olen J. Miller, Bristol, Ind.

Changing  
Lands  
and  
Values  
-Esra Burkholder

**I**n 1735 a tract of land consisting of 1750 acres, known as the Moselman Plateau was sold to the Merkel Estate. The selling price was in pounds and the money was paid to John and Richard Penn, sons of William Penn. The plateau was owned by the Merkels for several generations and then sold off in parts. One part was purchased by Daniel Heffner, who again sold it after some time. The balance of 111 acres went to Harry Miller in 1940. Six years later I bought this tract from Harry Miller and with it, I got the old deed from William Penns' sons.

In 1936 I bought a farm in Lancaster County that had also been sold by William Penns' sons in the same year, 1735. Both these old deeds were made out of pigskins and  
Family Life

the seals were glued on with a piece of silk. A great change in the price of land values has been made here in Penn Valley during the past ten years.

Since 1900, land prices have been rising steadily. In sections like the Conestoga Valley there were many Old Order Amish and Mennonite families and more land was needed. Many of the farms were split to make enough room for the offsprings. The fierce competition pushed the prices up. When a farm was sold at public sale, a dozen or more people wanted it but only one could get it.

What we are facing now is the non-farm people looking to the countryside for living room. In the last five or six years there has been a tremendous amount of our best land taken up in building developments, schools and roads. The four super highways through Pennsylvania have taken up sixty-four thousand acres of land. A considerable amount of it was good farm land and it has now been taken out of production. If this continues, where will all the food come from to feed the population?

## THINGS TO DO

## BEFORE

## YOUR CHILDREN GROW UP

(Some Duties Of A Christian Parent)

**TRAIN UP A CHILD** in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it (Proverbs 22:6).

“These words, which I command thee shall be in thine heart and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up” (Deut. 22:5-6).

We must be by example what we want our children to be. Children are great imitators. Your example is of utmost importance.

Be a parent, not just a playmate, but do play and pray together.

If you love your children, then let idleness be counted as a sin in your family.

Be sure you have confidence in your children and they in you.

Let them know you are for them and not against them.

Be as good as your word if you want them to be as good as their word.

Work along with your children in their work and take an interest in what they do, or they may lose interest in what they do.

Pray for your children. The genuineness of your prayers will teach them the reality of God.

Devotions should not be merely an instruction period, but rather adoration, praise, love, and appreciation of God.

Songs of praise magnify the wonders of God.

When conditions are as they should be in the home, it is a foretaste of Heaven.

As fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, we have the biggest job in the world to teach our children to love the Lord.

Disobedience and disrespect for parents are often the first steps downward that children take.

No man who dishonors father or mother ever prospers in the long run.

Isaac was so holy before his children, that when Jacob remembered God, he remembered him in the “fear of his father Isaac” (Gen. 31:53).

When parents err in their judgement and later recognize and confess it, they gain the respect of the child.

Unity between parents is a must. When one parent says something, the other should back him up.

Study your Bible: acquaint your children with the simple truths of the Word.

There must be much gentleness and patience along with instructions, “lest they become discouraged” (Col. 3:21).

It always pays to speak kindly, and especially to husband, wife or children.

If parents want the gratitude of their children, let them talk to them as though they were human beings. “Like begets like.”

Love produces love and hatred reproduced hatred. It is usually the scolding parents who are disrespected by their children.

Reproofs should always be given in gentle tones.

These do not belong in a Christian home: slang, vulgarity, frivolity, uncourteous treatment of youngsters, disrespect for elders, talking back to parents.

Never compare your child with other children. If you compare them favorably, they may become proud, if unfavorably, discouraged.

As soon as children show anger, they are old enough to be punished.

A child will not desire to touch a hot stove more than once or twice. Our discipline should follow the same pattern.

A child is not trained properly until he obeys when told the first time, without question, and without need for the parent to raise his voice.

Use discipline to correct your child, be fair but be firm.

Mother shall help faithfully, but Father must shoulder the blame if training of the children is not accomplished.

If the woman has the lead in the conversation too much in the home, it is evidence that she is out of God's order: Christ, man, and then, woman.

In the sight of God it is much better for the woman to be of a meek and quiet spirit (1 Peter 3:3-4).

Demanding obedience to satisfy every selfish whim or acting like a slave driver without due respect for the children, can not be tolerated in the Christian home.

Children will quickly discern whether or not we mean what we say.

When children are old enough to understand, they should be taught the basic facts about sex and the reproduction of life before they learn it from a perverted source in an unscriptural manner.

Young people may develop sinful habits because they are not aware of the meaning of the impulses within them. A knowledge of the facts of life can help them from getting into habits which may trouble them for life.

Buying everything he wants results in a spoiled child. The parents should know what is best for the children.

When our children leave for school, etc, do we send them off with a smile and a pleasant farewell?

A child can read a parent's character before he can read the alphabet.

You can't pull the wool over the children's eyes so the best way to teach the Gospel is to live it.

When childhood closes, life's training is mostly done.

Children have only one childhood. We can fail in business and often times start over and make good. But if we fail in the teaching and training of our children, we never get another chance.

To be really effective in training up a child in the way he should go, we must be sure that we travel that road ourselves first.

**-Compiled by parents who have a concern for the on-coming generation.**

## *My Brother Was Retarded*

At a council assembled in Heaven  
Where presided the Great Magistrate  
Came the spirits in anticipation  
To plan for their second estate  
Each was given his own special mission  
And a talent to use and display  
In joy each received his assignment  
With instructions to keep faith and pray.  
Now... one spirit transcended the others  
So outstanding in talents and grace  
So majestic in stature and bearing,  
With a light in his angelic face.  
Now the Magistrate turned to address him  
"Lo, your mission is unlike the rest,  
They are going to earth to be tested,  
But, my son, you are going to test.  
You will sift out the hearts of my people  
You will test them for true charity,  
What is done to the least of my children  
Is the measure they give unto me.  
You will challenge the faith of your loved ones  
And the stranger you meet on life's way,  
You will undergo great tribulation  
And your spirit will feel deep dismay.

When your sojourn on earth is completed  
And your message imparted to man,  
Then, as humble and pure as you left me  
You return to my presence again."  
For a moment the spirit was troubled  
Ere the conflict within he had won;  
Then he spoke, "I am willing, dear Master,  
For thy will and not mine shall be done."

Now the time had arrived for departure  
And the spirits were ready to go,  
But one paused at the throne of the Father  
And spoke in a voice sweet and low:  
"Hold my hand so I won't be afraid, Lord,  
I am eager to go down to earth."  
So with God's hand in his, he departed,  
And entered the channels of birth.

On a bright golden day in October  
All our family was radiant with joy,  
For Heaven had sent a choice spirit  
In the form of a dear baby boy.  
How excited I was on that morning  
As I ran to my schoolmates and cried,  
"Guess what! I have a new baby brother."  
And my small heart was bursting with pride.

Now his hair was the color of autumn,  
Brown eyes and a rose petaled skin.  
Through those eyes we were often given  
A glimpse of the angel within.  
Thus joy lingered here in our cottage,  
My father would whistle a tune,  
My mother would scour and polish  
And smile at her baby and croon.

Happiness was shortlived in our household,  
Grave sorrows stole in at the door;  
My father's gay whistling faltered  
My mother's sweet voice sang no more.

Our baby was entering boyhood  
And his strong body grew as it should,  
But his mind did not function correctly  
And we soon knew that it never would.

For the rest of his life he would have to  
Remain forever a child;  
He would laugh and then cry like a baby  
With emotions subdued and then wild.  
My dear parents dreams were now shattered,  
And their fond hopes reverted to grief;  
They discarded their plans for his future  
And their heartaches could find no relief.  
Time passed, and we learned to accept it,  
We would all laugh together and play,  
And my brother was petted and pampered  
And usually given his way;  
His physical growth still continued  
All according to natural plan,  
And his body received strength and passion  
While developing into a man.

But then came a day of great sorrow,  
My brother could not be appeased,  
When at times his desires were not followed-  
When he couldn't do just as he pleased,  
He flew up in stormy protestings  
In violence he struck at each one,  
And we feared he would hurt those around him -  
My parents, they wept for their son.

So after a sad, sad parting  
Our darling was taken away  
He was placed in a state institution,  
Where the rest of his life he must stay.  
And I prayed day and night for my brother,  
And in mercy, God answered my prayer,  
One evening I knelt at my bedside  
And received inspiration while there.

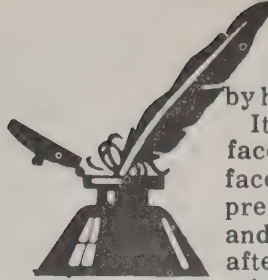
My brother and those who live with him  
Are fulfilling a mission sublime,  
And they all will return to the Father  
To receive crowns of glory in time.  
In the meantime, they're not being tested,  
It is we who are taking the test,  
And in serving the least of God's children  
We truly are serving the best.

How dare we carelessly neglect them  
And leave them alone to their fate?  
These children shall dwell in a palace  
To be served by mankind while they wait.  
We should deem it an honor to know them  
And to do everything that we can  
To comfort, to love and protect them,  
They should not be forgotten by man.

Even tho there are those who will shun them,  
There are those who will bless them with love,  
And I somehow am sure that our actions  
Are being recorded above.  
So I no longer fear for my brother,  
For I know- though I don't understand,  
That he'll travel life's highway in safety,  
For his God is still holding his hand.

-Selected.

# Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## Cheap Shirts and Shallow Reasoning

**L**ester Kauffman and his wife paused on the sidewalk. Lester reached for his watch. "Ummm," he said, "it's nearly eleven. It'll soon be time to start for home."

"I want to step into the used clothing store over here yet," his wife said, pointing to the left.

"What do you want there?"

"Oh, sometimes they have baby blankets at a reasonable price. It won't take me long. Just a minute."

"I don't know if I should let you or not. Your minutes sometimes turn into half hours."

"No, not this time. You can come in with me, and that way you'll be out of the cold."

"All right," Lester said. "I'd better keep an eye on you anyhow so you don't go and spend all our money."

Lester followed his wife into the clothing store. She walked to the blanket counter first, but she didn't find anything she wanted. She stopped for a few minutes at the rack of men's shirts. A light blue one of good heavy material caught her eye. She glanced at the price tag. "Look what a nice shirt for fifty cents," she said, turning to Lester.

He barely glanced at it.

"It's just your size, too," his wife added.

"You know it's against our church *ordnung* to wear boughten shirts," Lester said. "So put that shirt back and stop wishing for things you can't have."

"That's the dumbest rule anybody ever thought up," his wife said forcefully. "There isn't a thing wrong with that shirt. It's plainer than some of the homemade ones—not such a bright color, at least. And I could soon take the pockets off."

"Come on, let's go, or we won't get home in time for dinner," Lester said, leading the way to the door. His wife followed.

They hurried over to where they had left their horse and buggy. They pulled the blankets tightly around them to keep off the January wind as they started for home.

They drove in silence for a while, but Lester's wife was still thinking about that blue shirt, and how cheap it was.

"Do you know what it costs me to make a shirt, Lester?" she asked.

Lester looked at her, surprised that she still had that shirt on her mind. "No, what does it cost?" he asked.

"Well, it takes about two and a half yards of dry goods, and at 79c a yard, that would come to \$2 just for the material. Then there is the cost of the thread and the buttons, not to mention the time it takes me to sew."

"You can't figure your time for anything," Lester said.

"I don't know why not. It costs something to feed me, and my work should be worth something, too."

"I'd have to feed you anyhow," Lester laughed. "How would that look if I let you starve?"

"Really, Lester, I'm serious. It doesn't make sense to pay over \$2 for material to make a shirt when I could buy one just as good already made for 50c. It isn't right, either. To think that there are people in the world right now that are going hungry; think of it, people starving, and we waste money just because we have an *ordnung* that doesn't make sense. I wonder how something like that must look to God."

Lester didn't answer. He was stumped for a moment

by his wife's logic. Or was it lack of logic?

It is likely that all of us have at one time or another faced a situation similar to that which Mrs. Kauffman faced. At first glance Mrs. Kauffman's reasoning sounds pretty good, and is convincing. But at second thought, and with a closer look, it might not be such good logic after all. Her concern about giving to charity was certainly good, for the Bible does teach that we are to be good stewards and spend our money wisely. We are responsible for the way we use our earthly possessions, and someday we must give account before God if we have been wasteful of the blessings he has entrusted to our care. But Mrs. Kauffman's reasoning is faulty in one point—one very important point. She based her conclusion only on one incident and forgot to consider the overall picture—other factors that would also enter in.

Her on-the-surface reasoning went like this: "This blue shirt is cheaper to buy than I can make a new one. The reason I can't take advantage of this savings is because our church forbids buying clothing we can sew ourselves. If the church didn't have such a rule, I could save money. I would then have more to give the charity."

If she would have taken time to think, and considered other factors involved, she might have come to a different conclusion, and her reasoning might have gone something like the following: "I am only one member of my church. I must not consider only what would be best for me as an individual but what would work out best for us as a group who are trying to hold a Biblical standard in dress. Is it reasonable to suppose that if restrictions were taken away against buying ready-made garments, that all of us in the whole church would buy *only* used clothing? Of course not. And what about the kind of clothes we would buy? Could we buy dresses that are modest and plain? And if we didn't do our own sewing, the art would soon be lost completely. Our daughters would grow up and go to factories to work bringing into the church many more problems. Would we not end up spending more money on clothes than before, plus having more trouble holding a Scriptural standard in modesty and plainness?"

It is too bad that women like Mrs. Kauffman are so quick to complain and fume when church standards keep them from buying a second-hand shirt. Part of their problem is that they do not realize what unbelievable sums they might be paying for clothing if they had grown up in the world—away from church restrictions. Recently my wife and I had a layover of several hours in Cincinnati, Ohio. We passed the time until our bus was due to leave by walking through a large department store. When we came to the almost endless array of women's dresses, my wife stopped out of sheer curiosity and said, "I'm just going to see what one of these dresses cost." She got a surprise. It was marked at \$62.50. It looked just like an ordinary dress to me, nothing particularly special.

She had chosen the dress at random, it was the first and the last one she checked; undoubtedly there were more expensive dresses in the store. Plus hats and furs and gloves and shoes and purses to match. When I

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## THE GENERATION GAP

Who is to blame for the generation gap? Is it not the fault of us parents? When we see a mother with a big head covering and her daughter with a much smaller one, just how big is the generation gap? Or take a father and a son, they are members of the same church, yet one is more stylish than the other. How big is the gap if we try to observe the church rules in what we wear on Sundays but not during the week? I am afraid that if we parents take a straight look at the facts, we will find that we make the gap, therefore we must carry the blame.

—Titus Nolt, Pennsylvania

stopped to think that most women in America today have to have several such complete outfits in their wardrobe, I began to realize what a vast amount of money is spent on clothes. Then just as soon as fashion changes, they have to start all over again, for who wants to be caught wearing something out of fashion!

It has often been said that people will do for the world what they would never do for the church, and how true it is. If high heels are the fashion, women uncomplainingly pinch their feet into pointed shoes and walk around on their toes, quite willing and happy to endure the pain and the awkward posture in order to be in style. Boys who would never wear their hair at a reasonable length for the church will immediately wear shaggy locks of unkempt hair to their shoulders when the world says it's "in." Another example of this same thing is the length of women's dresses. All the bishops and ministers and deacons in the world combined couldn't have forced most women to let down their hemlines even a few inches, but when the world plays the tune, everyone dances. Almost overnight thousands of women dropped the length of their dresses, not an inch or two, but a foot or two, so that ankles are better concealed than knees used to be. What would have been so hard to do for God and the Bible and the Church, was easy to do for Satan and Society and Fashion.

The world is willing to make any sacrifice and pay any price to stay in fashion. They will paint their faces, pierce their ears, pluck their eyebrows, freeze their legs, and cramp their toes—none of which is either comfortable, practical, sensible, or even beautiful.

Yet some of us, like Mrs. Kauffman in the Salvation Army Store wanting to buy a fifty cent shirt, find it so hard to make a few sacrifices for standards and ideals that are reasonable and moderate and serviceable—standards that are outlined in the Bible. As was mentioned earlier, part of this is due to a shallow kind of reasoning that forms a conclusion based on one isolated incident, rather than on the overall situation.

The same kind of shallow reasoning has been used by people who decided it didn't make sense to spend an hour going to town by buggy, when they could go the same distance by car in ten minutes. "Why," such people have reasoned, "if we had a car, we wouldn't spend nearly as much time on the road and could be at home with the family more."

By taking one single trip to town and figuring how much longer it would take by buggy, the above conclusion sounds reasonable. But the matter isn't that simple. Instead of spending less time on the road, people who switch to motorized transportation soon discover that they are on the road more than before. Since it's easier to go to town, they tend to go oftener and for smaller needs. Also they will soon begin to shop and visit in places farther from home; it's just as easy to drive fifty miles as it used to be to drive five, and that's exactly what they do, and end up spending more time on the road than before.

Whether we're buying a shirt or going to town, or what we're doing, we need to be on guard against that kind of shallow, on-the-surface reasoning that can't see farther ahead than the immediate present—that fails to take into account where our course may lead to in the long run. Or the equally shallow reasoning of thinking only of ourselves. If what is good for the individual is not also good for the church, then it at once ceases to be good for the individual, for the church is made up of individuals who will suffer if the church suffers.

The Apostle Paul said that none of us live to ourselves alone (Romans 14:7). We are a part of a group, and as such must be willing sometimes to make personal sacrifices in order to serve the overall benefit of the group. No matter how fairly or how wisely church rules are drawn up, there will always be exceptions in which the regulation may not be equally fair to all concerned. But that is the price we pay for the privilege of living in a disciplined church, and when we consider the alternative, it is a small price indeed. ■■

## THE CRUMBLING ALTAR

By Melvin E. Hershberger

Whether we know it or not, God wants us to worship and glorify Him. Worship is a divinely instituted duty required of us. Man was created in the image of God and as long as he stayed in this divine position, he was continually bringing forth glory to God. Because of transgression in the garden of Eden, man has fallen and separated himself from God and can be reconciled only by the blood of Jesus Christ.

We are still required to worship and glorify God. Religion is our form of worshipping God, but what does it mean to us? To some it means to go to church every other Sunday, or to wear plain clothes, or to do good deeds. These can all be good and needful in their place, but I would like to quote Adam Clark. "Religion is an institution of God himself and sacrifice is the essence of religion. Without sacrifice there never was and there never will be religion. The reason for sacrifice is two fold. The slaying and burning of the victim (under the old law) points out, firstly that the life of the sinner is forfeited to divine justice. Secondly, it teaches us that his soul deserves the eternal fire of perdition. In olden times the offerings which were brought were to be without spot or blemish. In Romans 12:1 we read that we are to give our bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service. This means that God will not be satisfied with anything less than our all."

May we ask, how many of us have put our all upon the altar? Even if we earnestly pray and long for sweet rest and for faith to increase, God can not give us His best until we have put our all upon the altar.

Again, what is religion? The Bible says, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless, and the widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world". (James 1:27).

### WHAT IS AN ALTAR?

The word "altar" is used 24 times in the New Testament. It means a place of sacrifice or a place where we meet God. In the Old Testament we read where the patriarchs built altars as they moved from place to place. Wherever Abraham had his tent, God also had His altar.

Abraham's chief concern was "the fear of the Lord." This should also be our chief concern. Without divine protection, there can be no safety. By putting Christ first, we can have both spiritual and natural blessings.

### THE FAMILY ALTAR

The place for the family altar is in the home. May we ask, how many homes are built today without an altar for God? What does home mean to us? What is home?

Some school children were once asked as to what home meant to them. One little boy gave the following answer, "Home is a place where Mom and Dad fuss and fight and your big brother beats you up." It is sad but true that too many homes are like this, but these are the homes from which come child neglect and delinquency, drinking, smoking, lawlessness, murder, immorality of all kinds and divorce.

But the kind of a home where the family altar is established and God is worshipped in spirit and truth, then there will be peace, love and unity. It is a place where children are trained and disciplined in "the fear and admonition of the Lord." It is where respect for authority is taught, where Christian soldiers are trained who will give their lives in service for the Master.

### NEGLECTING THE FAMILY ALTAR

Sometimes we hear a person say, "But we don't have

Family Life

time for family devotions. We have hay to put in and so forth."

Which is worth the most to us, our souls and the eternal welfare of our children, or the material possessions we can gather in which will some day pass away? Too often parents come to a dead end, to heartbreak alley and they have to pay with bitter tears and grief, but then it is too late to help their children.

In Deut. 28:15 we read, "But it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord, thy God, to observe to do all his statutes which I command thee this day, that all these curses shall come on thee." Sixty-six curses are named of which I would like to mention a few, hunger, thirst, nakedness, want of all things, bondage, destruction, serving their enemies, destruction of lives, war with foreign nations, unmerciful treatment at the hands of their enemies, destruction of cattle and crops, robbery, siege of their cities, murdering their closest relatives and even children to eat them, famine, etc. According to Josephus, all these things took place in the Destruction of Jerusalem. Can nations today who forget God expect anything else but that such things will come over them eventually? Of course we as Christians should be concerned to have a family altar so as to obtain a spiritual blessing and to

escape the eternal condemnation which is the lot of all who depart from God in this life.

## RESTORING THE FAMILY ALTAR

Dear parents and minister, let us wake up from our spiritual sleep. We must again build up the altar to God. We must return to Bible standards. Churches and homes must be cleaned from sin. We must abide by sound doctrine and build on the Word of God instead of on vain traditions. We must build on the cornerstone of our faith, Jesus Christ, for other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ (1 Cor. 3:11).

Saturday evening of time is here. Midnight may be fast approaching. The doors of opportunity are closing upon us. If we fail to feed our children the **bread of life** we know the devil is ready and waiting to give them poison which will lead to their everlasting destruction.

What will we do? Shall we just sit with folded hands and say, "it is already too late?" God forbid. God have mercy on us. If he saved Nineveh, He can still help today. **But we must repent before God can heal our land.** If we forget God, Satan will rule. But through Christ we can do all things.

-Goshen, Indiana

## I AM ONE OF THE LEAST

I am going home. I know my parents will be glad to see their daughter again. The last several years I spent inside an institution, a life of depressions, darkness and struggles of the mind. But after much prayer, your prayers, my prayers, I know my friends were praying for me, I am well again.

But I cannot stop the trembling inside of me. I take a deep breath and try to relax. The houses and farms begin to look familiar, and oh, yes, there is the cross roads close to my home. It can't be long now. At last I can see it, my home, sweet home.

Kind and thoughtful parents love me. Gradually, I fit into life again. It seems I can never do enough to show my gratitude for those around me. I am so thankful to be home again.

But I can not always stay at home. We must go places. At first we go to the store. Then we go to visit a neighbor. And now- we are going to church. Again my old fears come back. The trembling inside me starts all over again. But I try to remain calm. It will be good to see old friends. Most of them are married now and many will have children of their own.

The minister smiles a welcome. I shake a dear sister's hand. Others come, they are glad to see me, and I am glad I am here. God is near again. Maybe it is really true, they have

accepted me.

But wait-, what is it I hear? Was that a little girl snickering, the one who is turning so often to stare at me? I try hard not to see. We sing, and my heart is carried away by so many dear brothers and sisters singing together. The old songs sound so sweet.

But what is that? A mother behind me is whispering. But am I hearing right. I fervently wish my ears were stopped. "I wonder if she'll behave herself now? After all these years, I hope she's learned a lesson."

But it must be they just don't understand. Silently I pray and plead, "Can't you accept me now? As I am now? There is so much of my past I would like to forget if only you will let me. I was sick but now my heart is sick and weary. Can't you forget, and help me to find a place in your church and in your community for this is also my church and my community? All I want is a chance to be of service to someone, anyone to whom I can repay my debt for being accepted back again. For I am so glad, just to be home again.

Jesus said, "Whatsoever you have done unto the least of these, you have done unto me." I am so glad, so grateful that I can be one of the very least of these. But I need your prayers, and I need your help.

**-Name withheld but you will know me if I live in your community.**

# SABBATH OR SUNDAY

Sabbath means a time of rest. In Exodus 16:23, a new commandment was given to the children of Israel when Moses said on Friday, "Tomorrow is the rest of the holy sabbath unto the Lord." He further told them not to gather any manna on that day, for six days they were to gather it but on the seventh day they were not. This was in the second month after the children of Israel had departed out of Egypt. (Ex. 16:1).

The first explanation which we find that God gave to Moses as to how and why the sabbath was to be kept is found in Exodus 31:13-17. Just before God gave him the tablets of stone on which the ten commandments were written he said to Moses, "Verily, my sabbaths ye shall keep for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations;...whosoever doeth any work therein shall surely be cut off from among my people; Six days may work be done, but in the seventh is the sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord, whosoever doeth any work...shall surely be put to death. Wherefore the children of Israel shall keep the sabbath to observe throughout their generations for a perpetual covenant. It is a sign between me and the children of Israel forever...."

Nowhere in the Bible can we find that the sabbath was commanded to be kept before this. In Genesis 2:3 it says that God rested on the seventh day of the creation, and he blessed it and sanctified it, yet it nowhere indicates that the seventh day of the week was to be kept as a day of rest.

In Ezekiel 20:10-12, God said, "Wherefore I caused them to go forth out of the land of Egypt and brought them into the wilderness...I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them."

From the above Scripture we learn three things, first that God gave Israel the ordinance of the sabbath when He brought them out of Egypt. Secondly that he gave it to them in the wilderness, and thirdly, He gave it for a sign

between himself and that nation.

Also in Neh. 9:13-14 we read, "Thou camest down also upon Mount Sinai and spakest with them from heaven... and madest known unto them thy holy sabbaths."

In Deut. 5:3 Moses said to the children of Israel, "The Lord made not this covenant with our fathers, but with us, even us, who are all of us alive this day."

The commandment of the sabbath day was a part of that covenant. In other words, the sabbath was a Jewish institution and a perpetual covenant which was to last as long as that covenant was to be in effect.

In Jeremiah 31:31-32, God said, "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah; Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt."

Paul quotes this prophecy and shows its fulfilment in the gospel in Heb. 8:6-13. In the 13th verse he says, "In that he saith, a new covenant, he hath made the first old. Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away."

The Bible speaks of the first and the second, the old and the new covenant. Now what did Christ do in order to establish the second or new covenant? In Hebrews 10:9 it says that Christ said, "Lo I come to do thy will, O God He taketh away the first that he may establish the second."

Since the seventh day sabbath lay at the heart of the old covenant, when Christ removed that covenant, the seventh day sabbath went with it. Unless we can prove that it is commanded and enjoined upon the church under the new covenant, it is gone forever.

The Apostle Paul in his second epistle to the Corinthians 3:2-18 points out the differences between the two covenants. The first one he terms the Old Testament, the ministration of condemnation which was glorious, that which was written and engraven in tables of stone, which was done away with and abolished. The second covenant he terms the ministration of righteousness or the ministration of the spirit which giveth life. The first one was done away with but the one that remaineth is an everlasting covenant.

Now let us see if we can find any Scripture in the New Testament which would teach us to keep the old sabbath.

Apparently Jesus kept the Sabbath and he also told the leper whom He healed to offer a gift according to the Law of Moses (Matt. 8:4). We believe that Jesus was born and lived under the law. He was circumcised but when He died on the cross, the old law was abolished (Gal. 4:4; Col. 2:14).

Long lists of sins are mentioned in the New Testament embracing nearly every shade of wickedness but not once is mention made of breaking the sabbath. In fact the opposite seems to be the case. In Col. 2:16 we read, "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days. Which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ."

Here Paul includes yearly feasts under the term "holydays" and "new moons," leaving nothing but the weekly sabbath to be meant under the "sabbath."

This compares to the prophecy made in Hosea 2:11, "I will also cause her mirth to cease, her feast days, her new moons and her sabbaths, and all her solemn assemblies."

Every meeting of the church after the resurrection of Christ was on the first day of the week, see Matt. 28:8-11; John 20:19-22, 26; Luke 24:21, 31:36; Acts 20:7; 1 Cor. 16:1-2. Every meeting on the sabbath was an assembling of the Jews. The Jews kept the law and the sabbath and when Paul wanted to preach to them, he had to do it on the sabbath. Had he gone on other days of the week, he

## STRANGE

If a man would be a soldier  
He'd expect, of course, to fight,  
And he couldn't be an author  
If he didn't try to write.

So it isn't common logic—  
Doesn't have a real true ring—  
That a man to be a Christian  
Doesn't have to do a thing.

If a man would be a hunter,  
He must go among the trees;  
And he couldn't be a sailor  
If he wouldn't sail the seas.

How strange for any member  
Of the church to think that he  
Can keep aloof from service,  
And a worthy member be.

-Unknown

would have found no congregation.

Even if it could be proven that some Jewish Christians kept the sabbath, it would not necessarily mean that this was commanded. In Acts 21:20 we find that there were thousands of Jews which believed and were still zealous of the law. Paul circumcised Timothy (Acts 16:3) and he kept the Pentecost (Acts 18:20; 20:16). He lived in many respects like the Jews so that he could win the Jews.

In the early church we find that the first day of the week was observed as the Lord's Day. Justin Martyr wrote 44 years after the death of John and describes how the Christians in towns and country gathered on the first day of the week for instruction and prayer because Jesus arose from the dead on this day.

Ignatius of Antioch in his epistle to the Magnesians in 110 A.D. describes the people as no longer sabbatizing, that is observing the Jewish sabbath, but living in the observance of the Lord's day.

In the Didache or teachings of the Apostles which was written in 85 A.D. we find reference to worshipping and breaking bread on the Lord's Day, or first day of the week. Hyppolytus, who wrote the Apostolic tradition about 220 A.D. testifies to the regular meetings of the church on the Lord's Day or the first day of the week.

In the *Martyrs' Mirror* we find frequent mention of the first day of the week or Sunday as the day or worship. The Waldensians were called "insabbati" meaning "sabbatless", or not observing the sabbath. It says

they kept no other day except Sunday.

St. Jerome says, "Even if it is called the day of the sun by the pagans, we willingly accept this name for on this day arose the light of the world."

Those who believe in keeping the sabbath today, claim that the Pope changed the day from the seventh to the first. This is not true for we have already shown by the early church writers that at that time the first day of the week was observed as the day for worship. There is, however no evidence that work was forbidden on the Lord's day during the first three or four centuries. History tells us that many slaves became Christians but their masters would not allow them the day off for regular church meetings. When the Emperor Constantine embraced the Catholic religion, it became the state religion. At the Catholic council of Laodicea in 364 A.D. the Pope decreed that everybody shall keep Sunday or first day of the week as the day of solemn rest. He did not change the day, only ordered that everyone rest on that day and attend church services.

God rested on the seventh day when he made the world, and later He gave the sabbath to Israel as a law for them to keep and observe. This sabbath was given as a type and a shadow to signify the spiritual or perfect soul rest of the redeemed. The writer to the Hebrews says, "We who have believed, do enter into rest" (Heb. 4:3).

-J.E.M., Clark, Missouri

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# A "NICE" PLACE TO WORK



- Author's Name Withheld

**I**t was winter. The window panes were decorated with frost and the wind sang through the pines west of our house. I sat at the sewing machine, ripping out a sleeve I had sewed in backwards. Disgustedly I tugged at the thread. How old was I going to be until I learned to sew without spending twice as much time ripping things out as sewing them in?

Mom was transplanting tiny plants of some kind. Even though it was still cold outside, the boxes and pots of seedlings on the window sills seemed to promise that spring would soon be here. I looked forward to spring, but I was contented with winter, too. It gave me a chance to be home and catch up with my sewing and help Mom with the family sewing. With the coming of spring, I would have to work for other people. It just happened that right then no one needed a hired girl and I was at home a few weeks. Being eighteen, I had spent most of the last two years working for other people.

I heard footsteps on the porch. Glancing at the clock, I

knew it couldn't be my younger brothers and sisters coming home from school. It wasn't time for them yet. There was a knock at the door. Mom went to see who was there. "Hello," she greeted, opening the door.

I sat still so I could hear what the man wanted. I had peeped out the window and didn't think he looked like a salesman.

"Is this where Mattie Beachy lives?" I heard him ask. Now I was really surprised. What did that man want with me?

"Yes."

"Are you her mother?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, ah, I'm Fred Casey from Centertown." Immediately I recognized the name. Fred Casey was the name of the people my friend, Mary Mast, worked for. My heart beat rapidly as I listened to hear more.

"Mary Mast has been working for us, and now she's promised someone else for the next month or so. We thought we'd be able to get along without help by this

time, but my wife's got a kidney infection, and she's not able to do the housework. Mary's helping us find someone else for a few weeks, and she told me to stop in and see Mattie."

There was a slight pause. I knew Mom was on the spot. Up until now she and Dad hadn't allowed me to work for English people. They didn't think it was good for girls to work at such places, and besides, there were usually more Amish people who wanted a hired girl than I could work for. But right now I was at home and didn't have work. It would be at least three weeks before I had to go to the next place. I wondered what Mom was going to tell him.

"May I come in and speak to your daughter?" asked the man.

Mom hesitated, but stepped aside and let him in. "Mattie," she called.

I went out into the kitchen where Mr. Casey introduced himself and once more pleaded for help. We soon learned he wouldn't take no for an answer. He might have sensed that we didn't have a very good reason for not promising him I'd come.

"Well, I'd have to ask my husband before I promise, and he's not at home," Mom said finally.

At last the man agreed to keep on looking for someone else, and if he didn't find anyone, he would come back on Friday evening when he brought Mary home. "We pay twenty-five dollars a week and we'll bring you home on Friday evening," Mr. Casey said looking at me. "That's five dollars a day, and you wouldn't have to work hard. Just light housework and taking care of the children. There's four of them. Bobby's seven, Connie's five, Kathy's three, and the baby's three weeks old today. They're nice kids and my wife isn't hard to get along with. I think you'll like it at our place."

I didn't know what to say, so I just smiled and did not say anything.

As soon as the man left I turned to Mom. "Why didn't you tell him I would come?" I asked.

Mom looked surprised. "You wouldn't want to work there," she said. "We don't know them and you never know what you could get into in a place like that."

"But Dan Mast's have known them for a long time. The oldest girls worked there before when the Casey's had babies, and now since they're married Mary's working for them. They've been at Dan Mast's for supper already.

"Then you've heard of them before?" asked Mom.

"Yes. Mary was telling me about them last Sunday after church. Sandra's the woman's name. Mary said she's real friendly and it's a real nice place to work - nicer than some Amish homes she's worked in."

Mom didn't say anything and I reminded her that Mrs. Casey was sick and she did need help. I still don't know how I did it, but in the end I persuaded by parents that I was old enough and capable enough and mature enough that working for Fred Casey's a short while wasn't going to hurt me.

I knew Mom didn't like it and neither did Dad. They kept saying that maybe the man had found someone else and wouldn't be back. In a way I wished he wouldn't come back, but on the other hand, I longed for the experience. Many of my friends worked in town and were always telling about the things that happened in the places they worked. I used to feel rather left out. Nothing exciting ever happened in Amish homes.

Friday came. Toward evening I found myself torn between two feelings. One minute I was terribly afraid Mr. Casey wouldn't show up and the next minute I was equally afraid he would. What if I got the job? Would I know how to act? Would they like my way of cooking? Would I know how to use their electrical appliances? There would be a toaster and a mixer and probably an automatic washer. What about TV? In those days TV was still something new and some people had one, but not all the people. But if the Casey's had one, they probably wouldn't turn it on when I was around. I'd heard some of my friends say the people they worked for respected them and didn't turn on the radio or TV when

they were in the living room. But then, why was I even thinking about it? Mr. Casey might not even come back.

Mr. Casey, however, did come back, and the following Monday morning I found myself in the Casey home where I was to work for two or three weeks, depending on how well Mrs. Casey got along by then.

From the beginning I felt self-conscious. Mr. Casey introduced me to his wife and showed me the room that was to be mine. Then he excused himself and said if he wanted to work that night, he's have to get his sleep.

Sandra told me to take a chair. This was rather unusual for me, for I was used to working when I got to a place. I could see there was plenty of work to be done. "No, no, we need time to get acquainted," Sandra said, shifting on the couch where she was lying. For the next half hour she told me of her aches and pains. I was shocked at the language she used and with each passing minute my doubts grew about this woman being so "nice". Already I wished I had listened to my parents and stayed at home.

Sandra told me her husband worked nights and slept till around two or three o'clock in the afternoon. "Today he'll probably sleep longer, since he didn't get to bed as early as usual."

"Well, shall I straighten up the kitchen?" I asked.

With an abundance of profanity Sandra apologized for the mess the kitchen was in. I glanced at the children playing on the floor, hoping they hadn't heard the words their mother had used. I turned my back so Sandra wouldn't see my face, for I was sure it was red.

"We've tried and tried to get a girl who will stay Sundays," she said. "But I guess everyone figures we don't have to eat on Sunday. At least that's the attitude they take. They want to be such good people, yet it's take care of yourself' on Sunday."

I went into the kitchen and started to work. Never had I felt so out of place and ill at ease. I washed dishes, dishes and more dishes. Then I swept the kitchen and emptied the wastepaper can. By then it was eleven o'clock. "What would you like for lunch?" I asked.

"Lunch?" asked Mrs. Casey. "We just had breakfast before you came. We usually don't eat till one-thirty or two."

### THINGS THAT COUNT

Not what we have, but what we use;  
Not what we see, but what we choose—  
These are the things that mar or bless  
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;  
Not what we seem, but what we are—  
These are the things that make or break,  
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;  
Not what we dream, but what we do—  
These are the things that shine like gems,  
Like stars in Life's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;  
Not as we pray, but as we live—  
These are the things that make for peace,  
Both now and after Time shall cease.

-Clarence Urma

"Oh," I said. "What can I do now?"

"There isn't anything to do until it's time to get lunch," Sandra answered. "This afternoon while the children rest you can run the sweeper in the dining room and the living room. But now there's nothing to do."

"Is the baby sleeping?" I asked, suddenly remembering I hadn't seen the baby yet.

"He's at my mother's," Mrs. Casey said. With more unprintable words, she told me she wasn't able to care for the baby, and with Mary going home over Sunday, it would have been hard on the baby to take her to Grandma's, then back to get used to someone else. "She's better off at Mother's," Sandra said. "Mother loves babies".

I didn't say anything, but sensed then and there that Mrs. Casey didn't especially care for her baby. I sat down, wondering nervously what was expected of me. There wasn't anything to do till lunch time and that was two hours away. Sandra was talkative, but the more she talked, the worse I felt. I couldn't stand her language. Finally I got up and went to my room.

Fred didn't get up for lunch. We had sandwiches and chocolate milk. The children ate theirs walking around the kitchen. Once Connie went into the living room to get a book, carrying her sandwich. Sandra screamed and swore at her, telling her she knew better than to take food into the living room.

This was just the beginning of a long and frustrating week. One afternoon I was ironing and Connie was playing with her dolls. One of them fell forward in her chair and knocked a plate from the little table on which Connie has set her toy dishes. Connie gasped in anger, then seized the doll by the arm. A long row of profanity followed, accompanied by shouts and tears of anger. I groaned within myself, glancing toward the couch where the little girl's mother was taking a nap. Sandra roused from her sleep and yelled at Connie. "You know better than that," she shouted. "You know you're supposed to be quiet while Mommy's sleeping." Not one word was said about the fit of anger, or about the terrible language

the little girl had used; the only offense she was called down for was "waking Mommy from her nap".

Each evening I cooked a meal, the only one the family sat down at the table together to eat. Even then, they didn't say a prayer. This, plus their words and actions, told me they weren't Christians, nor even professed to be. How could Mary Mast have told me that they were nice people, and this was a nice place to work?

I did find out, though, as time went on, that Mrs. Casey could be as nice as she was nasty. I got used to my surroundings and to their routine and felt a little more at home. On Thursday evening Grandpas brought Cindy, the baby, home for a visit. Fred fondled her, tickled her chin, and was delighted to have her smile at him. "She sure is growing," he said, handing her to his wife.

Sandra was less enthusiastic about the baby than her husband had been. A few minutes later Fred looked at me. "Do you know how to take care of a baby?" he asked.

Before I could answer, Sandra spoke up. "Oh, no, Fred. I'm not going to put up with having her here. You go to work every night and I'm the one who's got to care for her."

"Mattie'll take care of her, won't you?" asked Fred, looking at me.

"Sure," I answered.

"By the time Cindy's used to being at home, Mattie'll leave for the weekend, and then what?" asked Sandra.

"I'll be home then," answered Fred.

"I know you too well." Sandra's voice was getting louder and louder. "Sure, you think babies are swell because all you do is hold them and love them and tickle their chin. You don't know anything about the work they take."

In the end, when Grandma and Grandpa went home that night, Cindy went, too. This incident and some others made me respect Fred. I felt sorry for him, being married to a woman like Sandra. But he didn't seem to mind. One evening he even apologized for her. "Don't

## THE LOT OF THE PREACHER'S WIFE

(Editors note: Some time ago we received two short articles, one from a minister's wife and one from a deacon's wife. We decided to print both of them together.)

**A MINISTER** who is now in eternity, once said, "Nobody knows the life of a preacher, except the preacher-and the preacher's wife." Those words stand out clear and sharp to me this morning. The rain is falling gently as the horse and buggy are going out the lane. At the road, they turn left, the horse gathers speed and soon disappears out of sight.

My husband is on that buggy and he is going to attend communion services in another district. He won't be home until tomorrow night. That really isn't very long--but still.

As I watch the falling raindrops from the kitchen window, tears spill over my cheeks and drop to the floor. My heart aches for there is a great longing to be there beside him. He needs me, but the children are small and it is the responsibility for mother to be with her children as much as possible. They need me too. With the Lord's help, we must teach, admonish and nourish these tender shoots.

I am looking forward to the time when I can with a good conscience join my husband on his short mission journeys.

-A young preacher's wife, Ohio.

**It was years ago**, when I was just a little girl that I heard someone say, "We're having company for dinner today." "Who?" I asked. Then I was told that Father had invited the bishop over for he was quite an old man.

It was seldom I was in a minister's home so I was awed by the presence of the bishop. Somehow, to me a minister was someone real great, so saintly. Of course we always saw and heard the bishop, the ministers and the deacon in church, but seldom saw them in our own home. Therefore I had the feeling that to have a bishop visit us was something very unusual, which it really was.

I often wondered if other small children felt like this. But as years went by and younger men were called to the ministry, I began to feel that they are quite human, just like us. Of course they were spiritually minded and tried to always do the will of God, but still they were human.

Little did I realize what was in store for me in the future. As the years passed, I learned to know a wonderful young man, and a few years later we were married. To my shocking surprise, several years later he was called to the office of deacon. Although the work rests heavy on him, and on me, I rejoice that God has done the choosing and that we poor weak humans can be used as tools in God's great workshop.

And to think,--little me--turned out to be the

-Deacon's wife, Wisconsin

take Sandra too serious," he said. "She's been sick a lot and gets discouraged. She's real sweet when she's feeling well."

The Casey's had a TV set, but it was never turned on. At first I thought they were leaving it idle because they wanted to show respect for me, but I soon learned they had a better reason--it was out of order. Quite frequently in the evening the family got into the car and went up the street to Fred's brother's house to watch TV. They invited me to go along a few times, but after having me decline each time, they began to simply tell me where they were going, then left.

Sometimes Sandra went along and at other times she stayed at home and chatted with me. I began to enjoy our visits with each other, for with the children out of the house, she was quiet and relaxed and a lot of fun. One evening as we were talking, she asked me different things about the Amish, why they didn't have cars, did they believe in divorce, and what happened if couples didn't get along with each other? I answered as best I knew, but felt I didn't have answers that really satisfied her.

"I don't believe in divorce either," she said firmly. "I don't see how some women can keep changing husbands. That's one thing Fred and I are agreed on. We love each other and we're faithful to each other. I trust Fred, and if I ever found out he wasn't true to me, I'd kill him and myself both. I couldn't live afterwards."

I was stunned at such a rash remark. Unbelief must have shown on my face. "I mean it," Sandra continued. "I really mean it. I couldn't ever forgive Fred if I found out that he had been untrue to me."

The words kept ringing in my ears after I was in bed. But even then I didn't realize that the time would soon come when these would haunt me a lot more than they did that evening as I lay in bed, trying to forget them.

**IT HAPPENED ABOUT A WEEK** later. It was Friday afternoon and Fred wasn't going to work that night, so he got up earlier than usual. He was working on something in the garage and every so often he would come in and take another bottle of beer from the refrigerator. "I don't drink when I know I'm going back on the job," he said. "Not a drop. I know it isn't safe. Operating that machinery is dangerous enough without being Foggy."

I wanted to remind him that he had to take me home that evening and I wished he'd stop drinking, but I didn't say anything. I didn't realize then that his drinking would put me in a greater danger than just driving with him while he was under the influence of alcohol.

"Are any more windows ready to paint?" I asked, wiping the crumbs from the table. I was just finishing up the dishes from lunch.

"Yes, I put four more in the basement last night. They're warmed up by now and ready to paint any time." Fred replied, prying the cap from a bottle.

I changed into my oldest dress and went downstairs, glad that at least I had something to do. Some time later Sandra came down the steps and told me she was going in to see the doctor and would take the children along. She said I could make supper and have it ready by five, then she and Fred would take me home soon afterwards.

"All right," I answered. Then Sandra and the children left and I was alone with Fred. But I didn't give it a second thought; he had never given me any reason for being afraid of him.

I went on painting. All was quiet in the house except occasionally I'd hear the door, then footsteps, followed by the slam of the refrigerator door. Then I'd hear Fred leave the house again. Finally the last window was done. I cleaned my brush, then went upstairs. It was time to get supper.

I was peeling potatoes when I heard Fred come in again. I groaned inwardly. Not another beer, I hoped.

Fred got another bottle. He opened it, then walked over to me. "Want a beer?" he asked.

"No," I said flatly, thoroughly disgusted

"Why not?"

"Because I don't drink."

"Have you ever tried it?"

"No."

"Then take some. It's good."

"No!"

"Afraid you'll get kicked out of the church?" The remark was a sneer, spoken thickly and indistinctly. I knew he was drunk.

"Mattie, take a drink, then we'll take a ride in the pickup." Fred reached out and grabbed me by the arm.

"No," I gasped, twisting loose and stepping back. I was horrified.

"Yes, please. I won't hurt you."

"No."

"Haven't you ever made out with a boy?"

"No."

"Then come along. I want to show you a good time."

"No."

"Why not?"

By now I was backed into the corner of the kitchen, faced by a drunken man. I was trapped, for I knew my strength was no match to his, and even if I could get away, where could I go? There was but one thing I could do. "God, help me," I prayed earnestly.

"Why don't you want to go with me?" asked Fred, staring at me with a look that was to haunt me for days afterwards.

"What would your wife say?"

"She won't know. I won't tell her."

"But I will," I said, remembering the conversation Sandra and I had had several evenings ago.

Fred face fell. The look on his face turned to one of fear and alarm and he backed away from me. He walked to the other end of the room. "You won't tell her, will you?" he asked.

My breath was coming in short gasps. I didn't answer.

"If I let you go, then you won't tell her, will you?" he repeated.

"Not if you let me go," I answered.

"Do you promise?"

I nodded.

"Thanks." He said, "She must not find out." He picked up his bottle of beer and went into the living room.

I tried to go back to peeling potatoes, but my hands shook so much I could hardly hold the knife. My legs and knees shook, too. I wondered if I should leave the house and run. Maybe if I went down to the main part of town, I could get a taxi to take me home. But then, what if I met Sandra. What would I tell her? Even if I didn't meet her down town, what would she say if she came back and found me gone. No? I had promised I wouldn't tell her. It all seemed so unreal--like a dream or something a person would read in a book.

I heard footsteps and swung around. Was Fred coming back to molest me again? He stood at the doorway with his hat in his hand. "I'm going to the barbershop," he said. "Tell Sandra I'll try and be home in time for supper."

"O.K." I was relieved that he was going away.

Fred went out the door. A moment later I heard the pickup roar away.

Sandra and the children came home that evening before Fred did and I was very glad to see them. But my relief was short-lived, for after supper Sandra announced that she was going to spend the evening at her parents' home instead of going along to take me home. I was horrified by the thought of having to drive alone with this man who was still under the influence of too many beers and had given me such a nightmarish experience that afternoon. Would he take me home or would he drive off on a small country road and take advantage of my helplessness?

Fred seemed to sense my thoughts. "Want to go along, Bobby?" he asked his little boy.

"I want to go to Grandpas and watch the cowboy show," Bobby said.

"Why don't you go along this time, and then you can watch the cowboy show some other time," coaxed Fred.

But Bobby, being used to having his own way, got his way again that evening. He went with his mother, and

Family Life

Fred and I started out by ourselves. I got into the back seat, my heart throbbing with fear. Once more I pleaded to God for protection. Fred drove slowly and carefully, as if he knew that it wasn't safe for him to drive faster. Several times he made an attempt to start a conversation, but I didn't talk much. My throat was too dry and I was too tense. My fears gave way a little as we neared home. When we drove up in front of our house, Fred turned in his seat. "You'll be back next week?" he asked.

"I don't know."  
"Sandra's counting on you."  
"I know."  
"Mattie, I'm--I'm sorry about this afternoon," Fred said. "I promise I won't do it again. I--I had a few too many beers. You'll come back next week, won't you?"  
"I guess."  
"Thanks. Good night."  
"G'night," I mumbled, getting out of the car. In a daze I walked toward the house. For the first time I realized the house was dark. I was glad, for I wasn't in a condition to face anyone. I had to have time to think and plan what I could do about the next week.

There was a note on the table saying that the others had gone to the neighbor's for supper, and I was to come, too, if I got home in time. I knew right away that I wasn't going. I didn't even snoop into the pantry to see what Mom had on hand to eat like I usually did when I came home. I went directly to my room, half afraid that somewhere in the dark corners, of the house there would be a drunken man who would grab me by the shoulders. What could I do? I knew if I told my parents what had happened, they would never let me go back. If I didn't go back, Sandra would want to know why not. "I'll kill him and myself both," she had said. Maybe it was just an idle threat, but Fred had seemed concerned that his wife wouldn't find out what he had done, or almost done. If I didn't go back and his wife would find out why, and kill him, would I be responsible for the murder. I wished I had never seen the place.

Fred had said he was sorry and that he had had too

many beers. That made me feel a little better, but how did I know he wasn't going to drink too many beers again the next week? I thought of Mary Mast. She had said the Fred Casey home was a nice place to work. What if she knew? Right then I felt as if I could never bring myself to tell anyone what had happened, not even Mary Mast.  
In the end I did go back. The week was a long one, but Fred stayed in his place and respected me just as he had before that frightening Friday afternoon. At the end of the week I gathered my things together and the whole family took me home. I think they expected me to invite them in, for they mentioned they would like to meet my parents. But I said Good-bye at the car and accepted their thanks for what I had done. Then with a lighter heart, I walked toward the house, thankful that my job at the Caseys was finished.

YEARS HAVE PASSED and many changes have taken place since the time I worked for Fred Caseys. Time has a way of dimming our memory, and some incidents are forgotten altogether. But there is one experience in my memory that I can not forget, and I brought that experience upon myself by persuading my parents to let me work in town.  
I'm sure not all the places other girls work at are like the Casey home; perhaps some girls have worked at a dozen different places without meeting up with an experience like I had. The Casey home might have been an exception, but I can't persuade myself to believe that it is so exceptional that none of the dozens and dozens of girls working in town then and in the years since then have ever been confronted by a man with evil intentions.  
That is why I could never allow my daughter to work in strange homes, no matter how "nice" the people seemed to be. This is why I don't like to see parents send their innocent young girls to town to work. And this is why I have now written my experience, hoping to wake parents up to the fact that their daughters are in danger when they take jobs in town.  
It still makes me shudder.

Editorielles —

Finsternis und Licht

Aus Rundschau.

Je finstrier ward die Finsternis,  
Je heller ist dein Licht zu schaun,  
Je tiefer uns die Welt verstiech,  
Je höher wächst Vertrauen.  
Kraft, wunderbar,  
Auch wer dich nicht versteht,  
Nimmt doch gewahr,  
Was über Bitten und Begreifen geht.

Die Welt hat nichts als Hohngeßchrei;  
Sie dankt dir im Vorübergehn,  
Daß sie nicht der Geschlagne sei,  
An dem dein Recht geschehn.  
Ach Herr, wohl wahr,  
Wir haben Zorn verdient.  
Doch wunderbar: der Wanderstab,  
Der dürre, sproßt und grünt.

Geschlagen freilich, und nicht wert,  
Daß deine Liebe sich erbarm,  
Die nach uns fragt und uns begehrt  
Und nimmt uns in den Arm.

So wunderbar  
Wirkt, was dich treibt und zieht:  
Was elend war, an deiner Brust  
Wird's Freude, Trost und Fried.

Ja, wir erfuhren Wunder groß,  
Erbarung mitten im Gericht.  
Sprach unser Jammer: Hoffnungslos,  
Noch sprichst du: Fürchte nicht.  
Macht offenbar,  
Was Ihm an euch gelang:  
Geschlagne Schar, dein Schrein  
Und Senfzen ward zum Lobgesang.

Das haltet fest, geht unverzagt  
Zur Wüste der Verwerfung ein.  
Gott schickt die Wolke, wenn er tagt,  
Schickt Nachts den Feuerschein,  
Wählt wunderbar  
So Straf als Gnaden aus:  
Verbannt uns zwar und führt uns doch  
Durchs Tränental nach Haus.

Rudolf Alexander Schröder

Da ich ein Editorielles schreiben wollte diesmal, nahm Ich die Rundschau in die Hand und sahe dies Gedicht. Da ich las dachte ich an dem großen Unterschied zwischen Finsternis und wahres Licht. Wenn es nur ein wenig anfängt dunkel zu werden gegen Abend und wir ein Licht hinaus nehmen achten wir es nicht viel. Je mehr dunkel es wird, je mehr wir das Licht achten. Wenn es nun ganz dunkel ist meinen wir das Licht tut desto heller scheinen. O wie klar ist doch das Licht; aber es ist das nämliche Licht welches wir hatten ehe es ganz dunkel war. So auch nach dem Geistlichen, wie dunkel der Weg scheinen mag zu sein, tut doch das Licht Jesus Christus klar und helle scheinen wenn wir uns gänzlich auf Ihm verlassen und Ihm von Herzen trauen.

Da ich weiter schreiben wollte nahm ich das Martyrer Buch und tat es auf. Hier sehe ich ein Gebet eines frommen Martyrer mit Namen Adrian Cornelius. Da ich es las dachte ich: Was könnte ich auf Papier tun diesmal daß die Leser mehr wert wäre sie zu trösten und ermahnen als wie dies.

Als dieser Man im Gefängnis war und verurteilt zum Tode schrieb er dies Gedicht im Jahr 1552 und lautet wie folgt:

Ein Gebet, eine Ermahnung und Bekenntnis des Adrian Cornelius, Glasmacher, welcher zu Leiden gefangen gelegen und daselbst um des Zeugnisses Jesu willen, wie zuvor berichtet worden ist, im Jahre 1552 getötet worden ist.

Sein Gebet zu Gott.

O Herr des Himmels und der Erde! der Du alles aus nichts gemacht, der Du mir das Leben a nach dem Bilde deines Sohnes gegeben hast; ich hoffe jetzt daselbe um Deines heiligen Namens willen aufzuopfern, denn du bist der Herr, vor dem sich b alle Knie beugen, die im Himmel und auf Erden sind: Erhöre mein Gebet und laß mein Rauchwerk Dir angenehm sein. Nimm deine Gnade nicht von mir, der ich ein besetzter Mensch bin, von unreinen Lippen; reinige meinen Mund, daß c dein Name dadurch gepriesen werden möge, neige deine Ohren zu mir, so wirst du diejenigen anschauen, die mich überfallen; aber es ist mir lieber, d in der Menschen Hände zu fallen, als vor deinem Angesichte zu sündigen; denn e Deine Augen sind wie eine Feuerflamme und f Dein Wort wie ein zweischneidiges Schwert, welches an beiden Seiten scharf ist und durchdringt, bis es Seele und Geist, auch Mark und Bein scheidet, und ein Richter der Gedanken und Sinne des Herzens ist, vor welchem keine Kreatur unsichtbar ist. Darum rufe ich mit David, deinem lieben Propheten, aus, daß es besser ist, in der Menschen Hände zu fallen, als in deinen Zorn. O Herr! führe mich in das Land Haran, in welchem ich nicht einen Fuß Erbteil habe, nämlich in g das Land der Verheißung; dies wollest Du mir aus Gnaden geben und nicht nach meinem Verdienste oder meinen Werken. Erlöse mich mit h Not von diesem Geschlechte, bewahre mich, Herr, vor den grimmigen Löwenzähnen, deren viele sind, ja i vor den grimmigen Wölfen am Abend, die nichts bis an den Morgen übrig lassen, die mit ihren Füßen schnell laufen um unschuldiges Blut zu vergießen. O Herr, bewahre mich mit k Sadrach, Mesach und Abednego, daß mir das Feuer der Lästerung, welches aus ihrem Munde geht, nicht schaden möge. O Herr! laß mein Gebet mit l Tobias und Sarah erhört werden; erhöere mein Gebet mit m Elia, und nimm mich zum Brandopfer, welches lebendig, heilig und dir wohlgefällig sei, damit n die Propheten Isabels zu Schanden werden und dein Volk nicht länger verführen. Herr, bewahre mich mit o Joseph vor diesem bösen Weibe, daß ich lieber meinen Mantel fahren lasse, nämlich meinen ersten Leib, denn es heißt: p Wer eine Sure anhängt, der ist ein Fleisch mit ihr. Bewahre mich, Herr, denn ich rufe q Himmel und Erde zu Zeugen, daß ich in meiner Unschuld sterbe: r Wer sein Leben hier zu erhalten sucht, der wird es verlieren, und wer sein Leben um des Herrn und des Evangeliums willen verliert, der wird es erhalten. Darum rufe ich auch mit dem alten Eliazar: s Ich will lieber sterben, als mit Schanden leben. O Herr! siehe, t es ist der Grimm einer großen Menge über uns angezündet, und sie werden einige unter uns hinwegführen, und die Erschlagenen mit Götzenopfer speisen; aber

der Herr bewahrte mich, Du u gibst Deinem Knechte Brot in der Not und Wasser im Durste; zur Zeit der Trübsal vergibst du die Sünden, hast auch zu Deinen lieben Propheten gesagt: v Kann auch ein Weib ihres Kindleins vergessen, daß sie sich nicht über den Sohn ihres Leibes erbarme, und wenn sie desselben vergäße, so will ich doch dein nicht vergessen; solches ist Dein Wort, Herr, Du hast es durch Deinen lieben x Apostel Paulus geredet: Gehet aus von dem bösen Geschlechte u. rührt kein Unreines an; alsdann willst Du uns annehmen und unser Vater sein, und wir werden Deine Söhne und Töchter sein. Nun y gehen wir auch mit zum Lager hinaus und wollen deine Schmach tragen helfen. Herr! z lehre uns nach Deinem Willen bitten, daß wir im Geiste und in der Wahrheit bitten mögen, daß wir Dich einen rechten Vater nennen, denn ein a Sohn soll seinen Vater ehren, und ein Knecht seinen Herrn. Laß uns des Wortes teilhaftig werden, wenn gesagt wird: b Diese sind es, die ihr Leben nicht geliebt, sondern es zum Tode übergeben haben; denn diejenigen, welche von den Menschen getötet worden sind, haben von Gott eine bessere Hoffnung zu erwarten, daß sie nämlich werden wieder auferweckt werden. Denn c Du prüfdest Deine Auserwählten, Du prüfdest sie wie Gold im Ofen. Du nimmst sie auf als eine Aufopferung des Brandopfers. Herr, laß deinen Knecht im Frieden; d heiliger Vater, heilige Deinen Sohn, damit ich untadelhaft erfunden werden möge in Deiner Zukunft. Bewahre mich, heiliger Vater, um Deines heilige Namens willen. Amen.

## Wie kann ich?

Wie kann ich meine lieben Eltern  
Im Leben ungehorsam sein,  
Ihr Rat und Willen achten nicht,  
Und von Gottes Geist getrieben sein?  
Ich kann nicht.

Wie kann ich Hochmut treiben auch,  
Und verstellen diese Haare mein;  
Welches keine Verheißung hat,  
Und von Gottes Geist getrieben sein?  
Ich kann nicht.

Wie kann ich auch Tabak kauen;  
Oder rauchen nach dem Willen mein;  
Oder stark Getränke trinken auch  
Und von Gottes Geist getrieben sein?  
Ich kann nicht.

Wie kann ich am Sabbattag  
Sitzen und spielen in der Gemein,  
Oder schlafen, lachen und spazieren,  
Und von Gottes Geist getrieben sein?  
Ich kann nicht.

Wie kann ich mit meinem Bruder  
In allen Dingen uneins sein,  
Und seine Meinung achten nicht,  
Und von Gottes Geist getrieben sein?  
Ich kann nicht.

Wie kann ich zum Vater beten  
Und nicht beten für mein Feind,  
Und meine Gedanken auf Erden haben  
Und von Gottes Geist getrieben sein?  
Ich kann nicht.

Wie kann ich solche Hoffnung haben,  
Daß ich der Himmel kann nehmen ein  
Und mit Jesus ein Erbe sein,  
Und nicht hier ein Kind Gottes sein?  
Liebe Freund, ich kann nicht.

M. J. C.

## Jahr noch Jahr

Das Leben flieht im Strom der Zeit  
Und eilt ins Meer der Ewigkeit  
Es eilt dahin bei Tag und Nacht  
Es flucht als von dem Sturm gejagt  
Ein jeder Tag, ein jeder Jahr  
Uns naher bringt zum Tod so gar.  
Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit;  
Sind wir, sind wir, dazu bereit?

Wir sehen doch an jedem Ort  
Den einen hier, den andern dort,  
Im Krankheit und in letzter Not  
Oft plötzlich hingerafft vom Tod  
Wie mancher dieser Liebsten viel  
Vom Tod genommen hin zum Ziel.  
Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit  
Sind wir, sind wir, dazu bereit?

So schnell kann das uns auch gescheh'n  
Wir können, ehe wir uns verseh'n  
Vom Tod ereilt und, ja, so bald  
Im Sarge liegen stumm und kalt  
Und alles, das uns hier so lieb  
Im Todeskampf dahinten blieb.  
Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit  
Sind wir, sind wir, dazu bereit?

Nach denk, wer selig werden will,  
Das Leben ist kein Kinderspiel.  
So furchtbar ernstlich ist die Zeit  
So köstlich ist das schöne Heut  
Den Morgen ist, ob heute rot  
So mancher Menschenkind doch tod.  
Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit;  
Sind wir, sind wir dazu bereit?

Noch heute, weil der Heiland winkt,  
Noch ehe die Gnadensonne sinkt  
Heut, weil Er bittend vor dir steht  
Noch ehe Er traurig weiter geht,  
Sink vor Ihm nieder, liebes Herz  
Mit allem deinem Sündenschmerz,  
Es folgt die lange Ewigkeit;  
Sind wir, sind wir dazu bereit?

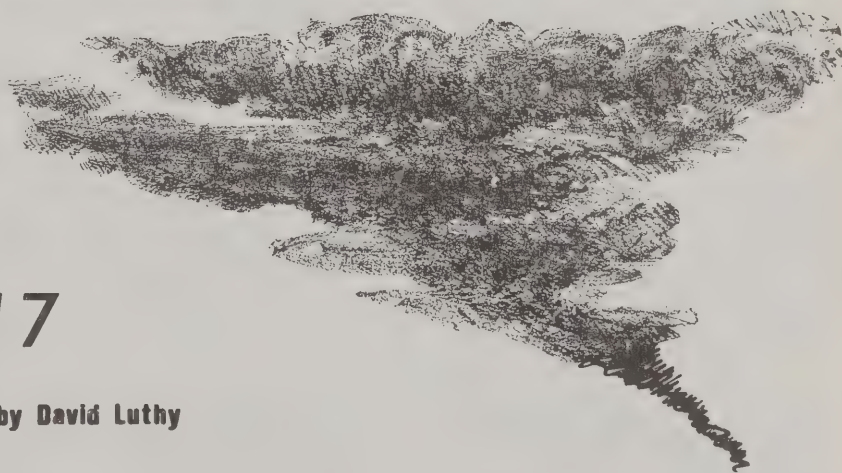
Mach dich bereit, o spiel nicht lang  
Mit deiner Seele, wird's dir nicht bang?  
Es gilt für aller Ewigkeit  
Einst Freuden oder Herzeleid.  
Die Gnadenzeit eilt schnell dahin  
Bald trägt man dich zum Friedhof hin.  
Dann folgt die lange Ewigkeit;  
Sind wir, sind wir dazu bereit?

— Eingefandt von M. G., Pennsylvania

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

# Amish in Ness County, Kansas 1902-1917

by David Luthy



The late 1800's and early 1900's found many Amish moving west in search of cheaper farming land. Great tracts of land in America's western plains were offered by the government at near give-away prices. Amish settlements sprang up in Oklahoma, Montana, Colorado, North Dakota and Nebraska. But the western state which received the most settlers was Kansas which during a 32 year period from 1884 to 1916 saw seven Amish settlements begin.

Kansas, known today as the "Bread Basket of America", was just becoming a large producer of wheat when the first Amish moved into the state in 1884 in the Reno County area. The Russian Mennonites who had also recently immigrated to Kansas had brought with them a new type of hardy winter wheat called Turkey Red. This new wheat was the main factor in Kansas becoming the major wheat producing state.

Anyone who has ever seen a field of wheat with its ripe golden heads swaying in the breeze has seen a beautiful sight. It was such a sight which undoubtedly persuaded the first Amish to move to Kansas. Perhaps they saw the huge piles of wheat that had been threshed beside the railroad tracks waiting for boxcars to take it to market. Surely this was an impressive sight and an indication of very productive land.

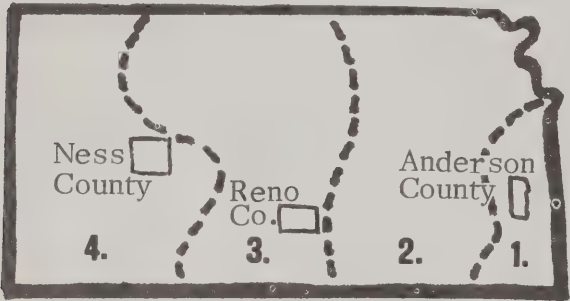
Kansas is large and differs from east to west. The first two Amish settlements were founded in the eastern one-half of the state in Reno County and Anderson County and found a favorable climate and productive land. But the Amish who attempted to settle in the western half of the state found the going a lot tougher.

It was in 1893 that the story of Kansas's third Amish settlement began. Joe Chupp and Crist Eash brought their families from Indiana to Ness County, Kansas. Little is known of their experiences, but they did not

remain in Ness County more than a few years for no other families came to join them. It was a lonely life on the Kansas prairies for so few Amish and they decided to return to Indiana. Back in their native state they did not, however, forget about Kansas. Perhaps they even did some campaigning for Kansas, for in the fall of 1902 Joe Chupp was moving back to Ness County and this time others were moving with him. Bishop Yost Lehman of Indiana moved with Joe Chupp that fall, and the following spring John S. Miller and Yost J. Miller joined them. Minister Eli N. Hochstetler moved to Ness County in 1903. Joe Y. Lehman and Sam Y. Lehman, sons of Bishop Yost Lehman, joined their father. Gradually others came and the settlement grew. The early families all came from Indiana, but later people moved in from North Dakota and Reno County, Kansas.

Ness County is located in the western half of the state, actually in the western one-third of the state. It is famous today for one thing—dryness or drought. In fact it has a history of dry weather. In 1879, so tradition says, seed planted in the spring never sprouted as there was no rain. Why then, we wonder, did Amish settle in such an area? The answer lies in the fact that Kansas at that time was not as well known as today. People failed to realize that different sections of the state had less rainfall than others. If we look at a modern rainfall map of Kansas we can see that Anderson County in the east receives an average of 40 inches of moisture a year while Ness County at the opposite end of the state receives an average of 16 inches. That's quite a difference.

KANSAS Average Yearly Moisture



- |                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. 36 to 44 inches | 3. 20 to 28 inches |
| 2. 28 to 36 inches | 4. 12 to 20 inches |

With all sections of land there can be exceptional years. Such a time was experienced in Ness County from 1895 to 1904 when the rainfall there averaged 23 inches a year. This was the period when wheat became the major crop in Ness County. And this was the period when the Amish settled in the county. What the Amish settlers imagined to be typical rainfall was actually exceptional as the years following would soon teach them.

Ness County is a true prairie in appearance. It is gently rolling land, almost flat which lets the observer see for miles. When the Amish came, there were few trees; these were centered in clusters along the creeks, mostly cottonwoods, some growing 75 to 80 feet high. The land was pretty bare when the first Amish families arrived but it was also cheap. Most men bought a quarter section (160 acres) and a few bought a half section. They planted fruit trees, plum and cherry, currant bushes, mulberry trees, and grape vines. One Amish family, the Jonas Millers, had nice shade trees in their lawn—several boxelder, cottonwood, a coffee tree and a juniper (evergreen). Some trees had been planted by the early settlers and some by the Amish. But even these few trees could not change the landscape much. There were still miles and miles of open fields.

The earliest settlers in Ness County built houses out of sod. They would plow the prairie sod and haul it to build a house with. The sturdy grass roots held the sod together. Such houses stood for many years and some were still standing when the Amish settled in the county in 1902. There was an abandoned sod house on the Jonas B. Miller farm and they used it as a poultry house.

Something else from years earlier was also on their farm—buffalo wallows. These were bare spots in the pasture where herds of buffalos had once stood in bunches. The ground was pounded by their stamping, probably because of flies. They also rolled themselves on these spots to itch their backs. These shallow depressions were almost perfectly round. The dirt became very hard packed, and when it rained the water stood in the buffalo wallows for a long time since there was no seepage. By the time the Amish moved to the area, the buffalos were gone from Kansas, but the wallows remained as a reminder of the great shaggy animals which had once freely roamed the plains.

Most of the Ness County Amish built two story houses, but Jonas Miller's property had a pioneer schoolhouse on it which they used for a home. It was mostly stone and was one story with several rooms of wood built on. The Millers' barn, like most of the area's barns, was small and did not have a hay loft; hay was stacked outside. Cattle were seldom kept in the barn in the winter but in a large corral or feeding lot. Snow seldom stayed on the ground very long, so housing in the barn was not necessary.

A former resident remembers what the gardens were like and what foods the people ate: "We did a lot of irrigating in the garden; we most always had a nice garden regardless of the dry summers. Mother often sold vegetables to the neighbors or to the store at Arnold. They often wondered how she could grow such good celery, which took a lot of hard work and irrigating. Soon after we moved to Ness County, Joe Chupp built a wooden windmill for us in our garden. Water was not scarce even though we had little rain all summer. Wells were deep and water was good and always cold. We had a ground cave and vegetables kept good during the winter. If there was at all a crop of corn, a winter's supply was cut from the roasting ears, dried in the sun, and kept for the winter's use. In the fall we also ground our winter's supply of corn meal which was used in cooking mush, corn bread, or pancakes. If we had crops we usually had pumpkins or squash which was sliced thin and fried, and also cooked for pumpkin pies. I do not remember that food was at any time scarce, although I think some winters it was. We also raised lots of turnips which were planted after the other vegetables were mostly over and usually did very well. Sometimes when most of the garden was destroyed by hail, we still could look forward to a crop of turnips. We also raised lots of melons which usually did very good. We had about a dozen or more mulberry trees which were usually loaded; in the season we almost lived on mulberries, homemade bread, milk, and sugar. Mother always made her own bread and also made some to sell."

The Amish had livestock, so there was always some beef on hand. But sometimes rabbits were eaten. A rabbit hunt was held in which two wagons went into a field and dragged a long chain between them. This startled the rabbits and when they jumped up they were

Marriages Among the Ness County Amish

- Sol Yoder and Susie Chupp
- Dan Yoder and Lizzie Mast
- John Y. Lehman and Lovina Hochstetler
- Sam Hochstetler and Barbara J. Chupp
- Yost Mast and Mary J. Miller
- Noah A. Hochstetler and Lizzie Y. Miller
- James Mast and Sarah J. Chupp
- Yost A. Hochstetler and Mattie Y. Miller

( The last couple listed is now living at Owen, Wisconsin and are the only ones still living. Yost is 81 and Mattie is 80.)

shot. Sometimes the hunters got half a wagon load on a hunt. Other meat eaten was turkey and chicken. Milk was drank, but dairy herds were not common since there was no place where milk could be shipped, only cream.

Occupations among the Ness County Amish centered around farming. Joe Lehman, besides his farming, also was a veterinary. He didn't charge a fee, but people gave him what they wanted to. He treated animals on non-Amish farms as well as on Amish ones. Joe Mast was a thresher and farmer. John S. Miller was a mechanic and farmer. Minister Eli Hochstetler was a blacksmith. Most Amishmen were engaged in the wheat industry in Ness County, either growing it, threshing it, or both. The following information taken from a 1903 *Budget* letter gives us a little of an idea what the wheat industry was like:

Ransom, Ness County, Kansas

A friendly greeting to my many friends and those who care to read this. Thinking some of my friends would like to hear from me, I will write a few lines to let them know where I am. I came here from Reno County about three weeks ago and intend to proceed on westward in the near future.

I am helping them harvest their immense crop with which they are blessed this year. I never saw such a "sea" of wheat as I saw when I came here, which is now mostly cut. There is one man near Ransom they say had 1500 acres of wheat to cut. The men I have been working for had nearly 400 acres. We have been at it nearly two weeks and it will take us about a week longer to finish up. It would be a sight for some of my eastern friends to see a header with six horses on behind, and two header barges to haul the grain to the stacks. It takes seven men for a full crew; we cut from 20 to 32 acres a day.

Wheat is the main crop here, though oats and barley are quite extensively raised and some corn.

— J. J. Hostetler, Jr.

Ness County was beautiful in many ways and it is no wonder that the unsuspecting Amish settled there. A great deal of sunshine—189 to 220 days—makes for enjoyable living. And the nights are cool and restful. Since the area is dry the humidity is very low, and as a result there are few oppressive days in the summer or extremely cold ones in the winter. The growing season is long, stretching from 132 to 199 days and averages 171 days. The long sunny autumns are unmatched for beautiful weather. As one person writes: "Those who have lived in Ness County never forget the dry touch of the wind in the summer or the constant tonic of the sun so seldom veiled in the high, wide sky, summer or winter."

The weather in Ness County was beautiful all right, but it could become harsh, often doing so with very little notice. Many are the stories of the dust storms and tornadoes which seemingly came up out of nowhere and in a few hours returned to the same place. One former settler writes: "And come along a wind and dust storm and the weeds and dust would be blown into piles as high as the fences. If the wind and dust storm was bad, dust came in everywhere on everything and you might have to light a lamp in order to see to work."

Summertime brought high winds and sometimes hail storms. In a few minutes time the hail could completely destroy what had taken weeks to grow. But quite often the wheat was already harvested and was saved, but the hail damaged garden crops just the same. When there was little rainfall during the summer, it was not like a dry season in Indiana, where it merely didn't rain. But in Kansas not only did it not rain but there was a dry hot wind which sucked moisture out of the leaves faster than it could be replenished from the roots, thus killing the plants.

Winter was generally mild with some snow which seldom remained long on the ground. But as with the summer months, there were times when the wind would blow fiercely and the temperature would drop and snow would come in blinding blizzards. The fierceness of these storms is among the legends of the county. The Amish were living in Ness County at the time of its most memorable blizzard. Records say that the winter of 1911-1912 was the snowiest winter in the history of the county: "A heavy snow fell in December 1911, part of which still lay on the ground when more snow fell in February, 1912. Many of the fences were entirely buried from sight by solidly packed snow. The weather was so cold and the snow so solid that flocks of famished jackrabbits were raiding yards and feedlots and invading granaries. Up to January 19 there had been no train in Ness City for twenty-three days." A former Amish resident remembers this snow of 1911-1912: "It was not far from our home, about 1½ miles, where three locomotives were wrecked on the Missouri Pacific Railway. A cut with dirt banks on both sides of the railway filled with snow. Several engineers decided to hook three locomotives together and run through the snowbank; instead it packed the snow and the track spread apart and all three locomotives ended up on their sides in the snowbank. Weather was cold and snow was blowing but large crowds of people gathered to watch. It took large cranes to handle such a wreck." (Another source adds that people first had to dig the locomotives out by hand.)

Another former Amish resident of Ness County remembers a blizzard as a child at home: "I do not know if this was the famous blizzard of 1911-1912, but it had snowed and was pretty deep. Father had to shovel his way to the barn. He told mother not to worry if he was not back to the house till evening and told her not to try and come out. It was snowing and blowing so fast it closed his path behind him. He did the chores, milked the cows, and put in enough feed and hay so he would not need to go out if it kept getting worse. It was evening when Father got back to the house. Mother helped him out of his overcoat, which was frozen stiff and stood on the floor by itself. There were icicles in Father's beard. Mother wept she was so glad to see him back in the house. She had not known if he was lost or not, as in those blizzards you could often not see more than several feet away. The wind was so strong it took you out of your path, and often you did not realize in which direction you were going."

Another danger on the Kansas prairies was prairie fire. A former Ness County Amish resident writes: "In the hot dry season if a fire broke out over the dry prairie grass, sometimes large areas were burned black. These fires were hard to put out. If there was much wind (which often was the case) it would sweep the fire over hundreds of acres in a very short time. Furrows were often plowed around buildings to cut off the fire; sometimes the furrows were drenched with water, buildings were sprayed or drenched with water. On one occasion Father and brother John had gone to help with a prairie fire some distance away. The sky became so dark with smoke at our home that the sun could not be seen and the chickens went to roost. We children carried water all afternoon to soak the house and the yard around the house. Our family moved the furniture out into the middle of a plowed field and slept out there that night, but the fire was put out before it came that far."

Weather in Kansas could be breathtakingly beautiful, and it could be deathly harsh. It often went from one extreme to the other. At best it was unpredictable. A good example of its extremes can be seen in what happened in April of 1907. An account of it appeared in the *Budget* that year:

Ransom, Ness County, Kansas. April 29, 1907.

The weather at present is very disagreeable; it began to snow this morning and snowed the greater part of the day, so far, and this is now five o'clock, and is still snowing with a pretty low temperature, the thermometer being down as low as freezing near-

ly all day, and had been lower than that several mornings last week. Fruit is all frozen and wheat and barley damaged some. Dry weather has also helped damage the wheat and barley. We were in need of moisture very much, but would have rather seen it come in shape of rain than snow, but do feel thankful to the good Lord for what we have got, if it is snow and cold weather. Wheat looks fairly well yet, taking everything in consideration.

Later—Apr. 30— This morning the thermometer stood at 14 above zero, and about four inches of snow on the ground. That is pretty tough for "Sunny Kansas" at this time of year. Having had such warm and growing weather in March, the thermometer registering as high as 100, and now as low as 14 is quite a change.

— N. B. Stutzman

Is it any wonder that the Amish settlement in Ness County was shortlived? The unpredictable weather forced them to move. By 1917 the Amish had moved away with the exception of one family, that of Jonas B. Miller. He and his family had moved to Kansas for his health; he had asthma and the dry climate in Ness County was good for him. But in August of 1922 they too moved away, thus bringing to a close the history of the Amish in Ness County, Kansas.

Not only the Amish left Ness County, many non-Amish neighbors did too. They went to Colorado or Oregon for the same reason they had come to Ness County—seeking economic opportunities. When the Oklahoma Territory was opened, many Ness County residents moved there. One historian writes, "Many were forced to leave because they could not make a living for their families.

But just as truly, many were forced to stay because they had no place to go. They came to a country where the difficulties and conditions were harsh and unfamiliar. Some stayed because there was no place else to go; others stayed because they had either more resolution or more faith or perhaps more help. The margin between success and failure was often very small indeed."

It is interesting today to look at a Kansas road map. The eastern one-third of the state is generously sprinkled with towns; whereas the western one-third where Ness County is located has noticeably fewer towns. The density of population is like the annual rainfall: in the eastern one-third the rainfall is high and so is the population; in the western one-third the rainfall and population are sparse. In 1960 Ness County had a population of 5,470 compared to Reno County in the eastern part of the state with 59,055. In the 1970 census Ness County's population had dropped to 4,468 and Reno County's had risen to 59,922. The little town of Arnold around which the Amish farms were located had a population of less than 100, probably not much larger than it was when the Amish settlers lived there from 1902-1917.

Amish settlements die for various reasons. Some experience church problems, others drift through the years until they are no longer Amish; some die because cities crowd them out, others never get enough settlers to make the settlement stick. But in the case of Ness County, Kansas the major reason for the settlement becoming extinct was the unfavorable climate.

(Author's note: Special thanks to Mrs. Joe Raber without whose memories and correspondence the article would not have been possible. And thanks to Moses J. B. Miller and the John A. Hochstetlers for the information they supplied.)

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## CHILDREN'S SECTION

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### DANIEL

- By Elmo Stoll

### AND HIS TRICKS



DANIEL THOUGHT GIVING A GLASS OF WARM WATER TO HIS SISTER WAS FUNNY. BUT WHEN SHE LATER OFFERED HIM SOMETHING, WELL.....

**D**ANIEL'S BLUE EYES danced with fun. "I got just the best idea for a trick to play on Dad," he said excitedly to his sister, Betty.

"What? What is the trick?" Betty asked, greatly interested. She glanced around the barn, wondering what Daniel had seen to give him an idea for a trick. She was two years younger than Daniel, and she hardly ever had a good idea of her own, but she was always glad to help Daniel with his. After all, Daniel was eleven, plus being a boy, so she couldn't be expected to keep up with him.

"Here's what we'll do," Daniel explained. "You know every evening when Dad comes in from husking corn, he has to carry the two cans of milk into the milk house to the cooler. If you help me, we can move the one can around the corner into the feed aisle. Then we'll bring an empty can from the milk house and place it beside the other full one."

"But what's the trick?" Betty asked. "Dad will feel right away that the can is empty. He won't carry it into the milk house."

"Of course," Daniel said. "But you know how hard he has to lift to carry a full can. He'll be expecting the can to be heavy, and will lift real hard, but it will come up very easily. It'll be a real surprise for him. We can watch to see the look on his face when he finds out the can is empty."

"All right, let's do it quick before he comes," Betty said excitedly.

Pulling and pushing, they half dragged and half rolled the can around the corner into the feed aisle. "We better be careful and not tip it over, Daniel warned, stopping to rest a bit. He was puffing. "It would be hard to explain to Dad what we were doing with the milkcan over here."

At last they managed to get the milkcan to where they wanted it. Then they carried an empty can from the milk

Family Life

house to put in its place.

"Shhh, is that Dad coming already?" Betty said nervously, stopping to listen.

"I think he's still a ways down the lane," Daniel said, going to the door. "Oh, he's up at the corn crib already."

"Let's run and hide so we can watch," Betty said.

"No, we don't need to hide," Daniel said. "We're often out here in the barn when he comes home. We can just stay here, he won't suspect anything. But just so you don't go and giggle."

"Don't worry, I won't," Betty promised.

"Let's clean out the rabbit pen so we'll be doing something when Dad comes," Daniel suggested.

"All right."

They went to the rabbit pen and started scraping the floor clean with a short-handled hoe they kept at the hutch for just that purpose. They heard a noise outside the barn and knew that Dad was there with his team of horses. He took the team to the horse barn and unharnessed them, and then came to the cow barn. Just as the door opened, Daniel said, "Now, let's get some clean bedding to put in the rabbit pen; then we'll be finished." They walked to the straw chute and got a handful of straw and chaff.

"The milking's all done, Dad," Daniel announced matter-of-factly. "Betty milked one cow, I milked two, and Mom milked the rest. All you have to do is put the cans in the cooler."

"Well, that's nice," Dad said. "I'm always glad when I come in from the field and the chores are done."

"Right now we're cleaning out the rabbit pen," Betty said. Daniel thought she looked like she was about to start giggling and give their secret away. He stepped on her toe and gave her a stern look, but Dad didn't notice.

Dad walked toward the milk cooler. He grabbed the full can of milk and carried it into the milk house. Then he came back and gripped the handles of the second can and lifted. He almost fell backwards, as the can lifted so easily. He exclaimed in surprise.

David and Betty burst out laughing. "Trick," they shouted. "We did it for a trick on you."

"Now that's some trick," Dad grumbled, but he was laughing too, at the way he had braced himself to lift, and how the empty can had almost jumped into the air.

"We hid the full can over here," Betty said. "We really had to puff to get it over here."

"I know what would be a good ending to this trick," Dad laughed. "And that would be to make you two puff and get it back again." But then he picked it up himself and in a few steps carried it out of the barn and plopped it into the cooler.

"Well, if you're finished playing tricks, let's go in for

supper and see if Mom's got anything good fixed."

Daniel and Betty walked happily into the house with their father, pleased at the success their trick had been.

Daniel decided playing tricks was a lot of fun. The next day was Saturday so there wasn't any school. Already at the breakfast table, Daniel was trying to think up another trick to play on Dad.

After breakfast Dad sat down at his desk to write a card to someone before he went outside to work. As Daniel stood watching his father, all at once he had an idea. He ran into the living room. "Quick," he whispered to Betty. "Bring some of that blue string there on the window sill. I know another trick to play."

Betty grabbed the string and followed Daniel out to the porch where Dad had hung his coat and hat. Daniel took the coat from the hook. "Here," he said to Betty. "You hold the sleeve. I'll tie it shut with this string. It'll really be funny to see Dad trying to push his arm through the sleeve when it's tied shut."

Quickly the two of them wrapped the string around the sleeve twice and pulled it tight. Then Daniel knotted it carefully and hung the coat on the hook where it had been. He placed Dad's hat back on top.

In a few minutes Dad was finished with his card. "All right, Daniel," he said. "Are you all set to go to the cornfield? If you help, we should be able to finish by noon."

"Betty wants to help, too," Daniel said, but his mind wasn't really on husking corn. He was grinning to himself, just to think how surprised Dad would be when he couldn't get his arm through his coat sleeve.

Dad took his coat from the hook. The first sleeve he tried was the one that was tied shut. He pushed, but the sleeve wouldn't open. He thought the sleeve must be twisted. He pushed harder, but it wouldn't give way. At last he noticed the string.

Daniel and Betty started laughing.

"I should have known it was some trick," Dad laughed. "You children feel too good. But we'll take care of some of that extra energy out in the cornfield this forenoon."

Dad put on his hat and went out the door, thinking to himself, "I don't know how they got started playing tricks, but I expect in a few days it will have worn off so that they'll forget it again. Guess it's harmless, and if they enjoy it, I won't say anything."

Both Daniel and Betty went along to the cornfield. Betty was too small to husk very much, but she did what she could and helped Daniel with his row. Dad husked two rows as fast as Betty and Daniel together could husk one. All of them worked hard and by 11:30 they were finished with the last row of corn.

"We'll still have time to unload the wagon before dinner," Dad said. "You children did real well in helping."

"I'm hungry, too," Daniel said. "I hope Mom's got a big dinner ready."

When the load of corn was scooped into the crib, Dad put the team into the barn and they went to the house.

"Did you get finished?" Mom asked. She was mashing potatoes at the worktable.

"All finished," Dad said. "We're ready to turn the cows and horses in this afternoon."

"And we're really hungry," Daniel added.

"Dinner is ready," Mom said. "Just as soon as you all get washed. I just need to put the food on the table yet. And someone should fill the water glasses."

"I'll do that," Daniel volunteered as he hurried and washed his face. He carried two glasses to the sink to fill them with water. He reached for the warm faucet, then realized his mistake and turned on the cold water instead. But in that instant an idea came to him. "It's a good idea for a trick," he said to himself. "Only this time I'll play it on Betty instead of on Dad."

Daniel tried to keep a straight face as he took Betty's glass and filled it with warm water instead of cold. He put the glass at Betty's place at the table.

He could hardly keep from chuckling to himself as he

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took his seat. They all bowed their heads for grace. Then Daniel took a drink of water, hoping that Betty would see him and be thirsty, too. But Betty didn't take a drink. She started spreading butter on a piece of bread.

Dinner went on, and was almost past before Betty finally reached for her glass. Daniel had nearly forgotten about the trick, and wasn't watching right at that moment. All at once he heard Betty coughing and sputtering.

"Ughhh," she said, making a face, "that water is warm!"

When Daniel started laughing, Betty realized that it was a trick. Then she laughed, too. "I sure couldn't figure out what was happening for a while," she said, laughing at herself. "I took a great big swallow, but it went a few seconds before it soaked in what was wrong. I never knew warm water would taste so different."

Daniel laughed and laughed. It was about the funniest trick he had thought up yet.

After dinner the sun came out and shone brightly. It was a beautiful day. "Can I have Daniel to help me this afternoon?" Mom asked, looking at Dad. "I need someone to push the wheelbarrow, as there is still some stuff in the garden I'd like to put in the cellar before winter comes."

"I guess so," Dad said. "I was going to take him along to help me patch the fence along the west side of the cornfield, so we can put the cows in tonight. But I can make it without him. It would have been nice to have him to carry the tools."

"Maybe Betty can help you," Mom suggested.

"Sure she could," Dad said.

So Betty carried the hammer and a fence stretcher for Dad, while Dad carried a roll of barbed wire, and some staples. It didn't take too long to fix the fence. There were only a few places where tree limbs had fallen across the fence and knocked it down. In one spot the barbed wire was broken. When they were all finished, and on the way home, they walked past a tree that stood out a little from the others at the edge of the woods. "Look," Betty said. "This tree has hickory nuts." She stopped and picked up a handful.

Dad smiled. "Those nuts aren't as good as they look," he said, walking on.

Betty kept the handful she had picked up. "What's wrong with them?"

"Crack one when you get home and you'll find out," Dad said.

"Are they wormy?" Betty asked, about to throw the handful away.

"No," Dad said. "They're bitter. These are the wrong kind of hickory nuts to eat. There are two kinds. This is a bitternut hickory tree, and it has the right name. I think the kind that has good nuts is called shagbark hickory."

Betty felt disappointed as she looked at the hickory nuts in her hand. What should she do with them? Here she had looked forward to cracking some to eat. "It's a good thing Dad warned me about them being bitter," she thought to herself. "I really would have had a surprise."

Suddenly she stopped. A surprise? That was just the perfect idea; at last she had found a good trick to play on Daniel.

"Dad," she said excitedly. "How can I do it? You have to help me. I want to play a trick on Daniel with these bitter nuts."

Dad looked thoughtful.

"Or maybe they are too bitter. Will they make him sick if he tastes one?"

"Oh, no," Dad reassured her. "They won't hurt him. They might even do him some good."

"How can I do it?" Betty asked eagerly. "You know, so he won't guess it's a trick."

"That's shouldn't be too hard," Dad said. "Just take the nuts home and start cracking them somewhere Daniel is apt to come by and see you. When he stops to ask what you're doing, offer him a nut."

"I'm afraid I can't do it right," Betty said. "You play it on him, Dad."

"No, I'm too old for that," Dad said. "But if you want to, go ahead. It won't hurt him." They walked on home, and Dad was thinking to himself, "Wonder how well Daniel will be able to take it when the joke's on him. So far it's always been someone else who was tricked."

Betty took the hammer around the front of the house and laid the hickory nuts on the cement walk. She saw that Daniel was in the garden with Mom.

"I'm going out to the barn to clean out some pig pens," Dad said, as he walked away.

Betty only had to wait a few minutes until she heard footsteps approaching. Daniel came around the corner of the house. Betty's heart started going thump-thump until she almost feared Daniel would be able to hear it.

"Hi, Betty," Daniel said. "What are you doing?"

"I'm cracking hickory nuts."

"Why didn't you call me so I could help? You know I like hickory nuts, too."

"There's still some here," Betty said. "Here's a big piece that came out real nice. I saved it on purpose for you. A whole half. It's the only one I could get out without breaking."

Daniel reached for the nut. He admired it for a moment, and then popped it into his mouth and started chewing. A funny expression crossed his face. He gagged and spit the partly-chewed nut from his mouth. "Urrr," he sputtered, "there's something wrong with that nut." The bitterness of the nut was only now starting to pucker his mouth together like a green persimmon. He kept sputtering and spitting and scraping the roof of his mouth with his tongue.

Betty burst out laughing.

Daniel stopped spitting and stared at her in disbelief. "What are you laughing for?" he demanded. "It's not one bit funny."

"It's a trick," Betty laughed. "Oh, Daniel, you should have seen your face."

But Daniel didn't think it was anything to laugh about. "Stop laughing," he shouted. "You're mean to do something like that on me. You just wait, I'll get even with you for this."

Daniel stomped angrily away, still trying to clean the taste from his mouth.

Betty stood and watched him go, dismayed at the way her trick had turned out. She had never guessed that Daniel would become angry. She thought he always enjoyed tricks. She had just meant it as a friendly prank. She hadn't done it to be mean.

A tear glistened in her eye as she picked up the hammer to take it back to the shop.

Dad's voice stopped her. "Betty," he said. "Go find Daniel and tell him to come to the barn. Tell him I want to see him right away."

Betty looked up questioningly, but Dad didn't say what he wanted. He just turned and walked back to the barn. Betty couldn't help but wonder whether Dad had been watching and had seen how Daniel had acted.

Betty found Daniel behind the house.

"Daniel," Betty said.

He turned his face away, and didn't answer. He was still angry, and was pouting.

"Dad wants you right away out in the barn," Betty said.

For a few moments Daniel didn't move, then he got up and went to the barn, without speaking a word to Betty. Betty wasn't sure if she was supposed to follow or not. Not knowing what else to do, she trailed a few feet behind him.

Once they were at the barn, Betty hung back. Dad didn't lose any time coming to the point. "Daniel, why were you angry with Betty?"

Daniel looked at the floor without speaking.

Betty stood in the doorway of the barn, a lump in her throat. Already she felt sorry for Daniel.

"Answer my question, Daniel," Dad said quietly. "Why were you angry with Betty?"

"I—I—because—be—" Daniel stammered, his face red with shame, not knowing what to say.

"Because why?" Dad stood waiting, patient but firm. "Because she—she gave me a bitter nut to eat, and—and she knew it was bitter."  
"She knew it, but you didn't? Is that what you mean?"  
"Y-yess."  
"In other words, she tricked you. But is that any excuse to be angry?"

Daniel didn't say anything.  
"Did I get angry last evening when you tricked me with the milkcan?"

Daniel shook his head.  
"Just think how hurt you would have felt," Dad continued, "if I would have gotten angry and scolded you for that. You just did it in fun. It was a joke on me, and I thought it was sort of a good one. No harm was done, nothing was spoiled, and I laughed right with you. When you tied my coat sleeve, I laughed along with you, too. And when you tricked Betty this noon with a glass of warm water, she laughed just as much as you did. But now when the trick's on you, you don't think it's funny. You're a poor sport, Daniel."

Daniel was thoroughly ashamed of himself.  
"You're almost too big for a spanking, but that's what you deserve," Dad said. "I'll let you off with apologizing to Betty and telling her you're sorry. One lesson you'll have to learn is to laugh at yourself. Some people grow up and never do learn to enjoy a joke on themselves, although they are ready enough to laugh when the joke's on someone else. Be sure you tell Betty you're sorry."

Daniel turned to leave.  
"One more thing," Dad said. "No more pranks until you've proved that you can enjoy a trick played on yourself. Do you understand?"

Daniel nodded, swallowed hard, and went to tell Betty what she could already see on his face. He was sorry. ■■

## Junior Storytime



# Lucy Learns to Share

Six-year-old Lucy looked fondly at her new doll, a birthday gift from Grandmother Yoder. It had on a light blue dress and a white apron as if it was dressed to go to church. Then holding it close she said, "You're such a nice little doll. I'm going to take good care of you so you don't get all dirty."

Just then four-year-old Anna came into the living room where Lucy was playing. "I want to hold your dolly too," she said.

"No," answered Lucy, as she turned away from Anna. "Grandmother gave me this doll, not you."

"But she said I can play with it, too," replied Anna.

"But you'll get it dirty," answered Lucy.

"I'll be real careful," promised Anna. "Please, Lucy, let me hold it too."

"Go away and play with your own doll," snapped Lucy.

"Lucy," Mother called as she came to the living room door. "That's no way to talk to your sister. Grandmother did tell you to let Anna play with it, too." Seeing the dark look on Lucy's face, she continued, "I'm afraid you're becoming a selfish little girl."

Lucy only held her doll tighter.

"When you play with your new doll, you must let Anna play with it, too. It's time you learn to share. Anna's not a

baby any more," Mother added as she went back to work.

Lucy sat clinging to her doll for a moment. "I don't think I'll play with it this morning," she decided. "I'll just put it back into this box." Picking up the box in which she received it, she carefully put the doll into the box and covered it. Going to the bedroom, she closed the door and put the doll away.

When Lucy returned to the living room, Anna was standing by the stove with tears in her eyes. "Why can't you let me hold your doll even a tiny bit?" she asked, her lips quivering.

"You have dolls to play with," Lucy returned. "You can have my old one too, if you want it." Picking up the picture book she had received from Aunt Fannie, she sat on the couch to look at it.

Soon Anna was beside her, trying to look at it, too, but each time Anna tried to look at a picture, Lucy turned away from her.

"Why can't you go play with your dolls and let me look at this book?" Lucy complained.

"Well, I like to look at books too," answered Anna.

"You'll tear it if you look at it," returned Lucy. "You aren't careful with it."

"I wish you wouldn't have gotten anything for your birthday!" Anna exclaimed.

"Lucy," called Mother again, "if you can't let Anna look at that book with you, you can't have it either."

Without replying, Lucy continued looking at her book. Each time she turned a page, Anna tried to look at it too. "Anna!" said Lucy hotly, "go leave me alone!"

"Lucy," Mother said sharply as she came into the living room, "give me that book."

Reluctantly Lucy gave up the book and Mother laid it on the chest of drawers. Lucy sat on the couch thinking. Slowly she got up to get her tea set to play with. "I'll get my new doll and have dinner for her," Lucy thought to herself as she started for the bedroom, "Suddenly she stopped. "No, I can't do that," she told herself, "If I get out my doll, Anna will want it too." Silently she returned to the tea set and began to arrange it on the "table" which was only one of mother's chairs. Several times she almost went after her doll, but each time decided against it.

"Lucy," called Mother from the kitchen, "Come set the table for me. Father will soon be in for dinner."

Slowly Lucy walked to the kitchen and began setting the table. Several times her mind went back to her pretty doll she had tucked away. Suddenly she thought of something. Going to the living room, she saw Anna looking at her book.

"Anna!" she exclaimed as she ran to her. "You can't have my book." Grabbing the book, she tried to take it from her. R-i-i-p!

"Now, look what you did to my new book!" exclaimed Lucy as tears came into her eyes.

Anna stared at it with open mouth.

"You naughty girl," Lucy went on, "why did you do that?"

"Lucy," called Mother firmly as she joined them. "You tore that book yourself."

"But Anna had it," Lucy answered.

"Lucy," Mother went on, "I've told you before that you must share with Anna and other children. Now because you tried to take the book from her, you tore it."

Lucy fumbled at the book with trembling hands.

"Lucy, when you share with others, you have much, but if you are selfish, you soon have nothing," Mother went on.

Lucy looked at Mother questioningly.

"You see, if you sit and look at the book without letting Anna help you, you aren't really enjoying it, because you aren't thinking about the book, but about keeping it away from Anna. Now when you tried to take it away from her, you tore it."

Lucy only fingered the torn page in her book.

"If you would have let Anna help you look at the book," Mother went on, "you would have enjoyed it much more

and Anna could have enjoyed it, too."

Mother looked at the girls. "Do you think the book would have been torn if you had sat side by side and looked at it nicely?" she asked.

Slowly Lucy shook her head.

"Where is your doll?" Mother wanted to know.

"I - I put it away," answered Lucy.

"Why did you put it away?" asked Mother.

Lucy looked at the floor without answering.

"You put your doll away so that you don't need to share it with Anna, didn't you?" Mother went on.

Slowly Lucy nodded her head.

"Are you enjoying your doll when you have it tucked away like that?" Mother asked.

Lucy raised her eyes and slowly shook her head.

"You see, if you share with Anna or other children, you get much more out of your toys than when you keep them all to yourself, afraid that someone else will touch them," Mother explained.

"Can we tape this book?" Lucy asked, looking at it again.

"Yes, we can tape it," answered Mother as she got tape out of the desk. Soon she had it fixed.

"Now, will you let Anna look at it while you set the table for me?" Mother asked as she handed Lucy the book.

Lucy looked at the book and then at Mother. Slowly she handed it to Anna and went back to the kitchen.

-by Martha Helmuth



## THE WALLS FELL DOWN

**J**oshua knew that much hard work lay ahead of him.

Now that Moses and Aaron had both died, God had appointed him to lead his people. And after years of wandering in the desert, the Israelites had at last crossed the Jordan river and entered the land of Canaan. Before them lay the fertile hills and rich soil of the land God had long ago promised to give to Abraham and his descendants.

The time the Israelites had looked forward to for years had finally come. But one thing was still wrong. The promised land was full of heathen nations, wicked people who did not know or care about the God of the Israelites. These people would have to be driven out of the land before the Israelites could live there.

Only a short distance from where the Israelites were camped at Gilgal stood a large city. It was the city of Jericho. All around the city were thick walls that were high and strong. The heavy gates in the wall were tightly locked and bolted so no one could enter.

Joshua knew it was the first city they would have to conquer. Yet how could they ever do it?

One day Joshua went for a walk to look at the city. Perhaps he was wondering how they would ever break down such a strong, thick wall. All at once he saw someone standing near the city with a sword in his hand.

Joshua walked up to the stranger, and asked boldly, "Are you one of us, or one of our enemies?"

"Neither," replied the stranger. "I am the captain of the Lord's army, and I have just now arrived."

Joshua fell on his face in worship. He realized at once that this stranger was no mere man; he was a heavenly being. "What does my Lord have to say to me, his servant?" Joshua asked.

"Take off your sandals," the angel said. "The ground on which you are standing is holy."

Quickly Joshua obeyed and slipped off his sandals.

The Lord said to Joshua, "I have delivered Jericho and its king into your power." Then he outlined a plan for Joshua to follow in capturing the city. The priests were to carry the ark of God and march around the city. All the people were to march with them. They were to march around one time each day for six days. On the seventh day they were to march around seven times, then stand still and shout and God would do a great miracle.

It seemed like a strange way to capture such a great walled city, but Joshua went back to Gilgal, satisfied that God was with them and would deliver the city into their hands.

Joshua called the priests together and told them to prepare to carry the Ark of the Lord around the city. The priests were to carry rams' horns and march in front of the ark. The soldiers were to march behind and in front of the priests. Last of all were to come all the rest of the people.

When the people of Jericho heard the noise of rams' horns and the trample of marching people, they were very likely frightened, for God had put a great fear into their hearts. But what a strange sight met their eyes when they looked down from the wall. The Israelites were not even trying to break down the wall. They were just walking around the city!

The people of Jericho were puzzled. All the Israelites did that day was march around the city, then quietly return to their camp.

The second day the Israelites marched around the city again, then quietly returned to their camp. The people of Jericho were more puzzled than ever. What could it mean?

On the third day the Israelites did the same thing again. And on the fourth, fifth and sixth day.

Then came the seventh day. The Israelites began early. They knew they had a long day ahead of them. They marched around the city once, but instead of returning to camp as they had always done before, they kept right on marching. Around the city they went, two, three, four, five, six, seven times. All the people stopped and stood still, facing the tall walls.

Joshua called to them, saying, "When the horn blows, shout loudly, for the Lord has given you the city and everything in it."

At the signal, the people shouted with one voice. A mighty sound went up as the voices of so many people rang out together. At the same instant the mighty walls of Jericho went crashing to the earth with a roar like thunder, and broke into pieces.

The Israelites had not even touched the wall. They had not needed to. All they had done was march in obedience to God's orders, and God had caused the wall to tumble and crumble.

The first thing Joshua did was call the two men to him whom he had earlier sent to Jericho as spies. "Go into Rahab's house," Joshua told them, "and save her and all her relatives alive as you promised her you would."

Rahab had the red rope hanging from her window to mark where her house stood, so the spies could find their way. They took Rahab and her relatives outside the city where they would be safe.

The Israelites stormed over the broken wall into the city, and killed all the people with the sword as God had commanded them to do. They killed the king, too. They saved no one alive.

The Israelites were not to take anything from the city for themselves. Everything was to be burned with fire except for the gold, silver, and bronze, which they were allowed to take and put in the tabernacle for God.

As darkness came over the land, the great city of Jericho lay in smoking ruins. The strong walls lay broken and flat. The whole city was in ashes.

The Israelites went to their camp that evening, thankful that the God they served was stronger than any of the idols of the land. In one day God had given his people a great and wonderful victory over their enemies.

E.S.

Family Life

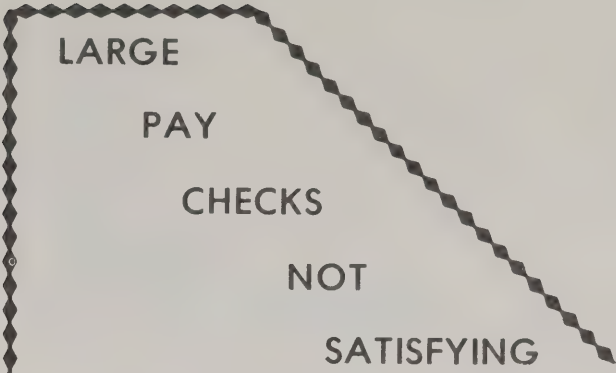
If We Only Understood

If we knew the cares and trials,  
Knew the efforts all in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment,  
Understood the loss and gain—  
Would the grim eternal roughness  
Seem—I wonder—just the same?  
Should we help where now we hinder?  
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force—  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source;  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden grains of good;  
And we'd love each other better  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives  
That surround each other's lives  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Knowing what spur the action gives,  
Often we would find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should,  
We should love each other better,  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,  
See the good and bad within,  
Often we should love the sinner  
All the while we loathe the sin;  
Could we know the powers working  
To o'erthrow integrity,  
We should judge each other's errors  
More with patient charity.  
—Rudyard Kipling



I have heard people say that it would be nice not to have chores and get a pay check every week. That's just looking at one side of it. If the husband gets sick and can't work, the checks stop coming. Also if he doesn't have regular work.

I am a person that gets scared too easily so usually after my husband goes to work I lock the doors until daylight.

One morning I went to put a letter in the mailbox and to let the cows out. I went out the front door and locked it. When I came back the back door was locked yet. The children were inside and couldn't unlock the door and I just thought, what now? I could go to the neighbors—then I happened to think that the bedroom window has no storm-window. I tried that and it opened so I crawled in through the window. The children didn't know anything had happened.

So I'm hoping someday we can live on a farm and he won't have to be working away all the time. I know there would also be problems but it still would be a comfort to know that your husband is at home in case you need him.  
—Mrs. E. Y., Indiana

The January snow scene for this month's cover was drawn by Ruth Auker, Ephrata, Pa.

A HANDICAP CATALOG

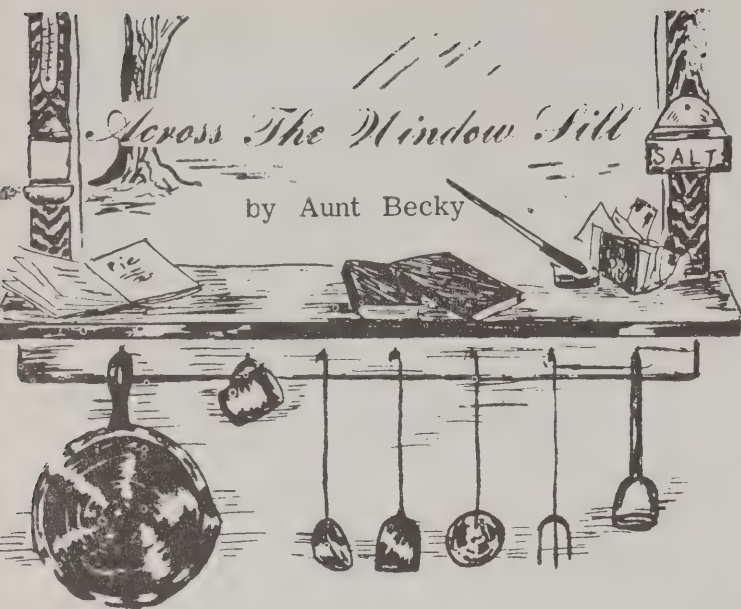
During the past year we have received a number of letters concerning handicapped persons who have a special trade or do certain handicrafts. Most of these persons are not able to earn a normal living yet are strong enough to do something. Some of these occupy themselves with handicrafts, making cane chairs, stringing beads, making potholders, working with wood, repairing watches, etc. Still others sell certain products to help earn their living.

In order to try to help these persons we have decided to print a catalog listing only the products which are sold by the handicaps. The advertisement would contain a description of the products which are sold, and also the price. It would also be interesting to state in a few words, in what way the person is handicapped. We believe that many of our readers would be interested in "helping the handicapped help themselves" by buying their products and also by telling others about these products.

- In order to make this catalog we will need the following information:
- 1. Name and full address of handicapped person.
  - 2. Directions to his home.
  - 3. Full description and prices of products he has to sell.
  - 4. It would also be interesting to have a few words about the person, such as reason for being handicapped, condition, etc.

It is important that we have this information right away, and at the latest, before January 31, 1972. If you are handicapped and have some products to sell, or know of anyone like this, then send the above information to:

HANDICAP CATALOG  
Pathway Publishers  
Route 4  
Aylmer, Ontario



## ANOTHER YEAR

Another year is passing—

A brand new year appears;  
Let us breathe a prayer to God  
To have His presence near.

Last year brought some trials,  
Heartaches and sorrows, too;  
But it also brought new triumphs  
And some friendships old and new.

God only knows the future  
And all that lies ahead;  
If we could see as He does  
The New Year we might dread.

But let us face it bravely—  
We know He loves us all  
And will direct our footsteps  
And hear us when we call.

Let's take His hand and follow,  
Bearing our cross along;  
He'll safely lead us onward—  
In weakness make us strong.  
Selected Mrs. Chris L. Miller



New Year is a time when some people make resolutions, only to learn to their dismay that it is just as easy to break one as to make one. Resolutions can be made at all times of the year. The people who can do what they resolve to do, are those who do not boast about what they will do, but consider their own weaknesses and so rely on God's strength.

Lately I received more letters from you readers. This makes it easier to do these pages. I like the different comments and ideas that are being sent in.

From a troubled mother in Pennsylvania comes a letter asking the readers to pray for some of her children, who are inclined to wear jewelry. She writes, "I think jewelry is a real sign of worldliness."

Mrs. Jeanne Brown writes, "I had to agree with Aunt Becky for this month. It seems the more we have, the easier it is to take everything for granted, and eventually expect more and more. A friend of mine once went

through a rough period when her husband was unemployed for quite a while, and food for them was scarce.

Some time after this, she had lunch at my house, and she offered a prayer of thanks before she ate, which she was not usually inclined to do before. When she noticed my surprised expression, she said, 'These past months have taught me a great lesson: When it comes right down to it, it's only God who gives us anything we have. I'll never forget to thank Him for all I have.'

A friend from Stoneboro, Pennsylvania writes: When the children are slow in getting ready for school or going out to do chores I give them so much time by setting the timer. That usually hurries them up.

I can imagine this is a good idea. When we were children we enjoyed the idea of racing, too. At times the one who would wash the dishes would tell the one who was wiping, "If you can catch up with me you needn't help." This comment usually brought a lot of action (and also fun) to the kitchen sink.

Mrs. Chris L. Miller of Michigan gives a plan about feeding the birds. She tells us to pour bacon grease over pieces of leftover toast; let harden. Put string through the center and tie to branch on tree.

Once when Mrs. Landis (Vera) Miller of Manheim, Pa. wanted to attend a funeral, she asked a friend, Dorcas Herr, to come in and care for the invalid in her home. Before leaving her home Vera left the following note for Dorcas:

### APOLOGIES TO A NURSEMAID

We've left our house  
In quite a mess,  
It's not very tidy  
I do confess;  
If I never come back  
To clean up the clutter  
There's sure to be  
Some soul to mutter,  
"What a terrible housekeeper  
This lady must be,  
Take a look at her house  
And you will see!

Vera

Imagine Vera's surprise on returning home to find a note from Dorcas which read:

### THE NURSEMAID'S REPLY

I looked and looked for the clutter you told  
I think I must be growing old;  
What does one do when sight grows dim  
Yet still has left some vigor and vim?  
What a handicap, with a family to rear  
Should a Mother's vision be less than clear!  
Dishes aren't clutter, if that's what you mean  
They're the handiest tool I've ever seen.  
I must confess, we ate some of your pie,  
You left it so invitingly by.  
We tasted instead of casting a ballet  
That's how we found it just right for the palate.  
'Twas Goldilocks who did it first.  
This consolation I have nursed.

Dorcas Herr

P. S.

Now I have left my house in a vertible mess  
Anyone who would see it, would have to nod, "Yes,"  
I wouldn't even say, "Take a look and see;"  
Even the thought embarrasses me.



## Prize Winning Cookies

1 cup brown sugar  
1/2 cup shortening  
1/2 cup sweet milk  
2 eggs, well beaten  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
flour as needed  
Drop.



## Nut Spice Cake

1 cup cake flour 2/3 cup shortening  
1/2 tsp. soda 1 cup granulated sugar  
1/4 tsp. salt 1 cup brown sugar  
1/4 tsp. allspice 3 eggs  
1/4 tsp. cloves 1 1/2 cups buttermilk  
1/2 tsp. cinnamon 1/2 cup chopped nuts  
Sift flour, soda, salt, spices together. Cream shortening; add sugars gradually. Cream well. Add eggs 1 at a time, and beat well after each addition. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with buttermilk. Add nuts with last addition of dry ingredients. Pour into two greased paper lined 9 inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for 35 to 40 minutes.

-Mary Hochstetler, Millersburg, Ohio



## Oatmeal Pie

3 eggs, slightly beaten 1 cup sugar  
1 cup Karo 1 cup oatmeal  
1/2 cup flour 1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup melted butter  
Mix altogether and add 1 teaspoon vanilla and the oatmeal last. Put in unbaked pie crust. Bake about 45 minutes. (This pie is too sweet for our family so I decrease the sugar and Karo.)

- Mrs. E.B., Md.



## Steamed Graham Pudding

1 egg 1 teaspoon soda  
1 cup sugar 1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 cup sour milk 2 tablespoons molasses  
1 cup white flour pinch of salt  
1 cup whole wheat flour

Steam on top of stove, preferably using an angle food cake pan, set in a large covered kettle. 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Serve warm with milk. Very good and economically made.



## Apple Crunch Pudding

2 eggs (slightly beaten)  
1 1/2 cups white sugar  
2 cups flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
4 medium apples (diced)  
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Mix ingredients only until all are moistened. Bake in greased baking dish for about 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

-Mrs. R. E. B., Ohio



## Apple Pudding

4 large apples(cube or slice)  
1 cup brown sugar 1 teaspoon nutmeg  
1 cup flour 1 teaspoon cloves  
1/2 teaspoon soda Pinch of salt  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder 4 tablespoons butter  
1 teaspoon cinnamon 2 eggs (beaten)

Put dry ingredients together then add apples, eggs, butter. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

Eat with milk and sugar when cooled.



## JUST FOR TODAY

JUST FOR TODAY I'll live through the next 12 hours and not tackle my whole life problem at once.

JUST FOR TODAY I'll improve my mind. I will learn something useful. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.

JUST FOR TODAY I'll be agreeable. I will look my best, speak in a well modulated voice, be courteous, and considerate.

JUST FOR TODAY I'll not find fault with friend or relative. I will not try to change or improve anyone but myself.

JUST FOR TODAY I'll have a program. I might not follow it exactly, but I will have it. I'll save myself from two enemies, hurry and indecision.

JUST FOR TODAY I'll exercise my character in these ways. I will do a good turn and keep it a secret. If anyone finds out, it won't count.

JUST FOR TODAY I'll do two things I don't want to do just for exercise.

JUST FOR TODAY I'll be unafraid. Especially will I be unafraid to enjoy what is beautiful and believe that as I give to the world, the world will give to me.

-Selected by Mrs. Susie Weaver, Hartville, Ohio

## Some Mothers Write

We very seldom buy any head lettuce, so when my husband brought some home on a cold January day, it was a special treat for all of us. Our three-year-old daughter quickly ate her first helping of the salad then said, "I want some more grass!"

-Mrs. M. H.

## Some Children Write

A boy of our church got a new horse of almost pale beige color. My aunt's four-year-old daughter said, "Look! That horse is so new they haven't even colored him yet."

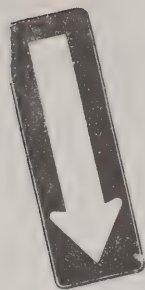
-Anna Lied, 12, Pennsylvania



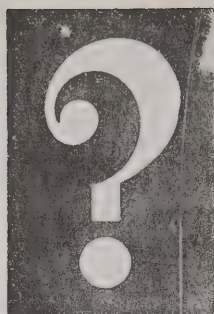
Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



Don't step  
into the  
New Year  
with  
dirty shoes.  
Aunt Becky



Deadline for  
Answers  
Jan. 31



## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

### QUESTION:

My heart aches for stepfathers, stepmothers and stepchildren. Some live together in bliss and unity. Others do not. I had two stepmothers. One was very understanding and accepted her husband's family as her own for she had none of her own.

The next stepmother was different. The first time she had married a widower with some children. She also had one child of her own. Her first husband died and she married my father who also had a family of children. Sad to say, the two sets of stepchildren keenly felt the lack of love which was so freely bestowed on her one child.

Of course all angles must be weighed, but does not a man or woman who marries someone with children vow on the wedding day to love and care for the step children as if they were their own? To me, it seems unity and understanding are more than all the money involved. Does anyone else understand what I am trying to say?

— One who yearns for Unity.

### Dear Puzzled Weight Watcher,

Good for you in trying to reduce! But don't make yourself suffer. It's God-sent, via nature, to be hungry. Try eating more foods that **don't** make fat. Like fruits and vegetables. Eat some raw. Also try and include sunflower seeds. For me this is a good between-meal nibbler. Keep in mind it takes longer to lose than to gain. (I lost only 8 lbs. in 4 months.)

—Still trying to reduce, Pennsylvania

Because you're so hungry may indicate you lack some vitamins or minerals. A high protein, low carbohydrate diet satisfies. Avoid sugar. Nutritionists highly recommend salads, fruits and vegetables- preferably raw. Fruits and some vegetables have sugar, too. Maybe you can get a book that lists the carbohydrate calories in the different foods. Then allow yourself only a certain amount each day.

—L., Pa.

I am no stranger to your problem of being hungry all the time although I am not especially overweight. If I eat too much, I feel drowsy, stuffed and not nearly so mentally alert as when I eat moderately. In the Old Testament, when the Israelites were blessed with an abundant harvest, they forgot their Creator and brought about their own downfall by excess eating and drinking. Even before the flood, this was a stumbling block. Although it is far from easy at times, I think we should depend on common sense instead of on our appetite. A Christian has to deny some things if he is to be in harmony with his Lord and Master.

—Pennsylvania.

At one time I also seemed to be hungry all the time, even with a full stomach. Since I have been taking a natural food supplement, this craving has left me and I am now satisfied with a smaller amount of food. I think it was neither hunger nor lust but one or more nutrients missing in the diet.

—Levi Eicher, Missouri.

We have to eat to be healthy but we can be careful what we eat. There are many foods to enjoy without eating too much baked goods and sweets. No doubt your problem didn't come overnight and it will not leave overnight. Crash dieting is not healthy. You should slowly decrease your food intake allowing your body to adjust each time with a little less food than the week before.

I believe what you have is true hunger. The lust comes in when a person eats more than he really feels good with.

I know of an overweight child who ate as much sweet corn on the cob as I usually fixed for my family of six! I believe his parents should encourage this child not to eat so much.

—Indiana

Get a good multi-vitamins to use. This should curb your hunger. Eat a liberal portion of meat, eggs, or cheese with each meal. One large green raw salad with one tablespoon oil (corn or soya) twice a day. One cup of vegetables twice a day, ½ cup of fruit, raw or canned without sugar, three times a day. Do not use any sugar at all and go very easy on flour products- potatoes, lentils and dried beans. (Soy beans are permitted.)

—Pa.

### WATCHING AT FUNERALS (Answer)

I never thought of anyone getting enjoyment out of watching the close relatives at the coffin at a funeral. Experience tells us that it is with deep heartfelt sympathy (a feeling which cannot be expressed in words), that friends will crowd around to watch the relatives. We went through this four times as four of our children passed on. It would seem hardhearted and resentful if friends and neighbors were not allowed to stand by and share our sorrow with us. Their sympathy is best felt right there at the coffin when it is most needed. It would only make the load a lot heavier and harder to bear if friends and neighbors would not stand around to show their sympathy and concern. What really is hard is when people can be heard talking and laughing outside of the house as though they have no concern.

—Thankful for bystanders who understand.

To the concerned bystander in October issue. Was glad to hear someone express himself. I've seen people stand on top of the church benches to see the relatives pass the coffin. At another funeral some came in and took the relatives' seats. I'm sure these people wouldn't want this done to them. Let's be more respectful to the bereaved as they see their loved one for the last time.

M.H., Indiana

### DOLLS IN CHURCH (answers)

In meeting, last week, a tiny girl on the bench in front of me had just such a bought doll as the "Grandmother from Pennsylvania" was telling about in November Family Life, except it was smaller, maybe no more than five or six inches.

It did not offend me though. The mother had carefully selected a neat doll. The child played quietly without making disturbance in the worship. It seems to me that is the main thing our children need to learn in church - that we go to worship, to draw nigh to God, to learn reverence and to praise our Saviour.

The sermon may not seem long to us who are hungry for spiritual food, but a small child's spiritual understanding is not yet awake. They can only see and copy and imitate - and they do! That is what we want and we can't begin too soon. The little girl sees Mommie taking care of the new baby (even in church) and her motherly instincts can be cultivated there too. We want our children to "love the place where Thine honor dwelleth", to be "glad when they say unto me, Let us go into the

Family Life

house of the Lord." So we do well that our children learn to appreciate quietness, and reverence, and worship.

When they are little they are full of energy. They are born with enough to take them through a long normal life. And they cannot sit quietly like a weary adult. Church benches were made to fit grown people. Little ones' legs can't reach the floor and I suppose in their place I'd have to swing my feet too, to keep them from going to sleep.

There are other things too, that help keep children quiet. Make a small book with double sheets of old muslin, cold-starched until they are stiff. You can paste in carefully chosen things.

One book I saw had an imitation leather "front" of a shoe sewed in, with eyelets and a shoelace to tie; a rabbit embroidered on one page had a fuzzy yarn tail that fastened on with a snap fastener; a "purse" closed with a short zipper; a tiny front of a doll dress had buttons and buttonholes. All of these were quiet things to teach finger skills. The book needs to be small so it isn't disturbing to others and easy for the child to handle; with only one "skill" to a page.

Let her stand on the floor by Mommie when her legs get tired hanging down, or if you can't hold her on your lap because you are holding a smaller child. But let her learn your patience and kindness, and your love for God by observing you in worship. The doll is not important but your spirit is.

Mrs. Elmer Hartman, Indiana

I was in church once where the mother sitting beside me took a large handkerchief and made it into a roll and then she took a smaller handkerchief to represent the head. Her little girl happily accepted it as a doll and quietly played with it-- using her imagination. In this family's home are not many toys and the children are happy. They have learned to appreciate little things.

-Ohio

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

There is something which has been wondering me quite a bit lately. Should a woman have her head covered at night? To some this may not seem very important but I long to do what's best and right. I know some women do cover theirs and others don't. I'm still young and did not know that some wear some kind of covering at night until recently. Since I have no mother to ask I thought some readers might like to give there opinions of it. Mothers, please let me hear from you.

-An Eighteen-year-old

Deadline For Answers  
January 31st



Beginning with this issue we are setting a deadline for the "WhatDo You Think?" questions. We suspect that a good many people think of sending in answers to these questions but think they have plenty of time yet. We have learned from experience that putting something off is a good way to forget it altogether.

Perhaps some people decide to wait to see what others write about it first. They think others are going to say the same thing they Januray 1972

LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN

While viewing our children's doings I got to thinking how very much like them we really are.

They may be playing with coloring books and colors, or puzzles, or tinkertoys, etc. (They may not have them all at one time.) But I know that sooner or later they will be elsewhere leaving colors, books, etc., strewn all over the floor. Many times I have warned them to please not leave everything scattered when they are finished with it. (But I also make them clean up.)

When they beg and desire so much to have a certain thing, they say, "We won't leave it on the floor."

I believe they mean it at the time but out of experience I find that most always their good intentions are soon forgotten.

Then I visualize in my mind's eye how we are so like them. We pray to God to forgive us and we intend so faithfully to do better, also meaning it very much. But how soon are we made to realize that we come short again of "our Father's desires for His children?" If our heavenly Father is as grieved with our shortcomings as we parents so often are with our children's shortcomings. Oh, is it not the greatest wonder that He still bears with us?

According to His Word, He will bear with us in our shortcomings as long as He sees we are striving against them, (as we also must bear with and strive against our children's shortcomings.)

But with sin He has not promised to forbear forever. The Lord said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man" (Genesis 6:3).

Oh, is this not enough to make us all with diligence seek first the kingdom of God and lay aside all manner of corruptness, including teasing, joking, jesting, foolish talking, (yes, and reading comics) as all these things are just for a laugh to please the flesh. "But let us be sober and vigilant (meaning "alert" to detect danger); redeeming the time because the days are evil." (Eph. 5:1).

- M. Zimmerman

have in mind. There is a very good chance that no one else is going to make the comment which you are thinking about now. If we do get too many answers which are similar, we can always omit some of them.

We urge you, from now on, to have your answers to us by the deadline, or at least in the mail. If you have any thoughts on these questions, don't be afraid to send them in, and do it now- before you forget.

Thank You!



### SOMETIMES I WONDER

At home we sit all alone  
Waiting each day for loved ones to come;  
The hours and days go very slow  
Because God has planned it so.

He picks one here, He picks one there;  
It seems there's sickness everywhere;  
If we could not on prayer depend  
Our hope and faith would soon end.

If only friends and relatives  
Could find a time to dismiss  
All their work — their tiredness —  
To come and bring us happiness.

A visit is like a chain of gold;  
If only my friends could be told,  
But they are busy as a bee  
And know not what this means to me.

At home we sit each lonely hour  
Waiting until God with His power  
Sees it best to heal again  
With joy a new world would begin.

Then back at work and feeling fine;  
How nice it would be to see the sun shine  
When going to church on a Sunday morn  
To learn of God's love and Satan's scorn.

I hope then, with the help of God,  
To find time down the road to trod  
To visit the sick on their lonely days  
So they may see the bright sun's rays.

After nice hours of visiting are o'er  
Home I'd go to do waiting chores;  
Would my friends' work run away  
If they'd visit the sick and crippled today?

— A lonely shutin

(Readers: Could this have been written by a shutin in your neighborhood?)

### A DAY WITH GRANDMA

Would you like to come with me today? I have planned to go help clean Grandma's room and I think you will enjoy it, same as I do. She has a good-sized room at Brother Floyds. I am going alone in the surrey, so come along.

It's a cool, cloudy day, isn't it? While we ride along I want to tell you one reason why Grandma is a little bit special to us. She "sees" with her ears! Yes, she has lived in a world of darkness about five years now. Diabetes was the cause of her blindness. However she has accepted this patiently. In fact her patience is a virtue well worth copying.

Another thing God has shown us which we will never

forget: When God takes one of our "senses" away, the others are so keen it's almost unbelievable. Grandma is blessed with a sense of smell and a sense of touch such as we have never seen. She takes different medications for the heart, kidneys and for other ailments. She'll take a pill in her hand, feel it, then say with a smile, "Yes, this is my pink pill!"

One time she stayed with us for a few weeks. She doesn't know her way around our house so she depended on me. Once she asked for her green pill. I gave it to her and also handed her a drink of water. After feeling it a little she said, "Why, this isn't my green pill."

"Yes, Grandma," I answered, "that pill is green."

"But I mean the other one. It's a darker green," she said softly.

"Okay, I'll look again," I assured her, already entertaining the thought that this could be one time when she is mistaken.

A search brought forth darker green pills. After handing it to her her face lit up. "That's the one!" she exclaimed.

Well, here we are. It's only 1½ miles over here.

"Good morning, Grandma! How are you this cool morning?"

"Oh, pretty good. Is it still cloudy?"

"Yes, Grandma, it is. Well, where shall we start? I guess we'll scrub walls and ceilings first. After that we'll do the furniture and I see you have polishes and everything ready." Grandma's keen memory does not let her forget where these things are kept.

"Is there a spider web under here?" she asks as she tips a platform rocker to one side. A close inspection reveals nothing.

Now it's getting towards noon. "Well, today I guess we'll eat dinner over at Floyds. I cook for myself but not for company anymore."

Now that we have eaten you can help Clara while I wash some of Grandma's old dishes, lamps, and other small belongings.

Grandma likes to help also. She puts the clean canister set back in place with the flower decals all in front.

I marvel at this. "Grandma, how do you know those flower decals are all in front?"

"Why, I felt for the seam and put them all in back."

Grandma has a keen instinct, doesn't she? Now you visit with her while we do the carpets and floors.

At last we're finished. I hope you also enjoyed your day with Grandma. It is time to start for home.

"It was nice being with you, Grandma. Hope you can rest good tonight."

"I'm sure I will, and thanks for helping. Bye."

Friends, how about sending our blind Grandma a few words of cheer? She would appreciate it very much. Her address is: Mrs. Eli J. Burkholder in care of Floyd Burkholder R. 3 Nappanee, IND 46550

### HOME REMEDIES and suggestions -----

For MEASLES: Wash a cup of untreated oats. Add four or five cups of water. Boil, strain, and then add honey. Drink as hot as you can drink it. reheat what's left.

Our daughter Sylvia, 10-years old, was sick for a week. Couldn't keep anything down. Awful headaches, and her face was swollen. She didn't look like herself. I knew what was wrong as three of the other children had the measles at the time.

I told the neighbor lady about Sylvia. She suggested the oats tea. She said this will usually bring them out if nothing else will. I started giving Sylvia oats tea in the morning, and kept it up off and on all day.

That evening she started to break out and till morning you could tell she has the measles. They affected her eyes. She is wearing glasses now, and she doesn't seem quite as hearty as she used to be. I'm thankful to God that I found out about the oat tea when I did. A couple months after our children had the measles, a girl died from having them. They didn't break out on her.

Mrs. Aaron R. Yoder, Pa.



### WHAT IS HOME?

A HOME IS NOT A HOME UNLESS  
IT'S BUILT WITH LOVE AND CHEERFULNESS;  
EACH PIECE OF LUMBER, BRICK, OR STONE,  
IS USED IN VAIN IF USED ALONE,  
FOR YOU MUST USE THE MORTAR OF  
A SWEET AND PURE AND LASTING LOVE.

THE LEAKS THAT COME THROUGH WEAR AND RUST  
ARE MENDED SOON WITH FAITH AND TRUST;  
AND WHEN YOUR DREAMS ALL CLOUD WITH CARE  
THEY'RE POLISHED BRIGHT WITH SACRED PRAYER.  
YES, HOME IS NOT HOME UNLESS  
IT'S FENCED WITH LOVE AND TENDERNESS.

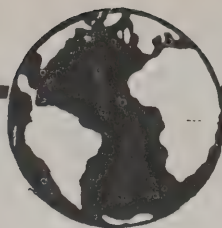
THE PATTEN OF SOME LITTLE FEET  
ARE DECORATIONS DEAR AND SWEET  
THAT HELP TO MAKE YOUR HOME A PLACE  
WHERE WORLDLY CARES ALL SOON ERASE:  
AND IF YOUR HOME IS DOUBLY BLEST  
THE LORD WILL BE YOUR CONSTANT GUEST.

A HOME THAT'S PURE IN JESUS' SIGHT  
WILL KEEP AN ALTAR BURNING BRIGHT,  
WHERE GOD'S WORD'S TAUGHT AND LIVED EACH DAY,  
AND ALL THE CHILDREN LEARN TO PRAY.  
YES, HOME IS NOT A HOME UNLESS  
IT'S FILLED WITH LOVE AND HOLINESS!

A HOME TO TRULY BE YOUR OWN  
MUST HAVE CHRIST AS ITS CORNER-STONE;  
IT MUST BE GUARDED FROM ALL CARE  
BY BLESSED HOPE AND FAITH AND PRAYER.  
YES, HOME IS NOT A HOME UNTIL  
IT'S IN THE CENTER OF GOD'S WILL!

-Selected by Mrs. Daniel Schrock, Jr. Illinois





## THE SKIES IN JANUARY

If you will look in the southwest in the evening you will be able to see three planets. Low in the southwest is Venus, then further east and higher in the sky is a reddish star which is the planet Mars. This planet has been in the news during the last month because of the fact that both the United States and Russia have sent rockets close to Mars to photograph it. They claim the reason they are doing this is to see if there is any life on that planet. But this is not the real reason. Apparently the real reason they are spending such tremendous amounts of money is not to find out what they already know, but to see what they can do. With telescopes and their instruments to measure temperature and density, they have already determined that none of the planets has an atmosphere or living conditions anything near like the earth. The nearest description they can get is that these planets are like the earth was before God got it ready for man to live on. Genesis 1 says the earth was void and without form which would mean it was totally unsuitable for life to survive. This is how all the planets are and they will always remain that way because the Bible says that only the earth did God create to be inhabited.

Scientists say that the other stars in the heavens are suns like our sun but they are so far away that they look dim. They say these other suns probably have planets around them like our sun has and that some of those planets may be inhabited like the earth is. We do not know whether this is true or not but we do know that with God all things are possible.

We are convinced, however, that man will never be able to find out in his lifetime. Man is too small and frail (the Bible says our lives are like a vapor) to ever reach

another inhabited place outside the earth. Even if it were possible to travel at the speed of light, astronomers say it would take about nine years to reach Sirius, which is one of the nearer stars.

January is a good time to watch the stars in the evening. Some of the brightest stars in the skies can best be seen at this time. The constellation of Orion, the hunter, is rising in the east early in the evening followed by Sirius, the brightest true star in the sky. The milky way stretches from north to south, while the Pliades or seven sisters (or is it the cluck with her chicks? See Job 9:9, Luther version;) are overhead in the northeast. On June 21 (summer solstice), the sun will be at a point directly north of Orion about the same distance as between his belt and his head. At that time, of course Orion will not be visible.

The first magnitude star between Orion and the Pliades is called Aldebaran and is part of the constellation of Taurus the Bull.

Three planets can be seen in the evening skies. Venus is the bright star low in the southwest soon after sunset. It will keep on getting farther and farther away from the sun until April when, it starts drawing closer again. All the time it will be getting brighter and brighter. The second week in May it will be the brightest and after that it fades fast. In June it will be even with the sun again and in July emerge on the other side of the sun as a morning star. The moon will be close to Venus on January 19.

Mars is northeast of Venus and appears as a reddish star. The moon will be close to Mars on January 22. The sun follows the same path through the stars and when it reaches the area where Mars is now, Spring will begin.

The third planet which is visible in the evening sky is Saturn. It is further east and the moon will be close to Saturn on the evening of Jan. 25. Saturn is the planet which has the rings around it, a truly beautiful sight through a telescope.

Jupiter is in the morning sky and the moon will be close to it on Jan. 8.

On January 3rd of each year the earth is the closest to the sun that it gets during the year. This is hard to understand since the sun looks to be farther away during the winter time. But in this life, many things are not as they seem. In this case it is the slant at which the sun's rays strike the earth which makes the difference, and not the distance to the sun. Records show that because of this the southern hemisphere is several degrees warmer during their summer than the same latitude in the northern hemisphere during our summer.

There will be several eclipses during 1972. A total eclipse of the moon will occur on the morning of January 30th. The eclipse will begin at 4:12 a.m., middle will be at 5:54, and the ending at 7:36 a.m. It is visible, if weather conditions permit, over the whole of the north American continent.

A total eclipse of the sun will occur on July 10. The path of totality will pass over Canada, from the middle of the Hudson Bay to Nova Scotia and over the Atlantic Ocean to South American. Anyone interested in getting close to the land of the midnight sun in summer and in seeing this eclipse, might consider going to the Hudson Bay at this time. Unfortunately, the highways do not go that far north.

All of North America will have a partial eclipse of the sun at this time. In the eastern states the sun will be mostly covered.

On July 26, there will be a partial eclipse of the moon. Beginning will be at 12:56, middle at 2:16 and ending at 3:37 a.m. It will be visible over all of North America.

Return Addresses:

In Canada- Family Life

Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A. - Family Life

LaGrange, IN 46761

John D. Sauder  
1020 Stony Saudey Rd.  
Lancaster, Pa. 17601 Gift

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FEBRUARY

1972

# FAMILY LIFE

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# letters to the editors



## HAPPY WHEN YOU'RE APPRECIATED

Just finished reading "A Fresh Drink and A Cinnamon Roll" (Dec. issue) and had the same feeling come over me that so often does after reading a hired girl story. How many of us are like the mothers in the story who do not have time to help those who are in need? But on the other hand, how few of us are Rachels who really appreciate the help we get?

In my own experience as a hired girl I had mostly Rachels to work for. I am especially made to think of my first job as a hired girl, working for a young couple who had two little girls aged 2 and 3 and also a newborn set of twins. By the end of the day, I was often very tired, - but oh, so happy. I was only 14 years old at the time and I still have to wonder how many mistakes I really made. I can recall quite a few, but only once was I asked to do something over again.

I can still hear this lady telling my mother how glad she was that I could come to help her even if my mother could have used me at home. I was the oldest of the family. Mother told her that she, too, knows what it's like to be in need of a hired girl. The lady answered, "Well, maybe someday my girls can help her."

This family has moved to another state and it would be almost too far to have her girls come and help me. But people need help anywhere, so I hope when these girls are grown, they can help some other family who is in need of a hired girl.

-G.S., Lititz, Pennsylvania.

Many weeks we spend at home except for those of us who are able to attend church on Sundays, so we appreciate the Pathway papers. The characters in the articles seem to us almost like living neighbors.

Frequently the articles cover the very same problems we have to contend with and very often they hit our weak spots. Most of the stories are good, but we need the Word of God as the final answer book. It was to be regretted that in the story, "A Fresh Drink and a Cinnamon Roll" there were some mothers who chose to keep their daughters at home so they could live a more luxurious life. There is a deep seated need and I hope those who can help will not fence themselves off, for if they do this, the cause of Christ suffers.

-H. Missouri.

We felt "A Fresh Drink and a Cinnamon Roll" was the best hired girl story yet. I could feel for the Mrs. as I, too, needed a hired girl and could hardly find one. It seemed everyone was too busy, even where there were quite a few grown girls. More hired girls could be found if everyone would live according to Gal. 5:10, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

-A Mother From Pennsylvania

## NO FREE VACATION

I liked the article, "A Free Vacation." It shows how unreasonable some requests can be and how grudges and

hard feelings can sprout up. If we carry an elevated opinion of ourselves, we are apt to feel that we deserve much more than we actually do.

An ungrateful heart is never satisfied, it always wants more, no matter how hard one works or generously one gives. Life is a struggle and the tendency is to try to convince ourselves the other person doesn't have any.

-L., Pennsylvania.

## BEAUTY WAS ONLY SKIN DEEP

The article, "More Than A Pretty Face" was such a true story. I used to write to a boy I had never even seen. One day I had the joy of seeing him and he had a very beautiful face. At first he talked very little but as we got acquainted, talking went better. He came to the state where I lived and we saw each other regularly. I was pleased to see him come.

After awhile his love for me seemed to grow cold. I went to visit him where he worked on a dairy farm and found he was more interested in the television than in me. Soon he didn't come to church regularly either. I tried to talk to him but it was all in vain.

Once I heard he had signed up for the army and when I asked him he just said, "Maybe I should have." As time went on he asked me to marry him but I felt that his love for me was not the real thing any more.

He asked about quitting to see each other but I thought I still loved him too much to let him go. After awhile he quit coming to see me and I was very downhearted but I prayed to the Lord that He would show me whether this boy was for me or not. Before long he was wearing English clothes and hardly ever went to church anymore.

Soon I learned to know another boy and he was different than the first one. But I soon found that beauty is only skin deep. Later we married and I can not thank the Lord enough that I didn't marry the first one. Now we are happily married with four children. It just goes to show it needs to be more than the outward beauty.

-Iowa

## MEMORIES OF LAST TRIP

To the many people who didn't know anything about the incident, I suppose "The Last Trip" (December issue) wasn't very interesting. But for myself, I can truly say, my eyes were rather misty by the time I had read it for it brought back some memories. I had the privilege to meet those boys several times and I was along one day to drive them. How well I remember when I came in from the bush at noon, Mother said there was a messenger here. When she told the message, I could hardly believe it but that was one time I made ready to go to a funeral on short notice.

I remember well when the church door opened and Joe Shirk stepped in. I do not think his son noticed him

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because he sat down about half ways back where there was room. A picture that will stay in my mind is when Joe and the son who was yet living met each other after the services on the steps just outside the churchhouse door with a handshake, a kiss and with tears flowing freely. I believe Ervin Shantz well remembers the day, too, as it was the first funeral sermon he preached.

-Noah S. Horst, Elmira, Ontario.

#### LAST OF THE FEARFUL DREAMS

I was 80 years old this past June and the article, "Alone In The Dark With Daddy" (Dec. issue) made me think of my own experience when I was a boy. My mother had very much the same problem to deal with as the mother in that article. I was the second child in the family so my parents were still quite young at the time.

I used to have the awfulest dreams of wild beasts who had their underground dens in our yard and they were so numerous that I could hardly go from the house to the summerhouse without stepping into these holes. About every step I'd take my foot would go down through.

When evening came, I'd cry and stay awake as long as I could master it so I wouldn't have those fearful dreams. I don't know how long this went on but one evening my mother took me and we sat on a chair with a German spelling book in her hand. In the back of this spelling book are some Biblical stories and also the "Our Father" prayer. She told me how I am never alone and how good spirits are with the little children at all times. She said that when we ask God, He is very near to us, and then she put her arms around me and had me to repeat what she read. She would read two or three words of the "Unser Vater Gebet" and I'd repeat it until I had learned it all. Then she tucked me in bed assuring me that I am not alone and that was the last of the fearful dreams for me.

My thoughts go further in detail about the Good Spirits being close to the children. In Hebrews 12:9 it says that we should be subject to the Father of the Spirits so that we live. From this we can understand that if we are not obedient then we can be spiritually dead. It so happens that young people at times are not obedient and do not listen to their parents, or to God and the church and then they are in great danger that the good Spirits will depart from them and then they are not spiritually alive. But if we are obedient and stay in His will, then we have the assurance that God's Spirit is with us (Romans 8:16) and will be with us as long as we live.

When Mother explained to me that the good Spirits are with me, I could rest in peace, so likewise when we take up our cross and follow in the footsteps of Jesus, then by the Grace of God we can find spiritual rest for our souls.

-Applecreek, Ohio.

#### REVERENCE IN CHURCH

The recent articles on reverence in church (Dec. issue) were very appropriate and in my opinion, long past due.

-E.Y., Ohio.

#### DIVISIONS, PAST AND PRESENT

After reading the articles on divisions in the church (October and January issues) the question has come to my mind why so many divisions and denominations now exist. Nearly all are founded on the 18 articles of faith and most of the groups agree on these points. But not all are willing to observe the fundamentally expressed commands which we read in the New Testament. Jesus Christ is the head the bride of the church so would it not be more proper for true Christian believers to go by the name of Church of Christ or something like that?

When a congregation divides, is it possible that Christ is still the Head of both parties? Or does he have a divided Bride? Ephesians 2:18-22 seems to indicate that the Bride of Christ is one body and Christ is the Chief Cornerstone.

If the brotherhood is united in this way then holy communion can be observed to His remembrance. But if February, 1972

the different denominations are merely stepping stones to more liberty in worldliness, then these churches are no longer a light to the world and a salt to the earth. What is badly needed today is more true unity in Christ with all the members laboring for the Bride of Christ as one body. Then and only then can communion be held to His Remembrance. With so many denominations, it is causing a lot of confusion and is a stumbling block instead of a help to others. What can be done about it?

-E.M., Elmira, Ontario.

#### MEXICO A BITTER PILL

The article on the Amish settlement in Mexico was interesting to many of us in our community. The widow of Cornelius Troyer, (then 24) was my grandmother. She later married Samuel Girod of Admas County, Ind. He died several years ago so Grandma is widow for the second time.

She is 72 years old and she often talks about the years they were in Mexico. There were lots of prairie dogs, coyotes and wolves. She also tells of the soldiers who came to their homes for something to eat. Especially does she remember one long night when an army slept outside their homes. They stole hay for the horses and to sleep on and they also stole horses and other things from the settlers. All of this was very frightening to them.

Grandma was surprised and very glad for the story and to see the picture. She remembers when they built the small house for them. She said she never expected to see the place again. The article brought back many memories for her. Mexico was indeed a very bitter pill for them.

-Mrs. Ruben M. Schwartz, Geneva, Indiana.

#### SIMPLE TOYS FOR CHILDREN

The article in December issue, "Needing More Toys" was very much to the point and well expressed. Children with simple things have a better chance to develop initiative and to use their imagination.

-A.H., Goshen, Indiana

#### MORE TIME TO READ THE BIBLE

Do magazines like **Family Life** and **Young Companion** take away Bible reading time? Perhaps for some people, but for me it was just the opposite. As a busy mother with small children I never seemed to find enough time to read the Bible as I should have. Then we started getting **Family Life** which I enjoyed reading very much. There were many articles which were a blessing to me, which made me think, and I found myself also reading the Bible more than ever before. I hope I can continue learning from the Bible and also from other sound Christian literature as long as God grants me life and a healthy mind. There is still so much to learn.

-Indiana

#### RADIO FOR A GIFT

In our church there are some of those toy radios, too, (see November issue) and it hurts my heart everytime I see one. My sister had one that her children got as a gift and she said the children spent a lot of time with it. Our children never got any as a gift and I believe if they would have, it would have been returned as we don't want our children to have such things when they are older. I wish parents would wake up and see what they are doing.

-A Mother, Pennsylvania.

#### ACRES BEING WASTED?

The article, "Changing Lands and Values", (January issue) was interesting. It is true that much land is being taken out of production by highways, building development, etc. which may cause concern for the future. But since we are not in politics, there is not much we can do to regulate this.

But there is something that we can do in some of our communities. Every year, many acres are being wasted in growing a crop which is of questionable value. If these acres were devoted to growing food crops, many people could be fed.

-N.Z., Pennsylvania.

**EDITORS NOTE:** According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, approximately 1¾ million acres of tobacco are grown every year in the U.S. This would be 2,734 square miles which is a slightly larger area than the entire state of Delaware.

#### ADJUSTING TO DARKNESS

The article on **Twilight (December issue)** was interesting. But I wonder if there isn't another kind of twilight we are constantly being faced with. The things of this world are gradually creeping into the plain churches but rather than causing ill feeling among the people we just adjust ourselves to the change. Suddenly we find the twilight has spread to other districts and is rapidly turning into darkness.

The carpenters can't get along without certain things which were not allowed before, so they go ahead and get them. When anyone is concerned enough to bring up the topic, they are blamed for gossiping and are told to pray for the brethren instead of talking about them.

Another example, a mother says, "I don't know what we would use to pay our grocery bills with if Dorothy wasn't working away and bring home those nice pay checks every week. Of course I wish she wouldn't listen so much to all that music on the radio and pick up so much slang but then we keep warning her against such things. We hope she won't get friendly with some of those men in the factory where she works because we want her to marry in our own faith and not like her cousin who did such a scandal."

When anyone warns the mother she resents it and answers, "I'm thankful Dorothy brings her money home instead of spending it herself like some girls do."

Are our eyes gradually getting accustomed to twilight until suddenly it is dark but because we can still see the stars, it doesn't look like darkness to us any more? Are we hiring our sons and daughters out to the highest bidder regardless of the consequences? Isn't this very much like the people in olden times who burned their little children before the idol of Moloch? We wouldn't sell our children when they are small, but aren't we selling their souls when we do such a thing instead of helping a brother who is in need but who can't pay as high a price? The twilight gradually keeps getting darker and suddenly midnight is here.

Shouldn't we do like the chickens, which take a warning when they see the twilight coming, and get themselves ready for the night?

-Illinois.

#### FROZEN FISH ALIVE

I enjoy the nature stories on the back cover of **Family Life**. You once stated (December issue) the frogs and fish go to the bottom of the pond so they do not freeze for freezing would kill them. This is true but I would like to tell you a story which is hard to believe.

Two years ago several of us went ice fishing and caught quite a few perch. It was 6 below zero that evening and in a very short time the fish were frozen hard. When we were ready to go home we gathered them up off the ice and put them in a basket. They were frozen so hard they rattled like wood chips and you could break them. When we got home, we put some in a basin of water and in a few minutes, they were alive and were swimming around happily in the small basin. They were still alive when we went to bed but the next morning they were all dead. I believe this was because of a lack of oxygen in the small quantity of water in the basin.

I figured they froze fast enough that they didn't die

from the effects of the freezing. On milder days, when fish freeze more slowly, you can't bring them back to life again.

-Noah Stutzman, Chesley, Ontario.

#### A FEW THINGS TO DO

I see you need more material. I suppose folks are all too much like I am. I compose many letters and articles in my thoughts that never get down on paper. Now that the **butchering** is done, maybe I will have more time to write if I get the **sewing, mending, washing, cooking** and **cleaning** out of the way in time.

-Mrs. I.L., Pennsylvania.

#### WRONG WAY MAILBOX

I hope I don't hurt the feelings of the artist who drew the picture on the cover of January **Family Life**, but here in Ohio the mailboxes don't have the flag on that side.

-A.Y. Ohio.

## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



#### A MILLION FARMS TO DISAPPEAR

The U.S. Department of Agriculture has just made the prediction that by 1980 there will be a million less farms in the United States. This is nearly a third of the farms now in production.

One reason for this is because farms are getting larger all the time. But not to be ignored is the fact that many thousands of acres are taken out of production permanently every year by expanding cities, development projects, golf courses, airfields, auto graveyards, etc. Roads also take up a lot of land, and especially the new four lane highways which are being built to connect all the major cities of the U.S.

#### ADVERTISING TACTICS QUESTIONED

Since the coming of the machine age, the United States has been considered the richest country in the world. Thousands of factories all over the country have been pouring out huge quantities of mass produced products. In order to sell these products and "keep business going," advertising campaigns have induced people to buy-buy-buy. The public has been brainwashed to believe that material things guarantee happiness, a new car, a dishwasher, a new coat, a certain kind of liquor or cigarettes, or a multitude of other items. The idea has been constantly played up that "you really owe it to yourself to buy this or that, or that."

A word of warning was sounded recently when the advertising director of a large soup company stated, "If we create a society just to consume the output of our factories, then we will have destroyed the finest values of our society."

Another writer said, "What is being done today is to try to persuade the average American that he is doing the right thing even when he is flirting, even when he is spending, even when he is not saving, even when he is taking two vacations a year and buying a second or third car. One of the problems prosperity brings is to justify the people in what they are doing so they can enjoy this self-indulgent approach to life and actually feel it is the moral thing to do. To give the consumer permission to enjoy his life freely while indulging in pleasure and

Family Life

luxurious living must be the central theme of every advertising display and sales promotion plan."

Although the plain people have always had a reputation for being careful how they spend their money, it appears that they, too, are falling for the advertising propaganda. Although they don't worry about keeping up with the Jones, they certainly don't want to be left behind by their neighbors, the Hochstetlers, the Yoders, the Masts, and the Zooks.

**U.S. SUPPLY OF PLENTY RUNNING LOW.**

One reason why the United States has been able to enjoy the highest living standards in the world (material wise) was because of the seemingly inexhaustible supply of raw materials such as coal, iron ore, aluminum, lumber, petroleum, etc. Indications are now that this cheap supply of raw materials is running out. Predictions have been made that by 1980, the U.S. will have to depend on imports for more than half of these materials. There is a growing tendency for foreign countries to insist that their raw materials be partly processed before sending them out of the country. Thus, instead of importing iron ore, the U.S. may very soon have to buy semi-finished steel, instead of crude petroleum, it will have to buy refined products.

Efforts have been made to reclaim scrap metals and to extract raw materials from the slag (the waste products from steel making) but this is an expensive undertaking.

All these things together seem to point out the fact that in the future, there will be higher price tags on the things we buy. The dream of an ever-flowing supply of riches is proving to be false.

A director of the Smithsonian Institute recently made the statement, "In the past, the wealth of our land has given us opportunities for good living, education and travel which no other people have ever had. In using up these resources, we have been wasteful and unthinking. The trouble is in history you never see the price tag until you have made the purchase."

**TOO MUCH FAITH IN MAN**

A scientist at the University of Texas is at work on a strange project. In his spare time, he collects cell tissues from animals which he believes are doomed to extinction. There are a number of animals in the world right now, which every year are becoming fewer in number. When the last one dies off, the species is then said to be extinct. So this scientist in Texas is storing a small sample of cell tissues away in test tubes, embedded in dry ice. He has tubes of over 300 rare animals and birds that are almost extinct. His idea is that in years to come, scientists may increase their knowledge to the extent that they can take these cell tissues and grow a complete animal from them. He admits that scientists can not now come close to accomplishing something like this, but he believes that in years to come, it may be possible to bring these cells back to life again and grow a complete animal from them.

All of which, when one stops to think, is rather amazing. For years sincere Christians have been laughed at because they believed that God could bring dead people back to life at the resurrection day. Now suddenly, what was before considered impossible for God, is claimed to be within the reach of man. There is only one explanation for such a contradiction of logic: Someone has more faith in man than in God.

**NO DRINKING—OR PERFUME**

Drunken driving has long been a hazard on the road, and people have come up with all kinds of suggestions to reduce it, most of them unsuccessful. The newest invention comes from Japan, a tiny gadget called the Sniffer which shuts off the car's engine when it smells alcohol on the driver's breath. Invented by an engineer working for the Honda Motor Company, the Sniffer is made to be installed at the top of the steering wheel column. So far, the only thing that keeps the Sniffer from

working well is because it works too well. The Sniffer's sniffer is so sensitive that it refused to allow a sober driver to operate the car as long as a drunk sat in the back seat. But what was even more dismaying to the inventor was when in another test the Sniffer kept shutting off the engine for a non-drinking woman. This time there was no drunk in the back seat to blame it on. It was finally discovered the Sniffer was re-acting to the perfume the woman wore.

**HORSE ATTACKED BY FOX**

When Anson Hoover and his wife, of Wallenstein, Ontario were driving home on the evening of December 30, their horse was attacked by a rabid fox. The fox jumped at the horse but got under the horse's feet. He then followed the carriage at a speed that the horse had to gallop to keep ahead of the animal.

He was sidetracked when the carriage turned into the lane, but later in the evening was heard barking around the barnyard and at the barn door.

Every few years there seems to be an outbreak of rabies. The disease is carried on mostly through dogs and cats but wild animals such as foxes, skunks and bats also help in spreading the disease.

**A FRESH CLEAN WORLD**

When Noah's family from the Ark came forth  
How beautiful it seemed  
To step once more upon the earth  
In a world so fresh and clean!

No wicked neighbors to mock at them  
When they to God would pray;  
Their works they'd never see again—  
The flood swept them away.

Animals, too, were all turned loose;  
At will they now could roam  
To seek a place where'er they choose  
And build themselves a home.

Birds, creeping things forth gaily went—  
All those that had embarked  
Many a month they, too, had spent  
Inside the sturdy ark.

Four seasons there always shall be  
A flood, God won't allow;  
It seemed so good for Noah to see  
God's bow within the clouds.

It is God's covenant on high  
So that we each may know;  
We see this promise in the sky  
God's beautiful rainbow.  
- Anna J. Miller, Arthur, III.

Mr. Meant-To has a comrade  
And his name is Didn't-Do;  
Have you ever chanced to meet them?  
Did they ever call on you?

These two fellows live together  
In the house of Never-Win  
And I'm told that it is haunted  
By the ghost of Might-Have-Been.

**HOW EXPENSIVE** is reading material today? Anyone who has kept an eye on prices knows that books are going up every year. It is nothing unusual for a new book to cost ten or twelve dollars, especially if it is a large book. Must we therefore conclude that books are no longer a bargain?

Sometime ago we were reading a BOOKLET WRITTEN BY Daniel Kauffman and printed in 1892 by Mennonite Publishing House. On the inside of the back cover was an advertisement for the Menno Simons book which was printed by the same company. The price of the book was listed at \$4.50. Let's see what \$4.50 would buy at that time. Glancing back at old Sears Roebuck catalogs printed at the turn of the century, we find some astonishing merchandise which could be bought for the price of a Menno Simons book.

There was a Waterbury 8-day mantel clock with choice of oak or walnut cabinet for less than \$4.00. An Acme Giant coal and wood heating stove with a 13-inch firebox cost \$4.59. A 20-inch dinnerbell weighing 100 lbs could be bought for \$2.35. A 14-inch black leather riding saddle was priced at \$3.70. A 30-gallon cast iron kettle was listed at \$3.15. And if you were in need of a walking plow, a new all-steel model with a 12-inch moldboard was available for \$4.25. Remember at this time the Menno Simons book sold for \$4.50. In other words, the book would have cost you more than the items listed above. From these figures, if we consider what these items of merchandise are worth today, we must conclude that with this scale of prices, the Menno Simons book is now worth from \$50.00 to \$75.00.

What does the Menno Simons book cost today? It so happens that Pathway made a new printing (reprint) of the German Menno Simons book last fall. The retail price of this book is \$5.00 or very little more than it sold for eighty years ago. Books are not so expensive, after all, are they?

**DO YOU** pass your copy of *Family Life* on for someone else to read? Apparently a lot of our subscribers do and we are glad they are willing to share their magazines with others occasionally. However we were a bit surprised recently when we received two letters within a few days time as follows. The first one said, "Enclosed find check for renewing the 3-in-1 plan. We don't want to miss any issue. We have been reading my brother's magazines but now one of his boys got married and wants to have the magazines so we want to subscribe for ourselves."

The other one said, "I just received the expiration notice so I decided to get this ready right away. I certainly do want to renew as I pass the papers on to four other families after we have read them. They don't seem to mind getting them on behind or they would get them themselves. We've been doing it this way for years already."

We think its commendable to share a magazine with one's neighbors to see if they like this type of reading. After all, some people aren't interested and others are, and there is no way of telling without reading a few copies. But once they have seen them, we hope they will like them enough to subscribe. It's a little hard to understand why anyone would continue year after year to depend on someone else's subscription. After all, not many people eat off of someone else's plate!

It might be well to keep in mind that if two thirds of our present subscribers would depend on reading someone else's paper instead of subscribing for it themselves, then the subscription price would have to be twice as much as it is now. All we can say about the four families who are now reading someone else's magazine

is that we hope they will be thoughtful enough to pay their share of the subscription price to the person they are borrowing from.

**WHEN IS** the best time to renew? The girls who take care of the subscriptions say that it's the least work for them if you will renew as soon as you receive your first expiration notice. If you don't renew then, you will receive a final notice when your subscription has expired. When the final notice is sent, your name card is removed from the addressing files and you will ordinarily not receive any more copies.

If you renew right away as soon as you receive the final notice, your name plate will be re-entered and you will not miss any copies. But if you wait a few weeks after the final notice arrives, then you will probably miss a copy of the magazine.

Just because your *Family Life* stops when your subscription is expired is no reflection on anyone's credit. Neither does it mean that we do not care whether you renew or not, for we do care very much. As we have said before, it's almost like losing an old friend when we have to take your name from the files.

Another reason is that we depend entirely on subscription income to keep going. Most magazines and newspapers, like the *Budget* for instance, carry about 50 per cent advertising and the advertiser pays a large part of the expenses of the paper you get. But no doubt you have noticed that *Family Life* does not contain any paid advertising. In other words, it is all reading matter. This is why it is important that we receive a high percentage of renewals in order to keep going.

One thing you can do to help yourself and us is to renew for two or more years while you are renewing. Some people have renewed their 3-in-1 plan for as high as 8 years. In this way you are protected against the price rises which seem to come every so often, and we are spared the expense and work of sending expiration notices every year.

**HOW FAR** can we go with the medical profession in replacing limbs and organs of the human body? I doubt if any of our readers would think it is the thing to do to have a heart transplant, but how far should we go in this matter?

In this issue you will find an account of a boy who lost his thumb and forefinger in an accident. The doctors have built him a new thumb which he can move and feel with. This is something unheard of a few years ago but does this mean that it should not be?

Skin grafts, bone grafts and even cornea transplants in the eye have been successfully done for years and no one has questioned them. How far can we go and where should we draw the line. When you have read the article, let us know what you think.

**HOW CAN WE HELP** the poor? In this issue is an article which should furnish food for further thought. The author says it was difficult to write on this subject and thinks perhaps he raised more questions than what he furnished answers for. We feel it is a much needed beginning and we are hoping our readers will be able to furnish more answers.

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# ONLY ONE LEFT

By George R. Martin

**H**ave you ever thought of how you'd feel if you grew up in a large family and were now the only one left? That is just what has happened to my father - for the past 17 years he's been the only one left of the family.

He was the third youngest in the family, and was always physically not strong. He is now 78. Several times he has been sick unto death but each time recovered. Nearly all the rest of the family died suddenly.

His brother Leander was the youngest and with the exception of two who died in infancy more than thirty years earlier, the first one to leave this world of the nine still living. He was 21 when he died in 1921. On a Saturday night he had gone to a neighbour's place and when he was ready to go home he went to get his horse from the stable. The next morning he was found lying unconscious behind the horses, apparently he had been kicked. It was comforting to the rest of the family to hear him sing hymns in his unconscious state. But on the following Monday afternoon, he passed away.

Next to go was Jacob, not married. He died at the age of 36 in 1925. In November of the year before he went to fetch a load of feed from the St. Jacob's mill. When he was ready to go home he attempted to mount the wagon, but slipped and hit his knee against the hub of the wagon wheel and broke his knee cap. He was laid on the table in his home while an operation was performed by the light of a coaloil lamp, but at that time, surgery was still in a primitive state. He suffered intensely from an overdose of chloroform and soon complications set in. He also had severe bed sores. It took a special nurse two hours to dress his sores and the pain was so extreme that he could be heard moaning from outside the house. Often times during his suffering, Jacob's mother was moved to tears when she heard her son singing his favorite hymn:

For me, oh did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?

Would he devote that sacred head

For such a worm as I?

Remember me! Remember me!

Oh Lord, Remember me!

Remember all thy dying groans

And then remember me!

After five months he had recovered pretty well. They could take him outside in a wheelchair to watch the men working.

Through his great sufferings, he had a longing for heaven and his recovery was somewhat of a disappointment to him. He was heard to say, "I would rather have gone home but I want to resign myself to the Lord's will." However, shortly afterwards, he had a relapse and died in a week's time.

John, born in 1877, was the eldest in the family and was unmarried. He stayed with his brother, Ira. It was in 1926 when he had bought 11 scribblers, (writing tablets) to copy one of his favorite books called "Step by Step." He had copied about half the book. One day when Uncle Ira's had gone to a funeral, John was at home with Levi Bowman, the hired man and Hannah Martin, the hired girl. Again John busied himself at his unusual task. At about 2:30 in the afternoon, Hannah took some clean clothes into John's room. When she opened the door she was shocked to see John slumped in the chair with his arm hanging over the back. He was the third one of the family to suddenly leave this world.

Next was my Groszdoddy, Enos W. Martin, the father of the family. One spring evening in 1928 the family that was still at home had gathered together for supper. Since the father was lame, he was already seated in his accustomed place, when he slumped in his arm chair from a heart condition. As could be expected, no supper

was needed that evening. It was hard for Sarah, my grandmother, to grasp the truth for when a neighbour came to assist, she asked him over and over again, "Is he really dead?" But she had to accept the fact that a truth can not be changed. He was 76 when he died.

In the spring of 1933 Uncle Ira told my father that he has a feeling that sometime someone will find him dead. He said he felt he is prepared to go. But it was not until July one Sunday when he took his family to the Elmira meetinghouse that it happened. Ira had not been feeling well that morning, which was nothing unusual, but for the sake of the family, they went anyhow. He and my father sat side by side in church. While the first hymn was being sung, Ira sank forward, was caught by father and they carried him out. On the following Wednesday was the funeral of the fifth sudden departure of the family.

Sarah Martin, the mother of the family lived to the ripe age of 82. But after a life of much "Kummer, Muhe und Arbeit," Grandmother died of old age in October, 1939.

After this, the immediate family was spared from deaths until 1946. Uncle Enos, who was 59, and his wife Barbara hitched a horse to their buggy and went to visit a neighbour and have supper with her. He was in his usual health but on the way home, Barbara saw her husband slump and sag, but he did not fall out. So she took the reins and drove the rest of the way home. This was the beginning of another series of sudden deaths in the family.

Aunt Nancy was not a strong woman, especially in the last half year of her life. She had an operation and the doctors told her they could not help her case of cancer. She complained to my father that she felt she had not made a success of her life. It seemed to bother her that she had not stayed in the church where she was baptised. It looked as if it were easier for her to cry than to do anything else.

But Nancy waited patiently until her life ended suddenly from heart failure in 1949 at the age of 65.

In 1950, my uncle Osiah came home, unhitched his horse and headed straight for the house. His son Onias, saw that something was wrong and hurried to help him into the house. But before the couch was reached, life had fled. He was 67.

Susannah was the second youngest in the family and was never married. She lived in the little house on the farm of her niece and husband, Seranus Webers. She had planned to go along with Seranus's to an ordination in the North Woolwich church (where Mose Bauman was ordained deacon that day). But she was found dead in front of her bed that morning. This was in 1954 and she was 58.

Who is left? Only Cyrus, our dear father. For the last 17 years he could not meet with any of his brothers or sisters any more. It is beyond our or the doctor's comprehension why he has been spared so long. Most of the time during the past seventeen years, he has been using crutches to walk, if he has been able to walk at all. In 1957 he fell and broke his left hip and in 1960 he fell and broke the same hip again. In 1969, he suffered another mishap and suffered six fractured ribs and a punctured lung.

Right now, Dad is seemingly recovering from a condition which the doctors had no hopes that he would recover from. In October, my brother Joshua, with whom my parents live, took Dad along to visit some shut-ins before the cold season starts. Soon after they had turned onto Road No. 22 they met a big truck. The usually quiet horse turned suddenly and went across the ditch into the field and made a sudden turn to the right.

Dad fell from the buggy and immediately knew his neck was broken. He expected to black out any second. His only thoughts were, "Gott, sei mir Suender gnadig" (God, be merciful to me, a sinner.) After a few minutes had passed and nothing happened, he calmly told Joshua to reload him and take him home again. His only desire in this world was to see Mother just once more before being called away.

The x-rays in the hospital showed that his neck was broken and his left hip was broken again. The doctors did very little to him except to give him medicine to ease the pain. After a few days, his leg was put in traction and a stiff collar was put around his neck.

After he was in the hospital for five days, Mother asked him if it had ever occurred to him that this accident might prove fatal. "Yes," he said. "When I fell from the buggy, I knew right away my neck was broken, and I didn't know a person could live in such a condition."

"But what if it's the Lord's will that you live for some time yet?" Mother asked him.

Although his mind was quite hazy, Dad quoted some words from the hymn:

"Ich hab mein sache Gott heim gestellt,  
Er machts mit mir wie's Ihm gefaelt  
Will er dasz ich noch laenger leb,  
Ich mich ergeb,  
Sein Willen ich nicht widerstreb.

(I have resigned myself to God,  
To use me as it pleases Him  
If it's His will, I longer live  
I'll yield myself

And not resist His will.)

Father is now at home again and we are all thankful that Mother is able to care for him. At times he has a struggle to resign himself as he expressed himself when he quoted that hymn, but we are thankful that Satan's power is limited and that Jesus Christ has the power to win that struggle.

Father used to be a good letter writer but he can not write any more. When Mother can read letters to him that come in the mail, it is a very pleasant pastime for both of them.

His address is Cyrus Martin, in care of Joshua Martin, RR 2, Elmira, Ontario.

■ ■

## ICE AND STEAM (continued from back cover)

each one so they can expand during the summer. Gasoline and kerosene expand a lot as they are heated. If you fill your pressure lamp with cold fuel and leave the lighting valve open when you bring it into a warm room, the fuel will soon expand and come out of the generator. Take a milk bottle and fill it level full with water, and then empty it into another container and heat it. You will not be able to pour all of it back into the milk bottle. This is also the reason why your teakettle bubbles over if you fill it full of water and set it on a hot stove.

In a water heater, the hot water expands and rises to the top while the cold water, which is heavier, remains at the bottom. During the summer time the sun will shine on a pond and the water at the top will be warm while a few feet under the surface it is quite cold.

As we have said before all solids and nearly all liquids expand (get larger) as they are heated and they contract (get smaller) as they cool off. But water is one exception to this rule and it is fortunate for the human race that it is so. As water is cooled, it contracts until it reaches 39 degrees. Then instead of contracting more as it is cooled to the freezing point, it actually expands. At 32 degrees water freezes and then it expands more than 10%. When it

expands this much it gets lighter, and rises to the top. If it would do as other substances and keep on contracting as it freezes, then the ice would form at the bottom of rivers and lakes. By the time spring came, all the water would be one solid mass killing all the fishes and most of the plant life in the waters of our streams and lakes. Imagine what a cooling effect it would have on the surrounding lands to have the lakes and rivers frozen solid in the spring. This would make large areas of the earth too cold to live in.

Ice itself, is a miracle. We all know that water freezes at 32 degrees. If you have an accurate thermometer, the water will register 32 degrees before it freezes. When the water is frozen, the ice is still exactly the same temperature, but in the process of freezing, a tremendous amount of heat escapes from the water. Once the ice is frozen, it can get much colder if the air around it is colder. The temperature of the ice changes with the temperature of the air.

But there is a way we can make ice a lot colder even in the summer time. If we crush it and mix a certain amount of salt with the ice, the temperature will drop to zero, or even in a warm room.

Melting of ice is a strange phenomena. As the temperature of the ice rises to 32 degrees, it is still ice. But to change the ice into liquid form requires a tremendous amount of heat. Take for example, if you had 50 lbs. of ice at 32 degrees and wanted to melt it you would have to apply 7200 BTU of heat to do it. Stated in another way, this is the same amount of heat that is required to raise the temperature of the same amount of water from 32 degrees to 176 degrees! Water at 176 degrees is warmer than is ordinarily used for scalding poultry!

Stated in still another way, if you had 50 lbs. of finely crushed ice at 32 degrees temperature and would stir into it instantly, 50 lbs. of hot water at 176 degrees temperature, the hot water would melt the ice, but the entire 100 lbs. of water would still be 32 degrees.

The same thing happens at the other end of the scale when we want to change boiling water into steam. If you could measure how much heat it takes to bring a kettle of water from room temperature (75 degrees) to the boiling point, you could heat 7 more kettles full of water to the boiling point easier than to convert one kettle full from the boiling point into steam. Yet the steam would have the same temperature as the boiling water.

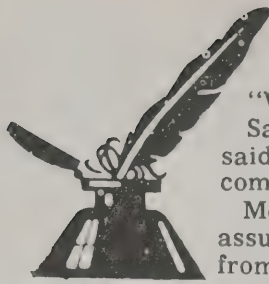
Ice is peculiar in yet another way because it changes into liquid when compressed. This is the reason why a person with skates glides over the ice so easily. The weight

of the person's body changes the ice under the runners of the skates to water and he is actually sailing over water. As soon as the pressure is taken off the ice, it changes back into solid form again.

Water is one of the simplest substances on the earth. If scientists have to admit they know very little as to why it acts as it does at different temperatures, then there is every reason to believe that they know even less about the more complicated things of life.

If we consider it wisdom to be able to find out what the laws of nature are and to a certain extent, how they work how much greater wisdom must the Creator of those laws have possessed to set them in motion to begin with? Scientists agree they are unable to create any matter, yet they insist that sometime they will be able to create not only matter, but life itself! Surely they do not expect any intelligent person to believe it.

# Views and Values



By Linda Smith

## A Lion in The Dark

Little four-year-old Samuel sat on the floor, looking at the new book of animal pictures. His sister, Ruth, sat beside him, helping him and explaining about each animal in turn. She was almost seven and eager to share her knowledge with her younger brother.

"Ohhh," she squealed, as Samuel turned a page. "That's a lion. See how big he is, and look at his long teeth. I'd be afraid of a lion."

Little Samuel stared at the picture. The large lion was standing on the dead body of a deer, his head raised, his mouth open, his teeth gleaming.

Samuel shivered and turned the page quickly. He and his sister continued through the book until they had looked at all the pictures. But Samuel kept remembering the lion, and how his sister had said, "I'd be afraid of a lion."

He was almost afraid to look again, yet the large animal fascinated him and he paged back and sat studying the lion. "Did--did--did he kill that deer?" Samuel asked, looking into the face of his sister.

"Sure," Ruth said matter-of-factly.

"Why did--why did he kill it? What is he going to do with the deer?"

"He's going to eat it, of course. Can't you see how hungry he looks?"

"But how did he kill the deer? Couldn't the deer run away?"

"Lions can run terrible fast," Ruth declared. "They can run faster than anything else. They can easy catch a deer."

Samuel's face grew even more sober. "Do--do--do lions hurt people, too?"

"Sure," Ruth said. "They come out after dark, and if any people are outside, they kill them, too."

Ruth got to her feet and walked to the kitchen to get herself a drink and to ask Mom how soon supper would be ready. Samuel sat looking at the picture of the lion for a long while. Troubled thoughts were going through his young mind--troubled thoughts of worry and fear.

Samuel had a hard time falling asleep that evening as he thought of lions prowling through the dark, big, strong, hungry lions that could outrun a deer--lions with long teeth and loud roars.

The next evening as darkness crept over the land, once again Samuel thought of lions. He was careful to stay in the house. But then Mom looked at the clock and said, "Here, Samuel I need some more milk to finish supper. It might be a half hour yet before Dad comes in. Take this pitcher and run out to the barn. Ask Daddy to fill it half full for you."

Samuel reached for the pitcher, then he hesitated, as he remembered the lions. He hung his head. "I-I-I don't want to go, Mom," he said.

"But I need milk," Mom said. "Run out, it won't take you long."

Samuel was afraid to go. He stalled around, trying to think of some way to get out of going.

"What's wrong, don't you feel well?" Mom asked. She couldn't understand what had come over Samuel, who was usually so eager to run errands.

Samuel just stood there, hanging his head, afraid to go outside, ashamed to tell her why.

"Are you afraid?" Mom asked.

Samuel nodded his head.

"What are you afraid of?"

Samuel didn't want to say at first, but then he said, "Ruth told me lions can kill people. And that they come out of the woods when it gets dark."

Mom smiled. "There aren't any lions around here" she assured him quickly. "Lions live in countries far away from here--way over the ocean. There are no lions around here at all. They never could come over the ocean."

How relieved Samuel was. No lion prowled outside in the dark after all. Then it was safe for him to go outside. Happily he grabbed the pitcher and ran to the barn.

Samuel was glad, as a little child, that he didn't need to be afraid of lions. But time went on and Samuel didn't stay a child, didn't remain an innocent boy of four. He grew up, and found out that there was a lion outside in the dark after all--only it was an entirely different kind of lion than his childish fears had pictured. It was a spiritual enemy, as the Apostle Peter warned many years ago, "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a **roaring lion**, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter 5:8).

This lion, this roaring lion, is out for one purpose only, "seeking whom he may devour." In plain words, looking for someone to kill and eat. The danger from this lion is not imaginary, but very real. As a minister once said, "Satan has had thousands of years of experience in deceiving people, and he is becoming very expert at it."

Every once in a while over in Africa a lion discovers that it can kill humans, and thus it becomes a maneater. An ordinary lion in the wilds isn't particularly dangerous to humans and won't attack a person unless cornered. But once a lion has gotten a taste of human blood and begun to prey on people, he becomes a dreaded and dangerous beast. Whole villages cower in fear; women and children huddle indoors after dark, and only the bravest and strongest men venture outside. For once a lion has gone bad and become an experienced maneater, he is extremely dangerous.

Satan is like a maneating lion, a skillful and treacherous hunter who prowls constantly around us, seeking for a chance to do us spiritual harm.

The Bible does not tell us a great deal about where Satan came from in the beginning, but Jesus' words, "...He abode not in the truth" (John 8:44) would seem to indicate that he is a fallen angel. Other Scriptures give the impression that he has a great number of fallen spirits who obey him and are under his command (Matt. 12:24). Some people believe Satan was once a chief singer in heaven, but became lifted up with pride (see 1 Tim. 3:6), and wanted to be equal with God and even started a revolt against God, ending up by persuading

### Keep your Temper

India's famed leader, Ghandi, displayed this motto on his wall:

"When you are in the right,  
You can afford to keep your temper;  
When you are in the wrong,  
You cannot afford to lose it."

An ancient Greek named Seneca had a word for it:

"He is a fool who cannot get angry,  
But he is a wise man who will not."

A wise man once said, "A soft answer turneth away wrath" (Proverbs 15:1).

other angels to support him, so that Satan and his angels were cast out of heaven (Rev. 12:4, 9). A Scripture in Isaiah also supports this belief, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!...For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God....I will be like the most High..." (Isaiah 14:12-15).

It was a sad day for everyone on earth when Satan and his angels were thrown out of heaven and the door locked behind him. "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you..." (Rev. 12:12).

The Apostle Paul, in stressing the importance of Christian forgiveness, says, "Lest Satan should get an advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his devices—denn uns ist nicht unbewusst was er im Sinn hat" (2 Cor. 2:11). It is to be feared that today this could no longer be truthfully said of many of us—for so often we seem to be ignorant of his devices. Yet the old saying in time of danger is that to be "forewarned" is to be forearmed." Without doubt this is the reason the Bible speaks so much of Satan and how he tries to destroy us—so that he will not be able to deceive us or take us by surprise.

Several years ago some smooth-talking fly-by-the-night salesmen were going around selling siding. Their trick was to pretend that they wanted to put siding on your house at a very low cost as a neighborhood demonstration of their product. They made it sound as if you were an exception—one out of a hundred to get such an opportunity. But by the time it was over, the siding put on, and the fine print read you had actually paid more than it was worth. The salesmen were having smooth sailing and hooked a lot of people until the local newspapers heard of the scheme and publicized their deception. Just as soon as the people knew what was going on, the salesmen were out of business in that locality, because they couldn't get anyone to sign up any more.

In the same way, Satan has plenty of tricks, and the better we understand and are aware of them, the more difficult it will be for him to accomplish his intentions. Following are some of the things the Scriptures reveal about Satan and his false wares:

**Satan is deceitful.** Deceit is one of the main characteristics of Satan. His success depends on making himself appear unlike what he really is. A salesman wouldn't get very far if he came to your door and said, "I'm dishonest. If you let me in and listen to me, I will give you a bad deal and cheat you out of as much of your money as I can." Nor would Satan have accomplished much in the garden of Eden if he would have told Eve, "I'm Satan and I'm here to change your happiness into misery; to take away life and bring you death." Had he said that, Eve would have fled in terror. Instead he came as someone who could tell her the secret of how to become like God.

Satan doesn't always come in the form of outright sin and wickedness. He may come under the disguise of religion, under the pretense of bringing us something good. Paul warns of "false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into apostles of Christ." He says, "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light, therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness" (2 Cor. 11:13-15). We should be watchful for this element of deceit. Satan will tempt us with things that are wrong and we know that are wrong—impurity, dishonesty, hatefulness. But he doesn't come in these ways alone. He will also approach us with the Bible, and pretend to be teaching us the truths of God, and all the while blinding our eyes and leading us away from the narrow path of self-denial and discipleship.

**Satan is evil.** Jesus described Satan's moral character by calling him "the evil one" (Matt. 13:19). He is evil through and through. No matter how bad a person becomes, it is still true that there is always some good left in him. But not so with Satan. There is nothing good

in him. Just as God is love, light, and life, so Satan is just the opposite, hate, darkness, and death.

**Satan is powerful.** None of us should underestimate the power of the evil one. In the time of Moses, Satan's power turned water into blood, changed staffs into snakes, and caused frogs to hop out of the water. In the time of Job, Satan had the power to cause a destructive storm, to make fire fall from heaven, and to cause severe boils (Job 1, 2).

Satan is more than a match for the strongest of us. In our own strength we can never hope to win out against him. We should recognize this, that we are battling against more than human strength and cunning; "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Ephesians 6:12). Although Satan is powerful, much more powerful than we often imagine, we have one consolation. He is not all-powerful. In the contest between Satan and God in testing the faith of Job, God's power came out on top. Pharaoh's sorcerers also came to the place where they had to admit, "This is the finger of God." Satan has fearsome power, but his power is limited. God's power is greater, and it is available for each of us to help overcome the power of Satan.

**Satan isn't bashful.** No man is ever so good or so holy that Satan is afraid to approach him. He even had the nerve to come to Jesus and seek to get him to turn away from God and join his kingdom. If we ever come to the place where we imagine that we are beyond the reach of Satan, that in itself is a sure sign that he has us thoroughly blinded to his devices.

**Satan is a liar.** In keeping with his character as a deceiver, Satan is a liar, and a father of the same (John 8:44). The only time he uses a truth is when it helps him in the promotion of a lie.

**Satan likes to be worshipped.** Satan seems to have a consuming passion to be worshipped. He wanted Jesus to fall down and worship him, and he still wants to get as many people as possible to worship him (Rev. 13:4, 15).

**Satan knows he is doomed.** When Jesus approached the two men of Gergesenes who were filled with demons, the demons cried out, "Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" (Matt. 8:29). They knew that the only thing they had awaiting them was eternal torment; they were only protesting that it was not yet time for it to begin. James writes, "The devils also believe and tremble" (James 2:19). They tremble at the coming judgment, for they know it is reserved for them, and that there is no escape in all eternity.

**Satan is very angry.** Realizing the hopelessness of his fate, Satan is furiously angry with God and with anyone who seeks to serve him. His one goal is to mislead as many souls as he can yet before the judgment day. Woe to all upon the earth, for the "devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. 12:12).

**Satan is not fooled** by an insincere profession of faith in Christ. Satan fears the name of Jesus and flees in the presence of Christ's power. Every believer has God's promise, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you" (James 4:7). However, we must resist him upon the basis of Christ's presence within us. If we are just pretending to be Christian, but aren't really one, Satan will not flee from us. Some Jews in Paul's time decided that they could drive out demons in the name of Jesus, just as Paul did. There were seven of these men, all sons of one man. They said to a demon, "We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth." But instead of fleeing, the evil spirit talked back to them, saying, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are you?" Then the man in whom the evil spirit was jumped on them, all seven of them, and beat them up and tore their clothing. They ran from the house as fast as they could go, wounded and naked. It had worked in reverse; the devil hadn't fled, but the ones who had tried to resist him, had. The trouble was that they couldn't say to the devil that he should

leave in the name of Jesus in whom they believed as Paul could. In the same way, we cannot expect to have power over the devil based on an insincere faith, or on the faith of someone else. Satan will refuse to flee before borrowed faith—we are helpless before him if we have no faith of our own, but can only say that our forefathers had faith, or our ministers do.

**Satan defeated himself at the cross.** As soon as Jesus was born, Satan knew that God's Messiah had come and he set out to destroy the newborn king. But Satan didn't know as much as he thought he did. He knew Jesus was the Messiah, but he didn't know in which way he would bring salvation to lost mankind—through his shed blood and atoning death. God had carefully kept this a secret from the foundation of the world, so that even Satan with all his cleverness didn't guess it. Satan was determined to spoil God's plan to save man, but did the wrong thing when he caused Jesus to be crucified. Unknowingly he carried out God's plan of redemption to the very letter, and sealed his own doom. As Jesus died, He cried out in triumph, "It is finished." It was indeed finished, finished forever for Satan. He had written his own death warrant,

and signed his own sentence—he had forever defeated himself, for now the way back to God was opened wide. Lost mankind was redeemed. Paul says that God kept this secret of redemption so well that "none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory" (1 Cor. 2:8).

Four-year-old Samuel was afraid of the lions that he feared lurked in the darkness. We do well to be afraid of the more dangerous lions that lurk in spiritual darkness. Samuel found comfort when his mother told him all the lions he needed to worry about were far away, across the ocean in another land. For us older Samuels who are afraid of lions, there is also comfort.

For there is another Lion, that Lion of the tribe of Judah, who is stronger and greater than the "roaring lion" of 1 Peter 5:8. It is the Lion of Revelation 5:5: "And one of the elders said to me, Weep not; behold the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed..."

That is our only reassurance, our only security in a world that becomes more wicked every day. No matter how powerful Satan becomes the power of God is, and will remain, greater.



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## LOSING AND GAINING A THUMB

By Mrs. Dan M. Detweiler

It was hot and humid on that Friday afternoon. It was late in August, 1969, and not even a breeze was stirring, I was sitting in the living room for it was a bit cooler than in the kitchen and was getting tomatoes ready to can.

We live on a big farm and work by the month. The owner of the farm lives in Perry, Ohio. The farm is equipped with all kinds of modern farm machinery. My husband, Dan, and his brother Rudy and some other workers were just finishing up putting in the second cutting of alfalfa. They were unloading the last load of bales from a self-unloading forage wagon.

Suddenly above the din of the machinery, I heard shouting. The only word I could understand was "ambulance." Chills went up and down my back. Did I hear right? I hoped not.

Walking to the porch I saw at once that I was not mistaken. Rudy was coming toward the house. In his arms was a boy and it took only one glance to see that something serious had happened. The boy's left arm was a mangled mess of skin and bones from the fingers to the shoulders.

But first of all the question came to me, which of our boys is it? We had seven children and the three youngest were boys, 5, 4, and 2. I was at a loss to know which of the three boys this was in such a condition. Then I saw that the 5-year old was holding the porch door open so they could bring him in. It must be Ervin, the four-year old.

The boss was there, and he and my husband tried frantically to call an ambulance but for some reason they couldn't get through. They decided to rush him to the hospital in the boss's pickup.

I tried to find out what happened but nobody paid any attention to my questions. I grabbed a clean sheet to put around the boy. Then I gave him an aspirin and they were off to the hospital. Needless to say the rest of the family were very upset.

After they had left, Rudy finally explained to me what happened. For some unknown reason, the curious little boy had crawled underneath the self-unloading wagon and simply put his fingers into the gears. Later, when I questioned him as to why he did it, he replied, "Well, Mom, I just wanted to see how bumpy it was!"

Upon hearing him scream, his 10-year old brother

had run and pulled him from under the wagon. His shirt had been torn from his back and he had fallen to the dirty barn loft floor. Somehow, he had managed to walk a little ways when the men saw him and brought him in.

His thumb and forefinger had been completely crushed. The rest of his arm was just one mess of torn skin, blood and dirt.

Later when I rejoined my husband at the hospital at Chardon they had taken our boy to surgery. Anxiously we sat in the waiting room and waited. We watched the hands of the clock but they moved very slowly. Soon the visiting hours were over for the other people but still we sat and waited.

We had much time to think and regret. Why hadn't I watched him more closely? What kind of a mother am I? Surely this will teach me to be more careful in the future.

After 3½ hours we finally saw the doctor coming up the hallway. Silently under my breath I thanked God for doctors. He told us no bones are broken except in his thumb and forefingers and these had to be removed. They had spent the first hour cleaning the wounds and then mended them the best they could. He had 13 cuts on his arm where it went through the gears up to his shoulder. The flesh was badly torn across the shoulder blade to his back. We hadn't even seen that. It was dangerously close to his head. What if his hair had caught in the gears?

We were glad that his arm could be saved although we regretted very much to hear that his thumb and his forefinger were lost. Would he have to go through life without a thumb?

The doctor told us he was in the recovery room. So we sat and waited some more, looking at the walls. Finally we saw him coming, yes that was him on the cart so we followed him to his room. A child's specialist was in charge of medication. After talking with her, she advised one of us to stay with him the first night or longer. Since Dan was badly in need of clean clothing, I decided to stay. With a heavy heart I watched my husband go. The night ahead looked long and it was even warmer in the hospital than at home.

It was a night not soon to be forgotten. I prayed that God would help our son so he would not have to suffer so much. At times he would awaken and I would give him some water and hold his hand. He would ask a question

and then doze off again. If he had pain, the nurses would give him a shot. Twice they had to change his bed which was quite an ordeal. One nurse would hold him up, (he was chubby) while two more hurriedly changed the sheets. All the while, the child cried pitifully and his mother walked the hallway fighting that fainting feeling. I knew if I'd collapse, I wouldn't be of any help.

The nurses were good to us and the night did finally come to an end. The next day Dan came to be with him, while I went home for a rest. So it was for 6 days and nights, we took turns staying with him. Our brothers and sisters relieved us at times.

At first he couldn't move a limb without hurting but he soon showed improvement. We thought it was a great accomplishment when he was able to turn his head from side to side.

After the sixth day we were asked to leave as they thought they could do more with him if we weren't there. We had been taking care of him pretty well and the sight of a nurse meant that he was to get a shot which he resented. The first time I went home, I waited until he was asleep and then slipped out. But the next time it didn't work. There was but one thing to do and that was to tell him we were leaving and would be back the next day and let him cry it out. Needless to say, Mother didn't sleep well either for I kept wondering, "Is he still crying?"

When we came back the next day we found him in pretty good spirits but he would not cooperate with the nurses. He could understand quite a bit of English but could not speak it very well. They finally were able to get him to smile.

His wounds were healing. On the tenth day they took him to surgery to graft skin to three different places which hadn't healed. After this it healed up nicely.

A week later the doctor called us in and advised us to take him to Cleveland where a specialist would build a thumb onto his crippled hand. Was this the thing to do? He had three fingers so why couldn't he get along all right without a thumb?

We were so anxious to see him come home that if the decision would have been left up to me, I am afraid I would have said no. How we would have liked to have taken him home with us. But instead of this we took him to an altogether unfamiliar hospital with all kinds of strange people.

Soon after he was taken to this hospital he was again taken to surgery. Dan was with him and when I came into his room later and saw what had been done, I was shocked and nauseated. His hand was actually sewn onto his belly! The skin on his abdomen was loosened and the part of his hand that had the thumb off was placed underneath it and sewn. Also more skin was grafted from his other leg to his hand. We had no idea this was such a slow process. Nothing more was done for 2½ weeks.

Meantime we were going back and forth a distance of 45 miles, sometimes staying overnight. At this hospital, they encouraged parents to stay but we also had 6 other children at home. My husband's sister, Lena took off from her work and stayed with him most of the time and we would just go up for a visit. Soon a private room was available and they moved him into it and put a cot for Lena to sleep on.

The time came when he could get on a wheelchair and after awhile he learned to walk. All this time his hand was still fastened to his abdomen. We thought it was healing very slowly but the doctors were well pleased. Later we learned that this was the youngest patient they had ever tried this method on.

On the same floor was another boy (non-Amish) a little older with almost the same condition as Ervin. The two became good friends. He had gotten his hand into a grain drill and had only the forefinger left and it was useless. His hand really looked worse than Ervin's but the doctors repaired it and grew him a thumb.

The time came for Ervin to have more surgery to loosen his hand and to graft skin on the spot. By this time

he knew what it mean and always put up a struggle. It took a lot of anesthesia to put him to sleep. He always had an upset stomach the next day.

After awhile we thought the time would soon be here that we could take Ervin home. But all the doctors would say was, "In a few days." But finally nearly 8 weeks after the accident we were all united at home and living a normal life. What a blessing to all be able to sit around the table and eat! It did us good to see that he had a hearty appetite for such simple foods as bean soup, something he didn't get at the hospital! Ten days after Ervin came home, a 9½ lb. baby boy joined the family. Again we had a lot to be thankful for.

The following January he went back for more surgery on his thumb. They had told us it would take two years before they'd be done with the thumb. This time they grafted bone from his rib and a piece from his hand where the finger was missing to his thumb.

The same year in June he had more surgery and a year later in June, 1971. He still has one operation to go through to put nerves into the thumb so he can feel with it. They will also graft a patch of skin from the tip of one of his fingers to the tip of the thumb.

At present he can use the thumb and he will learn to use it more in time. It is amazing to see him move it, he can touch each of his remaining fingers with it. In his last operation, they moved a tendon from his wrist to his thumb. It looks more like the real thing now and we hope we did the right thing. We feel we have learned nearly as much as he did in this experience.

—Middlefield, Ohio

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## FOUND -

## A MAGIC HEALTH LIQUID

Today many people are looking around to find something to take instead of the daily dreary vitamin pill. I discovered a liquid product which has all the known essentials for good health plus a few extra.

After making sure it had the regular vitamins, A, B, C, D, and E, I checked out the other fairly well known ones, riboflavin, niacin, pyridoxine, pantothenic acid and folic acid, and it had them, too.

Then I turned to the minerals, I found this drink had every single mineral known to be necessary to the human body! These include phosphorus, potassium, magnesium, chloride, calcium, sodium and iron.

I found we need 19 minerals. This drink had them all plus ten more.

Then I thought about protein, the pill peddlers have been making a big fuss about a protein pill lately. Perhaps this fluid had no protein.

There are ten different proteins, (amino acids), we need for good health. I found this drink had them all plus another eight.

But just to be sure, I called a doctor and asked him his opinion of this product. He told me, "It favors growth and development in the young and confers health, and vigor throughout life and postpones old age."

I tried a dietician and he had only praise for this fluid. I got similar answers from a dentist, a nurse, and a nutritional scientist.

They all agreed it was the most convenient, pleasant and effective way to fill the nutritional gap of ordinary diets and to promote growth, health and energy.

Then I thought surely this stuff must be expensive and scarce. But in checking up, I found that most farm families have all they want to use right on the farm, and in town it can be purchased for about 90 cents a gallon. It is called milk.

-Selected and adapted.

Family Life

EASILY DIGESTED FOODS

By Samuel Hertzler

The young of nearly all animal life, and humans need milk, an easily digested food, to live upon until they reach the stage where other food can be eaten. Milk is the result of food eaten and transformed into another food in the body of the mother. It is a balanced ration that supplies the needs of the young. There are other easily digested foods, but milk is probably the most well known one.

In the spiritual life, the same conditions exist. A newborn Christian needs nourishment of a nature that is easier to digest than an older Christian does. Milk is used as a comparison in describing this need. (1 Cor. 3:1-2; and Hebrews 5:13-14.)

The Christian not only needs food, he needs easily digested food, a balanced diet prepared by Jesus Christ, the greatest dietician who ever lived. The life he lived is perfect, it leads to eternal life. Those who follow His teachings and example are on an easily digested diet. To the unregenerated, this diet is foolishness (1 Cor. 2:13).

Even to the Christian it may at times be of a bitter taste, but if taken according to instructions it will without exception result in a good spiritual growth and health. It involves the same question that Jesus asked of James and John, "Are you able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?"

At another place Jesus said the same thing but in different words, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you. Whosoever eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life." This easily digested food is not for the newborn only but applies to the entire Christian life. For growth and health, this diet must be eaten, whether or not it appeals to our reason and taste. To many of the

disciples, it was unappetizing so that they turned away from being His followers.

There is no such thing as reaching the stage where growth ceases. It is to the extent that we eat that determines if we die, remain dwarfs, or grow into spiritually mature persons.

On the market today are counterfeits of the easily digested foods prepared for the Christian. This counterfeit food has more appeal to the natural man than the genuine does, and this is what makes the problem so serious. The reason for the counterfeit food is fully explained in the Bible, to draw followers unto those who prepare these foods. By good words and fair speeches, to deceive the hearts of the simple (Romans 16:18). Another reason is to seek for a way to enter into life without taking up the cross.

If there were no counterfeit foods in the spiritual sense, then the Christian would not need to be so much on guard all the time. A sign of the counterfeit is so much stress on certain points that other Bible teachings which are very plain are considered of less importance.

I once talked with a man of the Pentecostal faith. He insisted that the signs of a true Christian are showing that we have the Holy Spirit by being able to speak in tongues, and being baptized by immersion. These signs are false. Jesus gave the true sign, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples." John 13:34-35.

The last petition that Jesus made for His followers in His prayer of John 17 was that the love which the Father had for the Son, might also be in His followers," that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them."

Is that also our prayer? If it is then we will have a hunger for His easily digested food and it will also be a good protection against false foods.

BOTH EARLY AND LATE

(Name Withheld)

Ura Schmucker heard a shuffling of bare feet upon the floor upstairs. There was childish clatter and laughter. He heard the squeak of beds. Then silence. Outside the wind was whistling and to Ura it seemed as if it took the house in its strong grasp and shook it. Once, twice, Ura moved closer to the stove. He hunched his back and pressed his clasped hands between his knees. He was unmindful of the sleet and snow that beat against the windowpane.

After a long silence his wife, Sadie, asked, "Isn't it about time we go to bed?" She pulled several pins from her apron and stuck the ends between her lips.

Ura didn't answer.

"Aren't you ready for bed?" she repeated while getting up and laying the pins on the bureau.

"Huh?" he asked looking up at her. "Were you saying something?"

"I asked several times already if you're ready for bed. What's wrong? Aren't you feeling well?"

"I'm all right," he mumbled as he stared into the stove through the broken glass of the door. The red and yellow flames were leaping upward.

"It won't do any good, Ura, to worry about the debt on the farm. If we use our money right and have God's blessings with us then we'll get along somehow."

"I wasn't worrying about the farm," Ura answered.

"You're worrying about something, I know. You hardly ate any supper."

"I wasn't hungry."

"There's a reason you weren't hungry. Can't you tell me what's on your mind." She sat down on the edge of her rocker facing him.

"I've just been thinking about the children."

"I often think about the children," she returned.

"Yes, so do I, but since I've been seeing how Dan Mullet's children are turning out, it worries me. I keep wondering if ours will be the same."

"But Dan's have tried and I wouldn't think they're at fault."

"I know they've tried and they're grieved about their children. Dan gets tears when he talks of their Amos."

"Amos seems like a nice boy though. Very friendly and helpful."

"Yes," answered Ura, "in his way. But he doesn't care to help his Dad much at home since he's got the car and he's keeping his pay check. His Dad would need the money to pay on the farm."

"But he'll find himself a girl sometime and settle down."

"Maybe, but it's quite a gamble. Look at our children.

Melvin is ten already. Mose and Menno are right behind him and then there's Katie. Before we realize it, we'll have grown children."

Sadie looked intently toward the floor. "That's true, but I hope they won't do as Dan's children."

"What assurance do you have that they won't?"

"Guess we don't have any assurance but I think our children listen quite well. They are so innocent, that I can hardly believe they'll grow up to be like those."

Ura shook his head, "Maybe I'm just looking on the dark side, but if I remember right Dan's children obeyed quite well too at that age."

Both sat in silence a few minutes. "Do you think," Sadie finally began, "that it would be best maybe to get more Christian literature? There are some magazines that I know of that would probably have good reading in them."

Ura didn't answer right away. "Christian literature is all right, depending on what it is. There's a lot of literature that looks like Christian literature which can be misleading. Such reading matter is worse than none, even if it's got Bible phrases."

"I know that, but I hardly know what else we could do."

"There is something else we can do, but it will take an effort on our part."

"What's that?"

"If we'd only take an hour—or even say one-half hour—each day with the children to read with them and to talk with them."



## OUR CHILDREN NEED THEIR PARENTS

Something is wrong in our Christian churches but where is the root of the trouble? Children are running after the pleasures of this world. They smoke, drink, make wisecracks, run with the wild bunch, have smaller and smaller coverings and shorter dresses. They hide things they're not supposed to have so the parents don't find out. Why are they different from what Christian young folks used to be? Are they afraid of being looked down upon? Why do they come home and bring us the faults of others to try to cover up their own? Why do we as parents repeat these things to others behind their backs? Is it because of a lack of true Christian principles?

Have we taught our children to love their neighbors and not gossip about them or relate their faults to others? Or do we as parents still do these things? If we do, there is no wonder our children are doing them.

Have we taught our children to love Christ and that someday he will come to call an accounting from them? Do we teach them that the things of this world, the amusements, the living for self, are against the word of God and that Christ will reject all who do these things?

Are we parents ashamed to teach our children of Christ? Do we teach them to forgive and to forget the faults of others? If we don't do this, and even are found guilty of recounting the shortcomings of others at every opportunity, then our children will look down on these people.

Do we teach our children to pray to God and trust in Him when things go right and when things go wrong? Or didn't we even take the time to teach them to pray when they were young? If we don't start building on a solid foundation when they are young, then Satan will slip in and soon they will see no harm in "having a little fun." Let us be concerned to help them build on the true foundation and not be ashamed to talk to them of Christ for soon He will appear to judge the living and the dead.

— A concerned father, Pennsylvania.

"But, Ura, we've been so busy, and I've been trying to teach them while I work."

"So have I, but I've been thinking how very little I get them taught even when I think I do. So often it is only when they do something wrong that I give them a lecture about it, along with the punishment."

"But we don't let them get away with such things, do we?"

"Of course not. We don't want to but wouldn't it be better to speak to them when we're in good humor, and when they don't do wrong. Don't you think the child would be more willing to accept it then?"

"Maybe so," Sadie answered. "I haven't thought of it in that way."

"I've heard so often when they are grown and take their own way, then they won't do what they're told. They become rebellious. We must reach the children when they're small."

"Well, Ura, I'm willing to try it once, but how will we start?"

"I thought that maybe in the evening when the chores are done would be the best time," Ura said. "we could do it without telling the children what we've decided. I thought I could read the Bible to them and talk with them before we have our evening prayer."

"Maybe that would be best."

Ura felt relieved. He was glad for a wife like Sadie who stood by him. He knew that she tried to understand. The twelve years he spent with her seemed short. He often marveled at the family they had in such a short time. First there was Melvin. Ura was at the time too overjoyed in having a son to feel the greater responsibility. Next came Mose. Then Menno. Within another year there was Katie. Abner came several years later and after him were the twins - Ruth and Rachel.

Ruth and Rachel were not quite two years old but they already knew what it meant to kneel down with the family in prayer. Ura hoped they would understand enough of what was said that they would be quiet when the Bible was read.

The next evening Ura hurried to do the chores. Sadie had supper ready when he came into the house. Before they had finished supper one of the twins had laid her head down upon the tray of her high chair. Katie crawled on her mother's lap and also fell asleep. After Sadie and Mose had finished with the dishes Menno was curled up on the couch and had his eyes closed.

The family seemed quite small that evening as Ura read the Bible and explained its passages to the children. While he was talking, the other twin fell asleep in her mother's lap. Abner sat rubbing his eyes and Mose's head was soon nodding. Melvin was the only one that paid any attention to what his father was saying.

The next evening it was almost the same thing. Several of the children were sleeping by the time Ura and Sadie were ready to sit down and read the Bible. Melvin and Mose were playing Tic-tac-toe. Abner was standing at their side begging to help.

"Come, children," said Sadie gently, "then Daddy will read something from the Bible."

"We want to finish this game first," answered Mose.

"Till you finish it'll be bedtime," said Ura as he paged through the Bible.

"We promised Abner he can play the next game with us, but he's mean and thinks he has to play right away," Melvin griped, not taking his eyes off the game.

"Well, the next time can be tomorrow evening, or some other time." A bit of impatience showed in Father's voice.

"I want to play. They said I could," whined Abner, almost in tears.

His whining awoke Ruth. She started crying. Sadie quickly went into the bedroom and brought her out into the living room so she wouldn't wake Rachel.

"Can't we play and listen at the same time?" asked Melvin.

"Boys!" demanded Father gruffly. "You put your Family Life

game away and turn around in your chair while I read. I thought you liked when I read to you."

His voice was almost drowned out by Abner whose whines turned into stormy protests. Screaming, he grabbed the paper and a pencil and flung them on the floor.

In an instant Father was on his feet and placed a few stinging blows on Abner's pant seat. Then he took him on his lap. The child laid his head against his father's shoulder and "schnipzt."

By this time Ruth was on the floor, running back and forth across the room. Sadie grabbed her and held her. The child struggled and giggled. "Me run again," she squealed.

"No, Ruthie, listen what Daddy has to say," Mother said in a low voice close to the child's ear.

For a few minutes Ruth sat silent as her father began to read. Then she began to squirm. Ura stopped in the middle of a Bible verse and watched Sadie's struggle with the child. "She must learn to sit quietly while I read," he said to Sadie.

"You sit still while Daddy reads," commanded Sadie as she gave a small warning slap on one of the little legs.

Immediately the child relaxed. With lower lip pushed out she sat quietly watching her father.

After a few more evenings of struggle, Ura said to Sadie, "Why can't we do our reading in the morning? In the evening the children are tired and sleepy."

"I was thinking the same thing," answered Sadie. "We

could read right after breakfast."

"That would suit me fine."

The next morning the children were told at the breakfast table that it was decided to read as soon as they had eaten. It was Saturday morning. The older boys were glad for this period of relaxation at the living room stove, before going out into the cold to help finish choring. Abner and Ruth were still in bed. The others listened intently while Father read to them and explained what the words meant.

After this they knelt and prayed.

The next morning it was late. The Ura Schmucker family had only time for prayer before getting ready for church.

On Monday morning it was different. "Ura, we've got to hurry," said Sadie as he took the Bible on his lap. "The children will be late for school."

Ura frowned.

After the children had left, he came in from the barn and sat down on a rocker. He pulled off his gloves and opened the hooks on his two coats so he wouldn't get too warm. "You know, Sadie," he began. "I don't like the way things went this morning."

Sadie was pushing toys aside as she swept the living room floor. She stopped and looked at her husband. "I didn't like it either, but what can we do about it? We had to hurry so the children wouldn't be late."

"Yes, I know. But couldn't we be a little earlier so we don't get in this rush business. It isn't good to rush

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## WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

-Isaac R. Horst.

"Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling and fell down before Paul and Silas. And brought them out and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts 16:29-31).

What a wonderful answer! No long list of deeds that he must do, no reference to his past, nothing to do, only believe.

Should we assume that this promise is the same for everyone? Certain Scriptures seem to indicate this but others do not. By searching the Scriptures we find that numerous persons have asked this question but the answers were not always the same.

To Nicodemus, the answer was, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3). Nicodemus wanted to find out more about Jesus, but was not yet ready to give himself completely up, for Jesus said, "Ye receive not our witness" (John 3:11).

When John the Baptist was preaching in the wilderness, he also answered the question several times and in different ways. To the multitudes he said, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," (Matt 3:2). When he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he told them to bring forth fruits worthy of repentance (Sehet zu thut rechtschaffne Fruechte der Busze.)

Believing alone was not enough for them. They were required to bring forth fruits of repentance. The jailor, too, brought forth fruits of repentance but in his case, he didn't need to be told.

What fruits of repentance were required? "And the people asked him saying, 'What shall we do then?'. He answered, and saith unto them, 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.'

"Then came also publicans to be baptized and said unto him, 'Master, what shall we do?' And he saith unto them, 'Exact no more than that which is appointed you.' And the soldiers likewise demanded of him saying, 'And

what shall we do?' and he said unto them, 'Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely and be content with your wages.'

Both Matthew and Luke tell of a man who asked Jesus what he must do to inherit eternal life. To the rich young man, Jesus said, "if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments."

When Jesus told him of different commandments which should be kept, the young man said, "All these things have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?"

Jesus said unto him, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come follow me" (Matthew 19:17-21).

This was too much for the young man and he turned away. Jesus does not exactly say that a rich man must sell his goods but he does say that "a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven."

In Luke 10:25 we read that a certain lawyer stood up and tempted Jesus saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

Jesus answered him saying, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?"

The lawyer answered saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself."

Then Jesus answered him and said, "Thou hast answered right, do this and thou shalt live."

A jailor, a ruler, Pharisees, publicans, soldiers, a rich man and a lawyer all sought the answer to the question, "What must I do?" The answers were given according to the individual needs.

Not all of them witnessed a miracle like the jailor did, who fell down trembling before Paul and Silas. Not all of them were changed at heart like the jailor who without being told brought forth fruits of repentance by washing their stripes and bringing meat before them to eat.

The others were told to do certain things to show that they believe, namely to show forth fruits worthy of repentance.

through devotions."

"I know it isn't. We could get up a half hour earlier but that would mean getting the children up earlier, too, and I don't like that."

"They could go to bed a half hour earlier then, suggested Ura.

Sadie studied a moment. "Well, I guess we could try it."

"I believe they'll be ready for bed a half hour earlier, if they get up so early."

The next morning the children were hustled from bed a half hour earlier. There was plenty of time to milk, feed chickens, and eat breakfast. The devotions were not rushed and the children could help with the dishes before leaving for school. Ura and Sadie were both very well pleased with this arrangement.

The children enjoyed the family gatherings in the living room. At times Ura would hear them speak about the Bible lesson while at play. Often questions formed in their childish minds. Ura and Sadie tried to answer them as best they could. "You know, Ura, I'm learning right with the children," said Sadie one day.

Ura smiled. "You're not the only one. It is quite different if you read the Bible for yourself or if you explain it to someone else. There are so many little things that I skim over when I read to myself. You can't do that if you want to make it plain for the children."

"I'm sure this half hour with the children isn't lost."

"It's the best half hour in my day."

"Mine, too," said Sadie.

One evening several months later footsteps were heard on the Schmucker porch. The family was at the supper table. All eyes turned to the door. Ura pushed himself away from the table, just as the door slowly opened.

"Uncle Abner and Aunt Molly!" he and Sadie cried in unison, as a middle-aged man and woman entered the kitchen.

The couple smiled as Ura and Sadie went forward and clasped their hands. "I see I found you at home," Abner said.

"You usually do, this time of day," answered Ura.

"Surely you didn't have any supper. There's some soup left," Sadie said to Aunt Molly as her mind flew wildly into the pantry wondering what else she could put on the table for the visitors.

"No, we didn't have supper," answered Aunt Molly, "but we like soup. Don't bother to make anything more."

"The taxi is waiting outside," Sadie heard Uncle Abner saying. "we thought we'd stop and see if it would suit you to drive us around tomorrow if we stay here overnight?"

"We certainly can," said Ura looking at Sadie for her approval. "The four oldest go to school. We could take one of the others along and leave two with the neighbor. Not so, Sadie?"

"Sure, it's certainly all right," Sadie agreed. She looked toward Aunt Molly, "I hoped you'd stay overnight."

"Well, I'll go out and get our suitcases then," Uncle Abner turned to go.

"I'll go with you." Ura quickly took his coat from the hook and put his hat on his head.

It was late when Abners and Uras retired that evening.

The next morning they got up later than usual. Sadie poured the liverworst into the large strainer to strain off the fat. Then she poured it back into the pan and added a little water to reheat it. Ura had come in from the barn and was washing. Aunt Molly was in the living room helping dress the children.

Sadie felt she was racing with time...and was losing. Grease in the frying pan sputtered, and squirted out toward her hand as she turned the browned slices of corn mush.

Ura sidled up to her and said under his breath, "Don't you think we could just skip the Bible reading this morning?"

"Maybe we could," answered Sadie. "It's later than usual anyway."

From the room came the chatter of the older children as they were telling Aunt Molly and Uncle Abner about their school.

After breakfast the group waited while little Abner was slowly munching his mush. "Lay your things down and you can finish afterwards," said Ura.

Abner laid down his spoon on his plate as the heads bowed for prayer.

As the others were leaving the table Mose said, "Hurry up, Abner. We're going to have more of the Joseph story."

Ura tried to ignore Moses as they all started for the living room. Abner pushed his last bite of mush into his mouth and hurried after the others. Before Ura realized it, the little three-year-old came running with the Bible and laid it on his lap. "I - I'm afraid not this morning," he said to the child, slightly abashed. "It - it's a little late."

Disappointment showed on Abner's face. Ura put the child on his knee. "The children are used to having Bible reading after breakfast," he told Uncle Abner. "I-I just thought we'd skip it this morning."

"Don't skip it because of us," exclaimed Aunt Molly. "I'll do the dishes and we can help the children get ready for school."

A grim smile played around Ura's lips as he looked questioningly toward Sadie, as if wondering what he should do.

Sadie smiled back, then she turned to Uncle Abner. "Ura was using the late hour as an excuse," she told him, still smiling. "I think he's too bashful to explain things with someone else listening."

"Is that it?" Uncle Abner laughed. "I see your children are all sitting here waiting. I'm sure your telling is not too bad."

With this bit of encouragement, Ura paged through the Bible until he came to the story of Joseph in Genesis 42.

"You don't have a Bible story book?" asked Uncle Abner.

"Oh, yes, we have one but I would like to acquaint the children with the Bible. The older boys can read the Bible Story book themselves."

The children listened silently as Ura read and then explained the words in simple language so little Abner could understand it.

After the children were sent off to school, Uncle Abner offered to go with Ura to the barn to help finish the chores. "You know," Abner began as they stood in the feed alley. "I've been doing a lot of thinking since I heard that story this morning. I think I know why you stressed so hard about Joseph's obedience."

Ura poured some oats onto the feed box in front of his driving horse. "Yes, I suppose you do," he said, "but sometimes I wonder how other parents do it. Somewhere I think it's in Proverbs, it says to sow our seed both in the morning and in the evening for we don't know which will prosper."

"Yes, I believe that verse is found in Ecclesiastes," Uncle Abner replied. "I think it says that if both of them prosper, then it will be so much the better. But what do you mean by that?"

"Well, at first we started reading a chapter in the evening and then we started reading in the morning," Ura said, "but we don't read both in the evening and in the morning. do you think we should?"

"No, I don't think it necessarily means that, but maybe there is something else we can do both in the morning and in the evening, maybe every day. But tell me, why are you so worried about this?"

"Ever since we saw how Dan Mullet's children are turning out, it makes us stop and wonder. Some people think the young folks should have a chance to sow their wild oats so they can settle down later. I've looked through the Bible and I can't find anything like that. All I've been able to find is that young people are accountable for what they do."

"Young folks must answer for it if they do wrong," Abner asserted. "And if they do it because they know no

better than I'm afraid the parents are guilty for not teaching them. I know I was troubled like you are when our children were small."

"What did you do?"

"I'm afraid we didn't do as much as we should've. In our community we haven't had much trouble with our young folks...so far. Anyway not the kind of trouble you have here. I don't know how mine would've turned out if we had lived here."

"We have some young folks that are very bad examples, that is true. When I see the obedient ones, it gives me fresh courage. You didn't tell me the methods you used."

"We had our times, especially on Sundays, when we taught the children. Those times leave precious memories. Then we always tried to keep Christian books lying out on a table where the children would be apt to pick them up and read."

"That sounds like a good plan."

"Don't misunderstand me, I think you've a good idea, too. You are putting the fear of God into their hearts while they're young. That is extremely necessary."

"I don't know how successful we are but that's what we're trying to do."

Abner stood facing Ura. "You know, Ura," he said, "we should not always aim at the young folks. We must teach ourselves first."

"What do you mean?" Deep grooves appeared between Ura's eyes.

"Well, when I was younger I came across a writing. It hit me hard. I felt the writer was aiming straight at me. Anyway, I decided to do something about it so I cut out the clipping and carried it along in my billfold until I knew it by heart."

"Can you still say it?"

"Most of it, Ura, I read and reread it until it was deeply imbedded in my mind."

"I wish you would repeat what you can."

"Are you sure we'll have time? I see your horse has finished his oats."

"We have plenty of time unless you're in a hurry to leave."

"Not at all. We want to spend several days around here anyway. Now let me see. How does it start?"

There was a moment of silence, then Abner began: "You are the mirror and your child will reflect what

he sees in you.

If you swear or use by-words, your child will do the same.

If you misuse others, your child will do the same (and it may be you).

If you speak harshly to your child, he will surely return it some day.

If you abuse your animals, he will consider it the thing to do.

If you misuse the Sabbath, your child will know no better.

If you cheat, your child will learn dishonesty.

If you tease him, he will tease and provoke others.

If you criticize others he will learn to hate.

If you--" Abner stopped and brought his hand over his forehead. "If you--" he pondered a moment. "Now isn't that funny. I thought I could say all of it. Anyway at the end it says just opposite and says that if we love, the child will learn to love. It mentions different fruits of the Spirit as we read in Galatians 5. Guess I should still carry the clipping along and try harder to follow it."

"Then you've never succeeded in following those rules completely," Ura smiled.

"No, I haven't," Uncle Abner answered as a serious look crossed his face, "but I have tried, and I've found it's a full time job."

"It must've worked for you," Ura said, "for I can't see that you've had any trouble with your children."

"Oh, I can't say we didn't have any problems," Uncle Abner said, "but we kept working at them and right now it looks like they are pretty well settled. But the environment helped, like I said awhile ago, if we had lived here, I don't know how it would have turned out. It takes efforts, and patience and I guess perseverance. We have to keep at it both in the morning and in the evening. Everything a person can do, prayer, reading the Bible, admonitions, using the switch, - but above all, God's help in living it ourselves."

Ura pulled out his watch, "I see it's 9:30 already. I better finish choring so we can get started. I'm glad you came and for this little talk we had, for it gives me fresh courage. Maybe you can copy that clipping and send it to me when you get home. I feel I need it."

"We all need it but we will have to keep on working."

"You mean we have to keep sowing both early and late, and some of it is bound to grow sometime." ■■

# TO GIVE OR NOT TO GIVE

By Elmo Stoll

Mary," called Roy Graber from the barn. "Did you see if the mailman went?"

Mary stopped shaking the sheet she held in her hand at the porch. "Yes," she called out to her husband. "He went about fifteen minutes ago, but I've been too busy to go get it."

"I'll get it," Roy said. "The pig check should be here."

Roy walked out the long lane to the mailbox. He was wondering what the pigs had sold for. He had sent some to the market the week before as he had heard they were a pretty good price. He sure hoped they were—the money would come in handy. Maybe he could even use a bit of it to buy a new highchair. They needed one so badly. Baby Andy was six months old, and unhandy to eat with without a highchair to put him into.

"Maybe I should have tried harder to repair our old one," Roy thought to himself. "But it was broken in so many places." Roy's mind went back to two months earlier, and he remembered how it happened that the highchair had been broken. One evening he had been helping the neighbors and hadn't come home until late. Mary wanted to get the milking done, but she didn't know what to do with the baby and hated to leave him alone in the house that long. Finally she had decided to carry their old highchair out to the barn. Then when she finished milking, she had carried the baby into the house, and left the highchair for Roy to bring in when he came. But she forgot to tell him about it, and the highchair

stayed in the barn. The next morning they discovered that the steers had broken down a gate during the night, and had thrown the highchair to the cement, then crowded over it and broken it into pieces.

"Don't feel so bad about it," Roy comforted his wife, as he gathered up the pieces of splintered wood. "This highchair was worn out anyhow. We'll buy a new one."

"But they cost so much," Mary said in dismay. "If I only had been more careful. This one might have lasted you for another year or so."

"No use crying over spilt milk," Roy said, more cheerfully than he felt. "I'm going into town today, and I'll buy a new one."

"But we can't spare the money, can we?" Mary asked worriedly.

"I've got about \$25 dollars in my billfold, I think," Roy said. "Maybe if we skimp on some others things, we can get the highchair."

So Roy went to town, trying to figure out which of the things on his list could wait until the next trip. He might have been able to manage the highchair if it hadn't been for one thing that turned up—something he had not foreseen. He was just coming out of the grocery store and starting down the street toward his buggy when a ragged-looking man limped up to him.

"Kind sir," said the man pitifully. "I hate to bother you, but I'm up against it. I wonder if you could help me out?"

Roy paused to look at the man. His clothes were ragged, torn, and dirty. His nose was red and his eyes bloodshot. Roy's kind heart filled with pity for the poor wretch.

"I've been an awful sinner," the man said solemnly. "Six months ago I ran away from my wife and children. My wife begged me not to leave her, she wept and pleaded, but my heart was too hard. And I've been running away from her and running away from God ever since. But God changed my life, and I want to go home and live different from now on. I was out in California three days ago when I decided to go home. I spent every cent I had on a ticket to come this far. I didn't have any money left to buy anything to eat. But that's all right. All I want is to get home; I'll gladly go hungry. My wife is waiting for me in Wayneville, that's still 70 miles from here. I would start out walking, but I'm too weak from hunger." The man paused in his sad story and sniffed back a tear.

Then he continued, "All I ask from you, Mister, is enough money to buy a ticket to go the rest of the way home to my poor wife. I'm not asking for charity; I'll send it to you just as soon as I get home."

Roy hesitated for a moment. His heart went out to this poor man who wanted so much to go home and live a different life.

"You won't let me down, will you, Mister. I can't bear to think of my dear wife standing by the window and looking out into the night for me any longer. I've broken her heart long enough."

Roy was thinking of the highchair. Mary would be disappointed. But this poor man's wife would be a lot more disappointed if her husband didn't come.

"How much do you need?" Roy asked weakly.

"The ticket costs \$4.30," the man said quickly.

Roy reached into his pocket and took out his billfold. He handed the man a five dollar bill. Luckily the grocery list had been scribbled on the back of an envelope with his name and address on the other side. "Here's my name and address," Roy said, handing the man the envelope.

The man seemed nearly overcome with emotion. "I'll pray for you," he whispered gratefully. "And God will bless you for your goodness." He wadded the envelope and the money into his hip pocket. "I'll send it back just as soon as I get home," he promised fervently.

So Roy had gone on his way. He no longer had enough money left to buy the highchair that day. He had gone home without it, and when he explained what had taken place, his good wife, Mary understood and assured him it had been the only thing to do under the circumstances.

"Besides, it isn't as if the money was gone," she comforted him. "The man will send it back."

But the man hadn't sent it back. Nearly two months had now gone by, and Roy and Mary often wondered what had happened. At last they decided that it was possible the man had lost their address, and didn't know where to send the money.

Roy's thoughts returned to the present as he neared the mailbox. As he thought about the pig check again, he hoped it would be extra big. Because most of it would be needed to pay the feed bill, not to mention the half dozen or so other bills that were waiting in line.

When Roy opened the box he saw at once that the check was there, plus the Budget, a few boxholders and other envelopes.

Roy hurried back to the house. Mary came to look over his shoulders as he tore open the pig check envelope.

"Whatever goes over \$200 we can spare for the highchair," Roy said, delaying to pull out the check a few moments in order to prolong the suspense.

"Come on, let's look what it is," Mary said excitedly.

Roy slipped the check from the envelope.

"\$221.38!" they both said in the same breath.

"Oh, good," Mary said. "It's just about right. I think a highchair costs \$19 or \$20."

Roy was pleased, too. He was so pleased he decided he could afford to take it easy for a few minutes and read the rest of the mail. The work out in the barn could wait. It wouldn't run away. He opened his coat so he wouldn't get so warm and sat down in the rocking chair. He looked at the envelopes that had come. One was a notice from the eye doctor that it was time to get his eyes checked again. "More money down the drain," he said to himself.

There was a light blue envelope from an organization called "Kindness, Inc." Below the return address was a part of a Bible verse, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these..."

Roy looked at the colorful brochure inside the envelope. On the cover was the picture of a hungry, starved-looking gaunt-faced child holding out an empty bowl in a pitiful, pleading gesture. Below the picture were the words, "Your gift will keep this child from starving."

"Mary, come here and look at this," Roy called to his wife.

Mary came and looked over his shoulder. "Ohhhh," she said pityingly. "That poor child. She's so thin, sooo thin."

Roy flipped the page. More pictures. More starving children. "Those look worse yet," Mary exclaimed. "Look at their thin legs. And such large, sad, eyes. Poor children, it makes me feel bad just to see how pitiful they look. What does it say about those children, anyhow?"

Roy started to read aloud, "The children shown in these pictures are homeless orphans. Many of them sleep nights on the street, and have no place to live, no home, no shelter, no parents, no love. They live on the bits of food they can beg, or that they find in garbage pails. All of them are hungry, and lonely, and many of them are sick, and will not live long unless someone has pity on them. Hundreds such poor homeless children die every day in India. Is there no one that cares?"

Mary's eyes misted with tears. "I wish we could do something to help," she said. Then she went back to her work. Roy stuffed the envelope in the desk, closed his coat and went out to work. But he, too, kept thinking about those pitiful orphans. Was it right that their baby had a new highchair when all those children in India didn't even have food?

In the end, the \$20 from the pig check went to KINDNESS, INC. for the thin children in India. Mary and Roy both agreed it was the only thing they could do. They could manage a while longer without a highchair.

Several weeks later another letter came in the mail. This time it was a children's home in the state of Oregon that needed funds. Once again Roy didn't have the heart to ignore the plea. He sent them five dollars, which was all they could spare right then. He knew it wasn't much,

Family Life

but he figured he would give what he could.

Next someone in their community sent a box around to make up a collection for the Jacob Wagler family, a poor family that had trouble making ends meet. Roy was out of money himself, but he felt guilty not giving anything. To get the money he sold a veal calf before it was big enough, even though he had to sell it at a lower price per pound.

After that it was a letter from the "Save the Nation League." They had the urgent news that Russia now had more missiles and bombs than the U.S. did. They said the only way to keep godless communism from taking over their Christian nation was to build bigger and better bombs immediately. They wanted funds for this, even if it were only a dollar or two. Roy felt frightened when he thought of godless communism coming in and persecuting and killing all the Christians. To fight such a great evil was surely a good thing, so he put five dollars in an envelope and sent it away.

It got so that Mary almost dreaded seeing the mailman come. So often there was a letter in the mail asking for money. And hardly ever did the pleas for money go unheeded. It seemed like they couldn't afford to give so much, and still, according to the pictures and stories in the leaflets, they were rich in comparison to these other poor people. And so, Roy gave—gave out of the goodness of his kind heart. He gave to the tramps on the street, to the orphans in India, to the Home in Oregon, to the local poor, and to the "Save the Nation League." He gave to almost anyone who asked for money, even to magazine salesmen who claimed the money went for relief. (Apparently it went to something other than subscriptions, for Roy never got the magazines.) He gave sacrificially and liberally, generously and trustingly.

### Another Man, Another Viewpoint

It so happened that a man by the name of John Miller lived in the same community as Roy and Mary Graber, just up the road a half mile as a matter of fact. Things usually went a little differently when John was approached to give to charity. For example, the same envelope about orphan children in India came to John's mailbox. He read it through, then snorted, "Humph, I would be glad to help those children if I could. But I'm not going to help make some fat office worker over here in America even fatter. I've heard already that most of these organizations are money-schemes, and that only a tiny percent of the money ever gets to where it supposed to go."

It was the same way with the children's home in Oregon. "I'm not sending my hard-earned money to some place that far away I know nothing about. Seems to me this place is Catholic, if I remember right."

John Miller also knew how to handle the bums on the street who came begging for a handout. "Go on," he would tell them firmly. "You know right and well you would spend every penny to get drunk on. I'm not dishing out money just to make your nose even redder." With that straight-forward answer, John would walk rapidly away.

When the box came to his house marked for the "Jacob Wagler family," John Miller didn't sell any veal calves. Not that he would have needed to, for that matter, as he had plenty in the bank. "I'll think about this until tomorrow," he told himself. By the next morning he had made up his mind not to donate anything. "I can't with a good conscience give to that family," he said. "I guess I just know too much about them. I would be poor, too, if I didn't have better management than they did."

What it all added up to was that John Miller seldom gave very much to charity. But he was quick to assure himself each time that it wasn't that he was too tight to give; it was just that he didn't want to give to places where his money would be misused. He refused to give to faraway places because he didn't know enough about them. He didn't give to nearby places because he knew too much about them!

### The Problem

It would be nice if we lived in a world where everyone was honest, a world where everyone could be trusted. But unfortunately we don't, and never will on this earth. There are always some people unscrupulous enough to take advantage of another's goodwill. That's part of the problem. There are so many organizations and persons today asking for charity. They come in the mail, they knock on our door, they approach us on the street. We look at a newspaper and read of war and refugees, of homeless people, hungry people—suffering, poverty, need, and human misery. And we feel uncomfortable being so comfortable, and we ask ourselves, "What can we do?" There is no easy, simple answer. That, too, is part of the problem.

So much of the suffering in the world today is the result of deeper wrongs. Well-meant help might have the opposite effect, for example sending shipments of food to war-torn nations in civil-strife too often takes on a political meaning, giving one side or the other added resistance and prolonging the very war that is the cause of the misery in the first place. Or take the example of an unwed mother in an under-developed country. She has three children and can't take care of them. She discovers Americans living nearby with lots of money and big hearts. When they see how poor her children look, they are eager to take them and restore them to health. It's hard for the mother to give up the children, but she sees that they are well cared for, and she feels better. She even feels less guilty about having more children. If she can't take care of them, the American's will. And thus the chain of evil continues. The Americans feel concerned at times when they sense that they are treating only the symptoms and not getting to the root of the trouble, but what can they do? Can they stand by and watch a helpless child starve and not do anything? All this and more is the problem.

It is easier to recognize a problem than it is to find a solution. It is not always easy to know what is best. Who should we give to, and who shouldn't we? There are so many places that could use funds for charity. Should we do as Roy Graber did and give to everyone who asks for money, even if it means making ourselves poor? Or should we do as John Miller did, and not give to any of them, because we're afraid our money won't be used in a right way?

We know, of course, that Roy and John are the two extremes. One is too trusting, and the other tends to be too suspicious. Most of us can agree on that. But just what is the right position and attitude between these two extremes—that is the question that is much harder to answer.

### What The Bible Says

First of all, let's take a quick look at what the Bible teaches about giving and sharing.

**The poor have a special place in God's sight.** "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?" (James 2:5).

**The best measure of our love to God is the way we treat our fellowmen in need.** "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? (1 John 3:17)

**There is a blessing in giving.** Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35).

**Sharing is commanded so none have too much, none too little.** "Let him that hath two coats, impart to him that hath none" (Luke 3:11). "As it is written, He that had gathered much had nothing over; and he that had gathered little had no lack" (1 Cor. 8:15).

**We should give willing, gladly, and even cheerfully.** "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver" (2 Cor. 9:7).

**There is no point in praying for the poor unless we help them in a practical way, also.** "If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" (James 2:15-16).

**Charity begins at home.** "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel" (1 Tim. 5:8).

**Moses' law had special provisions for the poor.** No depressive rate of interest was to be charged on loans to the poor (Ex. 22:25). Corners of the grain fields were to be left uncut for the poor to glean (Lev. 19:9-10), and on every seventh year the land was to be left idle so that what grew was for the poor (Ex. 23:11).

**God does not look as much on the amount we give, as the amount we keep.** "I say unto you that this poor widow hast cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury; For all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want cast in all that she had, even all her living" (Luke 12:43).

**We should work hard so we will have enough to share with others.** "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth" (Eph. 4:28).

## GUIDELINES FOR GIVING

We can see then that the Bible very clearly teaches giving and sharing. It is a commandment that is stressed many times throughout the Bible. It is a commandment that God intends should be obeyed just as well as other commandments in the Bible. So we know that John Miller was in the wrong when he was so afraid to give to the wrong place that he didn't give at all. There can be no excuse for not giving and sharing with others, for Jesus said, "Ye have the poor with you always, and **Whensoever ye will ye may do them good...**" (Mark 14:7). John tried to escape one danger and got caught in another. He was like a colt that shies away from the ditch on one side of the road right into the ditch on the other side.

But Roy Graber was in the wrong, too, for not being more careful how and to whom he gave. There can be little doubt but that the five dollars Roy gave the tramp in town was worse than wasted—he spent it on liquor as fast as he could drink it. Roy could at least have taken the common-sense precaution of going with the man to the bus depot and buying him a ticket, rather than giving him cash.

Roy was also wrong in giving to such an organization as the "Save the Nation League," for it was inconsistent with his stand on non-resistance, and the teachings of Jesus against the use of violence as a means of self-protection. He was wrong, too, in giving to the many other places he gave to without any investigation at all on how his money would be used.

What places asking for charity are best to give to? It would be nice to have a list of places that we could recommend that people give to with confidence. But unfortunately, I know of no such list, and probably wouldn't agree with it if there were one. The best we can do is give some general guidelines to consider.

**Don't give just because you're asked.** Those who are the boldest and most forward in asking for help are often the ones who deserve it the least. Tend to be suspicious of persons or organizations that constantly sing the "Give-me, give-me" song to the tune of "I need more." We get papers in our mailbox from one organization that is a good example of this. Without fail, every month there is some fresh crisis that they **desperately** and **urgently** need vital funds. On nearly every page of their leaflet they have a coupon to clip and to fill out, "Enclosed find my gift of.....to help along in your work of....." Maybe it isn't just a racket and a money scheme, but if they

make it sound like it, can a person be blamed for wondering? Instead of giving to those with a materialistic emphasis, watch for someone who is in genuine need but would rather shift than ask for charity.

**Watch out for appeals to selfish motives.** Some ask for donations, but try to make it sound like an investment, giving the impression that the fastest way to get rich is to give. "If you give liberally, God will reward you by making you prosper." It may at times work that way, but it's a poor reason to give, a questionable motive. Another angle often used by lodges and clubs is to raise money for some charitable project by means of a draw. If you buy a ticket, you have a chance to win a thousand dollars or a new car or something. No matter how good the cause the money is supposed to go for, it is best to stay away from having any part. For buying a ticket in such a draw is not charity but a form of gambling. Others promise to put your name in the papers, or give you some other official recognition for giving. This is in violation of Jesus advice not to let our left hand know what the right hand is doing.

**It doesn't have to be on the other side of the ocean.** Some people have the idea they're not really giving to charity unless they send their money to Jordon or Korea, or Africa. Charity should begin at home. Every person's first obligation is to his own family, then to his church, then to fellow believers in other districts who are in need. The person who gives to faraway places and neglects those close to him is being unscriptural in his giving. There may be needs close to home we have been overlooking. How about our parochial schools? They are usually short of money and on a tight budget, yet they exist for the benefit of our churches, and are worthy of our charity.

**Give on a person-to-person level whenever possible.** The charity that is most rewarding and probably most effective is that which is done on a personal level. Think twice before sticking ten dollars into an envelope and sending it off to some organization you know nothing about. Many times a large percent of the money is used for office and organizational and advertising expenses, and never reaches the cause toward which it is given. Then, too, when you give to worldly church organizations, you may well be helping support programs which you are not agreed with. A group of young people supported a Korean orphan for a number of years, but dropped their support when they were asked to pay for piano lessons in highschool. Another man who had given to MCC programs got cold feet when he recently received a colorful brochure from them, reviewing in glowing terms what great things MCC had accomplished in its fifty years. He felt he could not give toward bolstering the ego of MCC in the future; it appeared they were already quite impressed by what great things they had done.

**Use your imagination and be on the watch for ideas.** There are many ways of giving to charity besides merely writing out a check. But it often takes extra effort and more of our time to give in these other ways. Such things as visiting shut-in's and writing to the sick aren't as easy as writing a check, but they may do more good. When we sell something to someone who is hard up, we should watch for ways to give him a good deal without doing it by outright charity, and thus save him the humiliation of accepting a hand-out. (This will increase his self-respect—something which the poor often need worse than money.) Another place where there is always a shortage of charity is in helping young people get started in farming. Long-term loans at no interest or low interest may be the best investment you can make with your money, thereby making it possible for concerned parents to raise their children on a farm environment, where they can learn the values of Christian living away from harmful influences.

**The Budget** is a good place to look for ideas, as it often contains accounts of people who have been sick a long time, or have had other losses. If you want more information on the people's financial standing, the scribe

will probably be glad to answer your letter. Or use Raber's almanac and write to one of the ministers for details.

**Give anonymously whenever possible.** Jesus reproved the Pharisees who stood at the temple treasury and blew a trumpet each time they put something in, just to make sure the people noticed how generous they were. Giving that draws attention or honor to ourselves is not Scriptural charity, but personal pride and vanity. "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth" (Matt. 6:3). A good way to give anonymously is by a bank draft, which does not contain the giver's name.

**Be careful lest you favor yourself.** Human nature is sometimes a bit tricky. If we think others can't be trusted, we should realize there may also be a danger in trusting ourselves. When we turn down a request for charity, could it be possible that part of the reason is because we hate to part with our precious money? There

is a very real danger. One good way to get around this is to immediately make a donation of equal size elsewhere where you can give with confidence. Or if a tramp asks for a quarter, and you say you can't give it to him because he would spend it on drink, prove to him (and to yourself) that it isn't the quarter you're worried about. Offer to take him to a restaurant and to spend three quarters on a bowl of soup and a hamburger for him.

In closing, let us remember that the rich man in Luke 16 was condemned because he did not have compassion on the poor man who sat at his doorstep. He suffered the agony of hell because of his selfish life. Our charity should and must begin at our doorstep, but it need not end there.

Paul summed it up very well in writing to the Galatians, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them of the household of faith" Gal. 6:10)

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## Vierzig Jahre Veränderung in eine Gemeinde

Spricht man heute von Amische in Wayne County, Ohio so denken wir von die Gegenden bei Fredericksburg, Applecreek und Mt. Eaton. Aber diese waren nicht die erste Amische in Wayne Co. In 1840 war schon eine Ansiedlung von zwei Gemeinden in Green Township bei Smithville herum, sowohl als nord gegen Mittman.

David Stukman war der erste Ansiedler. Er ist gekommen von Somerset County, Pennsylvania in 1815. Andere welche gekommen sind bald hernach vom nämlichen Platz waren Henry Yoder, John Schroff, Christian Yoder, John Farmwald und Christian Lank.

Von Mifflin County sind gekommen John Zook, David Zook, Abraham Kurk und Jacob Plank. Von die Schweiz ist gekommen ein verordnete Prediger mit Namen Christian Brandt. Bis 1840 waren mehr als 100 Amische Familien in die Townships von Green, Milton, Wayne und East Union.

Als die erste Ansiedler in Wayne County kommen, wohnen sie in Block-Häuser mit Del-Papier für Fenstern. Hirsch und wilde Tiere im Wald waren im Ueberfluß also daß sie die Früchte des Feldes etwas schaden getan haben. Zu der Zeit waren noch Indianer gesehen die Ströme nachlaufen durch ihre Bauerei.

Es war ein fruchtbares Land. Die Felder trugen reichlich, und die fleißige Bauer hatten viel Vieh. Nach eine kurze Zeit waren andere Häuser aufgetan im Platz von die Block-Häuser. Sie machten große Scheuern ihre Früchte einzusammeln und das Vieh zu besorgen. Die Amische hier waren wie sie sonst in Europa und Amerika waren, sie hielten Gemeinde alle zwei Wochen, im Winter in die Häuser, und im Sommer in die große Scheunen. Die junge Leute gingen zur Versammlung bei Fuß, aber die ältere Leute gingen im Wagen mit zwei große Schafgäule angespannt. Sie sangen Lieder von dem Ausbund und die Predigt war alles in Deutsch.

Die Diener gingen gewöhnlich alle Sonntag in die Gemeinde, aber die andere Leute brauchten der Zwischen-Sonntag Freunde zu besuchen und um einander aufzumuntern. Dies war auch nötig angesehen.

Die Ordnung war streng aufgehalten in Kleiderbetrag und Haarschneiden.

Ein Armenbieter war bestellt, nicht allein acht zu haben

auf die Armen, sondern auch zu sehen daß die Ordnung befolgt wird. Wo eine Uebertretung war, so war es seine Schuldigkeit der Uebertreter anzureden und ihm zurecht helfen. Wenn er hartnäckig war, so mußte er vor die Gemeinde gezogen werden und seine Sache abgestraft werden. Wenn er sich als noch nichts sagen ließ, war er im Bann getan und die Weidung an ihm gehalten.

Zu derselbigen Zeit war kein Liebeswerben (courtship) gehalten wie es jetzt ist. Wenn ein Mann verlangte ein Mädchen zur Ehe nehmen hat er die Sache zuerst verhandelt mit seine Eltern. Dann ist er gegangen zu sehen was der Armenbieter meint deswegen. So es der Armenbieter gut dachte, hat er der Armenbieter gefragt für gehen und das Mädchen fragen. Der Armenbieter in diesem Amt war genannt ein „Stekelmann“.

Wenn das Mädchen einwilligte so ist die Hochzeit gehalten worden die folgende Woche. Da die Hochzeit vorbei war, ist ein Tisch aufgesetzt worden und ein Mahl gehalten. Der Tisch war aufgesetzt gelassen für etliche Tage daß Freunde konnten hereinkommen zu essen wann sie wollten.

Diese erste Amische Gemeinde in Wayne County diente mit die andere Amische Gemeinden in Holmes County so wohl als die Gegenden in Somerset und Mifflin County. Die Diener suchten die Ordnung aufgehalten wie sie es gelehrt waren, und wie es für gut angesehen war in die Gemeinden. Aber ungefähr im Jahre 1850 ist eine Sache angekommen welches anzeigte, daß etwas mangelhaft war in die Wayne County Gemeinde. Ein Teil von die Gemeinde hielt die Taufe sollte bedient werden im Wasser. Nicht unterdunkeln, aber der Täufling sollte knien in dem Strom und also getauft werden. Die Diener bewilligten es also zu tun. Dann war es eingerichtet daß die Taufe bedient ist worden im Sommer. Die Täufling knieten im Wasser, der Bischof hat Gummistiefel an, stand im Wasser und schöpfte Wasser aus dem Strom mit seine Hände und goß es auf die Täufling ihr Haupt.

Die andere Amische Gemeinden duldeten dieses so lange es nicht weiters ging in andere Sachen.

Um diese Zeit ist ein junger Prediger mit Namen John A. Yoder von Mifflin County herbeikommen. Er suchte alenthalben Frieden zu halten in der Gemeinde, und war ein

sehr begabter Mann der die Herzen rühren konnte mit seiner Predigt. Er dachte es wäre zu Zeiten besser compromisein als Unfrieden haben in die Gemeinde.

Es begab sich daß der alte Bischof gestorben ist. und der John A. Yoder ist erwählt worden als Bischof in 1859. Er hatte Ueberzicht über die zwei Teile von der Gemeinde.

Zu dieser Zeit war die Gemeinde wieder unruhig. Einige wollten ein Versammlungs-Haus haben. Etliche von die Schweizer Amische Gemeinden in Starke County hatten schon ein Versammlungs-Haus aufgetan, aber die Amische in Holmes County waren hart dagegen.

Der Bischof John A. Yoder übergab es der Gemeinde. In 1862 ist eine Versammlung bestellt worden zu sehen wie die Gemeinde fühlt. Es ist aufgelassen worden zu einem Rat, und der größte Teil wollten ein Versammlungs-Haus haben.

Der Bischof wollte nicht im Weg stehen, so hat er eingewilligt zu diesem Vornehmen. Geld ist aufgemacht worden, aber der Bischof hatte kein Geld eingelegt, wie es scheint um Unfrieden zu verhüten mit denen die dagegen waren. Eine Summe von 679 Taler ist aufgemacht worden um das Versammlungs-Haus zu bauen. Es war genannt „Das Grove“.

### Die leeren Aehren stehen hoch.

Siehst du denn nicht im Erntefeld  
Die leichten Aehren steh'n,  
Die keine Frucht darniederhält,  
So aufrecht, stolz und schön?  
Es ist die Frucht, die mächtiglich  
Die andern niederbog;  
Die vollen Aehren bücken sich,  
Die leeren stehen hoch.

Siehst du in Gottes Erntefeld  
Die leichten Christen steh'n,  
Die auch so hoch in dieser Welt,  
Durch's Tal der Tränen geh'n?  
Die auch so groß im eignen Ich  
Mit leeren Herzen noch —  
Die vollen Aehren bücken sich,  
Die leeren stehen hoch.

Was wir im eignen Ich getan,  
Das ist umsonst geschah'n.  
Das nimmt der große Gott nicht an,  
Und muß verloren geh'n.  
Das eigne Ich muß erst hinab  
Bis in die tiefste Klust,  
Die eignen Werke in den Staub,  
Dann reift er unsre Frucht.

O leeres Herz, wach endlich auf,  
Der Herr sucht bei dir Frucht.  
Ach, halt doch ein, verlornes Schaf,  
Halt ein auf deiner Flucht!  
Steig' nieder, werde endlich klein,  
Steig' nieder, tu's in Zeit,  
Sonst wirst du einst verloren sein  
In alle Ewigkeit.

J. P. F.

Jetzt war die Gemeinde wieder zufrieden für etliche Jahren. Aber bald wollten sie Sonntags-Schule haben. Es kam ein Prediger von West Liberty, Ohio und erzählte was für ein wunderbarer Segen sie haben mit ihre Sonntags-Schule. In 1871 ist eine Sonntags-Schule eingerichtet worden in die Das Grove Gemeinde mit drei Gemeindeglieder (nicht ordinierte Männer) als Superintendants.

Die erste acht Jahre ist die Sonntags-Schule alles gehalten worden in deutscher Sprache. Ein Kapitel ist gelesen worden aus dem Neuen Testament, und der Superintendant hat es ausgelegt. Auch waren Fragen gemacht und verhandelt unter die Brüder.

In 1879 sind etliche englische Klassen angefangen worden für die wo nicht Deutsch lesen konnten. An derselben Zeit sind auch Sonntag-Schule Gehilfen gebracht worden von eine Evangelische Gemeinde.

Die Kinder haben auch Verse gelernt auswendig und ein Preis war gegeben zu die wo die meisten gelernt haben. Ein Knabe mit Namen John Conrad hat so viel Verse gelernt daß es ein Mann tätig gehalten hat die ganze Zeit von der Sonntags-Schule um sie abzuhorchen.

Jetzt schien es wieder Frieden zu sein in die Gemeinde für eine Weile. Aber bald sind junge Leute aufkommen die meinten nicht daß es notwendig wäre die alte Ordnungen aufzuhalten. Die Männer wollten nimmer lange Haare tragen, oder breite Hüte antun, und sie wollten gern Knöpfe haben an die Kleider anstatt von die Haken und Dosen.

Wo die Eltern sahen daß viele von die junge Leute sich nicht mehr zu die Gemeinde anschließen, dachten sie es wäre Zeit die Ordnung mehr gelind machen, nicht so streng sein. Der Bischof und die andere Diener willigten nicht ein mit solch ein Vornehmen, aber wo sie sahen daß der größte Teil von die Gemeinde so gesonnen wären, sagten sie nicht viel dagegen.

Alle Sonntag Abend war eine Singing gehalten für die junge Leute, aber zum Bedauern ist es nicht immer ordentlich daher gegangen. Etliche von die Eltern sagten sie wollen eine „Young People's Meeting“ haben alle Sonntag Abend wo die Junge könnten die Schrift lernen wie auch geistliche Lieder singen. Eins von die junge Diener ist ihnen auch beigestanden in ihrem Vorhaben, aber die Gemeinde hat nicht eingewilligt für solches zu haben.

Es war aber eins von die Eltern mit Namen C. Z. Yoder, der hatte eine sonderbare Gab zum Singen und auch andere lerne zu singen. Er war auch begabt zum Reden und konnte Schriften auslegen in ein sonderbarer Weg. Er war sehr bekümmert daß die Gemeinde sollte eine solche Sonntag-Abends Versammlung haben für die Jugend etwas lernen.

Es war eine Dunker Gemeinde in die Gegend, und der Superintendent von diese Gemeinde nötigte der C. Z. Yoder für kommen und Singings halten alle Sonntag Abend in seinem Gemeinde-Haus. Er kriegte neue Lieder Bücher.

Im Anfang sind diese Singings sehr wohl gelungen und es kamen viele junge Leute zusammen alle Sonntag Abend. Zu Zeiten war fast nicht Raum für all die Leute. Die jungen Leute von die Amische Gemeinde gingen auch, daß ihre andere Singings anhörten.

Um diese Zeit gingen als mehr von die junge Leute zu andere Gemeinden, verließen die Amische Gemeinde. Eins von die Diener mit Namen David Hostetler, und ein Armediener, Solomon Plank dachten daß die alte Ordnung muß fast alles zurück gelegt werden und eine andere Ordnung dargestellt werden. In 1889 sind sie abgerissen und ihre eigene Versammlung bestellt.

Ein groß Teil von der Gemeinde gaben dem Hostetler beifall. Dies war eine traurige Zeit für der Bischof. Er wusste nicht was er tun sollte. Viele von die junge Leute kommen nicht mehr zu der Gemeinde, und wenn sie gekommen sind waren sie hartnäckig. Auf einen Sonntag-Morgen kamen die Leute zusammen und fanden auf der Wand im Versammlungs-Haus geschrieben: „John R. Noder, King of the Amish.“ Das hat der Bischof sehr betrübt, denn er liebte seine Gemeinde und probierte alles tun daß er konnte um sie zu befriedigen.

Nachdem der David Hostetler abgerissen ist, auf einen Sonntag erstaunte der Bischof seine Gemeinde. Er sagte, der folgende Sonntag wollen sie alle am Hostetler seine Versammlung gehen. Sie gingen und saßen sich mit die Glieder und horchten zu die Lehre. Dann bestellte der Bischof eine Versammlung um zu sehen ob sie sich nicht vereinigen könnten mit dem Hostetler. Es war bestellt für Dec. 22, 1889.

Bei diese Versammlung sind etliche sonderbare Sachen vorkommen. Anstatt von sich wenden zu andere Gemeinden und Bischöfen für Hilfe, haben sie ausgemacht für es überlassen zu eine Committee von sieben Gemeindeglieder. Der C. B. Noder war Chairman von diese Committee.

Die Committee kamen zusammen Dec. 26—28 und vereinigten sich auf 16 Punkten. Etliche von diese waren sehr gut, aber die meisten brachten eine neue Ordnung im Vorschein. Jetzt sollte geduldet werden: Haar schingeln, Bart abscheren, Knöpfe an die Kleider, Kappen anstatt von Hüt im Winter. Also war auch eine Fonde aufgesetzt für Misionsarbeit zu bestiften.

Diese 16 Punkten waren angenommen bei die Gemeinde und die Spaltung welche gemacht war als der Hostetler und Plank weg gegangen sind, war wieder geheilt. Aber noch in dasselbige Jahr hat der Hostetler gefragt für sein Zeugnis denn er wollte nach Pennsylvania reisen und predigen dort. Da er zurück kommen ist, hat er sich zu die Martins Mennoniten Gemeinde in Orrville angeschlossen und der Plank ist später auch gegangen.

In 1890 ist ein Prediger von Indiana eingeladen worden zu kommen und Evangelische Glaubenserweckung (revival meetings) zu halten. Diese meetings waren gehalten Abends. Darauf haben 40 junge Leute Anspruch gemacht für zu die Gemeinde gehen. Dies war eine Zeit von hohes erfreuen. Zwei Bischöfen sind eingeladen worden diese Ankömmlinge zu taufen. Dies war das erste Mal daß junge Leute getauft sind worden mit „schingled“ Haarschnitt und mit Knöpfe anstatt von Haken und Dosen.

Jetzt war der Wechsel vollendet. Die Amische Gemeinde in Wayne County, Ohio war nicht mehr Amisch sondern, „New Amish“ geheissen. Bald war es verändert zu Amisch Mennoniten, und dann zu Mennoniten.

Heute finden die nachkömmlinge von diese Gemeinde es schwer zu glauben daß ungefähr 100 Jahre zurück ihre Gemeinde viel war wie die Alt-Amische sind heute.

Was können wir lernen von diese Geschichte? Was war die Ursach daß diese Gemeinde nicht geblieben ist bei die Grundsatzungen von die Amischen Gemeinden? War es die Veränderung im Weg von Taufen? War es das Gemeindehaus? War es die Sonntag-Schule, die Singschule oder was war es?

Wir wissen es nicht, aber es scheint eine Ursache war, dem Bischof seine Willigkeit sich zu schicken nach die Mehrheit von die Gemeinde-Glieder.

Es scheint der Ziel zu taufen im Wasser, Versammlungs-

Häuser zu haben und fast alle diese Sachen, hat sein Anfang genommen unter die Gemeinde-Glieder anstatt bei die Diener und Bischöfen. Die Mehrheit wollten Sonntag Abends young peoples meetings haben, und die Mehrheit waren willig die 16 Punkten aufzunehmen welches sieben Gemeinde-Glieder zusammen setzten.

Wir wissen nicht was geschehen wäre wenn der Bischof und die Diener ihren Stand genommen hätten fest zu halten an die alte Satzungen von Demut und Niedrigkeit. Es möchte wohl sein daß die Mehrheit von die Gemeinde weggegangen wären, aber wer weiß ob nicht doch ein Teil übriggeblieben wären?

(Bemerkung. Die Erkundung (information) für diesen Artikel ist genommen aus Mennonite Quarterly Review, July, 1957 aus ein Artikel von John Umbel.) D. L. B.

(Bemerkung)

Man hört zu Zeiten wo Bischöfen beschuldigt werden, sie seien Halsstarrig. Wir hörten schon solche Ausdrücken: „Ferner, wenn er mal etwas sagt dann gibt er nicht auf, er hat seinen Kopf gesetzt.“ Es ist wohl wahr, man könnte zu weit gehen. Wenn man aber nur sucht aus Liebe die Gemeinde herunter halten in Demut und Niedrigkeit, tut nichts aus schlechtem Gefühl jemand zu unterdrücken, ist selbst willig zu tun was er begehrt von andere, so sollten wir langsam sein zu sagen daß er halsstarrig ist. Wo ist einer der nicht hie oder da nachgibt in etwas wo er lieber nicht wollte. Wenn wir aber anhalten ein Stück nach dem andern kommen wir endlich gerade dahin wo oben gemeldete Gemeinde ist. Wir könnten noch Gegenden benamen wo gerade der nämliche Weg gangen sind, wo einstmal eine rechte Amische Gemeinde war, nun aber ganz mit der Welt gehen, kein Zeichen mehr von Amisch dabei. — Bedauerlich. — P. J.

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

# An Amishman's City

By David Luthy

There are two tragic happenings in American history with which nearly every Amishman is acquainted. One is the sinking of the supposedly unsinkable luxury ship, the Titanic; the other is the flooding of Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Although many Amish have read about these two events, very few realize that their own Amish history is very closely connected with the area in which one of the tragedies occurred -- Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

When an Amishman thinks of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, he thinks of the Flood of 1889 which took 2,000 citizens' lives and destroyed property valued at \$10 million. Little does he realize, though, that were it not for an Amishman, the city might never have been built at the junction of Stonycreek and the Little Conemaugh River—an ideal spot for a city in 1800 but also an ideal spot for floods to occur.\*

In 1793 an Amishman named Joseph Schantz settled in

\* Few people realize that Johnstown was struck by a second devastating flood in 1936, killing 25 people and damaging property to the extent of \$40 million. In 1937 a flood control system was constructed.

the northern part of Somerset County, Pennsylvania along with other brethren of his faith. Schantz's farm lay between the Stoneycreek and the Little Conemaugh River. How it came about that he decided to have his land surveyed into streets and lots, is not handed down to us in history. But we do know that on November 3, 1800 he signed a charter in the county courthouse, establishing a town which he named Conemaugh. Records show that Schantz divided his farm into 141 lots, 10 streets, numerous alleys, and various public sites.

Whether Schantz received expert help in drawing up his plot of a town is unknown. But his plot was accurately done and showed great foresight. The town was not to be a haphazard arrangement of dwellings, but was to be laid out rectangularly with abundant streets and alleys. Also taken into consideration were public sites for a school-house, graveyard, place of worship, courthouse, and market.

History does not relate how Joseph Schantz fared financially in his real estate venture. But one need only glance at a modern map of Pennsylvania to see that a city was, indeed, built on his farm land. And it is a rather large city, having a population of some 70,000. But it no longer bears the name, Conemaugh, which Schantz gave it. From the beginning, the local residents and farmers referred to the town as Schantz's Town. "Schantz", of course, is a German name. Since many area people were non-Germans, they tended to pronounce the name as "Johns." Being that the Germans gave a "ch" sound to "J" when speaking English, the switch from "Schantz" to "Johns" was not as major in pronunciation as the spelling might indicate at first glance. So by 1834, thirty-four years after the town was founded, Conemaugh was officially renamed "Johns' Town or Johnstown."

The surname "Johns" was never adopted by Joseph Schantz, for all records show that he signed his name consistently as "Schantz." But his family did adopt the English spelling of their name as evidenced by the names on the gravestones in the family cemetery. Even Joseph Schantz's headstone reads, "Joseph Johns." but it was erected some years after his burial, for the date of his death is incorrectly inscribed.

A person visiting Johnstown today can still find traces of its early beginning. The Stoneycreek and Little Conemaugh River are yet flowing and the land between them rests securely under the business district of the city. The streets which Joseph Schantz drew on his plot of the town are basically located just where they were in 1800. Some of their names have been changed and new streets have been added by widening the alleys. The piece of land which the founding father set aside for a market served that purpose for many years but sometime ago was converted by the city into Central Park. Here in 1913 a bust of Joseph Schantz was erected as a memorial. It rests on a marble base on which is inscribed: "In Commemoration of JOSEPH JOHNS (Joseph Schantz) The Founder of The CITY OF JOHNSTOWN. Erected by Citizens of German Descent of Johnstown June 16, 1913." To the right of the monument is a bronze plaque showing "Joseph Johns directing the work of laying out the lots and streets of Johnstown according to his plans."

If an Amishman were to see the monument and plaque in Central Park, he would not recognize Schantz as a fellow Amishman. For the bust of Joseph Schantz shows



him without a hat, with a ruffled shirt, and with rolled curls on both sides and at the back of his hair. The picture on the plaque shows him with knee breeches, buckled shoes, ruffled cuffs and ruffled shirt collar—anything but the non-conformed garb of an Amishman. Since Joseph Schantz's children remained in the Amish church, and the church was in full fellowship with other Pennsylvania Amish, it is likely that the man who made the bust and plaque in 1913 knew nothing of how the Amish dressed. It is even possible that he did not know of Joseph Schantz's Amish background. The style he chose for his bust and plaque was according to how the early German settlers dressed. But that Joseph Schantz ever dressed in such a fashion is very doubtful.

If Joseph Schantz could return to visit the 141 lots he plotted off in 1800, he would undoubtedly be surprised to find such a large city. There would be many things to disappoint him, but one that would make him happy is the fact that the piece of land he set aside 171 years ago for a schoolhouse contains such a structure today. As early as 1811 a schoolhouse was built on this property. At one time this lot contained three schoolhouses and was known as "Schoolhouse Square." With the exception of nine years following the flood in 1889, the site has been faithfully used for the purpose Joseph Schantz intended. The school which rests on it today is named Joseph Johns Junior High School. This is but one of several places honoring the city's founder. There is a Johns Street and also a Joseph Street. And on the side of a church at the corner of two downtown streets is a plaque marking the site of Schantz's pioneer cabin.

Some of the sites which Joseph Schantz laid aside for public use in his plot map of 1800 are still public property, but they are being used in a manner other than what the founder donated them for. The public graveyard was a burying ground for many, many years; but since 1950 this site has been occupied by the Cambria County War Memorial. This is a large building used for sports events and as a convention hall. It is ironic that an Amishman who did not believe in war or commercialized amusements should be the donor of land for that purpose. Of course, this was not his intention at the time he donated the land and he had no way of controlling later city officials from altering his wishes. Also the site he set aside for the courthouse was never needed for that purpose. Johnstown did not become the county seat of Cambria County when it was formed from Somerset County in 1804. The county seat was established at Ebensburg where it remains to this day.

Although Joseph Schantz founded a town, he did not choose to live there himself. When he sold his remaining Conemaugh property in 1807, he moved to a farm nine miles south near Davidsville (which, by the way, was named for another Amishman, David Stutzman.)

A number of Amish families were already living near Davidsville. Joseph Schantz resided there six years until his death in 1813. He was buried on a ridge behind the

THE LORD IS MY  
SHEPHERD

\$2.75

*The life of Elizabeth Kemp Stutzman*

This is the true story of an Amish girl. She grew up when the American Midwest was still pioneer country, and experienced many of the hardships common to that era.

farm buildings. Here his wife was laid to rest twenty years later, also his son Joseph Johns II and his grandson Joseph Johns III.

Johnstown, Pennsylvania is not the only place named after an Amishman. There is Yoder, Kansas, Schrock, Indiana, and perhaps others. But none of them had such an early beginning nor reached the size of Schantz's town—Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

#### The Johnstown Amish Settlement

It is likely that Joseph Schantz was the first Amishman to settle in what is now the Johnstown area. He arrived as early as 1793. Other Amish names which appear in county records from 1798-1806 are David Yoder, Jacob Spiker, Jacob Kime, Tobais Miller, John Lehman, and John Borntreger.

The settlement was not known in its early days as the Johnstown Settlement. Rather it was called the Conemaugh Settlement, receiving its name from two rivers that ran through it—the Conemaugh River and the Little Conemaugh River. The Amish settlement was located in the very northern part of the county. At that time the county was Somerset, but years later the large county was divided into two separate counties. The northern part became known as Cambria County.

The Conemaugh Amish settlement was the northernmost settlement of three Amish settlements in the immediate vicinity. The southernmost was the Amish settlement at Grantsville, Maryland. In between this and the Conemaugh Amish was the Casselman River Settlement centering around the town of Springs and Myersdale, Pennsylvania. Of the three settlements, this one is the only one to have survived to this day as an Amish settlement.

Little is known concerning the Conemaugh settlement's early years. But some bits of information have

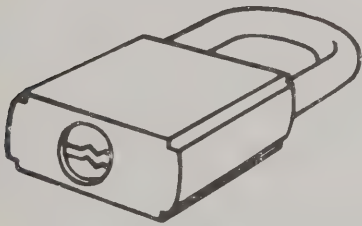
been handed down to us. The first minister to reside there was John Borntreger. In 1839 Joseph Borntreger was ordained as deacon to help the congregation. Both these men left the Conemaugh settlement in the early 1840's moving to Elkhart County, Indiana, thus helping to found the large settlement which exists there today. Deacon Joseph's family was very active in the Indiana Amish church. Two of his sons served as bishops, two as deacons, and one as minister. And his grandson was Eli J. Borntreger, a well-known bishop in Lagrange County.

For many years the Amish in the Conemaugh settlement were in full fellowship with the other Amish in America. But they gradually became progressive and by the 1870's were part of the liberal sector of the Amish church known as Amish-Mennonites. In 1875 they built a church-house and by 1916 there were no longer any Amish or Amish-Mennonites in the Conemaugh settlement. Many members had moved away to other Amish settlements, some drifted off to worldly churches, and many united with neighboring Mennonite congregations. Historians feel that the coming of the steel mills to Johnstown and the rapid growth of the city did as much as any one thing to break up the Amish settlement. But this does not explain the drift to more liberal churches which was present in the Amish congregation. Once the conservative-minded members moved away, the liberal element was left free to drift as they wished. By 1916 all traces of the Amish had vanished from the area except for the tombstones bearing Amish names and the two towns named for the early Amish settlers David Stutzman and Joseph Schantz. But for the present-day Amishman passing through the area, he would likely pass by unaware that the large city of Johnstown had its beginning in one of his forefather's pasture fields.

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## CHILDREN'S SECTION

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### Peter's Wooden Box

By David Luthy

"Now what happened with my softball?" wondered Peter Smucker. He searched through some coats and papers on the floor of the closet. "I know I put it in here."

"Hi, Peter, want to help Betty and me work on a puzzle?" asked Ammon. "Hey, did you lose something?" He knelt down next to his older brother.

"Something is lost," stated Peter firmly. "But I didn't lose it. Then with an accusing look he stared at Ammon. "But maybe you did."

"Me?"

"Yes you, or maybe Betty. I'm sure I put my softball back into the closet the last time I used it, and now it's not here. Did one of you drag it off?"

Ammon's eyes left his brother's steady gaze. "Well.."

"Well, what?" said Peter.

"Well, I guess I was playing with it yesterday and left it on the back porch." Ammon meekly said. "I can run and get it," he quickly added, hoping that Peter wouldn't scold him.

"Naw, I'll get it myself, I'm going outside anyway."

From now on leave my stuff alone if you can't put it back where it belongs."

The next day when the Smucker family had finished with breakfast, Peter slipped on his heavy coat and took his wool hat from the hook.

"Do you have chores to finish?" questioned Mother.

"No, I want to work in Dad's shop."

"What are you making?"

Peter only smiled and opened the door.

Ammon and Betty had heard what Peter said. They began putting on their coats, too, but Mother said to them, "I think you'd better stay inside this morning. It's cold outside. Besides I think Peter wants to be alone."

"But we want to see what he's going to make," complained Betty.

"I know you do, but you'll just have to wait till later. Maybe once he has it partways finished he'll tell you what he's making."

"Do you know what it is?" asked Ammon.

Mother shook her head. "I don't have any idea."

## *A Servant*

A servant's very nice to have  
But nicer one to be,  
To help the other folk along  
Than have them wait on me.

You never need to be ashamed  
To be a servant true;  
For kindness shown to other folks  
Will all come back to you.

The greatest servant ever known  
Was God's beloved Son;  
He willingly served others till  
His earthly life was done.

He left the glory-Home above  
A servant's life to live,  
And die a servant's death as well,  
His precious life to give.

Then how much more should we be glad  
To serve and help and love,  
For His dear sake, who stooped so low  
To come from Heav'n above.

After dinner Ammon and Betty were allowed to go outside. They didn't run for the small wagon with which they usually played, but made a bee line for Dad's shop. As they opened the door, the sound of hammering met their ears.

"Hi, Peter," greeted Ammon.

Peter didn't look up, but kept on hammering.

"Is it a dog house?" questioned Ammon, looking at the pieces of wood which Peter had nailed together.

But the only answer that Ammon got was the "wack, wack, wack" of Peter's hammer.

"Maybe it's some kind of boat," said Betty. She started to put one leg inside it, but Peter jerked her back.

"It's no boat. Why don't you two go out and play and leave me alone?"

"We just wanted to see what you are making," said Ammon.

"Well, now you've seen it, so you can go back outside," said Peter and he once more began hammering.

"But we still don't know what you're making," insisted Betty.

The pounding of the hammer became louder, and Peter ignored their questions. Finally Ammon and Betty went back outside. They ran toward the house.

"Mom," said Ammon when he had entered the kitchen, "Peter won't tell us what he's making."

"Oh, it's probably a project -- a secret project," said Mother. "He probably wants to surprise you with it when he is all finished."

That thought had never occurred to Ammon or Betty. With such an encouraging thought in mind, they returned to the puzzle they had begun to put together that morning.

It was difficult for the Smucker children to hide their curiosity. After they had worked on their puzzle for an hour, they slipped on their coats and went outside. This time they didn't go into the shop but stood beside the door and peeked through a crack. They saw Peter lifting a board into place and reaching down to pick up some nails.

"It looks like a box," whispered Betty.

"It sure does look like a box, a large wooden box," agreed Ammon. "But what will we do with a box?"

It wasn't very long before Peter lay down his hammer and walked toward the shop door. Ammon and Betty scurried away and began playing near the board fence.

The shop door opened and Peter stepped outside. He carried a metal measuring tape in his hand.

"Are you finished with the box?" questioned Betty. "Can we see it now." The words were out before Ammon's elbow poked her to be quiet.

"How do you know what I am making?" asked Peter. "Were you spying on me?"

"We thought maybe it was a boat to play in back by the creek next summer," stated Betty.

"Well, it isn't a boat and it isn't for you to play with," said Peter.

"But Mom said you are making a surprise for us," said Ammon.

Peter shrugged his shoulders. "I made a box to keep my things in since they are always getting lost. I'm going to put a padlock on it and that way things will be where I want them."

So that was the surprise -- a box in which Peter was going to lock his things up. It was a surprise all right, but a disappointing one.

"That isn't very nice," Ammon said to Betty after Peter had disappeared around the corner of the shop. "I thought it was going to be something we could play with."

A few days later at the supper table, Mr. Smucker was telling the children about the barn raising that was going to be held a few miles away the next day. "I was getting my tools ready to take along in the morning," said Father, "but I couldn't find my metal measuring tape."

Without a word Peter left the table and opened the closet door where the chore clothes were hung. He reached into his coat pocket and pulled what his father was looking for. Coming back to the table he said, "I was using it the other day and must have forgotten to put it back."

"Well, I'm glad it isn't lost," said Father. His eyes met Mother's for a slight second and he winked at her. It was as if he were giving her a signal. But since it was so quick, none of the children noticed.

Mother Smucker had never liked the idea of Peter having the large wooden box from the moment she first found out about it. "It's not wrong that he wants to keep his things organized," Mother had told Father one evening. "But he built the box for more than that reason. He's got a padlock on it and the other children aren't to play with his things." Father had agreed with Mother, and together they planned a way to teach him a lesson whenever a good opportunity presented itself.

Father's winking at Mother at the supper table indicated that the opportunity had come. So the next afternoon when the Smucker children came home from school, Mother was ready with her idea.

Peter entered the kitchen and was putting his dinner bucket on the table when he spied something at the other end of the table. "Oh, what is that?" Peter asked interestedly. "Did it come in the mail today?"

But before Peter could get to it, Mother had reached down and lifted the package from the table. She pulled a bright green book out of the wrapping paper, threw the paper in the wood box, and turned toward the kitchen cupboard with the book in her hand.

"Don't I get to see it?" asked Peter, disappointedly.

"Oh, it's just a book which I got in town last week," said Mother. She stepped up onto a chair and placed the book in the cupboard. "I think I'll keep it up here with a few of my things."

Peter was puzzled. This was the first time he had ever gotten such an answer from his mother. All the while he changed into his chore clothes he thought about it. And when he went back through the kitchen on his

way outside, he thought about it. He was still thinking about it as he closed the porch door and walked toward the barn. But suddenly his mind left the kitchen and focused on the shop door which he was passing. What was that shiny thing glittering in the late afternoon sun? "A padlock," exclaimed Peter to himself. He reached out and touched it. It was new. "But why did Dad put a lock on the shop door?" he wondered. "No one ever stole anything from there."

Peter's world was in a whirl. Mother hadn't acted as she usually did. And Dad's shop was locked up. The thoughts that flooded his mind during chore time confused him. And when he came in from choring and saw Ammon and Betty sitting at the kitchen table looking at Mother's new bright green book, it was too much for him. Mother was standing right there stirring the soup. "She must have given it to them," he thought. "But why didn't she let me look at it?" He went into the living room and slumped onto the couch. He thought he was too old to cry but the tears came anyway. Soon he heard his mother's footsteps and looked up through blurred eyes to see her coming to sit beside him.

"What's wrong, Peter?" she asked. "Did you hurt yourself in the barn?"

Peter didn't answer but cried even harder.

"Maybe you don't feel well," said Mother. "Are your tonsils acting up again this winter?"

Peter stammered a few words in between sobs, but Mother couldn't understand what he was saying.

"Come, sit up and tell me what is wrong," coaxed Mother.

Finally Peter stopped crying and said, "You don't treat me fair. You treat Ammon and Betty better than you do me."

"What do you mean?" asked Mother.

"Well, I...I asked to see the new book when I came home from school, and you said I couldn't. Then when I came in from choring, Ammon and Betty were looking at it. You don't use us all the same."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Mother. "I thought I was using you fairly. I was just using you like I thought you wanted to be used."

"But I want to be used just like others," said Peter.

"Oh, but I don't think you do," said Mother.

"Yes, I do," said Peter.

"Then why do you have your things locked up in that big wooden box?" questioned Mother. "That gave me the idea you want to be used differently. So I thought maybe I should get a lock for Dad's shop and also start keeping some of my things up on the cupboard shelf."

"You...you mean," stammered Peter, "that padlock is on the shop door to keep me out?" He was very near tears again.

Mother could see the terrible hurt look in his eyes. "Think of the hurt Ammon and Betty felt when you built the large wooden box and put a padlock on it."

Peter was silent. His mind was busy churning over what Mother had said in the past two minutes.

Mother broke the silence. "Do you understand now what I mean?"

"But Ammon and Lucy sometimes lose some of my things," said Peter.

"You mean mislay them," corrected Mother. "They never have really lost anything, have they?"

"But Ammon broke the spinner on the game I got for my birthday."

"What happened to the plastic measuring cup I let you borrow from the kitchen to measure rabbit feed in?" questioned Mother. "Didn't you accidentally break it? And what about the measuring tape you mislaid the other day? Dad had to hunt ten minutes for it, and you still had it in your coat pocket. And the spoon you lost last month from your dinner pail, did you ever find it?"

Peter shook his head.

"Wouldn't it have been terrible if I had told you that you never could take another spoon to school again? Or if Dad would have scolded you and said you aren't to go

near the shop again?"

Peter studied the lines in the living room ceiling as if he were looking for the answer there.

Mother continued, "You expected that you could lock up your things but go on using everyone else's. That doesn't sound like you are using us fair, does it?"

Now the shoe was on the other foot, and Peter could plainly see he was in the wrong. "I'm sorry, Mom," he said.

"I'm glad you are," smiled Mother. "We all want to be the kind of people who can share with one another even if something gets lost, mislaid, or broken now and then. Padlocks are awful unfriendly looking things especially when they are put there to keep the family out."

"But what can I do with the box, now that I've made it?" asked Peter.

"Well, why don't you and Ammon carry it into the summer kitchen," suggested Mother. Then you can all store your things in it. There's room enough for all, isn't there?"

"Yes, I made it plenty big for just my stuff."

"Maybe there's even a corner in it for something of mine," said Mother.

"What's that?" wondered Peter.

"The new book," smiled Mother.



## Along Nature's Paths

# SHAGGY

## The Story of a Buffalo

By Titus

It was a beautiful day in June on the wide Kansas prairie when Shaggy was born. His yellowish-red hair glistened in the afternoon sun. How different he looked from his brownish-black mother who stood protectingly beside him. She weighted 900 pounds and was so huge compared to her newborn calf, lying in the tall prairie grass.

Shaggy blinked his eyes and looked at the new world around him. Everything was sunlight, and as far as he could see was a vast stretch of prairie grass. No trees were anywhere in sight. But the prairie was not empty; it was dotted with brownish-black animals just like Shaggy's mother. Shaggy was part of a herd, a giant herd of thousands of buffalo.

"Snort...snort." Sounds rumbled close to Shaggy. A huge buffalo stood peering down at him. It was Shaggy's father. He stood nearly six feet tall at his wide humped shoulders and weighed twice as much as Shaggy's mother—a full ton. He stood beside the newborn calf, ready to protect it from any harm.

Weeks passed and Shaggy grew. With time his coat became more hairy and took on the darker colors of his parents. His shoulders thickened into a hump and his chin had a short beard like his father's long one. By the time he was six months old he looked very much like his father, only smaller in size.

From the day of his birth, Shaggy had never known loneliness for he was part of a very large family—a herd of thousands which traveled together over hundreds of miles of prairies. There were many buffalo calves Shaggy's age and he enjoyed romping with them and bucking heads together. One day as Shaggy and two other calves were running and dodging in between the large buffaloes, some of the buffaloes stopped grazing and stared off to the distance. Suddenly a strange thing happened, something which had never occurred in

Shaggy's short life. All the buffaloes around him lifted their heads from their peaceful grazing, snorted, and began running. Shaggy knew nothing else but to run with them. All around him buffaloes were running; the whole herd was running. Faster and faster the herd ran and the ground thundered from the constant pounding of their hoofs.



"Crash." What was that? Shaggy felt something pushing tightly against him. It was wood. He heard screams, human screams. The sound of guns shooting were heard. Next to him he saw white canvass on the ground and pieces of wood. The herd thundered on.

What Shaggy didn't realize was that a terrible fear had gripped the older buffaloes as they were grazing. They had seen a wagon train of white covered wagons approaching a mile south of them. It had frightened them and they ran toward it. Unlike many animals which run away from danger, the buffalo by instinct always ran toward whatever was a danger to them. Whenever fear gripped the whole herd they stampeded and became as powerful as a roaring freight train.

The buffalo herd ran a short distance past the wagon train and then became a peaceful herd once more. Behind them lay overturned and splintered wagons, torn canvass, and injured people. The settlers in the wagon train had learned a hard lesson that if they traveled close to a herd of buffalo they ran the risk of frightening them and causing them to stampede. Once the buffaloes started running toward something there was nothing that could stop them.

A few weeks after the stampede, the buffalo were grazing beside a small creek. Most of the herd was eating prairie grass but Shaggy and a few others were eating the thin branches of the willow trees growing alongside the creek. Willow branches and prairie grass were about the only things the buffalo ate.

Shaggy was standing in the low part beside the creek-bed; he could not see what was happening on the far side of the herd. Several entirely new buffalo had come wandering up to the herd, seemingly out of nowhere. They didn't join the herd but grazed alongside it keeping a short distance away. What the buffalo in the herd didn't realize was that these strangers weren't buffaloes at all. They were Indians in disguise.

Early that morning Indian hunters had sent scouts out to locate a herd of buffalo. They saw the large herd of which Shaggy was a member. They took two horses and carefully braided their tails, adding the actual hair from buffaloes at the end to make them look like buffalo tails. Then they mounted the horses and a large buffalo skin was placed on each man's back. When he neared the herd of buffalo he lowered himself on the horse's back with the buffalo hide thrown over him. His body formed a hump on the horse's back very similar to that of a real buffalo. The horse was allowed to graze, and the Indian rider used knee pressure to keep the horse from facing the herd. From behind, the disguised horse resembled a buffalo.

The trick worked on Shaggy's herd as it often had on others. A few buffaloes became curious about the new buffalo and began to graze toward them. The riders poked their horses and the horses grazed away from the herd. The buffalo followed. Soon other buffalo were following these. Then loud noises erupted from behind

the herd. It was a dozen Indians shouting and screaming to frighten the herd. At the sound of the first shout the two Indians in disguise made their horses go faster and the buffaloes followed them. This way the herd was tricked into running in the direction the Indians wanted them to.

Shaggy and the others in the willow grove heard the shouts and saw the herd begin to run. They knew only one thing to do, to stampede with them. Dust rose in clouds as the herd galloped over the dry prairie. The two Indians dropped their buffalo hides and forced their horses into a gallop. The herd of buffalo followed. Suddenly the Indians made their horses turn sharply to the right. The turn was too quick for the clumsy buffaloes. The Indians had led them to the edge of a cliff and many of them thundered over the edge to their death below. The herd was wide and many buffalo in the herd including Shaggy swerved to where the cliffs were not so steep and escaped being injured.

This stampede had not been a game for the Indians. They had not killed the buffaloes for sport but for food. The buffalo was the most important animal to the Indian. Without it he would starve and go cold. He used the hairy hide to sleep on and for clothing. He needed 10 to 12 new hides each year to make his house—a tepee. The buffalo meat would be smoked or made into "jerky," a mixture of meat and berries pounded together and dried in the sun. Buffalo meat would be preserved by either method and stored away in boxes made of buffalo skin for food during the winter months. Even the sun-dried manure from the buffalo was valuable to the Indians. They used it to burn for it burned for a long time and made almost no smoke. White settlers on the prairies used it also for fuel and called it "buffalo chips."

Shaggy had escaped becoming an Indian robe or part of the Indians' supper. Once more he had taken part in a stampede. It was something which would happen many times in his long life. Shaggy's father had been killed by the Indians, but Shaggy was old enough now that he could take care of himself. The herd was smaller now, but it still had hundreds of buffaloes. What Shaggy didn't realize was that the herd was actually quite small. If his grandfather had been alive and could have spoken he would have told of when the herd had been made up of 10,000 buffaloes. Shaggy's herd and every buffalo herd was shrinking and shrinking fast. But it wasn't because of the Indians.

In the 1850's white settlers had begun to move westward to make the prairies their homes. They were afraid of the great shaggy buffaloes and shot them. Perhaps they would take the tongue home to eat, but they would leave the rest to rot. Many white men made a sport out of shooting buffalo—something the Indians had never done. The Indians had enjoyed the hunt but they always hunted only when necessary and then used whatever they killed. The white men moved west declaring war not only on the Indians but also on the buffaloes.

With the coming of trains in the 1860's the white men found a new sport—shooting buffaloes from the train windows. Millions of buffaloes were killed this way. It is hard to believe but a true fact that by 1889 only 500 buffaloes roamed the western prairies of America where at one time 20 million had lived. If the government hadn't finally stepped in and stopped the killing, the buffalo would have all disappeared.

Shaggy didn't live to see the day when his few remaining relatives were herded into national wildlife preserves. Both Indians and buffaloes were treated in a similar way. Each was forced to leave the land he had once-called home and begin a new life on government property—the Indians on reservations and the buffalo in fenced game preserves. Today the 500 buffaloes have multiplied to 10,000 and are treated much like ordinary zoo animals, only somewhat freer. People travel hundreds of miles to look at these shaggy beasts which the white men nearly erased from the continent of North America.



## BURIED TREASURES

As the Israelites went home from the great victory over the strong city of Jericho, they were talking happily and praising God. But one man among them was not as happy as he pretended to be. His name was Achan, and he had a guilty conscience. He knew he had done something that was wrong, but he hoped that no one would find it out.

God had commanded the Israelites not to keep anything from Jericho for themselves. Everything was to be destroyed with fire, except the silver and gold, which they were to put in the Ark of the Covenant for the Lord. But Achan had thought it was too bad to burn all that good stuff and keep none of it for himself.

As he had been going through one house, he spotted a coat. At once Achan wanted it for his son. It was an expensive coat, imported from faraway Babylon. He sneaked the coat out of the house and into his tent at home. He also sneaked home two hundred pieces of silver and a heavy wedge of gold.

Achan was careful to do all this while no one was looking. But he still did not feel safe having these things in his tent. If someone saw them, he might ask where they came from. Then Achan's sin would be found out.

Achan decided to bury his stolen treasure. He dug a hole under his tent floor and buried it all in the earth. Now he probably felt no one would find out about it, for his family would help him keep his secret. But Achan had forgotten that God saw everything he did. God was greatly displeased.

The next city the Israelites wanted to conquer was Ai. Joshua called a few men to him and sent them to spy out the city, and see how strong it was.

The men went, and when they returned, they said to Joshua, "Don't bother sending all the people up against Ai. It is such a small city that if about two or three thousand go, they can easily overcome the people there." They were still thinking about how they had taken the great city of Jericho, and they felt confident and strong.

So Joshua took their advice and sent only a small army of three thousand soldiers to take the city of Ai. They marched up to the little city, boldly and unafraid, sure that they would easily defeat the men of Ai.

But they got a surprise. The men of Ai came rushing out of the city, and drove them back. The first thing the Israelites knew some of them were being killed and the rest of them were running for their lives. The men of Ai fought fiercely and killed thirty-six of the Israelites as they fled in terror back to their camp.

When the Israelites saw that they were defeated before the little city of Ai, suddenly all their bravery vanished. Their courage and boldness melted away like water.

Joshua, together with the elders of Israel, tore his clothes and fell on his face before the Ark of the Lord. He and the elders lay there in sorrow until evening, and threw dust on their heads to show their deep distress. "Alas, oh, Lord God," Joshua prayed, "what can I say now that Israel has been defeated by the enemies? When the people of Canaan hear about this, they will all come and kill us completely from off the earth, so that in years to come people will even forget that we ever lived. What will you do to keep the honor of your great name?"

But the Lord was not to blame for the terrible defeat of his people, and he wanted Joshua to know this. God spoke to Joshua and said, "Stand up. Why are you lying there on your face? This defeat is Israel's own fault—they

have sinned. They were not careful to obey my words, and I am displeased. I can't be with you and help you if you have sin among you. Rise up and tell all the people to make themselves holy before the Lord and get ready for tomorrow. Then I will show you who it is who has sinned and brought such a great curse upon the whole people."

Early the next morning Joshua had all the people come forward, one tribe at a time. And God showed that the tribe of Judah was the guilty one. Then the tribe of Judah came forward and God showed that the man who had sinned was among the descendants of Zarahite. So now all the descendants of Zarahite came forward by families, and God picked out the family of Zabdi. Zabdi brought his household, man by man, and Achan was pointed out.

Joshua said to Achan, "My son, give God the glory and confess what you have done. Tell me everything and don't try to hide it."

Now Achan saw that he was caught and that there was no way out. "Indeed I have sinned before the Lord God of Israel," Achan confessed. And he said what he had taken from the city of Jericho and buried beneath his tent floor.

At once Joshua sent someone to see if Achan was telling the truth. They dug up his tent floor and found the treasure buried there, just as Achan had confessed. They brought the stolen goods to Joshua and he spread it out on the ground in the presence of the people before the Lord.

Achan and his family, who had helped him keep his sin secret, were led outside the camp to a nearby valley. Joshua looked at Achan and said, "Why did you bring this trouble and disgrace upon the Lord's people? Now the Lord will bring trouble and disgrace upon you."

Then Achan and everything he had, was stoned with stones and burned with fire as a frightening example to all the people, and a warning of how serious it was to disobey God. The stolen goods were burned, too.

Now the Lord was no longer angry with his people, for they had put away their sin from among them. God said to Joshua, "You don't need to be afraid anymore, or to be worried, because I will help you this time when you fight, and will give you the victory."

During that night, while it was yet dark, Joshua sent part of his army to go up on the other side of Ai and hide themselves carefully. There they waited for the next day.

The next day Joshua led the rest of the army up to Ai in plain sight of the people inside. The king of Ai and his soldiers had no idea that thousands of soldiers were hidden on the other side of them. They rushed out to fight against Joshua and his men. But the Israelites did not fight. Soon they were running away, as if they were beaten and leaving in defeat.

The men of Ai must have laughed to themselves at what great cowards these Israelites were. They thought the Israelites were once again losing the battle. Eagerly they chased after them.

They never guessed that it was a trick. When all the soldiers had left Ai and were a good distance away, Joshua stopped and pointed his sword at the city. It was a signal for the men who were hidden behind the city to rush out. They found the city gates flung wide open and no one around to guard the city. They entered quickly and set the city on fire.

Joshua told his men to stop running away and start fighting. Suddenly the men of Ai glanced back, and realized in horror what a terrible mistake they had made in thinking the Israelites were cowards. They saw black smoke going up into the sky, and knew that their homes were burning to the ground. Now the soldiers who had been hidden left the burning city, and came to help fight. The men of Ai were surrounded, with no way to get away. There were Israelites in front and behind them. By evening they were all destroyed, and their city burned to the ground. God had helped his people when they had put their sins away from among them.

-E.S.



### WHEN FATHER SHOOK THE STOVE

'Twas not so many years ago, say twenty-two or three,  
When zero weather or below held many a thrill for me,  
Then in my icy room I slept a youngster's sweet repose  
And always on my farm I kept my flannel underclothes.  
Than I was roused by sudden shock though still to sleep I  
strove;

I knew that it was six o'clock when father shook the stove.

I never heard him quit his bed or his alarm clock ring;  
I never heard his gentle tread nor his attempt to sing.  
The sun that found my window pane on me was wholly  
lost

Though many a sunbeam tried in vain to penetrate the  
frost.

To human voice I never stirred, but deeper down I dove  
Beneath the covers, when I heard my father shake the  
stove.

Today it all comes back to me and I can hear it still.  
He seemed to take a special glee in shaking with a will.  
He flung the noisy dampers back, then rattled steel on  
steel

Until the force of his attack the building seemed to feel;  
Though I'd a youngster's heavy eyes, all sleep from them  
he drove;

It seemed to me most frightening when Father shook the  
stove.

Now radiators thump and pound and every room is warm  
And modern men new ways have found to shield us from  
the storm;

The window panes are seldom glossed the way they used  
to be;

The pictures left by winter's frost our children never see;  
And now that Dad has gone to rest in God's great slumber  
drove,

I often think those days were best when Father shook the  
stove.

Sent in by Mrs. Noah S. Anderson, Ind.

The above poem does not hold true in every community  
for there are still many homes that have frosty window-  
panes—and where Father still shakes the stove. Modern  
homes are nice with their well-circulated heat in every  
corner, but there's still nothing so comfy as to snuggle  
up to a hot wood-coal stove when a person is cold.

Last fall Mother and I picked some hickory nutmeats  
and threw the supposed-to-be empty shells into a box.  
When cold weather came we set the box out onto the porch  
for the birds. There was plenty of entertainment. The  
Carolina wrens and the titmice would carry off the shells  
that weren't picked clean, while the nuthatches flipped out  
the empty shells in all directions.

Not long ago Mrs. V. A. Hershberger sent us a smoked  
chicken. We've often heard how delicious they are, and  
now we've proven it. This is a boon to those who can't  
eat pork, yet love the taste of ham. Turkey and other  
fowl would probably be just as good. Here are the simple  
directions:

### Smoked Chicken

Make water salty enough so an egg will float in it.  
Then double the amount of water that you started with, to  
give it the right strength. Place your chicken in this  
brine and leave for three days, or less if less salt is  
preferred. Take out of the brine and hang them in the  
smokehouse with drumsticks hanging downward. Smoke  
to a golden brown. Some people prefer to take the skins  
off of them before cooking, canning, or freezing the  
chicken. Smoked chicken may spoil within a few days in  
warm weather if not cooked or preserved in some way.

At times we hear of smokehouses burning down. To  
prevent this a pit, laid up with bricks and a little iron  
furnace door, can be erected on the outside—a little dis-  
tance from the smokehouse. In this little outdoor oven  
the fire can be made, and the smoke drawn into the  
smokehouse via a small channel.

Here's a good suggestion for those who don't care for  
those aerosol sprays. Instead of spray starch use one  
part liquid starch to two parts of water in a spray bottle.  
This is supposed to work well when ironing.

From Rosanna Herschberger, 14, of Sullivan, Illionis  
comes a recipe.

### Love Cake For Mother

1 can of obedience  
Several pounds of affection  
1 pint of neatness  
Some holiday, birthday and everyday surprises  
1 can of running errands—"willing brand"  
1 box powdered "get-up-when-I-should"  
1 bottle of "Keep-sunny-all-day-long"  
1 can of pure thoughtfulness

Mix well, bake in a heavy warm oven and serve to  
"Mother" everyday. She should have it in big slices.

### Chicken and Dressing

Cook chicken the night before; also make toast of 1 loaf  
of bread. Thicken the broth rather thin, cut up 1 large  
or 2 smaller onions, 1 cup celery, and 2 hard boiled  
eggs ( cut up ). Take chicken off bones and cut up in  
pieces. Season with salt and pepper, mix all together and  
put in a loaf pan or baking dish. Dot with butter. Bake  
about 3/4 hour to 1 hour at 350 degrees.

### OATMEAL BREAD

2 1/2 cups boiling water      3/4 cup cooking oil  
2 cups quick cooking oatmeal      4 beaten eggs  
1 cup honey, (part karo may be      2 small packs yeast  
used)      2 cups or more whole  
2 tablespoons salt      wheat flour

Dissolve yeast in 1 cup warm water. Pour boiling water

over oatmeal and set aside to cool to lukewarm. Now beat all the above ingredients well together, being sure everything is just warm before adding yeast. Work in enough white flour (preferably unbleached) to make a nice spongy dough that is not sticky. Grease top and let rise twice after kneading it. Handle as other bread. Bake at 400 for 10 minutes. Turn back to 350 for 25 to 30 minutes—depending on the size of loaves.

A delicious healthy bread.  
-Mrs. Menno L. Miller, Sarasota, Florida

Oatmeal Pie

- 1 cup brown sugar            1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup clear syrup            1 teaspoon vanilla
- 4 eggs                        3/4 cup oatmeal

Beat eggs first; add sugar, syrup, oatmeal, etc. Bake in unbaked pie shell. Makes 1 pie.  
-Mrs. E. T., Apple Creek, Ohio

Oatmeal Pancakes

- 1 1/2 cups rolled oats            1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 cups butter milk            1 teaspoon salt
- Beat in 1/2 cup flour.            2 beaten eggs
- 1 tablespoon soda            1 tablespoon salad oil

-Mrs. Menno S. Brubaker, Dayton, Virginia

Pie Crust

- 2 cups whole wheat flour    1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup ground oatmeal        1/2 cup water
- 1/3 cup vegetable oil

I buy rolled oats in 5 lb. bags and get it ground. I also use it for cookies etc. -Mary Troyer, Applecreek, Ohio

Bean Soup

- 1 lb. bacon ends (cut up in small pieces. Do not fry).
- 1 lb. navy beans
- 1 chopped onion (chopped)
- About 4 quarts of water and salt and pepper to taste.
- Boil slowly for about 2 hours.
- Very good for those cold winter evenings.
- Bacon ends at the store are inexpensive and have more smoke flavor and meat. Eat with crackers.

-Mrs. Ray J. Kline, Millersburg, Ohio

PORK AND BEANS

- 8 1/2 lb. beans                    1/3 cup salt
- 3 1/2 lb. fresh pork (I use shoulder)
- Tomato sauce:
- 3 quart tomatoes            1 quart or less catsup
- 2 lb. brown sugar            2 quart water
- 1 lb. white sugar            1 teaspoon pepper
- 2 teaspoons dry mustard    1/2 cup corn starch
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Soak beans overnight. Cook beans with pork. When nearly done, add salt. Fill can 3/4 full of beans, then fill with tomato sauce. Cold pack 2 hours.

- Mrs. Jacob D. Miller, Dalton, Ohio

PORK AND BEANS (to can)

- 8 1/2 lbs. beans
- 1 1/2 lb. bacon or weiners
- 1/2 cup salt
- Tomato Sauce:
- 4 quarts tomato juice        2 cups white sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon        2/3 cup brown sugar

- 2 quarts water                    1/3 cup molasses (dark syrup)
- 1/2 teaspoon red pepper
- 1/2 cup flour or cornstarch

Soak beans overnight (if they are dry beans). In morning cook beans with bacon or weiners until beans are done. Mix beans and sauce together. Put in jars and process in pressure cooker. 10 lbs. pressure for 90 minutes.

- Mrs. Edwin Beachy, Oakland, Md.

Family ties are precious things,  
Woven through the years  
Of memories of togetherness—  
Of laughter, love and tears.

Family ties are cherished things,  
Forged in childhood days  
By love of parents, deep and true  
And sweet familiar ways.

Family ties are treasured things  
And far though we may roam  
The tender bands with those we love  
Still pull our hearts towards home.

Some Mothers Write

I read in Family Life, How shall we pray. I think it is all right to know how to pray in both languages as we were brought up with long prayers at the table which helped to teach the smaller ones how to pray. They soon learn a prayer from the father saying it at every meal. Our little three and four-year-olds can say prayers. I used to do some baby sitting and the children also wanted to say prayers but didn't know any so I taught them a short prayer in English. It made them so happy.

-M. Y., Indiana

My three year old was watching me take out the ashes of the kitchen stove. Seeing a coal that was black yet, she picked it up and gave it to me saying, "Mom, here is one that is not cooked right."

-Mabel Burkholder, Pennsylvania

Following the birth of our fourth child recently, our four-year-old said to me one day, "Mom, we have enough babies now." I asked her why she thinks so, then she remarked, "Da dish iss full now." ("The table is full now.")

-A young mother, Ohio

An Aunt writes, too—

Mother took care of our neighbor's children but I seldom saw them. One day I came home early and made a fuss about how big and different Perry looked. He answered, "That's because I have Richard's shirt on." Richard is his older brother.

-F. H., Indiana



Discouragement  
comes  
when we  
are not  
thankful  
enough.  
Love Betty

Remember -  
Deadline for  
Answers -  
Feb. 29<sup>th</sup>



## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??  
Question:

In our church we set out cookies and pretzels for the children to eat in time of church. And I feel it is not the thing to do. What could we give our children that would make them more restless? Too often the mother lets them eat pretzels then, of course, they will say, "Maem, ich will wasser." (Mother, I want water.)

"No, you cannot have any right now," she answers.

But the child keeps on- "Ich will wasser."

We'd want water, too, if we had eaten pretzels. At last the mother lets the child have water and because he had waited and was so thirsty, he will drink a lot of it. Then they go in again. It isn't long until the child says, "Maem, ich musz naus."

This can't be pushed off too long and so they go in again. While they're in anyway they might as well go by the pretzel dish again. And so it's the same story over again.

Now please know that I am one to keep things as our parents had them. But I know that there were no pretzels in church when I was a child. I think the children would be a lot "braf-er" if they knew there was nothing to be had. The mother could take something along for the smaller ones if they didn't have time to eat that morning. But other than that, I think it were better to have nothing to eat. What do you think?

—A Mother, Holmes Co., Ohio

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### Stylish Maud (answers)

Concerning the woman with the maud who dresses stylish and has her hair waved back. You may have a great influence over this girl. You can admonish when the time is right. But first of all you can pray for her and pray for the right feeling in your heart for her. I have been a hired girl and I know one can be quite confused when young and carefree.

I worked for a woman for 2 years. She was a great help to me. Deep down I was hungry for spiritual food. I am sure she often prayed for me. Now I have a family of my own, but still have a tender feeling in my heart for the young folks. We must pray for the right feeling in our hearts for them.

—A Mother

Dear Concerned,

It is a good thing to be concerned about others that are going astray. If we were to see a great fire and a blind person walking in the direction of the fire, would we stand by and watch him walk right into it or would we try to get him to turn the other way? I think if we don't do any thing about it we are doing ourselves harm also.

In James 4:7 we read, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Hebrews 10:24-25: "And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching."

I think it is in your place, the parents' place, and the ministers' place to teach her.

—Also concerned, Delaware

To Concerned- Is your maud falling away from the church or is she a girl like I had been? I, too, dressed stylish, etc. Why, I don't know for I was taught differently. I did not resent my folks' teachings like I did when other people talked to me about leading a different life, for I felt so many of them had the "I'm a class above you" attitude.

Deep inside I always had the feeling that someday I'd join the Amish church and I did at the age of 19 and with the Lord's help I want to remain steadfast.

My mother once told me she thinks it would be nice if I'd join church at an early age, but not just because she wants me to, for that won't do me any good unless I want to myself.

If your maud knows better then please have patience and pray for her rather than say the wrong thing.

—Mrs. B., Indiana

I never felt it was my duty to tell our hired girl how to dress, but I do not believe it would hurt when talking in conversation to tell her how much easier it is for the Bishop and ministers if we all try to do our duty and stay under church rules. We make a promise when we join church that we all have to take care of.

But let's turn it around. In our church district some of the young mothers dress like stylish girls with fan bobs, bib aprons, and caps barely touching the ears. The dresses, capes and aprons are made out of church ordnung. They have little children-some have as many as 4 or 5 - and no one could tell the difference from them and the world. These young mothers come and ask for mauda. We try to keep our girls in gma ordnung (church regulations). Are we shuldig (responsible) to help them or would they realize more where they stand if they couldn't get help?

—A Mother who feels we should help each other.

Dear Concerned,

Let your conscience be your guide. Fear God instead of man. If you love the girl's soul more than her personal friendship, it may guide you to the right decision. If you have children, consider her influence.

I had a similar experience yet it was opposite in some respects. Our helper dressed in "ordnung" but accepted the way of many present day youth in the pursuit of friends. She walked off angered when I mentioned something of these things to her. (Her parents accepted her walking off.) But what if I had not dared to speak? My conscience feels best having spoken. I remain perhaps unappreciated by her as yet, and what of her parents?

If the girl's parents neglect their daughter consider that she has been with you and likely has grown dear to you—even as if she were yours. Your good example both in spoken form and works may be needed. If she is nice as you stated then surely she has deeper worth than being a good worker worldly-wise.

Maybe this is your golden opportunity to help her to recognize the value and need for wearing sheep's clothing for as you describe her, it seems she may be a confused sheep. Perhaps she sees others who are in ordnung yet practise other evils in spite of the decent dress.

—Sorrowful and concerned.

I am afraid that you should tell your maud about her falling away. Just try one evening when you have a good opportunity to get into a nice conversation and lead it to someone else in the church which has the same trouble and see what answer she gives you. I am afraid too many people in church feel "it is not my business", but it is.

Suppose you were on ice and you would know of one who is in danger of breaking through, would you rather leave him go till he is in the water drowning or would you feel it is your duty to warn him and do what you can? Of course, if he just does not heed your calling there is not much you can do. You could say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" You sure are, if you love your fellowmen here on earth.

Titus H. Nolt, Pa.

Family Life

There is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. It is hard to know just when it is the time to speak. Pray to God for guidance and that He should give you the right words to say.

Example is more powerful than words, often. When she sees how you work against the hochmuth in your children and in your home, and hears you admonish your children, it can do more good than what you realize.

If her parents are against pride then they will be glad if you speak to their daughter, and will not allow their girl to quit her job because of this. Some parents think they don't have much say-so where their girls work, after they're on age. The parents' responsibility does not end when the children reach 21. And the Bible command still stands which says to the children, "Obey your parents." And we can read of "cursed children" too, and these are not the obedient ones.

-- A reader

#### ONLY ONE

Only one life to live here,  
Only one cross to bear,  
Only one Christ to live for  
But many the blessings we share.

Only one gateway to Heaven,  
Only one path leading there,  
Only one Bible to lead us  
But Satan has many a snare.

Only one purpose to live for,  
Only one bright shining goal,  
Only one Saviour to guide us  
But many a wand 'ring soul.

No matter what folks say about us,  
Regardless of all those astray,  
This is the ONLY salvation,  
So come, my dear friends, let us pray.  
Elizabeth Detweiler, North Bloomfield, O.

#### TO RID HOUSE OF BEDBUG

The only certain method is to fumigate the house with hydrocyanic acid gas. This is a very deadly poison and the job must be done very cautiously, especially by those not familiar with the gas.

It has a sweetish odor, and a good breath of it will suffocate. It is very effective, killing the insects even in the deepest cracks and also the "nits." The method is as follows:

Seal the house by pasting gummed paper around window sash and doors. Seal register openings or stove pipe holes if the house is heated thus, by wetting several thicknesses of newspaper and pressing them on the wall about the opening. Thus the paper on the wall will not be marred for the newspaper will readily peel off when dry without tearing or marking the wall paper.

Wet newspaper may also be used instead of the gummed paper around doors and windows. Provide several two gallon stone crocks, the number depending on the size of the house. A six room house with three rooms upstairs and three down with basement would need five or six crocks for containing the solution in sufficient distribution about the house.

As the gas is lighter than air, one should begin setting the solution on the top floor. The fumes are made by dropping sodium cyanid into sulfuric acid and water. It

#### ?????? WASHDAY SLANDERING ??????

I wonder if our washday Monday isn't being slandered too much? So many times the expression, "Oh, I hate Mondays," or "Tomorrow-that hateful washday!" I also know what a drag race some run with their neighbors in order to be the first to have the wash on the line. Some go as far as to put their water on Sunday night before going to bed, so they can heat the water quicker and wash before breakfast. "And what God made He called good."

- Michingan

*Deadline For Answers*

*February 29<sup>th</sup>*

#### RAINDROPS

Raindrops, raindrops, on my window  
And the sky looks, oh, so sad;  
Wonder if my Lord is weeping  
O'er a world that's gone quite mad.

Teardrops, teardrops, start your rolling  
From the church's blinded eyes;  
Prepare men for the Lord's controlling,  
Wash them clean, and make them wise.

Blooddrops, blood drops, freely flowing  
From the blessed Saviour's side,  
From the cross the pathway showing—  
The pathway of the crucified.

Raindrops, teardrops, blood drops flowing,  
Sinner can't you hear the call?  
The blood of Christ can wash you now  
If humbly on your knees you fall.

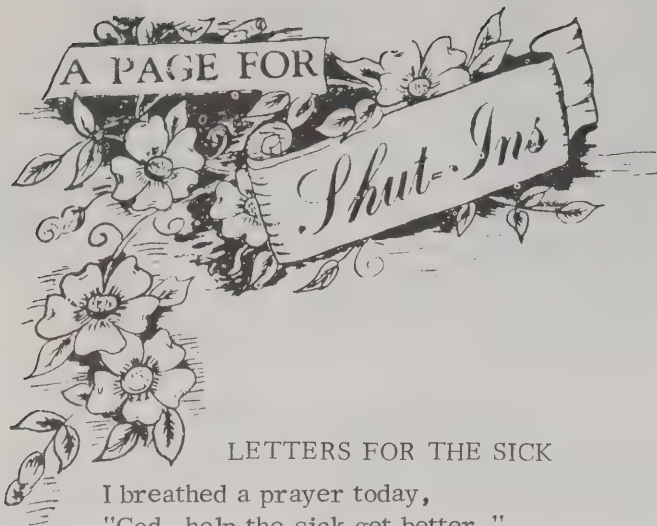
Clara J. Yoder, Virginia

takes 1 ounce of cyanid, one-and-one-half ounce of fluid sulfuric acid and two fluid ounces of water per every one hundred cubic feet of house space.

So having found the cubic feet of each floor of the house, calculate the amount of material you will need. Break up the cyanid if it is quite lumpy by pounding with a mallot. Wash off any that gets on your hands. Set the crocks on several thicknesses of newspaper (two crocks per floor for house of size mentioned) so that if any of the sulfuric acid should spatter out it would not eat the floor. Pour in the water, proportioning the amount to the different crocks, then slowly pour in the sulfuric acid. Have the cyanid tied in paper sacks and attach to strings run over something so as to suspend the bag lightly above the crock. The string should be long enough to reach to the door through which you plan to leave the house.

When all is ready loosen the strings to set the bags into the acid. You should start on the top floor and end with the cellar. Close and seal the door through which you leave the house and leave the building for at least twenty-four hours.

Next morning open doors and leave them open a few hours before you enter to open windows. Let the house thoroughly air out for several hours before moving in. This gas is "very poisonous."



#### LETTERS FOR THE SICK

I breathed a prayer today,  
"God, help the sick get better,"  
Now shall I write some cheerful words  
And put them in a letter?

Oh, how many there would be  
That I would have to send!  
There are so many sick—  
Too many to comprehend.

Granddaddys have the rhuematism  
With lots of pain to bear;  
Grandmothers are weak and wrinkled  
From many a toil and care.

There are so many cripples  
Who in their wheelchairs sit  
They would be glad to walk again  
If you'd, O Lord, permit.

The sick they are, O Lord,  
All in thy constant care;  
But help the well in giving—  
The sick some happiness share.

I know, too, that the weak  
Can grow again much stronger,  
And that the well can die—  
Who is to live the longer?

These are the cheerful words  
The Lord wants me to write,  
"There's a better home a-waiting;"  
This makes their journey light.

— Mrs. Israel Martin  
New Holland, Pa.

#### A shutin writes—

Last time I made mention of having two bird feeders up. And did I get birds to come? Yes, indeed! Large flocks of them and the second 50 lb. of bird seed is fast fading away. I got my sister to hang out yet another plastic bleach jug that I had fashioned for a feeder. I asked to have some seed scattered on the ice covered snow also. Ever since then, whenever it's cold and the ground covered with snow, birds come winging in at dawn and are my constant and amusing companions. The feeder just outside my window is all of 30 inches long and that's often crowded by feeding birds and the top of the hopper also. It's a wonder I've been getting any work done.

There are quite a few cardinals and blue jays, and lots and lots of juncos. I always think of these as gray coated

Quaker ladies. They mind their own business and say little. The tufted titmice prefer the sunflower seed. They pick up a seed and tuck it between their toes. Then they hammer away with their beak. The chickadees, downy woodpeckers and nuthatches stay close to the suet on another tree.

The best picture of all was one frosty morning. The tree in back of the house was heavily coated with frost. Then the sun came out. Quite a few cardinals and blue jays were sitting on this tree all facing the rising sun—and myself. That was one morning when my work took second place. Have you had birds come to your feeder?"

From a shutin circle letter comes: "Now we are stepping into a clean New Year given to us by God. A person has to wonder what will it hold but is it not good we know it not? As I look back over the past and the happenings of each year I have to feel if I could have known what each holds I would have weakened and said I am not able to endure. But if we live day by day leaning hard upon our Father those trials come and go. What have they left us? I sincerely hope a better understanding of the love of God.

#### HANDICAP CATALOG

We received some response to our catalog for the handicapped, but we would like to hear from more of you who sell things to earn an income. Send in your name and address, directions to your home, the reason of your handicap and the price and description of your product.

#### TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE

Some murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue  
And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light --  
One ray of God's good mercy gilds  
The darkness of their night.

In places are hearts that ask  
In discontent and pride,  
"Why life is such a dreary task  
And all good things denied?"  
While hearts in poorest huts admire  
How love is e'er their aid  
With diligence that does not tire  
Such rich provisions made.

Author Unknown

#### HOME REMEDIES and suggestions—

Some doctors ask their patients to apply powdered sugar to open sores from varicose veins. These are supposed to be healed before an operation.

For ingrown toenails: First wash your feet with soap and water. Trim the toenails down. Put peroxide on until clean when it does not bubble anymore. If there is any proud flesh, put powdered alum on it. Bathe the foot every day and soak it in as hot water as you can stand it for several minutes then plunge into cold water.

For a good cough medicine take equal parts of lemon juice, castor oil, and honey and mix together. Take like any other cough medicine when necessary.



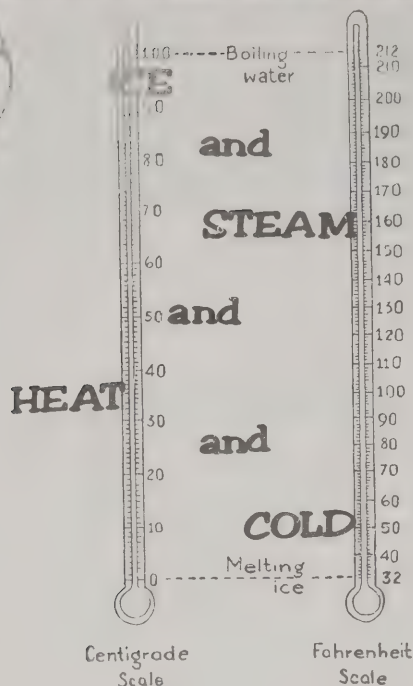
## MIDWINTER

Midwinter seems a dreary time... When holidays are spent... And sometimes we are given to... Be downright discontent... We do not like the gloomy sky... The snow and ice and sleet... The barren trees, the frozen ground... That lies beneath our feet... But every year is just so long... And every season, too... And always it requires time... To make our dreams come true... As surely as each dawn appears... To end another night... So there will be another spring... With hope and beauty bright... Midwinter can be beautiful... It makes some people glad... And as for those who like it or not... Well, it is just too bad... The winter is a fairy dream... With castles and the likes... And God takes care of animals... And trees with silver spikes.....

-By a friend

Picture drawn by Ruth Auker, Ephrata, Pennsylvania.  
Would the reader who wrote the above poem, please  
send us his name and address. Thank you.

# THE WORLD AROUND US



During the past 150 years scientists have learned much about matter and heat and energy. They have "harnessed" the atom and can explain how many "laws of nature" work.

Although they have learned how these laws work, they do not know why they work. No set of rules can ever be formulated which will explain why the things of nature act as they do. About the time they think they have a theory which will "hold water" something comes along to knock it end ways, proving that they do not understand the basic fundamentals of the Creation.

Everyone knew, for instance, until a few years ago that cold water freezes quicker than hot water. But it so happened that in Africa, the "dark continent," a man by the name of Erasto Mpemba was making ice cream everyday. Since common sense told him that cold liquid freezes

quicker than hot, he always cooled his mix to room temperatures before putting it into the freezer. One day he was hopelessly behind time so instead of cooling the mixture he shoved it into the freezer hot. To his surprise, it was frozen in less time than on other days.

Erasto didn't believe this had actually happened but out of curiosity, he tried it again with the same results. After this, he always put it in hot.

Some time later a college professor learned of the occurrence and reported it to a British scientific journal. Of course everyone laughed and a few scientists even considered it worthwhile to disprove this story. But in the end they had to admit that it was true.

Further research brought out the fact that for minimum freezing time, the ice cream mix should be put into the freezer at 150 degrees. About this time, it was also discovered in Canada that skating rinks freeze faster if flooded with hot water.

This was about two years ago and needless to say, scientists the world over were very much embarrassed by this freak law of nature. But someone, in digging through some old writings of a man named Francis Bacon, who lived 300 years ago found the following statement, "Water slightly warm is more easily frozen than quite cold."

To this day, scientists can not offer an explanation why

Scientists now know that it is impossible to create or destroy matter. All we can do is change its form. If we boil 50 lbs. of water until none is left, there will be 50 lbs. less water but there will be 50 lbs. more vapors in the air. When we plant a tree, it takes nutrients from the soil and converts them into wood and leaves and bark.

Scientists say that heat and energy is interchangeable and that there can be no energy without an exchange of heat. When we operate a gasoline engine, it gets its energy from the heat of the explosion which is produced in the cylinder. When you walk or move your arm, you are burning up heat energy which you derive from the foods you eat. Hurricanes and tornadoes, which are the most powerful forces of nature, are caused by uneven heating of the earth's surface by the sun.

The first instrument to measure heat was invented in 1714 by a German scientist named Fahrenheit. It was a crude affair. He used the temperature of the human body to represent 100 on his scale, and for zero he used the lowest temperature which could be obtained by mixing salt and ice. This scale has since been slightly revised. Later the centigrade thermometer came into use using the freezing point of water as zero and the boiling point as 100. This is really a more practical scale but is little used in North America.

Since that time, scientists have been able to produce extreme cold and have discovered that absolute zero is 459 degrees below zero fahrenheit. This is the point at which it is impossible to make any substance colder.

Some materials can absorb and hold more heat than others. Water holds about 5 times as much heat as soil which is the reason why lakes or bodies of water are slower to warm up in the spring and slower to cool off in the fall than the surrounding land. Steam carries about ten times as much heat as water which explains why it is always more serious to be scalded by steam than by boiling water, even if it is no hotter.

All solids and nearly all liquids expand as they are heated. Thus a barbed wire fence is not as tight during the summer as it is in winter because of the difference in temperature. Railroad irons are laid with a space between

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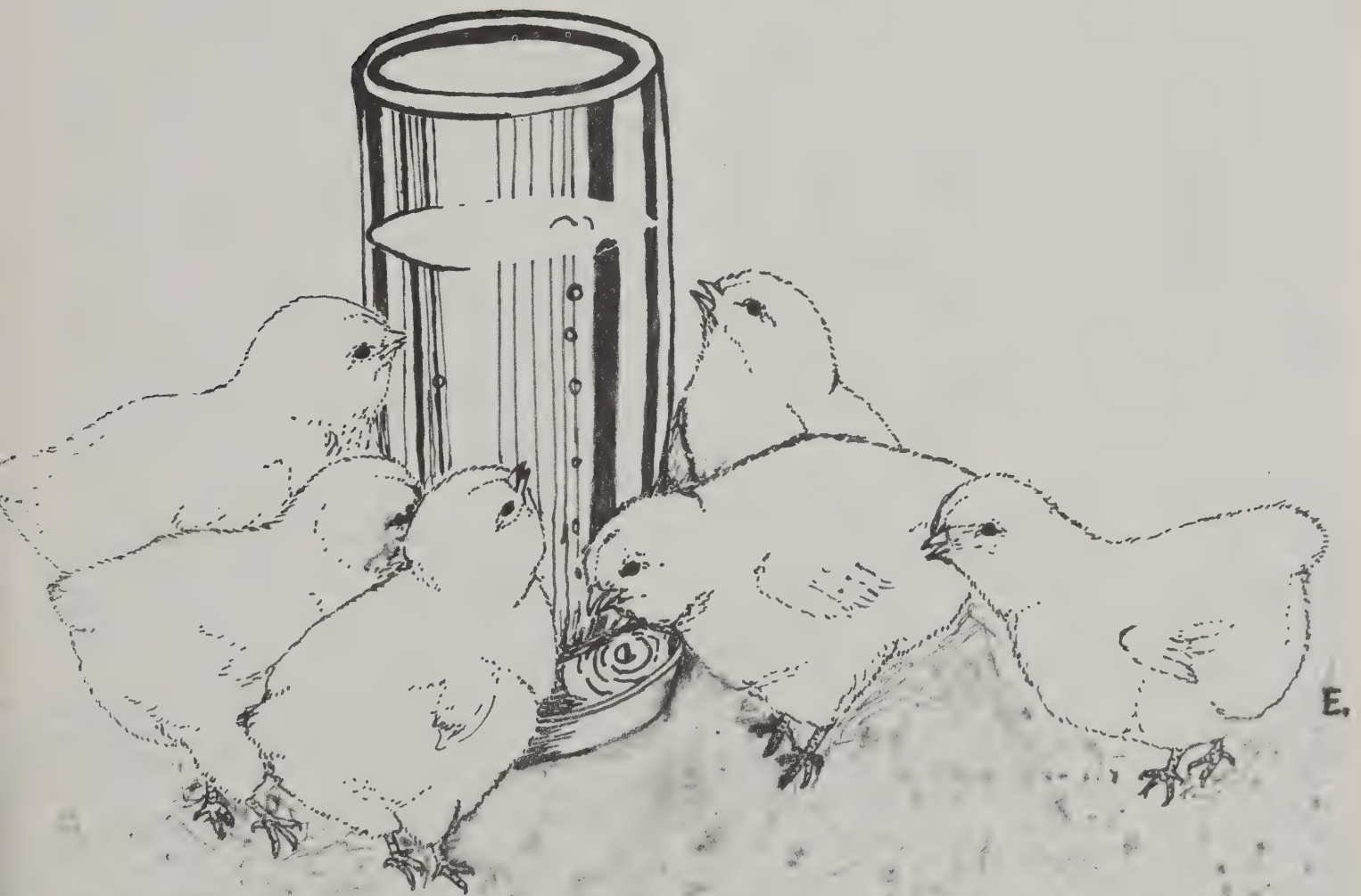
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# FAMILY LIFE

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MARCH

1972



# letters to the editors

## LOTS OF NICE PLACES TO WORK

I wonder how many girls could tell of similar experiences as the girl in "A Nice Place To Work" (January Issue)? The mothers who read this will probably say, "Surely that couldn't have been my daughter!" But how do you know? I had an experience, too and I never said a word to my mother or to anyone else except later to my husband. I assume there are many other girls like this, too.

The man I worked for hinted at different times about me becoming his wife since his first wife had died and he would see nothing wrong with taking an interest in the hired girl. Once on the way home he parked the car but he didn't insist and he wasn't drunk. The danger didn't look so great to me then as it does now and I shudder to think what might have happened if a Higher Power had not helped me.

If many mothers would know the truth, I think they would lay awake nights and lose no time in finding a different place for their daughter to work. I know my mother would have.

-A Concerned Mother.

I had a similar experience but it wasn't while working in town. I was working for man who was a member of a church that is still considered a plain church.

My mother always said she'd want me to work for our own people as there are so few girls around to help. But later the time came that my dad was sick and couldn't work so I was sent to a factory to work. I learned to know a lot of people it would have been better not to and I got so used to their language and way of dress until I finally thought it didn't matter. But now I feel I couldn't stand it to see and hear those things. Now we have a family and I hope we can bring up our children to be loving, kind, and sincere Christians who love God and want to do what is right. I think it is the best to keep them with our own people but even then we must ask God for guidance when they go away to work.

-Pennsylvania.

The story brought back some bitter memories of a place I used to work. Only I didn't go there because I wanted to, but because we needed the money. This man made a pass toward me but he wasn't drunk and his wife was at home at the time. I was too shocked to scream. I was there only one more day but it was the longest day I ever spent in all my babysitting days. When he took me home he apologized to me but I didn't go back for I couldn't trust him that he wouldn't try it again.

This was a warning to me not to let our daughters go to work at such places. Our children's lives are much more important to us than a big pocketbook. There are always enough of our own people who need help that we don't need to send them to town and there are always Amish homes where a babysitter is needed.

-Indiana

I hope the story will be a warning to parents and their daughters. I could hardly believe what I heard just recently about even ministers' wives working in homes in town. We have some little girls, and I hope and pray this will change before they grow up so they don't have to come to me and say, "But Mother, if ministers' wives work there, why can't we?"

-A Pennsylvania Mother.

I had two experiences which still make me shudder to

think of it. I quit both places after they tried something like that. Of course I worked in many other places where they used me all right. Just the same, I don't want my own little daughters to work in places like that when they grow up, for I know it wasn't good for me.

-Indiana.

Yes, I think it is good to warn girls and their parents of the dangers of the evils of lust and adultery. But please, please don't tell them that such things can only happen when the girls work in town.

-Name Withheld.

I was asked to help out at a place where the lady was sick in bed. My parents knew these people and they were not English people. It was a nice place to work, but the man had a great weakness for fooling around with the hired girl. Not that he didn't like his wife for I think he did like her as much as any man does.

At noon while I washed the dishes, he stood beside me and he started with a little tickle. I was at a loss to know what to do or say so I didn't do or say anything. I think a good slap would have settled it but I didn't have the nerve for that. Or I could have warned him that I would tell his wife if he didn't quit and then keep my promise.

-Pennsylvania.

It was a good story. I feel it is not only the parents' duty but also the church as well to see that the girls do not work at such places.

-Ohio

I was only 15-years old when I learned that it can be dangerous at home, too. I never did tell anybody except my mother so I will write it down here, hoping it may be a warning for other young girls.

My mother and I lived alone on a farm as my father had died some time before. It was a nice day in summer, we had our dinner and I made a few loaves of bread that were about ready for the oven. Mother was tired and went to take a nap and told me to watch the bread. When I had the bread in the oven, I decided to go out and mow the lawn. I could hear my mother was sound asleep when I went out.

I was busy mowing the grass when a model T Ford stopped out on the road and a man got out. "Just another salesman," I said to myself. I wasn't afraid of strangers, and this man looked to be 25 or 30.

My mother had warned me about salesmen, but I had never taken it seriously. I went ahead mowing as if I hadn't seen him. He walked over to me and asked, "Where is your dad?"

I told him I didn't have a father as he had died. Then he asked, "Where is your mother?"

I saw it was a newspaper salesman and I didn't want to waken mother so I decided to handle it myself. So I asked him what it was he wanted. He stood there and wanted to visit with me, "Isn't that pretty hard work for a little girl like you to be pushing a big lawn mower like that?" (That was in the days before the power lawn mowers).

Then he stood beside me and showed me how he is working for points and how he is learning to be a doctor,

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"And who knows, maybe I will be your doctor some day."

I waited till he was through talking and then I said, "No, we just aren't interested in any papers. We already have more than we can read." "Well, that's all right" he said, "I just wanted to show you what I have and I thank you for your time."

Then he looked at me and said, "You know, I think you have the loveliest face and such nice brown eyes and oh, such pretty hair. Could I come and see you sometime?"

I looked down for I certainly hadn't expected anything like that. "No," I said, "you had better not."

Before I knew what was happening he had his arms around me, just underneath my arms. I was stunned and a cold shiver went down my spine. "Oh, come, now," he said, "you'll let me see you, won't you? You are such a pretty girl."

He tightened his arms around me and the only thing I could think of was how to get away from him real quick. I didn't struggle but I said the first thing that came in my mind, "Oh, I've got something on the stove and I've got to look after it right away. I'm afraid it's boiling over and that's a mess on the stove."

I made a move to go and he loosened his grip on me and I hurried toward the house. He followed me muttering "Good cook."

By this time my heart was jumping against my neck and I ran into the house, grabbed a chair and tipped the back of it under the door knob, for there was no lock on the door. Then my legs began to tremble, and when I looked out the window, he wasn't there any more.

By this time Mother came out of the bedroom, saying, "Why, what's the matter?"

Mother was very upset when I told her and it was only then that I realized I had been in real danger. I also realized the bread was in the oven, not on the top of the stove. After this we had our doors fitted with locks for I had learned a lesson.

— Iowa

## HIRED BOYS AND GIRLS

Many articles have been written in *Family Life* about the hired girl and how many of the girls like to work in factories, etc. I think we need some stories about the boys not wanting to work on the farm because they get a lot more money while going carpentering or doing factory work. I know of people who need a hired boy but can't get one because they are working at big money places. No wonder our children don't want to work on the farm no more after they get used to handling the modern equipment. Does anyone think that the big pay checks will take us to Heaven?

— A Mother who would like to keep her boys on the farm

I like the hired girl stories for I also used to work out. Now since I'm married I see there is a big difference in hired girls. Some of them give the children extra time, while others would sooner read a story book as soon as they think they are done.

— Pennsylvania

## CHEAP SHIRTS, THE DOWNFALL OF THE CHURCH

"Cheap Shirts and Shallow Reasoning" was a very timely article. (Jan. issue). On the surface it might look reasonable to buy the used clothing out of the Goodwill stores. But it goes deeper than that. Of course the pockets can be taken off the shirts but the marks are still there. I wonder if that isn't where some of the strange styles come from, clothing that was bought just because it was cheap.

It is true that you can buy many useful articles at times, such as chairs, kettles, glassware, etc., which isn't against the *ordnung* of the church. But I do not believe anyone gets a blessing out of buying the *out-of-ordnung* clothes.

— Ohio

There were a few statements in that story which made me wonder. If the *ordnung* was against bought shirts in March, 1972

Kauffman's church, then Mrs. Kauffman should have not put up any argument. But I think her husband was just as much in the wrong in making such statements as "You can't figure your time anything," and "I'd have to feed you anyhow. How would that look if I let you starve?"

Any mother that's busy knows her time is of value. How much nicer would it have been if he would have said, "Yes, I know you are busy and as a mother, have many things to do. But if you make my shirts, it is much more rewarding, because you are doing it according to the church rules."

I think the burden would have been twice as light for Mrs. Kauffman.

— Mrs. R. J. Y., Applecreek, Ohio

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Maybe Mr. Kauffman did explain it to his wife, after he read the explanation in *Family Life*.

After reading the article on cheap shirts, I thought I should write. We have a number of shops and missions around us where plain people shop and it seems to be the downfall of our plain church. Many come home with worldly clothes, (of course they intend to change them) because they were cheap and do not consider what it will lead to. It hurts me to see plain church people dress their children in bright colored clothes, even red pants, knitted shirts, bought dresses, etc. just because they were given by worldly friends or bought cheap. How can we be non-conformed to the world if we wilfully accept their left-overs. And how will girls ever learn to sew if mothers depend on such clothing? Maybe if all the husbands were as concerned about what kind of clothing their wives buy as Mr. Kauffman was, things would be different. It makes me shudder to think that these children are supposed to be the church of tomorrow.

—A Pennsylvania Mother.

## HELP FOR THE PREACHER

After reading "The Lot Of The Preacher's Wife," (January issue) it set me to thinking. I have heard many preachers in my day and each one has his own individuality. If they have a true and loving wife, it is an enormous help to them. God chooses ministers to lead His flock and has also set guidelines as to how His flock should be fed. If each one of the rest of us stays in our place then the minister's lot should not be so unpleasant. But when a member gets out of line and the matter is not attended to, soon more can come out of line and it may cause much harm. We are not here to stay but we should not think we will just do what we have to and let the next generation look out for themselves. Joseph was one of the younger sons of Jacob, but even in his young days he informed his father of his brothers' transgressions even if he had to suffer for it.

The ministers and each of the members has his cross to bear and we may think at times that another's cross is not so unpleasant as ours but if we were to trade, we might soon want to trade back.

—A Reader, Newton, Ontario.

## NOT KEPT IN BY THE FENCE

This comment may be late but I will send it in. I thought the parable of the "Sheep and The Shepherd" in the September issue was good. I saw and experienced a lot of these very things in my lifetime. I always thought when I join the sheepfold, I do not want to make the shepherds any trouble. But I am just a weak mortal and in looking back, I feel that I should have done better. The parable made me want to stay further away from the fence and to stay with the herd.

When I joined the sheepfold there were things outside the fence which I would have liked to have very much. But as years went by, and I got older, I was glad that I did not succeed in getting those things. Now I am not kept in by the fence any more but by faith. I am free from the fence (the law) but I feel very thankful toward my forefathers that the fence was there.

I feel for beginners, for minors and for the weak, it is good to have a fence or a mark that can easily be seen. I feel I ought to help to keep it there for the oncoming generation. There is no greater love than he who leaves his life for his friends.

-B.H., Pennsylvania.

#### THE DAY OF REST

Concerning the article, "Sabbath or Sunday" (January issue.), my opinion is that the seventh day was observed as a day of rest already before the flood. The first mention of the Sabbath is in Ex. 16:23, and this was before the giving of the law on Mt. Sinai. There are also writings which state that many people before the Great Flood refused to observe the seventh day of rest. Of course I agree that all the Jewish ordinances as well as the Sabbath were nailed to the cross with the crucifixion of Christ.

-H., Milverton, Ontario

Did the article mean to infer that Sunday need not be observed as a day of rest, and that it is all right to work on that day?

-A.W., Ontario

ANSWER: We do not believe the author intended to give that meaning. We believe that under the New Testament, the first day of the week, or the Lord's day is to be observed as a day of worship and rest.

#### TIME TO SETTLE UP

Sometime ago there was an article in *Family Life* which was especially needed. It was about settling down without settling up (October issue). I am afraid there are a lot of our people who just settle down. When I hear married men getting together and telling disrespectful stories and dirty jokes, (the dirtier the better) then I know that something is wrong. They might think it doesn't hurt to have a little fun, and I agree but if it's not clean fun, then it's from the devil. The Bible plainly tells us we can not serve two masters.

-Mrs. J.F., Ronks, Pa.

#### THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

I was glad for the article, "Could this have been You?" in the January issue. Do we celebrate Christmas because of Christ's birthday or are we doing it to have a good time? Why not give our presents to the poor, the lame or the blind for this would bring us more real happiness. In Luke 14 it tells us that when we make a dinner, we should not invite our friends who are rich and can return the favor, but we should invite the poor.

-A.M. Ind.

During the Christmas season, I found myself wrapping gifts with Santa Claus paper. If we as Amish don't believe in Santa Claus and teach our children otherwise, then why do we wrap gifts which are to be given in a Christ-like spirit, in Santa Claus paper. We ought to stop and think about some of these small things occasionally.

-Kinzers, Pa.

#### THE RETARDED BROTHER

The poem, "My Brother Was Retarded" (Jan. issue) touched a much needed subject. Not only was it a comfort to those who do their duty in caring for a retarded child but I hope it will also help others to realize that these jewels have a purpose on earth.

When God puts one of these into a family there are heartaches, but the most grievous is when brethren and sisters in the same faith have the attitude that retarded children are a judgement on those who get them. Perhaps they, too will have this show up sometime in their own relatives. The retarded have a home promised them in Heaven.

-Sister of one.

#### ASPIRIN MAY BE DANGEROUS

We find the items in *World Wide Window* interesting. In the January issue you had an item about aspirins. My husband was hospitalized several months ago with intestinal bleeding caused by aspirins. He had taken only six in a day. But he is recovering now.

-Ontario

#### BE SURE IT'S OUT

There should have been one more precaution in the article "Watch That Oil Stove" (January issue). In our community, we have had two explosions from one burner oil stoves while being refilled after burning out. Always make sure there is no spark remaining before refilling.

-E.T., Deleware.

Editor's note: I wonder if you might be referring to gasoline pressure stoves? These are especially dangerous on refilling.

#### NOT QUITE NINETY

We like the *Family Life* and read it through every time. We are one of the Mennonite ministers who believe in the old time gospel. My wife is 83 and I am 89, in good health. God has been real good to us. We go to church every Sunday. We are waiting till Jesus comes.

-Joseph and Mary Martin, Conestoga, Pa.

#### IF MAN CONTROLLED THE RAIN

The man would sigh, and he complained,  
It seemed that it just never rained.

If he had matters in his hands  
He's sure there'd be no thirsty lands.  
If he could make it rain at will  
And when it stormed could make it still  
Then all the world would be content  
And all his days in peace be spent.  
He'd make it rain when work was done  
And when it pleased him he'd have sun.  
He had not thought of other men  
Nor if they wanted rain right then.

Just stop and think how this would be  
If rain were ruled by you or me.  
You must work out again you say,  
You want another sunny day.  
But someone wants a rainy spell;  
They need more water in the well.  
You'd make it rain to keep the peace  
But wait, it's not done with such ease  
For someone else has come to call,  
"This must be stopped- this big rainfall.  
We need more sun, at least a week,  
We've found our roof has got a leak."

You try to please each one in turn.  
This is impossible you learn  
For some want rain- they need the rest  
And for the hay this would be best;  
While others cry for sunny days,  
They need them in so many ways;  
To have a picnic, take a dip;  
They want good weather for there trip.  
So if this job were yours or mine  
And we could make it rain or shine,  
I have no doubt but ours would be  
A life of untold misery.  
But this I say- may it console-  
You need not fear... God has control.

# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## A GOOD NAME RATHER THAN RICHES

Our old driving horse was stiff and lame so I decided to buy another one. I heard that Sam Yoder, who lived on the other side of town, had one for sale. The next morning I went to see him, and Sam took me into the horse stable and showed me the horse. I looked him over and said, "You hitch him up and we'll go for a drive."

"Sure," said Sam. So we hitched him up and started out the lane.

"What's the price?" I asked.

"He's not expensive," Sam replied, "I guess I'd sell him for \$100.00."

I could hardly believe my ears. "That's pretty cheap," I told him.

"Oh, well, but he shies from trucks a little, but nothing serious."

We drove back to the barn and unhitched and then Sam surprised me again. "You can take him and try him," he said, "and if he doesn't suit you, you can bring him back."

"I'll take him once," I said, "but I can give you some money now."

"No, I want you to try him first."

I thought he was trusting me pretty far and was being honest, too. After I had the horse a few days I decided he wasn't exactly what I was looking for so I took him back again.

Sometime later I found out that Dan Troyer had a horse for sale so I went to see him. He was doing the morning chores so I said, "Have you sold the horse already?"

"No," Dan said, "he's back in the barn."

It was a real nice looking horse and young, so I asked him the price.

"Three hundred and twenty five dollars," he an-

swered.

"May I take her home a week on trial?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know about that. If you take her home and don't like her, then I might have a hard time selling her again. Besides, she might get hurt or you might bring her back in poor condition."

I didn't say anything but he agreed to hitch her up and give me a ride. As we went down the road, I asked, "How is she about traffic, is she afraid of trucks?"

"Oh, she sees them a little, but nothing serious," he answered.

I needed a driver and I liked the looks of this one so I bought her. I gave Dan a check and took the horse home.

I hitched her up a few times and she seemed to be all right. The next week, I hitched her up and my wife and I went to town. After a few miles, we met a school bus. The mare jumped into the ditch and upset the buggy. We weren't hurt but the shafts and the harness were broke.

This was more than I could understand as Dan had told me she doesn't act too bad. My thoughts went back to Sam Yoder. He had wanted me to know what kind of horse I was getting and he wanted me to be satisfied. But apparently Dan was interested mostly in making money.

-Ontario

## BEWARE OF SHOVELLING SNOW

All night the wind had howled around the corners of the house. The next morning when I looked out across the yard I saw a big snow bank across the walks that lead to the barn. After rousing the children and telling them it was time to get ready to chore, I went outside, got a scoop shovel and started shovelling.

The snow was white and fluffy. I wished I had a bigger shovel so that it would not take me so long. I hoped to have the path open before the boys came out to chore.

When I was about half ways done, I straightened up and a pain shot through my back. It was so severe that I almost fell down in the snow. Slowly I hobbled back to the house, laid down on the couch and when my wife asked me what was wrong, I mumbled, "I guess it's lumbago again."

I didn't do much for several days so I had time to do some reading and some thinking. Then I became aware that shovelling snow is a dangerous occupation. Snow is so light, so white, so harmless that it catches many people off their guard. I learned that among elderly people who die of heart attacks, many of the attacks are brought on by shovelling snow. I also learned that doctors take special care to warn heart patients not to shovel snow.

I had to stop and think, isn't that exactly how little sins or "untugende" are in our lives? They appear so small, so light, so harmless, but if we indulge in them and are not constantly on guard, they can kill our spiritual life.

I had to think of the admonition in "Rules Of A Godly Life," Part One, No. 11, "Never consider any sin as small or of no account because every sin, though it seem ever so small is a transgression against God. A small sin that is loved and nurtured can condemn a man as well as a gross sin. A small leak, if not repaired, can sink a ship in time;... Make a habit of overcoming every small temptation and then you can be master over great ones, too."

The lesson I took out of the shovelling snow incident was that, although, the snow has to be shovelled, we should realize it is not as light and innocent as it looks. Likewise the little sins in our lives are not as lightly overcome as we are apt to think. If we attempt to subdue them in our own strength, we may not succeed. We should not consider them lightly but accept them for

## TO DAD

Dad, if you would know real peace and joy  
In this old world of woe,  
Be a real father and pal to your boy,  
It will pay you more than you know.

But first of all you must know the One  
Who gave His life for you  
In order that you may teach your son  
Of the Saviour's love so true.

Just think of the thrill that you can know  
When a tiny hand you hold  
As you tell the lad who trusts you so,  
The sweetest story ever told.

And as he grows from year to year  
And learns of right and wrong,  
To you each day he'll be more dear  
As he grows spiritually strong.

And once old age upon you comes  
You'll find your heart with joy  
To see your greatest work is done--  
A man made from your boy.

what they are, transgressions against God.

-Ontario

## THE PURE ART OF UNSELFISHNESS

Since we were in the area we decided to cross over into Old Mexico. The change from prosperity to poverty was rather sudden as we crossed the border.

We spent the forenoon visiting stores and just walking around. I decided to wait in the car, and as I waited I watched the people as they passed.

On the other side of the street was a blind beggar and he had with him a little boy. The boy was perhaps 3 years old, very dirty and appeared to be rather bashful.

We had bought some candy of a kind something like the taffy we used to make out of maple syrup. They were good sized pieces. I decided to give the little boy a piece of the candy. He took it and dropped his head as if in

shame. I had expected to see him eat it right away but as I watched from the car I saw something which I will never forget.

After the boy took the candy, instead of eating it, he handed it to the blind man. The man felt it, and broke it in two, giving one piece back to the boy. The man soon had his eaten but the boy ate very slowly as if wanting to save his. But then he saw the blind man's candy was gone so he handed his piece what was left to the man. The man again took it and broke it into two pieces and handed the one piece back to the boy. So the man ended up having more candy than the boy. Although the boy could have easily eaten all of the candy without the blind man knowing anything about it, yet he shared with him more than half.

I sat there in amazement for I had never seen such complete unselfishness before. I had to wonder, is there a child so small in all of our big prosperous America that would do what this poor beggar boy had done?

-Mrs. S.H., Arizona.

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## Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## THE WRONG KIND OF LOVE

It was a cold rainy day in March that Roman Troyer happened to glance out the window and notice his neighbor, Delbert Yoder, coming up the front walk toward the house.

Roman turned quickly to his wife, who was sitting at the sewing machine. "Delbert's coming."

"Hmmm," his wife mused. "I wonder what he wants on a wet day like this. And I wonder if he heard that..."

Delbert rapped on the front door.

"Come on in," Roman called out.

Delbert entered. "Good afternoon." He took the chair Roman offered him and sat down. "I'm going around to a few of the neighbors taking orders for clover and alfalfa seed. The mill lets us have it a lot cheaper in a larger order, so I figured we might as well pool our orders and get the price break."

"Sure," said Roman. "That's a good idea. I'll be needing quite a bit this year, too. Let me see, there's the ten acre field on the east side of the lane and then..." The men did their business and then talked farmer's talk for a while—how pigs were a better price now, but feed was expensive, too, and things like that.

It was time for Delbert to move on, but there was one more thing he wanted to ask while he was there anyhow. He shifted on his chair and cleared his throat as if he didn't know how to begin. "Ah, er, ah, I-I was wondering if it's true that your Andy has a car now?"

Roman's face saddened. He sighed. "I'm afraid it's true," he said heavily.

His wife busied herself with her sewing.

"It just seems we can't tell him anything," Roman said. "We've talked and talked. But maybe in time he will be able to see his mistake. Seems he was always such an obedient boy until about a year or so ago when he turned 18. Just wants to have his own way now and be his own boss."

"Where's he planning to stay?" Delbert asked sym-

pathetically.

Roman looked up, as if surprised at the question. "Stay? As far as I know, he'll be here at home."

There was a long silence in which no one spoke.

"I certainly feel for you," Delbert said at last, his voice kind. "And I realize that it must be hard to know what is best to do. But aren't you afraid that Andy won't be a good influence on the other boys if he is right here at home with his car?"

"The other boys know that we don't want Andy to have that car," Roman said. "They know that he has it against our will. And Andy knows it, too. I guess that's about all we can do. We can't force him to put it away, can we?"

"No," said Delbert slowly. "You can't force him to change. All I was wondering about was whether it was the best to have him staying at home here. Isn't Melvin 17 and Levi almost 16—both of them just at the age when..."

"I know," Roman said soberly. "It's not the best, but what can we do? It wouldn't be right to chase Andy away from home, either."

"No, not to chase him away," Delbert said. "But surely you have the right to say under what conditions he can stay at home. I don't think you would be chasing him away if you took the stand that the only way he can be at home is if he doesn't have a car."

"But what if he didn't put it away?"

"That would be his choice. Then he would know that he chose to have his car rather than his home. Surely as the head of the home, you have the right to state under what conditions he can stay at home."

Roman's wife had been listening to the conversation, and now she could keep silent no longer. "But do you know where Andy would be staying if he couldn't stay at home?" she asked, her voice filled with emotion. "He would be with that gang in town, and you know what those boys are like. Hard telling what he would be into. At least as long as he's at home, we can talk to him and keep trying to get him to see his mistake."

Delbert didn't answer. He sensed that he needed to be very careful what he said, for it was plain to see that the question was charged with emotions and feelings that were hard to reason with.

His silence seemed to bother Roman's wife almost as much as his words had. "I'm not sticking up for Andy just because he's my boy," she said quickly. "But you have to consider that in many ways he still listens real well. I think we should pray for him and show him love, and try to nourish that little bit of good back to life, instead of stamping it out and driving him farther away. Delbert, I know you mean it well, and there are no hard feelings on my side, but you will have to remember that you are just young yet. Wait until your children are

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grown. I think you will learn a lot yet. Parents just get such a feeling and love for their children that they can't ever give up. I feel it is our duty to keep on loving Andy and not chase him away."

Delbert didn't say anything. He decided to change the subject and talk about something else. It was true that he was young, and he undoubtedly had much to learn. But some of the things Roman's wife had said just didn't add up to Delbert's way of thinking. He would have to learn (or was forget a better word?) quite a bit before he could see things that way.

Roman Troyer and his wife, had indeed been faced with a hard decision. They had been in a difficult position, and were often puzzled in knowing how it would be best to cope with their disobedient son. But they had finally decided they would let Andy stay at home with his car. As their conversation with Delbert showed, they based their decision on the following reasons: 1. Andy was too old to be forced to obey. 2. Andy still had some good in him. 3. It was better for Andy to be at home than in town. 4. Andy needed time to see his mistake. 5. They loved Andy too much to chase him away.

Five reasons. Are they good reasons? Did Roman and his wife make the right decision or the wrong decision? The question is important, since other situations come up which are similar to the one Roman and his wife faced. For examples, situations with disobedient people arise in church as well as in homes, and must be dealt with by those in authority. So let's take a closer look at the five reasons Roman and his wife gave for their decision.

**1. Andy was too old to be forced.** It was true enough, Andy was too old to be forced. At 19 he was responsible for his own actions, and could not be forced to do something against his will. But if Andy was too old to be forced against his will, why were his parents not too old to be forced against their will? Why did they not say to him, "It is true we cannot force you to do right; but you must realize that you cannot force us to do wrong. We are responsible for the kind of influences we permit in our home, and we feel the only way we can allow you to stay at home is if you are willing to live in obedience." It is to be feared that many parents who are taking the excuse that they are helpless to make their children obey, are not doing all they could to require obedience. Just telling our children they are doing wrong is not enough. Our actions must stand behind our words. The old priest Eli reproved his sons sternly enough with words, "Nay, my sons, it is no good report that I hear..." But his actions didn't back up his words, and God punished Eli with a fearful punishment, so dreadful that as God said, "Behold I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle." (1 Samuel 3:11). Eli could not force his sons to live better lives. But there was something he could have done which he didn't. He could have said, "Unless you live right, you can't be priests." Then Eli would have made himself free, not only by words, but by his deeds, and God would not have had to say to him, "Thou honourest thy sons above me..." (1 Samuel 2:29).

The same is true when it is necessary to apply discipline in church. Sometimes when asked about practices in church, the answer is given that it isn't "erlaubt" but it is "gedultet." Everyone knows, of course, that when you get right down to it, there is no difference between the two. If something is "gedultet" it's also "erlaubt." Churches can't force members to obey, but they can and should say, "If you don't live in obedience, you can't go along to communion. And if you persist in disobedience, you can't be a member." Why are we all so afraid of forcing people to do right that we let them force us to wrong? Are we making the same mistake in church that Eli the priest made with his sons? Is that why we keep hearing reports of things that make our ears tingle? Is God trying to say to the plain churches as he said to Eli, "Thou honourest thy sons above me?"

**2. Andy still had some good in him.** Let's imagine the following scene. A horse is running away with a buggy which has been thrown on its side and is badly broken. March, 1972

Two men are standing at the road and see it coming. One man says, "Let's wave our arms and try to stop the horse." "No, no," shouts the other, "you might scare the horse and make him run even faster, and that would be a shame. Because Look! I can see that some pieces still aren't broken!" Nobody would be so unwise in natural things, yet in spiritual matters it is different. If there is some good in a person, that is so much more reason we should do all in our power to get him to see his mistake before even that good is lost.

If we must wait to discipline a person until there is no good left in him, we will never work on anyone. Even the worst person must have some good in him. "There is still some good in him," should be so much more reason for parents to discipline their children and churches their members, so that the good may be preserved if possible. What we so often fail to realize is that firm discipline at home and in church when it is done consistently and in love, does not drive people away but draws them. If Andy still showed signs of good, that was fine. But instead of compromising and going along with him part-ways, it would have been better to take every step possible to nourish that good—by making it clear to him that his self-will and disobedience were too serious a matter for it to be regarded lightly.

When the Pharisees came to John the Baptist, he might have said, "Oh, my, they have a few things they shouldn't have in their lives, but I must be careful not to chase them away. They must still have a 'funka der gerechtigkeit' in them, or they wouldn't even want to be baptized. So I will baptize them and hope that little spark of righteousness grows."

He might have said something like that, but he didn't. John the Baptist felt that whatever spark of righteousness was in those Pharisees, it would have a better chance of growing if he told them the truth about their condition. He didn't want to give them a false hope by baptising them in an unprepared condition. So he told them plain words, "Ye generations of vipers, repent and bring forth fruits meet to repentance."

**3. It is better for Andy to be at home than in town.** Roman and his wife felt they should compromise with Andy, because if they didn't, he would do something even worse. There is no end to the things we can justify with this reasoning. With that kind of standards, things in our homes and churches can only get worse and worse. Let the boys decorate their buggies if they wish—it's better than getting a car. Let the young folks play ball on Sunday—it's better than being at a beer party. (Or let them go to the beer party for that matter—it's better than if they go completely out in the world.) Let the girls wear their coverings way back on their heads—it's better than wearing no covering at all. As long as we measure ourselves with wrong things, we can only move in one direction—losing ground. Why not do the reasoning in reverse? Why should we permit decorated buggies, wouldn't it be better if they were plain? Why should young people play ball on Sunday—wouldn't there be a better way to keep the day holy? Why should girls' coverings be small—wouldn't it be better if they were larger?

**4. Andy needed time to see his mistake.** Some people have this reasoning, "If we go along with them, with time they may see their mistake." It is true that sometimes a person can see his mistake after a period of time. But compromising with them in their wrong deeds isn't the way to bring a person to true repentance. If a person repents after a period of time, it will not be because of our compromising, but in spite of it. "He needs more time," is a dangerous thing to say. The longer a person lives in sin, the harder it becomes for him to break with it. The disobedient do not need more time nearly as much as they need more encouragement not to put off their repentance another day.

**5. They loved Andy too much to chase him away.** What do we mean when we say we love someone? Can you imagine the following scene: A 18 month-old child has pulled a chair over to the kitchen cabinet and by stretching on tiptoes, managed to reach a paring knife.

Father: Quick, Mom, baby's got a knife.

Mother: I know, but he worked so hard to get it, I hate to take it away from him.

Father: But he could hurt himself.

So the mother goes over and tries to take the knife from the child. Baby grips it tightly, and starts screaming. Mother backs off.

Father: Go ahead and take it from him. He could cut himself badly.

Mother: (tearfully) I just can't break his little heart. I love him too much.

Love will never keep us from doing for someone what is to his own good. When the Mother in the scene above said she loved her child too much to take the knife away, she must not have stopped to think what she was really saying. She should have said she doesn't love him enough. For the right kind of love could not have stood by and watched a child playing with a dangerous object without doing something. Neither do we have the right

kind of love for our children when they are in spiritual danger and we do not do all we can to bring them to safety. The same thing is true in the church. If we make excuses for erring members and allow them to continue in the church with attitudes that are harmful to themselves and to others, we do not really love them with the right kind of love. The wise man Solomon wrote about the right kind of love and the wrong kind of love, and he pointed out very plainly the difference between the two. In speaking about discipline, he said, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes" (Proverbs 13:24).

Only Solomon did not call this wrong kind of love—love. He came right out and called it by the proper word, called it what it really is, even though it doesn't sound very nice. Solomon had more nerve than most of us have. He did not refer to it as the wrong kind of love at all. He called it hate. ■■

## FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

### SIGNS OF THE TRUE CHURCH

**T**oday it is popular to be broadminded and tolerant. "There is good in every church," the saying goes. "It doesn't matter what you believe or where you belong, as long as you are sincere."

For some people, this is the easy way out of their confusion. If they can't decide who is right, it is naturally much simpler to declare that everyone is right.

But is everyone right? It may be nice to think so, but thinking won't change facts. Jesus said, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it ... Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

Many years ago Dietrich Phillips, the great Dutch Anabaptist leader and co-worker of Menno Simons, wrote a lengthy article on "The Church of God". He listed seven major points by which the true church of God can be known from false ones.

I am sure these seven points are no more out of date today than the Bible itself, upon which they are based. It would be good if each of our *Family Life* readers could read the whole of Dietrich Phillip's article, but as this is unlikely to happen, I would like to outline the seven points briefly. They are a good measuring stick to judge a church by.

1. "The first rule of order," says Dietrich, "is that the church above all other things maintain the pure and unadulterated doctrine of the word of God (Matt. 28:19, 20), and along with this have true ministers who are properly called and chosen by the Lord and the church."

Phillips then describes the true ministers of the word of God. They are recognized by the doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ, by their godly walk and by the fruits which they bear, and by the persecution which they must suffer for truth's and righteousness' sake.

Dietrich Phillips concludes his first point with these words, "But faith must be genuine, that is, of such nature and power ... that every word of God is believed, all doctrines of men are rejected, all hope is with the whole heart placed upon the grace of Jesus Christ, all earthly things are cast aside, self is denied and heavenly things are sought after with all diligence...Where this is the case, there is true faith; but where this is not the case, there is a vain and false profession of faith."

2. The second point that Dietrich lists is the proper, Scriptural use of the sacraments of Jesus Christ, namely, baptism and the Lord's Supper.

"These two symbols," he explains, "are left us by the Lord that they might admonish us to a godly walk, to a crucifixion of the flesh, the burial of sin, a resurrection into newness of life, to thanksgiving for the great benefits which we have received of the Lord, to a remembrance of the bitter suffering and death of Christ, to the renewing and confirming of brotherly love, unity and fellowship... Where this does not take place and cannot be seen, there is neither God, nor Christ, nor Holy Spirit, nor gospel, nor faith, nor true baptism, nor the Lord's Supper, in short, there is no church of God."

3. Next, Dietrich writes, "The third ordinance is the washing of feet of the saints, which Jesus Christ commanded his disciples to observe, and this for two reasons. First, he would have us know that he himself must cleanse us after the inner man, and that we must allow him to wash away the sins which beset us ... Second, that we shall humble ourselves among one another, and that we hold our fellow-believers in the highest respect, for the reason that they are the saints of God and members of the body of Jesus Christ, and that the Holy Ghost dwells in them."

4. "The fourth rule or ordinance," continues Phillips, "is evangelical separation, without which the church of God cannot stand or be maintained. For if the unfruitful branches of the vine are not pruned away they will injure the good and fruitful branches. If offending members are not cut off, the whole body must perish; that is, if open sinners, transgressors, and disobedient are not excluded, the whole body must perish, and if false brethren are retained in the church we become partakers of their sins."

5. "Pure brotherly love," states Phillips, "is a sure sign of genuine faith and true Christianity." This he lists as point number five, quoting Christ's words, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

But what is pure brotherly love? And how is it recognized? Dietrich Phillips explains, "This is true brotherly love, that our chief desire is one another's salvation, by our fervent prayers to God, by scriptural

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instruction, admonition, and rebuke."

But brotherly love reaches beyond spiritual matters, so that brother shares with brother in temporal needs also. If this is not done, a man's faith is vain. Dietrich tells about those who show by their works that they do not have the true faith. "They allow their poor to suffer want and openly beg for bread, against the command of the Lord, contrary to all Christian nature, and contrary to brotherly love. And what is worse, they quarrel, hate, envy, backbite, scold, blaspheme, persecute, throttle and kill one another, as is plainly seen before our eyes."

6. "The sixth ordinance which Christ has instituted for his church is the keeping of all his commandments," says Dietrich Phillips. This is indeed a large assignment, and Dietrich goes on to list many Bible commands that the true church of God honors, while false sects ignore them. He stresses the fact that the true disciples live a godly life, for it is not enough merely to make a good profession.

What are some important commandments of the Bible that Dietrich mentions? Following are some of them:

(a) Christ demands of all his disciples a godly life, that they walk according to the gospel, openly confess the truth before men, deny self, and faithfully follow in his footsteps, taking up the cross, forsaking all things, and earnestly seeking first the kingdom of God.

(b) Christ teaches his disciples to be poor in spirit, have godly sorrow, meekness, purity of heart, mercy, peacemaking, patience in persecution and to rejoice when they are despised and rejected for his name's sake.

(c) Christ instructs his own in true humility and warns them faithfully against all spiritual and carnal pride.

(d) He instructs them to fast, and to pray without ceasing, to guard against gluttony, drunkenness, and anxiety regarding bodily food and raiment, to watch and prepare for his appearing, to beware of hypocrisy.

(e) Christ teaches his disciples to love their enemies, bless them which curse, do good to them that persecute, and to forgive them from the heart. Christians are not to avenge themselves, but to leave vengeance to God.

(f) Christians are not only to guard against the works of the flesh such as murder, adultery, false swearing, but also against anger, evil speaking, evil lusts and desires of the heart, and to leave off all kinds of swearing.

Following this lengthy list of the commandments, Dietrich concludes, "Those who will not walk according to this rule (these commandments) are not Christians, let them profess what they will."

7. The seventh and last sign of the church of God, is that all Christians must suffer and be persecuted, as Christ has foretold and promised them:

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of cheer, I have overcome the world." John 16:33.

"Ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake." Matt. 24:9.

The apostle Paul likewise wrote, "Yea, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

Dietrich Phillips notes, "Thus must the true Christians here be persecuted for the sake of truth and righteousness, but the Christians persecute no one. For Christ sends his disciples as sheep in the midst of wolves. The sheep does not devour the wolf, but the wolf the sheep. Hence they can nevermore be counted as a church of the Lord who persecute others on account of their faith."

The wise man Solomon wrote, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." In the same way, where there is no vision of what the church of God is to be like, the church will perish.

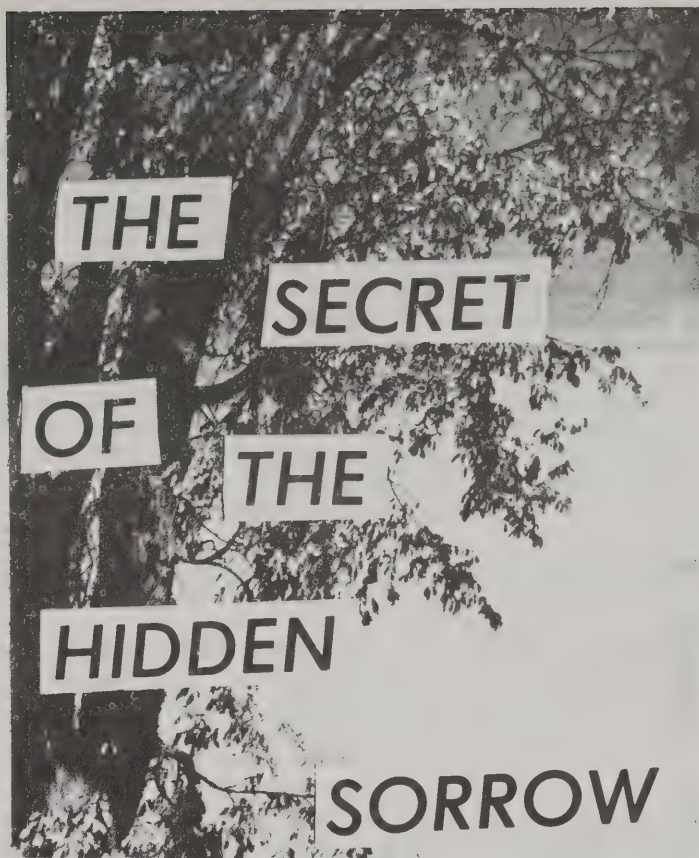
Such men as Dietrich Phillips had a clear vision of what the Bible requires in the church of God. That vision -- that goal -- filled their whole lives.

The vision was to build once more a church of God after the Pattern of the New Testament, a holy body of true believers, set-apart-from-the-world, a church prepared as the bride of Christ, without spot or wrinkle.

Oh, that the vision might burn more brightly today.

(to be continued)

March, 1972



AUTHOR'S NAME WITHHELD

WINTER HAD COME. Big fluffy snowflakes chased each other playfully to the soft white ground. Ruby Wittmer and her younger sister, Barbara, were washing off the dining room ceiling. Barbara gave her cloth a final rinse before attacking an extra dirty spot on the ceiling.

"Oh, Ruby, just two more days, and then the secret will be out, why we are washing this ceiling, right?"

Ruby pretended to be at a loss to know what her sister was talking about.

"Let me see," she wrinkled her brow thoughtfully, "Sunday's the day Barbara Wittmer's planning on being published. Am I right or wrong?"

"Shame on you, Ruby, for making such a mistake. You only said the wrong first name, that's all. Honestly, I almost can't believe the time is so near. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot to ask, who is to be your other tablewaiter?"

Ruby blushed a little and then she said, "Mary Ann Beachy."

If a portion of the ceiling had fallen on her head and crumbled to the floor, Barbara couldn't have been more surprised. Her rag plopped unnoticed to the floor as she eyed her sister in sheer amazement.

"You can't be serious!" Barbara exclaimed, but it was more a statement than a question.

"I've never been more serious in my life," Ruby answered as she scrubbed the ceiling vigorously.

"But-but, Ruby, she's an old maid and she must be 35 already. And she isn't any relation to either one of you," The words came fast, tumbling over each other.

"Well, what if she is an old maid," Ruby answered, and then added, "you might be one, too, someday."

"Oh, Ruby," Barbara groaned. "I thought the wedding party is supposed to look young and gay, and Mary Ann doesn't even look young. I'll faint of shame!"

"Then you'll just have to go ahead and faint," Ruby shot back at her. "But I'd hate to have my wedding day spoiled by something like that. You see, Barbara, we want our wedding party to be made up of people we think a lot of."

Barbara was silent but her head was going in circles. Mary Ann Beachy who was old enough to be cook for a long time already, was going to be table waiter.

But Ruby hadn't finished yet. "Barbara, have you ever heard Mary Ann say a bad word about anybody?"

"No, I haven't, but I don't see her much except in

church.

"Well, I've never seen anyone who was perfect either but of all the old maids I know Mary Ann comes the nearest," Ruby said. "I could name two or three who are self-centered but Mary Ann's different. She's always thinking about others, not herself."

Three weeks later on a snowy Thursday, Marvin Yoder and Ruby Wittmer were united in marriage. Late that evening, before the waiters left for home Mary Ann Beachy touched Ruby's sleeve.

"Thank you for this," Mary Ann said, as Ruby bent down to catch every word, "Sometimes it seems as if I have absolutely nothing to show for it, that I have any real friends. I can't explain why, but when you asked me to be tablewaiter... ." Her voice trailed off into the unknown and before Ruby could answer a single word, she was gone. As the throng of well wishers, pushed around her, warm circles chased each other around Ruby's heart.

Weeks passed and turned into months. Marvin and Ruby were happy in the new little home, even if they lived 13 miles away from Ruby's folks.

One day in early spring Ruby went out for the mail. She was pleased when she noticed a card from her mother stating that Ruby's brother Alvin were having church next time and asking them to come.

That evening Ruby told Marvin about it. "I'd really like to go for I haven't seen Mary Ann Beachy for a long time, and since Alvin Martha is her sister, no doubt she will be there."

"Of course we'll go. But why are you so attached to Mary Ann?" Marvin asked.

"I really don't know why, except that it could be because she's so friendly. Remember the time old Dan Mullet out on the river road died? His wife nearly went crazy in her grief and she asked for a girl to stay by her. No one wanted the job so Mary Ann went. And also one time Levi Masts couldn't find a hired girl for their new baby. Mary Ann gave up her other job to take it for much less money. I can't explain exactly why but I always feel that somehow I can see a hidden sorrow in her past life that has helped Mary Ann become what she is."

AND THEN came the blow.

The day of Alvin's church was a beautiful day in early spring. Bright and early Marvin Yoders were rattling the thirteen miles to church. An early robin chirped happily on a fence post. The yellowish grass had blotches of green mixed in here and there.

The house was packed, and as the young girls filed in, Ruby got a glimpse of Mary Ann. Maybe she would get a chance to visit with her after church.

When church was over, Ruby helped serve lunch along with the other relatives. She made countless trips to the cellar and back up again with stacks of freshly baked bread and pounds of cold, sliced bologna.

"Ruby, could you go into the back room down cellar," Alvin Martha called to her, "and bring up two more jars of pickles?"

The cellar was dark and the back room had only one window. Alvin had to look a long time before they finally found this place to live. With their growing family they were not able to fix up the house as they would have liked to, Ruby thought, as she strained her eyes to become accustomed to the dark. She found the pickles and just as she had started back, she was aware of voices, someone was coming down the stairs and they were talking.

She recognized the voices immediately as Mary Ann Beachy and her mother. They were coming to the cellar to get some things from the front room.

"It's certainly not nice of Alvin not to fix up this cellar better for Martha," Mrs. Beachy was saying. Ruby froze in her tracks and her heart pounded wildly. They did not know she was in the back room.

"I know Ruby wouldn't put up with something like this, as fine a house as she's got," Mary Ann was saying. The remark cut Ruby like a knife and she steadied herself against the wall to keep from dropping the pickles. She could not believe her ears. A fine house, well she did have

a few things, but- Now they were going up the stairs again, their voices becoming fainter and fainter. Swift indignation rose in Ruby, hot angry resentment seethed in her heart. They hadn't known she was down there but they would soon find it out for she would tell them she heard every word they said. She'd tell them that Alvin was doing the best he could under the circumstances and what's more she'd tell Mary Ann Beachy how much she had always thought of her, up to this minute. And she'd also tell her what the score was now.

Her thoughts raced madly on and on until finally she knew she must go up with the pickles. Martha would probably be wondering what took her so long.

As she walked up the steps she realized to confront Mary Ann Beachy would not be wise now. She would wait awhile before saying anything. Her past high opinion of Mary Ann had crashed to the ground.

Throughout the afternoon, Ruby continued helping with the dishes but once when she walked past the mirror she was shocked to see that her face was white and drawn. What if the others would notice?

Surprisingly enough, it was Mary Ann who first noticed that something was wrong. "Here, Ruby, let me dry those dishes," Mary Ann said with a twinkle in her brown eyes, "and let me guess why you're so tired."

Ruby bit her lips and did not answer. "She ought to know," she thought to herself, "but I'm not going to tell her if she's too stupid to think of it."

On the long drive home, Ruby learned that Marvin wasn't blind, either. "What's wrong today, Ruby? You sure aren't yourself."

Ruby found it easy to tell Marvin what had happened. "And to think, here I've always had such a high opinion of her and did so much for her," Ruby's voice fumed with sarcasm, "and I had her for a tablewaiter in spite of her age, and now, today she dared to make such a remark about me. From now on, I know where I stand by her and where she stands by me, too."

To Ruby's surprise, Marvin did not answer one word. He seemed to be concentrating on the road. When at last he spoke, he didn't say what Ruby had expected him to say.

"I'd like to ask you one question," Marvin said slowly. "What made you think Mary Ann was perfect?"

"I knew she wasn't perfect, but, but, I never dreamed she would talk about me like that," Ruby stammered.

"Don't misunderstand me. I know you had a high opinion of Mary Ann and I don't blame you," Marvin went on, "Maybe you were expecting too much. I believe you think a lot of me, too, but if I am honest with myself, I have to admit I have a lot of faults, at least more than I know of Mary Ann Beachy having. And maybe you have a few, too." Marvin glanced at his young wife, before he went on, "like for instance, what happened today,- the way you jumped to the conclusion that Mary Ann is all bad because of one remark she made." Then he added softly, "I'm scared to think how I'd rate if you'd judge me like that."

"Yes, but, but she-" Ruby did not finish her sentence. Her mind was in a turmoil. She did not bring up the subject again but she was thinking.

Darkness swept early over the land that evening, and by the time Ruby raised her tear stained face to heaven that night she prayed with extra meaning, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

THIS STORY might end here but it doesn't. It carries us over two eventful years to a bright autumn day.

Mary Ann Beachy had come to spend the afternoon with Ruby and that afternoon she told Ruby her life story.

"I have waited this long to tell you but now I think you will be able to understand. At the age of 20, I was engaged to marry a boy in my own home church district, a boy with a heart of pure gold.

"But two weeks before we had planned to be published, one evening when he was on the road, just a mile from his home, he had a fatal accident. He died the next day. I was shocked and stunned. I was rebellious and I became

Family Life

bitter toward God. But as the days turned into weeks and months I turned to God and asked for His healing power and found it.

"I found happiness in resigning myself to God, but Ruby,- I have to confess that at times I am still tempted. For example when I saw how happy you and Marvin were, and to think that it had been at my fingertips,- I still have to fight that bitter feeling. But I am so glad for you.

"No one knew of our plans to be married so soon, except the parents on both sides, no one ever guessed how near the wedding date had been."

Mary Ann's face was softened with tears. "And now I want to tell you, Ruby, my boy friend was your brother, Amos, Of course you won't remember him for you were only a baby then."

Ruby was shocked. "But how come my parents never told me you were his girl friend?"

"It was my idea," Mary Ann said, "I asked them not to. I wanted to wait till you were old enough so you would understand before I told you what a wonderful brother you had."

EXACTLY ONE WEEK later a tiny baby was born. The heart that was thrilled by the cry of her first born child was none other than Ruby's. She gazed at the little infant beside her, her heart swelling with pride, this tiny bit of humanity which had been given to her to care for.

Ruby was brought back to reality by Marvin standing at her side grinning down at the baby. Marvin was thinking of what Ruby had said, "If it's a girl-"

Marvin smiled at the baby and said what Ruby could not put into words at the moment, "Mary Ann Yoder," he said softly. "That's a pretty name, and Mary Ann's deserved a namesake for a long, long time already, and now she has one."



## ADAM LAPP

# AND THE GREAT WHITE THRONE

Author Remains Anonymous

church. But the time came when he began to be a bit restless about things, especially evenings when he sat in his rocking chair and tried to get sleepy. Then his thoughts would wander, and he would look back over his past life, and worry about the days ahead. What would become of him when he could no longer take care of himself? What should he do with his money, since there were no heirs?

But then Adam would shrug away these thoughts, and say to himself, "I'm not old yet. My father lived to be ninety-one. That's another twenty-six years. I may need the money myself." And thus he would comfort his mind, and go to bed.

ONE EVENING AS Adam was rocking slowly in his chair, he heard a buggy drive in. He got up, peered out the window through the gathering dusk, and saw young Sam Bender tying his horse by the gate. Sam's wife was along.

They came in, and Adam brought out chairs for them to sit on. For some minutes they talked crops and weather, and then Sam said what he had come for.

"Er....Adam..." he began, nervously, "We're thinking of buying the Kurtz farm, but we need more money. I was wondering if you might have some to ...er...put out on loan. Could be you haven't, but I figured it wouldn't hurt none to ask."

The room was silent, and then Adam began rocking again. He scratched his bald head, not knowing how best to answer. At last he said, "I'm sorry, Sam, but my money's all tied up just now. Is there some place else you could maybe get it?"

"I don't know where," said Sam. "We can get some from Dad, and maybe a bank loan to buy cattle, plus what we've saved, but it's not enough."

Sam's wife spoke up, "We've been wanting to get on a

Old Adam Lapp was a well-to-do man, but he hadn't gotten that way by happenso. All his lifetime he had worked hard, farmed well, and saved his money. Now that his wife was dead, and never having been blessed with children, he was all alone on the home place.

At sixty-five, Adam still put in long days. After the work in the fields, it would take him a couple hours to do the chores around the barn. But Adam didn't mind. He liked being busy. And he liked to raise good crops, and feed fat cattle.

Also, when Adam was busy he had less time to be lonesome. He did miss Fannie a lot, yes, a whole lot. He missed her most when he went to the house, and found no meal waiting for him. He missed her when he needed a clean shirt and couldn't find one. He missed her in more ways than he could tell. So he kept busy.

Adam counted himself a good church member. He was always there early, he led in singing, and he made no one any trouble. At groszgmay time, each spring and fall, he handed his share of alms money to the deacon.

Most of the time Adam was happy and contented with himself, with the farm, with the neighbors, and with the

farm so bad," she said. "Now that the children are old enough to help, it's a shame to have Sam working away all day, and then no chores in the evening."

"Yes," said Adam not really thinking of what he was saying. He rocked on, silently.

At last, embarrassed, Sam got up to go. "Well, Lizzie, we should start home," he said.

"Yes, the children are home alone."

Adam showed them to the door. "I'm sorry," he said, as they stepped out to the porch.

"Good night, Adam,"

"Good night."

After Sam and Lizzie had left, Adam sat down heavily in the rocker. His thoughts were in a turmoil. The Good Spirit said, "Adam, Adam, you should have lent them the money." But then came the excuses, falling over each other in their haste to quiet the old man's conscience. "But you know Sam's probably not a farmer, his dad never was. Besides, why can't they start from scratch the way I did. Nobody had to help me. If they didn't spend so much on pop and groceries, they'd have enough money saved. Look at the wages Sam gets. Anyhow, the

#### SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old, and ragged and gray  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;  
The street was wet with the recent snow  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.  
She stood at the crossing, and waited long  
Alone, uncared for amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her by;  
None heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of school let out,  
Came the boys like a flock of sheep  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.  
Past the woman so old and gray  
Hastened the children on their way,  
Nor offered a helping hand to her  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet  
Should crowd her down in the slippery street,  
At last came one of the merry troupe  
The gayest laddie of the group;  
He paused beside her and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."  
Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,  
Glad that his own were firm and strong.  
Then back again to his friends he went  
His young heart happy and well content.  
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
Altho' she is aged, and poor and slow  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand.

"If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."  
And somebody's mother bowed down her head  
In her home that night and the prayer she said  
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy  
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy.

-From an old reader

old Kurtz farm isn't very good land, you'd only be helping them to a lot of trouble."

"But they want to live together as a farm family... they want a better life for their children," objected the Good Spirit.

"I know, but I can't see that it's my responsibility," argued Adam to himself. "They're no relation to me. Besides, I signed up that last ten thousand for five years at the bank, and I'd hate to ask them to give it back. I can get eight per cent there, and I'm sure Sam wouldn't expect to pay more than four."

So Adam Lapp went to bed. Though he slept a bit uneasily, he was up at dawn the next morning, and hard at work.

THE SPIRIT CAME again several weeks later one evening as Adam was reading from the book of James. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days."

"That's you, Adam, you're a rich man heaping treasures together," insisted the Spirit.

"I am not," Adam almost spoke the words aloud. He read on, and then said, "See, it doesn't mean me at all. It says, 'Ye have condemned and killed the just.' I haven't condemned or killed anyone."

Idly, Adam sat there thinking. He leafed back several pages. Then his eyes fell on the words, "If ye fulfil the royal law according to the scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well." His heart quickened and the Spirit said, "Hear me, Adam, you should do more for others. What are you living for --- just for yourself, not?"

Adam read on in the second chapter of James. He came to the words, "If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"

"That's what you did to Sam Benders," the Voice accused. "You sent them away and didn't help them."

"Yes, but..." Adam's little army of excuses were ready to do battle for him. "Yes, but, it says naked and destitute of daily food. Sam and Lizzie have good clothes, and they're eating better than I am."

Adam paused in his rocking. "Times aren't like they used to be," he mused. "Nobody's starving or needing clothes around here. And if they were, they could go on welfare. And...and if they were church members, the church'd take care of them. I can't see that I should lose any sleep about it. I put my share in Almosen."

All the same, the next Sunday being the autumn groszgmay, Adam Lapp slipped an extra ten into his contibution before he handed it to the deacon. And the following week, when an appeal came in the mail, he sent a check of fifteen dollars to the Heart Research Fund, and another one to the Cancer Society.

"Who knows?" he told himself. "It might not be money thrown away, for sometime I might have cancer or a heart attack myself."

THE WINTER PASSED, and spring came again, bringing its miracle of new life. That was the spring of 1945, and World War II was drawing to a close. Old Adam Lapp longed to get out in the field and do a hard day's work, but somehow he didn't have the strength and endurance of other years. During the winter he had been plagued with arthritis, and the damp spring weather only made it worse.

"Maybe I'd better slow down a bit," he at last reluctantly admitted. "Really, there's no reason I have to work so hard. I can live on a fraction of the interest my money is earning."

So Adam sold some of his cattle, and rented the two back fields to his neighbor.

"Why don't you just sell me those two fields?" asked the neighbor. "I need more land and you don't."

"Could be true," said Adam. "But I don't need the money either, and now that the war is coming to an end, I look for land prices to go way up."

With more time on his hands, Adam had opportunity to think more. And the Good Spirit came to speak to him more frequently.

"Adam" the Spirit addressed him one day, "You should get out and visit the sick more. There's old Bishop Dan Byler lying in bed, and looking for company. And your nephew has rheumatic fever. Take a day off and visit the sick."

"Haven't got time," said Adam abruptly. But he knew it wasn't the truth. He did have time. "I'd rather stay at home," he added, lamely.

"Sure, you'd rather, but that's being selfish. The sick people would rather you'd come visit them."

So Adam consented, and went. He enjoyed himself a lot more than he had expected.

"Now then," continued the Voice, "why don't you go visit the CPS camps. You're acquainted with some of the young men there, and they need encouragement."

"No, not that," Adam answered. "There I'll put my foot down. A lot of other people can talk better than I can. If I'd go, first thing you'd know people'd think I was doing it to be a big shot. Anyway, from the talk I hear, about half of them CPS boys are just out for a good time and don't live up to what they've been taught. It's a shame, to think they can't behave themselves the moment they get where the preachers can't see them."

"That's just it," prodded the Spirit. "If more of the homefolks visited them, and encouraged them to stand true to the faith, the boys would do better."

"Hummmph," grunted Adam, feeling himself cornered. But in a moment he recovered. "Traveling these days costs a pile of money, and seems to me a person should have a pretty good reason before he starts buying bus or train tickets."

So this time Adam stayed at home.

A YEAR PASSED. Then another and another. Adam Lapp was slowing down, and no argument about it. He was nearing his three score and ten, and his flowing white beard made him look it. The Spirit came oftener now, prompting him to do something worthwhile with his money while he still had the opportunity. Adam kept postponing it, saying, "Maybe next year. Who knows, I may need it myself for hospital bills or something."

But he wasn't quite persuaded himself, especially one rainy day when he figured up what it cost to be in the hospital for a day, and multiplied it by 365. "Enough for at least ten years in the hospital, besides what the farm's worth" he reckoned. He had to admit that ten years in the hospital was an unlikely thing to happen.

So when he went to the community sale the following week to buy a young driving horse, his old one being almost past running, he leaned an interested ear toward two Mennonite men whom he heard talking about postwar conditions in Europe. They were telling about the refugee camps, and about sending CARE packages of food and clothing to the homeless. Adam felt truly sorry for the refugees.

And the next day when the Budget came in the morning mail, Adam read a notice about the Old Colony Mennonites in Mexico needing financial help. Because of a drought, they were in danger of losing some of their land unless someone loaned them money to make their payments.

That evening when Adam sat back in his rocker, the Spirit came once more to urge him to share what he had with those who were less fortunate than he. And once more he resisted the pleas.

"Look," he argued. "I don't know the first thing about CARE, but my guess is that a good deal of the money never gets to the refugees. Probably they've got a million dollar office in New York City, and all the people

that work there live like kings off the donations. Nah, you can't trust nobody these days."

"But the Old Colony Mennonites...?"

"I don't know much about them either. For all I know they're lazy and shiftless like their Mexican neighbors. We've got a family right here in our own church like that..."

"Adam, you know Andy Miller is not lazy." The voice was stern.

"Not lazy, maybe, but he can't make his payments. Poor management is his biggest trouble."

"But Andy's got ten children, and his wife is not well."

"O.K., so maybe Andy can't help it. The church has paid the hospital bills for their last two babies, not? And I paid my share. What more is expected?"

"Adam," the Voice said quietly, "Don't you remember the verse in Corinthians about there being equality in the church of God? He that had gathered much had nothing over, and he that had gathered little had no lack. If Andy Miller's family is living poor, and you have money to spare, you should share with them. If the Mexican Mennonites..."

"But I've got to be cautious, and be sure the money's used right," objected Adam.

"Cautious, yes, but..."

Adam dozed off in his chair, the unfinished sentence going round in his mind. "But...but..." But what?

ADAM LAPP READ his Bible regularly. There were chapters that made him uncomfortable, but there were many others that gave him a satisfied feeling. One week-day evening he read the 25th. chapter of Matthew. The last part --- about Jesus coming in His glory and holding judgment on mankind --- caught his attention as it never had before. Slowly he reread the words,

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and clothes thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?"

Adam laid the New Testament on the dresser, and closed his eyes to think. "The righteous did all those things to Jesus, and yet they had forgotten it. Seems strange, in a way. But I guess it's like I heard a preacher explain it once, the righteous are humble and they soon forget the good they've done. Just like me, for instance." Adam paused in his thoughts, and got up to pull the window blind where the setting sun had been shining in his face. "Just like me, when did I see Jesus hungry, or thirsty, or a prisoner, or needing clothes? Never in my lifetime."

Adam pushed his glasses back on his nose, and read some more. He shuddered as he read the King's sharp words to those on the left side,

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

"Can't understand them," thought Adam. "They had the same opportunities as the good people did, to wait on Jesus and care for him. Funny they didn't do it. They were a proud bunch too, not willing to admit they hadn't done their duty. They sure weren't humble like the righteous who couldn't even remember their good works when they got before the throne."

With these thoughts Adam prepared for bed. He locked the doors. Then he stoked up the fire, and added some coal. In his bedroom he knelt for prayer, and then got beneath the covers. Adam Lapp slept.

Sometime during the night Adam dreamed. He was in the midst of a great throng of people, slowly pushing toward a white throne. As they neared the throne, the throng divided, some going to the right and some to the left. Clearly the scene was the Judgment Day of which he had read in Matthew Twenty-five.

Adam stretched himself on tiptoes to see out over the crowd. And then suddenly he did not need to stand tall to see, for he was directly in front of the throne. He waited expectantly for the voice to speak.

Then it came, terrible in its sternness, "Adam Lapp, depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Adam nearly collapsed in fear and disappointment, but his shaky knees carried him obediently to the left of the throne. "No, no," he cried in dismay, "there must be a mistake. I've served you all my life, Lord. It must have been some other Adam Lapp..."

"How have you served me, Adam?" came the voice, closer now and gentler. "I was hungry, and you did not feed me. I was thirsty, and you gave me no water. I was naked, and you did not clothe..."

"But, Lord," cried Adam in anguish. "When did I see you hungry? I don't remember..."

Patiently now, the voice explained, "Don't you see the truth? As you helped the poor and needy, you helped me. As you neglected them, you neglected me. **Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.** You, Adam, failed to help others, and thereby you failed to help me."

"Like who?" asked Adam. "Who should I have

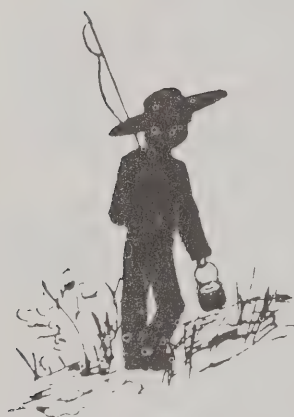
helped?" But he already knew the answer. Sam and Lizzie Bender. Homeless refugees. Feeble old Dan Byler on his sickbed. The boys in CPS. The Mennonite colonists in Mexico. Andy Millers and their ten children. Many others.

Adam woke, startled. The dream was vivid in his mind, and his thoughts returned again and again to the words from the throne, "Adam Lapp, depart from me..." He could feel the sweat forming on his forehead, and then a drop slipping off the side, pausing an instant on his eyebrow, then plunging down into the corner of his beard. Another drop followed, and another.

Adam got up, struck a match to light the lamp, and lit it. He sat on the edge of the bed for awhile, then reached for his New Testament. He read again the closing scenes of Matthew Twenty-five.

Never before had the true weight of the words struck him so forcefully. The lesson wasn't humility. No at all. The lesson was that those who wish to serve Christ must do it by serving their fellowmen. The righteous hadn't forgotten how they had helped the poor and hungry and naked; they simply failed to realize that in caring for them, they had cared for Jesus.

AT DAWN THE NEXT morning, Adam finished his barn chores, then hitched up his driving horse. He changed into clean clothes, picked up his billfold and checkbook, and walked out to the buggy. It would be a long and busy day for an old man. He wanted to go to the bank, to Sam Benders, to Andy Millers, to the deacon's home, and maybe a few other places.



Ich hab es

nicht getan

by Sarah M. Weaver

Larry Troher kommt nahe zum Sammy als sie an Prijo-ner's Base spielen waren. „Komm glei auf die andere Seit vom Schulhaus. Ich will dir etwas sagen,“ sagte er in eine leichte Stimme zum Sammy.

Sammy wunderte was der Larry haben will. Ueber eine kurze Weile ging er auf die andere Seit und find der Larry und Mose dort.

„Komm mit mir.“ Larry schleicht gegen die Schulhaus Tür. Sammy und Mose folgen nach.

Die Schulstube war leer wo sie hinein gekommen sind. Teacher und die Kinder waren alle draus am spielen. Es war am ersten Necess.

Larry läuft zu seinem Desf. Er sieht herum. Dann kriegt er eine kleine blaue Vog heraus, und macht sie auf.

„Wo kriegst du das?“ fragt Sammy als er sieht ein halber Teller darin liegen.

Larry lachelt. „Ich sage euch aber ihr sollt gar niemand's sagen. Wo ich heim von die Schul gangen bin gester Abend dann kommt eine Kar und stoppte. Der Mann hat eine Kamera. Die Frau fragte ob er meine Picture nehmen kann.“

„Was hast du gesagt?“ fragt der Mose.

„Ich habe gesagt sie dürfen wann sie mir ein halber Taler geben.“

„Nein! Du sagst net!“ greift der Sammy heraus. „Halber Taler kriegt und gar nicht müssen schaffen!“

„Wie hast du an solches gedenkt?“ erclaint der Mose.

„Ich hab gehört daß die Indians so tun,“ antwortete der Larry, als er seine Brust naus schiebt. „Aber ihr sollt nie-mands sagen.“

„Warum dürfen wir nichts sagen?“ fragt der Sammy.

Larry denkt ein wenig. „Ich will nicht daß der Dat und die Mäm es auffinden.“

Ueber ein wenig kommt der Teacher die Tür hinein und tappt die Bell. Necess war über.

Wo sie an ihre Desf sitzen, hat der Sammy eine harte Zeit gehabt seine Gedanken an seine Lesson halten. Er wünschte er könnte auch am Pike nach heim gehen. Vielleicht wird auch ein Kar stoppen. Er dachte, das ist die Tourist Zeit. Die Leute kommen von die Stadt hinaus die schöne Blätter zu sehen. Ich hab nicht lang Zeit für solches Geld machen. Glei kommt der Winter und die Tourists kommen nimme.

Ich weiß was ich tun will, dachte er weiter. Ich gehe heim über dem Pike wo viele Kars gehen. Von dort kann ich über die Felder heim gehen. Das ist was ich tun will.

Sammy ging mit die andere Kinder hinauf in die History Klass. Seine Gedanken waren aber draus auf dem Pike. Der Teacher war am explainen mit eine große Map. Ueber ein weil fragte er, „Sammy wo ist der Columbus jek?“

Sammy seine Gedanken sprangen g'schwind zurück in die Schul-Haus Stubbe. Wo ist der Columbus jek? Wo ist — Ach, warum hab ich nicht acht gegeben? denkt er. „Ich — ach — ich denk er ist gestorben,“ antwortete er.

Die Kinder kittern, und die Mädchen heben ihre Händen über ihre Mäuler es sie nicht laut lachen.

Teacher guckt bö. „Du warst nicht am acht haben,“ zankte er. „Larry, kannst du mir sagen wo der Columbus

ist jetzt?"

Seine Augen gehen gegen die Ceiling. „Mol sehen," mummelte er: Wenn es October 12 war, vierzehn hundert zwei und neunzig — Ich denke an die West Indies."

„Das ist recht," antwortete der Teacher.

Larry rennt sein Elbow ein wenig im Sammy seine Rippen, und lächelte. Sammy sieht verdrossenlich gegen dem Teacher und bekümmert sich nicht wegen der Larry. Sammy denkt, er will aber besser acht haben. Aber über ein Weil gingen seine Gedanken, ach, was will ich sagen zu mein Bruder Amos, Andy und die Anna wann ich nicht mit sie heim gehe?"

Ich weiß was ich tun will, dachte er, als er in sein Sitz ging. Ich wart für heim gehen bis die andere Schüler fort sind. Ja, das ist was.

Es war glei Zeit für Heim gehen. Der Teacher sagt zu Mose, „Wann du Heim gehst will ich haben es du bei der Wayne stoppst und sagst ihm was die Lesson ist, willst du?"

Mose nickt sein Kopf. „Ja, aber dem Wayne sein Bein ist besser. Vielleicht kommt er in die Schul am Morgen."

„Du kannst die Lesson doch sagen," sagt der Teacher. Ich hoffe er kann glei wieder kommen, denn er hat bald zwei Wochen Schul verfehlt,"

Sammy bleibt an sein Desk und guckt ein Buch bis er denkt die andere Kinder all Heim gegangen waren. Teacher war am die Schulhaus-Stubbe kehren. Ueber ein kurze Weil kriegt der Sammy sein Kubele und Hut und geht die Tür hinaus. Er war noch nicht weit bis er eine Stimm hört rufen: „Sammy! Sammy! Wart auf mich!" Er guckt zurück und sieht der Andy kommen zu springen.

Sammy war unmuts. „Fürwas bist du nicht Heim mit der Amos und die Anna?" zankte er.

„Wo bist du am geh?" fragt der Andy als er zum Sam-

my kommt, er schnauft hart und Pufft.

„Es ist keins von deine Business," spricht der Sammy zurück. „Du sollst mit der Amos und die Anna gehen."

„Ich will erst wissen, wo du gehst. Hat der Dat gesagt es du nicht Heim kommen sollst?"

„Ich bin am Heim gehen," zankt der Sammy als wieder.

„Fürwas bist du böse weil ich mit dir gehen will?"

„Weil ich allein gehen will." Er läuft fleißig auf dem Weg fort, aber Andy läuft auch fleißig nach. „Fürwas willst du allein gehen?"

Sammy sieht das der Andy nicht anders will als mit gehen. Sammy stoppt und sieht der Andy an. „Andy, du darfst mit mir gehen wann du nicht sagst was ich tun will."

„Sammy," spricht der Andy ercitet: „Willst du etwas tun für der Dat surpreisen?"

Sammy lächelt ein wenig gegen ihn. „Ich weiß ein Weg für Geld machen es ich nicht schaffen muß."

„Wie?"

Sammy lächelt wieder ein wenig als er auf dem Heimweg geht. „Willst du wissen wie?"

„Wohl."

„Alles es wir tun müssen wann ein Kar stoppt ist sie lassen unser Picture nehmen und sie geben uns ein halber Taler."

„Ja, aber es ist noch keine Kar kommen."

„Es hat mich gewundert wo du bist, dann bin ich zurück kommen für suchen. Sammy! Sammy! guck! Ein Kar ist am kommen!"

Die Buben gehen an die seit vom Weg. Die Leute in die Kar schlenkern die Hände aber sie stoppen nicht.

„Ich denk sie sind alle in ein hurry," sagt der Sammy bissel verdrossen. Als er durchs Feld ging fing er an zu springen. „Wir müssen geschwind Heim gehen oder wir werden spot sein."

„Wir sind schon spot. Siehe, es ist niemand ins Feld am schaffen mehr."

Sammy und Andy ihre Gesichter waren rot und sie waren naß geschwitzt bis sie Heim kommen sind. Ihre Mutter und die Anna waren im Garten und sahen sie nicht ins Haus gehen. Sie gingen geschwind auf dem Speicher und tun andere Kleider an. Dann sprangen sie für die Schener.

Der Vater war vom Feld kommen und war am die Gänl tränken wo er sie gesehen hat. „Wo waret ihr so lang?" fragt er.

Die Buben sahen einander an und sagten nichts.

„Amos hat gesagt ihr waret ein andrer Weg gegangen. Er hat euch gesehen," spricht er weiter.

„Wir sind am Pike herum gegangen," antwortete Sammy.

„Fürwas? Sage mir das." Der Vater seine Stimm lautet streng.

Sammy wußte daß er es sagen muß. „Wir — ich — ich habe gehört daß wir Geld machen können an dem Pike nach," stuterte der Sammy.

„Geld machen?" Der John Miller kriegt tiefe Graben zwischen die Augen als er gegen der Sammy sieht. „Wie?"

Sammy wünschte schon es sie wären früh Heim kommen. „Ah — er — wann sie unsere Pictures nehmen."

Der Vater denkt ein wenig als er die Buben ansieht. Dann sagt er: „Geht an eure Chores."

Sammy schnauft hart. Er wundert ob sein Vater sie nicht weiter strafen wird. Er und Andy tun ihre Chores in schnelligkeit. Sie schaffen hart.

Nach dem Abend-Essen wollte Sammy und Andy gern helfen mit dem Geschirr. Wo sie fertig waren ging die

#### THE OTHER MAN

Did every you, by day or night,  
Meet this man of whom I write?  
He's tall and strong and brawny, too:  
Strange are the things that he can do.  
His head and shoulders tower high  
Yet humbler in heart than those who pass by.  
He is never tired, and never is ill  
But always tries his place to fill.

His mind is strong and clear and bright  
And mental tasks for him are light.  
He meets life's problems day by day,  
And fears and doubts, he drives away.  
His soul is ever brave and strong—  
He loves the right and hates the wrong.  
The Sword of Truth his hand doth wield,  
And unto sin he will not yield.

His faith in God is strong and true,  
And he fears not to dare and do.  
Up mountains steep to heights sublime  
His gugged soul doth gladly climb.  
Now this good man, seek not to greet  
In city's throng nor crowded street;  
For now it's clear and plain to see,  
He's just the man-- that you should be.

Selected.

Maud Miller und die Kinder in die Stubbe. Der Vater sitzt mit die Bibel auf sein Schooß und hängt sein Kopf.

Sammy und Andy sitzen auf die Hols-Bog und warteten zu hören was der Vater lesen wird. Der Vater war ein wenig still ob er anfang zu reden. Sammy sah daß sein Vater traurig war, und das machte daß sein Herz auch schwer war denn er war sorry daß er ungehorsam war.

Dann fängt der Vater an: „Es dünkt mich, wir können schweken und schweken zu unsere Kinder und doch sind sie immer noch ungehorsam.“

Sammy blinkte die Tränen zurück.

„Hab ich euch nicht oft gesagt es die Liebe zum Geld ist eine Wurzel alles Übels?“ Und ich habe oft gesagt es ihr sollt eure Pictures nicht nehmen lassen, es kann dienen zur Abgötterei und Hochmut. Und denken von Geld machen in solch ein Weg ist schändlich.“

Nun stoppt er ein wenig, die andere sagten nichts für eine Weile. Dann sagt die Mutter: „Dat, Andy hat nichts gewußt wegen die Sachen. Er hat nur mit Sammy Heim laufen wollen.“

„Ist das recht?“ fragt der Vater.

Sammy guckt sein Kopf als er gegen dem Boden sieht.

„Du hast eine Straf verdient Sammy, aber ich weiß noch nicht was es sein wird.“

Sammy weiß wann der Vater so sagt dann wird er es auch ausführen. Er war froh wo das Gebet getan war und sie bereit waren ins Bett gehn.

Am Morgen wo Sammy in die Schul kommen ist findet er Larry allein in die Schul-Stubbe. Die andere Kinder waren draus am spielen. Sammy sieht glei es der Larry böß ist. „Du hast mein Geld gestohlen,“ zankte er mit leise Stimme daß es niemand hören sollte.

„Dein Geld gestohlen? Hast du es nimme?“

„Nein,“ schnappt der Larry, „und du weißt wo es ist.“

„Ich tu net,“ sagt Sammy zurück. „Vielleicht weißt Mose wo es ist, frag mol ihn.“

„Es war dich,“ hält Larry an, „Die Bertie hat gesagt es die Anna sagte sie hat dich gesehen spät ans Schulhaus wo die andere Kinder schon Heim gangen waren.“ Larry kommt gegen Sammy mit sein Elbow. „Sage mir wo du es hast,“ dräute er.

„Ich hab es nicht genommen.“ Sammy war bald in Tränen. „Der Teacher war auch da wo ich war. Frage ihn.“

„Du weißt es ich ihn nicht fragen will.“

Die Buben gucken zurück als die Tür aufgeht. Mose lauft hinein. „Hi“ sagt er als er lächelte gegen die zwei Buben.

„Hi dich selber,“ spricht Larry, nicht zu freundlich.

„Was ist Ick?“ fragt Mose als er sein Essen-Küble auf dem Laden stellt und sein Hut aufhängt.

„Es ist viel Ick,“ antwortete Larry. „Mein Geld ist gestohlen worden. Sammy sagt es war nicht ihn, und niemand wußte es ohne dich und ihn.“

„Ich hab es nicht getan,“ tut Sammy sich rechtfertigen.

„Ich hab auch nicht,“ sagt Mose, und geht gegen Larry sein Dese, guckt hinein, „Vielleicht ist es doch da.“

„Es ist nicht da,“ sagt Larry. „Ich hab ganz durch gesucht und nicht gefunden. Ich glaub noch es Sammy es genommen hat.“

„Ich hab nicht,“ widerspricht Sammy.

„Du warst Ick im Schulhaus. Ich frag mol die Bertie wieder.“

„Was willst du?“ fragt die Bertie als sie und die Emma kommen springen. „Kannst du dein Sach noch nicht finden?“

„Nein,“ sagt Larry. „Habt ihr nicht gesagt es ihr der

Sammy gesehen habt spot am Schulhaus,“ fragt er die Emma.

„Er war Ick am Schulhaus, und ich hab ihn gesehen ein anderer weg nach Heim gehen,“ sagte die Emma geschwind.

„Huh, du warst guilty und hast nicht wollen mit Amos Heim gehen,“ beschuldigte Mose. „Gib Larry sein Geld wenn du es hast.“

„Geld?“ exclaimed die Bertie, als sie gegen ihren Bruder sieht. Sein Gesicht ist rot worden. „Hat er Geld genommen? Wo hast du das Geld kriegt?“

„Ich hab es verdient,“ antwortete der Larry kurz ab.

„Wie viel war es?“ fragt die Bertie wieder.

Ob Larry antworten konnte, es ist nicht dein Business, sagt Mose: „Fünfzig Cent.“

„So viel?“ spricht die Bertie. Sie dreht gegen Larry. „Wo hast du es kriegt?“

„Ich sag dirs auf dem Heimweg, aber ich wünsch der Stehler wird mirs geben.“

„Du heißt mich ein Stehler?“ greißt Sammy zum Larry mit Tränen in die Augen.

„Du bist wann du es genommen hast,“ sagt die Bertie zum Sammy, „und du hast es genommen wann du Ick am Schulhaus warst.“

„Ich hab es nicht getan,“ aber wie mehr er es verleugnet hat, wie harter die Kinder ihn beschuldigten.

Es war nicht lang bis die andere Kinder hörten daß Sammy Geld genommen hat von Larry. „Stehler! Räuber!“ greischen sie gegen Sammy wann sie dachten daß der Teacher es nicht hört.

Am Recess kommt Post, Andy und Amos zum Sammy. Sie fanden ihn neben dem Schulhaus. Tränen waren auf seine Backen. Sage uns ob du es genommen hast,“ fragt Amos freundlich. Die drei Buben hatten Mitleidens für Sammy.

„Amos, du weißt es ich nicht stehl,“ sagt Sammy. Mehr Tränen laufen über seine Backen hinunter. „Ich wünsche wir wären nicht über der Pife gegangen.“

„Ich wünsche das auch, aber was können wir jetzt tun?“ spricht Andy.

„Der Larry hat es vielleicht selbst weg und denkt du gibst ihm mehr,“ sagt Post.

„Ich glaub es nicht,“ sagt Sammy, „denn er hat nicht haben wollen es andere es wissen, als ich und der Mose.“

„Vielleicht wird er es noch finden,“ sagt Amos. „Komm, wir wollen hinein gehen, denn es ist Zeit.“

„Ding!“ geht die Bell.

Die Buben springen fürs Schulhaus.

Wo die Mittagsstunde kommen ist nahm Sammy sein Essenküble und ging mit Andy und Post, sie saßen sich neben die Seite vom Schulhaus.

„Willst du mit dem Räuber essen?“ fragt Mose der Post, als Larry und er and die andere Buben vorbei gingen. Larry guckt der andere Weg, er sieht Sammy nicht an.

„Wir geben nichts drum was er sagt, tun wir?“ spricht Andy wo die andere Buben weg waren.

„Nein,“ antwortete Post als er anfang zu essen. Er sahe daß Sammy sein Küble noch nicht aufgemacht hatte. Sammy sitzt mit sein Elbow auf die Kniee und ruht sein Kopf auf die Hände. „Willst du nicht essen?“ fragt Post.

„Ich bin nicht hungrig,“ sagt Sammy. Wo sie fertig waren tun sie ihre Kübeln ins Schulhaus, die andere Buben waren schon am Prisoners Base spielen. „Kommt, und helfet,“ riefen sie zu die drei Buben als sie aus dem Schul-

haus kommen.

Sammy wollte helfen aber Larry und Mose sprangen ihm nach und greiften: „Fangt der Räuber! kriegt der Sheriff!“ Dies macht Sammy traurig. Er ging zurück und stellt sich weder das Schulhaus und sieht die andere Kinder spielen. Sammy wünschte er könnte dem Teacher es sagen, aber er wollte nicht tatteln über Larry.

Abends wo die Kinder heim kommen sind sagten Amos und Andy die Eltern alles was die andere Kinder getan haben zum Sammy. Sie dauerten ihn, aber sie denken er ist am seine Strafe kriegen. Sie hofften er wird nicht mehr ungehorsam sein.

Sammy tat seine Chores mit trockenem Muth. Er lachte und singte nicht wie gewöhnlich, und schwächte nicht ohne was notwendig war. Am Morgen wünschte er Arbeit zu haben oder wäre krank daß er nicht in die Schul gehen mußte. Aber er konnte an keine Excuse denken. Er ging auf dem Speicher aber es war spot bis er bereit war.

Da er in die Küche kommen ist sagt die Mutter: „Sammy, du bist spot, Andy war schon lang am warten auf dich.“

„Mäm, hast du nichts es ich schaffen kann heut?“ fragt er. „Ich will nicht in die Schul gehen.“

„Wel, Sammy, was ist lek?“ sagt die Mutter, „ich hab gemeint du gleichst in die Schul gehn.“ Sie wußte wohl fürwas er nicht gehen wollte.

„Ich gleich es nicht jekt, Mäm. „Und er fing an zu weinen.

„Sag mir was lek ist,“ sagt die Mutter.

„Ich — ich will nicht gehen,“ heulte er. „Die andere sind mean zu mir, sie sind gegen mich und heißen mich ein Stehler.“

Dies macht die Mutter ihr Herz schwer, sie fühlt bald zu weinen mit ihrem Bube. „Was hast du getan?“ fragte sie.

„Er hat nichts getan?“ Andy erzählt von Sammy sein Trubel als wann sie es nicht wußten.

„Sammy,“ sagt die Mutter. „Wann wir ungehorsam sind dann geht es uns nicht gut. Wann du das Geld nicht genommen hast denk daran daß Jesus weißt.“

„Ich hab es nicht genommen,“ schnupft Sammy.

„Geh du in die Schul. Vielleicht findet er es wieder,“ und suchte ihn zu trösten. Ich habe noch niemals aufgefunden es du stehlen tuest. Ich hoffe keine von unsere Kinder tun so große Sünd.“

Sammy und Andy springen für die Schul. Wo sie nahe kommen sind sagt Andy: „Ich glaub nicht es wir spot sind, unsere Uhr war nicht recht. Es sind nicht viel Kinder am spielen.“

Wo sie in die Schulhaus Stubbe kommen sind waren viel von die Kinder beieinander gestanden und der Teacher war auch dabei. „Was denkst?“ sagt eins von die Kinder zu Andy und Sammy: „Der Wayne ist mol wieder gekommen.“

Da sahen die zwei Buben es der Wayne in die Mitte sitzt und war am verzählen wegen sein weh Bein.

Ein kleiner second-Grader sieht Sammy kommen. „Da kommt der Räuber,“ greift sie naus.

Larry war bereit zu sagen dies Kind soll still sein, aber er war zu spot, der Teacher hat es gehört.

Tränen füllten Sammy seine Augen, er war bald am weinen. „Ich bin nicht ein Räuber.“

Teacher sieht das Mädchen an und dann der Sammy. „Sammy,“ sagt er: „Was ist lek? Fürwas heißt sie dich

so?“

Sammy probiert ihm sagen, aber er heult daß er bald nicht schwächen konnte. „Die — die andere sagen ich — ich hab gestohlen, sie sind mean zu mir und gleichen mich nimm-me.“

„Was sagen sie es du gestohlen hast?“ fragt der Teacher.

„Er hat der Larry sein Geld gestohlen,“ sagt der Second-grader.

„Nein, ich — ich hab — hab es nicht getan,“ heult der Sammy.

Teacher guckt gegen Larry. „Hab ich euch nicht gesagt ihr sollt kein Geld in die Schul haben ohne es die Eltern es wissen. Wissen sie es?“

Larry sagt nichts.

„Fürwas wollt ihr sagen es der Sammy es genommen hat?“ fragt der Teacher.

„Er wars lekt ins Schulhaus am Mittwoch Abend,“ kommt wieder von dem second-grader.

Teacher studiert ein wenig. „Ich war auch da, ich hab ihn nicht gesehen am Larry sein Desk.“ Er läufe zum Larry sein Desk, „Nimm alles raus, Larry. Vielleicht findest du es doch.“

„Ich hab ganz durch geguckt, und das kleine blane Box wo es drin war ist auch fort,“ antwortete Larry.

Wayne steht auf seine Füße. „Teacher,“ sagt er. Sein Gesicht war ganz rot. „Ich — ich habe es genommen.“

Teacher dreht sich herum und sieht der Wayne an. Die andere standen mit offene Mäuler. Sie können bald nicht glauben. „Wann hast du es genommen?“ fragt der Teacher. „Wie hast du gewußt von dem Geld?“

Wayne probiert lächeln, aber sein Hand hebt sich nicht still als er eine kleine blane Box aus sein Sack zieht. „Mose hat mirs gesagt wo er mir die Lesson gebracht hat. Am Abend bin ich mit am Schulhaus gangen für ein Buch kriegen. Dann hab ich das Geld genommen in Spaß für der Larry tricken.“

„Meinst du es war spaß?“ fragt der Teacher.

Wayne schüttelt sein Kopf.

„Teacher,“ sagt die Gertie: „Ich hab der Dat und die Mäm gesagt wegen das Geld, und es der Larry der Sammy beschuldigt hat. Der Dat zankte der Larry weil er das Geld kriegt hat wie er hat, und er sagte wann der Sammy es nicht genommen hat dann muß der Larry dem Sammy das Geld geben für seine Straf.“

Larry steht dort als wenn er ein sentence kriegt hätte für 10 Jahre in Jail.

„Ist das wahr?“ fragt der Teacher. Larry grunzt sein Kopf.

Teacher nimmt das Geld und langt es zum Sammy. Sammy schüttelt sein Kopf als er seine Augen mit sein Hemärmel reibt.

Teacher und die Kinder dauern ihn sehr. „Ich will es nicht,“ sagt er.

„Dies Geld ist aber dein,“ sagt der Teacher, „und alle die wo der Sammy ein Räuber oder Stehler geheißten haben sollen zu ihm gehen und sagen sie sind sorry. Der Wayne auch. Bist du sorry?“ fragt er der Larry.

Larry und alle von die Kinder apologizzen zum Sammy. Ueber eine weile kommt der Mose. In seine Hand war ein Kandybar. Er legt es auf dem Sammy sein Desk. „Ich bin sorry es ich so gesagt hab,“ spricht er.

Sammy weißt nicht was zu sagen. Wo die Bell gerungen hat war er froh es er in die Schul kommen war.

## DENKST DU DARAN?

Denkst du daran, wie oft dein Gott geleitet,  
Wie manches stille Glück er dir bereitet,  
Wie manchen Unfall er mit starken Händen  
Von deinem Haupte mußte abzubenden?

Denkst du daran?

Denkst du daran, wie Gott, der Leib und Leben  
Bernunft und alle Sinnen dir gegeben,  
Dir, was er gab, durch sein allmächtig Balten  
Bis diese Stunde freundlich auch erhalten?

Denkst du daran?

Denkst du daran, wie Gottes reicher Segen  
Dein Feld besucht in Sonnenschein und Regen,  
Wie Gottes Auge treulich dich bewachte  
Und seine Hand Brot aus der Erde brachte?

Denkst du daran?

Denkst du daran, wie Gott dich nie versäumet?  
Wie manchen Stein er aus dem Weg geräumt,  
Daß nicht im dunklen Tale, fern vom Ziele,  
Dein Glaube wankte, deine Hoffnung fiele?

Denkst du daran?

Erwaelt

"Danket dem Herrn, denn er ist freundlich; und seine Güte währet ewiglich." Ps. 136,1. Beinahe die nämliche Worten erscheinen in vielleicht vier verschiedene Psalmen. Im 106ten heisst es weiter: "Wer kann die grosse Taten des Herrn ausreden und alle seine löbliche Werke preisen? Wohl denen, die das Gebot halten und tun immerdar recht."

Im obigem Gedicht finden wir viel Fragen gestellt, ob wir daran denken, wie viel dasz Gott schon getan hat für uns. O wie manche Segen haben wir schon erlangt. Tun wir sie begreifen? Tun wir Gott danken dafür? oder denken wir nur, das war unsere eigene Gescheitheit, oder Schmärtigkeit wie wir im Gebrauch haben zu sagen, und vergessen Gott zu danken dafür? Tun wir vielleicht zu viel im bordergrund stehen, und vergessen Gott zu fragen um Hilfe?

Wo finden wir ein Schreiber der Gott mehr gedankt hat als wie der Psalmist David? Er sahe seine schwache Seite, er sahe dasz seine Fehler und Missetaten soviel waren, dasz er fast verschmachtete oftmals. Dann aber betete er wieder zu Gott dasz er seine Seele wieder erlösen möchte von der Schmach und Schande.

Die Ägypter waren froh dasz sie ausgezogen waren, denn wo sie dort unter dem Pharao dienen muszten ist eine Furcht auf sie gefallen. Der Herr liesz eine Wolke über sie ausbreiten wie eine Decke, sie zu beschirmen und ein Feuer sie in der dunklen Nacht zu leuchten. O sehet wie der Herr acht gegeben hat auf sie. Sie kommen hin da sie kein Brot mehr hatten, dann liesz der Herr Wachteln und Manna vom Himmel fallen. Da der Reif Vom Lande ging da lag es rund und klein auf dem Lande, sie konnten auflesen und essen. Später hatten sie mangel an Wasser, dann öffnete er ein Felsen dasz Wasser heraus geflossen ist, hier konnten sie wieder trinken.

Solche Sachen sollten wir wohl bedenken, ein solcher groszer Gott, der seit die Welt erschaffen war noch immer die Menschen geholfen hat. Und sein Arm ist nicht kurz geworden dasz er nicht helfen kann, und seine Ohren nicht dick dasz er nicht höre. Nein, er tut als noch Gebeter erhören, darum soll alles Fleisch vor ihn kommen.

Wenn der Abend kommt wollen wir daran denken die viele Segen die wir erlangt haben, und wenn schon nicht alles gegangen ist wie wir meinten, wir sind doch Gott Dank schuldig. Er weidet uns als auf der grünen Aue und führet uns noch immer zum frischen Wasser. O solch ein gnädiger Gott der unsere Sünde und Missetaten nicht zurechnet. Wenn wir zu Ihm kommen in dieser schönen Gnadenzeit und bitten Ihn um Hilfe, er will uns gerne schenken und vergeben.

"Lobet den Herrn! denn unsern Gott loben, ist ein köstlich Ding; ;solche Lob ist lieblich und schön. Der Herr bauet Jerusalem, und bringet zusammen die verjagten Israels. Er heilet die zerbrochenes Herzens sind, und verbindet ihre Schmerzen. Er zählet die Sterne, und nennet sie alle mit namen. Unser Gott ist von groszer Kraft und ist unbegreiflich wie er regieret. "Ps. 147. 1-5. "Ich will den Herrn loben, solange ich lebe, und meinem Gott lobsingen, weil ich bin."

Solche Lob und Dank-Sprüchen von David sind uns viel wert wenn wir uns üben darinnen., sie können uns ein schöner Trost sein, wenn wir vielleicht meinen dasz wir viel Trübsal und Widerwärtigkeiten haben durch zu machen.

Wir gedenken abzulassen, betet für uns, unser Trost ist der, dasz wir ein gutes Gewissen haben und fleiszigen uns einen guten Wandel zu führen bei allen. Ebr.13,

## Das Gold'ne Bäumlein

Im Ton "Mein Gott, dasz Herz ich bringe dir."

Auf einem Berg, ein Bäumlein stand.  
Von gold'nen Früchten schwer;  
Man konnte es im ganzen Land,  
Erblicken weit umher.

Es kommen viele, spät und früh,  
Die edles Gold gesucht;  
Sie schütteln dran mit ernster Müh,  
Und sammeln seine Frucht.

Doch nimmt der Reichtum nimmer ab,  
Das Bäumlein wird nicht leer;  
Fällt gleich so manche Frucht herab,  
Es wachsen andere her.

Wie heisst das Bäumlein, und wo steht's  
Auf dieser Erde Raum?  
Wer hat's gesehen? Wer erräth's?  
Die Bibel ist der Baum!

Eingesandt von Simeon Bauman

## NIX UEBER DIE GESUNDHEIT

Es war mol ein Prediger von die Ferne in unsere versammlung komme. Wir waren froh ihn zu sehen und er hat uns viel heilige Schrift gebracht und viel Warnung. An ihn musz ich als viel denka wenn wir zu viel Arbeit henn oder alles will letz gehe.

Er hat mol gesagt us er hat einst geredet mit ein Mann us die Spruch g'macht hat, " Es ist nichts über die Gesundheit."

"Jo, es is," antwortete er ihm, " die Zufriedenheit!"

-M.B., Fleetwood, Pa.

# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## SMALL POX MAY SOON BE EXTINCT

Several centuries ago, Smallpox was undoubtedly the deadliest and most feared disease in the world. A writer of that time classed it as "the most terrible of all the ministers of death." Hundreds of thousands of people died every year and those who recovered carried ugly scars for the remainder of their lives.

A mere 25 years ago, it was still a common disease in 80 countries of the world and a majority of the world's population lived where smallpox was present. Now it is so close to extinction that there is a good prospect of it being wiped out altogether.

For the year 1967 the World Health Organization counted 131,160 cases of smallpox in the world. By 1970, the count was down to 30,812. Today the disease is found in only seven countries, Sudan, Ethiopia, Afganistan, Pakistan, India, Nepal, and Indonesia. Once these countries are cleaned up, the disease should be dead. No animal is known to spread the disease although monkeys can become infected with it.

Since immunization is now more dangerous than the chance of getting the disease itself, it is expected that vaccination against smallpox will soon be a thing of the past.

## NON SMOKERS BEWARE

Have you ever felt trapped when you were on a crowded bus or in a room where the air was loaded with cigarette smoke? Latest findings indicate there is reason for concern. Dr. J.S. Steinfeld, Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service recently pointed out that it can be dangerous for persons who are regularly in smoke filled rooms even if they themselves do not smoke.

Years ago it was thought that nicotine was the main health danger in tobacco. However during the last ten years, researchers found that the tar which is left after the smoke has evaporated is worse than the nicotine. But Dr. Steinfeld now believes there is still a greater danger than either of the above. It is carbon monoxide and other gases which result from the incomplete burning of the cigarette.

Carbon monoxide is the same kind of gas which comes out of the exhaust of an automobile or gasoline engine. Of course there is not as much, but even in small quantities it is breathed into the lungs where it is picked up by the red blood cells. When the cells are carrying this gas, they can not carry oxygen, thus cutting off the bodies supply of oxygen. In young people who are strong and healthy, it may do no noticeable damage but in older people or those who have a weak heart or lungs, it can cause serious trouble.

The maximum permissible carbon monoxide level for healthy working conditions is 50 parts per million parts of air. It has been found that a room full of cigarette smokers may raise the carbon monoxide content to 80 parts per million. Cigar smoking produces fully as great a hazard in this respect as cigarettes.

## Guns in the wastebasket

Hijacking planes is a serious problem that airlines have found hard to control. Now some airlines are using March, 1972

a gadget called the magnetometer to search all passengers before they are allowed to board the plane. The magnetometer is a pair of long poles that will detect electronically if a person is armed. Since the magnetometer is being used, security officials at the airports have been finding strange things in wastebaskets, toilet bowls, and lockers. For example at a Chicago airport, federal marshals have found knives, handguns, and tear-gas guns. In a Los Angeles airport officials found a jacket containing a .22 revolver, a .38 revolver, a .25 automatic and three boxes of ammunition. Nervous passengers who were afraid of getting caught with weapons simply left them behind.

In the time of Noah the Bible says the earth was filled with violence. The same could be said of today for it is sad indeed when people carry such weapons because they don't feel safe without them.

Thanks to the magnetometer, at least in some circumstances and temporarily, this is being reversed so that people don't feel safe with guns.

## WANTED - AT ONCE

Gr andparents, relatives and friends to give love to our children instead of lollypops, kindness instead of cake, purpose in life instead of pop, bananas instead of chocolate bars, prunes instead of pudding, carrots instead of candy, home prepared foods instead of store-bought knick-knacks, and an understanding of temperance instead of some more tasty-take-some-more foods.

Any reputable dentist will make out the warrant that candies, pastries, highly seasoned foods, knick-knacks and pop are detrimental to the teeth. On the other hand, he will declare that apples and other fruits and vegetables can safely be eaten, even between meals without hurting the teeth or the appetite.

BUT- what is so hard as to change the eating habits of a nation? -Pa.

If you are dog-tired at night, it may be because you have growled all day.

Health without good habits is a super-structure without a base, and the attempt to restore health without reforming habits is like trying to cure a burn without removing the hand from the fire. - Graham

To be a friend a man should close his eyes to the faults of others and open them to his own. - Peterson.

Blame yourself as you blame others; excuse others as you would excuse yourself. - Chinese Proverb

There is a strong force in nature that always makes for health, provided we live in such a manner as to make health possible. - Emerson

## His Promises Are Sure

God has given His promise to you and to me  
That wherever we wander, there He also will be  
If we're high on the hilltop that's sunny and fair  
Or deep in the valley of hopeless despair.  
We still hear Him speaking in comforting tone,  
I will always be with you— you're never alone.

HUNTING AND FISHING seems to have a special appeal to many of the people in our plain communities. Years ago when our ancestors first came to America, a large part of the meat for the family table came from the woods and the streams. But as the land was cleared, most of the woodland disappeared and the streams became filled with silt instead of fish. Today there is not much hunting or fishing to be done on the average farm, and many farms do not have any woodland at all.

In this issue is the true story (names have been changed) of some of the adventures of a wife while her husband was gone on a four-day hunting trip. She cheerfully endures her lot since they do need meat, and also because her husband "works hard all summer." The question naturally arises, is this type of hunting trip a justifiable substitute for the practice of bygone years in getting a deer "on the back forty?"

As for furnishing meat for the table, we would have to consider whether there would be no better way of furnishing that meat. In figuring the expenses, we would have to include the money spent for hiring a driver, for guns and ammunition and other supplies needed for the trip. Then we would have to consider that four men spent four days to get one deer. How much meat could have been bought with the money and the wages which might have been earned?

Taking the next point, in that her husband worked hard all summer the logical conclusion would be that he needed a rest, and where would have been a better place to take it than at home?

In this particular case, the hunters stayed in an Amish home and visited relatives which in itself can be a good thing. But from the tone of his wife's writing, it is evident that she would have enjoyed the visit just as much as he.

The sad part is that many hunters and fishermen do not spend their "vacation" in an Amish home or Amish community. It is spent in a cabin in the woods of the northland or the west and living expenses can amount to quite a bit in such a place. Under such circumstances, the whole venture gets to the point where it must be classed as a sport, something which is hard to make fit into our way of life as plain people.

History tells us that one of the reasons for the downfall of the powerful Roman empire was the overwhelming desire for pleasure and sports. Huge coliseums were built where hundreds of thousands of

people could watch the games of the gladiator fights and the wild animals fighting with men. Finally these games included Christians being thrown to the lions...

If we follow the sports in hunting and fishing, will the next generation be able to see anything wrong with other sports like skeet shooting, hockey, baseball or even cars racing?

We don't hope anyone will misunderstand this. No one will object to those who can get a mess of fish, or those who go hunting where there is available game. It is only when it turns into a worldly sport that there is reason for alarm. The fresh air on the mountain is invigorating but it's a pity to spoil it with the smell of gunpowder when we have to kneel to the god of sport to do it.

Recently a reader wrote, "I hope it's not true, as I was told, about a smooth talker who visited the print shop and found out who the author was of several unsigned articles."

The reason for concern was because this person had sent in some material for publication, asking that the author's name be withheld and for a very good reason.

As far as we know, we have never disclosed the author's name of any unsigned article except by the author's permission. The truth is that you can find out the name of many of the authors of unsigned articles if you have a good reason for wanting to know. All you need to do is to write to us, asking for the name and address and telling us why you want to know it. Your letter will be forwarded to the author, and chances are you will hear from him.

We received a record number of replies to the question on the "What Do You Think" page from the 18-year old who wanted to know if she should wear a head covering at night. She said she didn't have any mother to ask so she was asking the mothers who read *Family Life*. The readers apparently were touched by the request and moved to answer her question. Space does not permit printing all of the letters but they have been condensed, and the original letters have been sent to the girl.

We are thankful for the unusual response and hope they will continue sending in answers to the questions.

Several answers were not used because we felt it was better not to. One reader felt that it would not be necessary to wear a covering all of the time and took as a reason that the menfolks are not bareheaded all the time. We agree that women cannot have their heads covered all the time or else it would be almost impossible to wash or comb their hair and dry them. But we cannot agree with the inference that a man's hat is a devotional covering and therefore forbidden in the Scriptures. We believe the Scriptures refer to a devotional covering. A man shall not have a devotional covering or special veiling while praying or prophesying whereas a woman shall have. A woman might have her head covered with a stylish hat complete with flashy feathers, but we do not believe that this could be considered a devotional covering. Although we believe it is proper for a man to remove his hat for public prayer, yet at the same time we believe he can sing hymns or lift his thoughts to God in prayer while working in the fields with his hat on.

Another person wrote to say they think that if the prayers are said, it is all right for the woman to hang her covering on the bedpost where it can be gotten on short notice if she should want to pray. Although we would not want to say that this might not hold out under any circumstances, depending on the enlightenment of the person, we do feel that there is a much better way than this and would like to join the scores of people who answered the question, in encouraging and advocating that better way.

The recent article on the Sabbath brought in several replies saying they believe we are still bound to keep the Sabbath as commanded under the law. Apparently these persons did not realize that the Jewish Sabbath is on Saturday, the seventh day of the week, whereas our

Family Life

#### WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

In the home it is kindness.  
In business it is honesty.  
In society it is courtesy.  
In work it is thoroughness.  
In play it is fairness.  
Toward the fortunate it is congratulations.  
Toward the unfortunate it is compassion.  
Toward the weak it is help.  
Toward wickedness it is resistance.  
Toward the penitent it is forgiveness.  
Toward God it is reverence, love, obedience.

Sunday is the first day of the week. Many people are of the opinion that we have no way of knowing which is the first day of the week or the seventh. The calendars have been changed various times down through the years.

This used to be a problem in my mind, too, but the answer is rather simple. Apparently the weeks were kept track of from the time of the creation, as frequent mention is made even before Moses time (see Gen. 29:27). At least there is no doubt that God made known to Moses which day is the seventh day, when He commanded him to observe the Sabbath. From the time of Moses, the Jews have kept up the weekly worship. The

calendars have changed numerous times but there is no evidence that the days of the week were ever changed. There is little doubt but that our Saturday is the seventh day counting back to the creation.

Some people may become alarmed at the thought that they are not keeping the seventh day Sabbath. But we can rest in the knowledge that from New Testament times the Church has always observed the first day of the week instead of the seventh. When the Great Atonement was finished on the cross, then the literal keeping of the Mosaic laws was abolished, and along with it the seventh-day Sabbath.

**HAPPY**

**WHEN**

**HUBBY'S**

**HOME**

Author's Name Withheld

IT WAS A COLD December afternoon. As I peered out the kitchen window, the snow was blowing across the yard and drifting in the lane. The thermometer hung at zero. A surge of homesickness swept over me, as I breathed a silent prayer, "Oh, God, keep your hand over my dear husband so that he may return home safely."

Four days ago he and three others had left on an out-of-state hunting trip. They would be staying at cousin Abes who lived in a small settlement in another state. How glad I was that they would have a nice Amish place to stay.

I had my sister, Mary, to help me with the chores while Sam would be gone. As it was nearing 3:30 that afternoon, sister Mary said, "Shall I run out and get in wood and coal for the night?"

"Yes, you may," I answered, "for I wish we could get the chores finished early. Then when Sam comes home we can visit."

I am always anxious to hear about everything down at the settlement where Sam stayed at cousin Abes. Sam always tells how kind and talkative they are, and how Abe's wife, Malinda can bake the best homemade bread in the world. Of course I guess almost anything would taste good to a bunch of hungry deer hunters.

Sam works so hard on the farm all summer and I think it is good for him to get away for a few days. And besides, we don't hardly have any meat except canned chicken. Everything had been going just fine since Sam left.

"Now, I would like to finish these flannel nighties for the children," I told Mary, "and then I'll be out to help you with the chores. But first I want to get something over for supper. Maybe you could throw down ensilage and give the cows each a big shovel full till I get out. Don't hurry too much."

I hurried myself to get the nighties done. But before I had them finished, little Danny wanted to try his on. I told our daughter, Ellen, "Go down the cellar and bring me potatoes up and a can of chicken so I can get that on before I go outside."

As I peeled the potatoes and started taking the pieces of chicken carefully out of the can, little Esther asked, "Will Daddy bring a deer home?"

"Well, I sure hope he does," I replied, "All we have is chicken. Somewhere in the Bible it says God made all



these animals for us to eat and I am hungry for deer-burgers."

I put the things on the oil stove and turned it down. Then I warned the children to be good while I was out choring. They were used to having their grandmother with them but she had left for a few days.

As I walked past the chicken house I decided to stick my head in and see if the 500 big capons we were feeding, were all right. We had filled the hanging feeders that morning.

As soon as I opened the door, I saw that something was wrong. Nearly half the chicken house floor was covered with water and the capons were standing in it knee deep. They had gotten the automatic waterer loose and everything was draining out on the floor. I called sister Mary, "Come quick and bring the wheelbarrow and a shovel from the barn."

I got some baler twine and we soon had the waterer tied up with twine. We filled the wheelbarrow with the messy manure but how would we get it up out of the door. We took some blocks and a board and built a ramp. Then we tried to push the wheelbarrow up the ramp.

The board broke and most of the manure spilled out. We tried it again and this time it went all right but Mary's dress looked like we had tried to take too much. We pushed it to the nearest tree, a Jonathon apple tree, and dumped it out. I remembered that old Uncle Crist used to say, always put your chicken manure around the apple trees and you will have an abundant crop. This at least made me feel better but I wondered why it had to be tonight.

What would happen if those big birds got sick in this zero weather. We continued for load after load until we finally had most of it out. Then we hurried to the barn and filled some sacks with straw to take to the chicken house.

"Oh, I just now thought about it," Mary exclaimed, "when I came out to the barn at 3:30 that big work horse was loose, so I tied it up again, but I can't figure out how it got loose."

As we entered the barn, we heard a noise in the horse stable and when I went to check I found that Bertha had gotten her snap open again. So I tied her again.

We took our bags of straw up in the chicken house and

scattered it around. As we left the chicken house I asked Mary, "Do you think we will ever get to our other chores?"

"Oh, yes,," she exclaimed cheerfully. I was glad she took it so calmly.

The cold icy wind was blowing and as we tramped through the snow toward the barn, I remembered we had better get the tie rope off the buggy and tie old Bertha up real good so she doesn't get loose during the night. As I was going up to the shed, I noticed two big roosters out in the snow. They must have gotten out through the door while we were pushing out the manure. I called to Mary, "Come and help me catch these roosters or they will freeze out here in this cold weather."

When Mary came, I said, "Now you catch that one, and I will get this one."

Sister Mary took a dive and landed on top of the rooster. Then she gathered up the bird in her arms. Mary looked at the bird in alarm and screamed, "This rooster can't lift its head, its got a broken neck!"

I put my foot on the rooster's head and jerked. Mary said rather shamefully, "And no hot water."

"All we need is a butcher knife and dishpan," I said, "and we can skin him quick and then we'll take his insides out and put him into water. We won't have to cut him up tonight, or at least not before chores are done."

Soon Mary came running with the dishpan and stood there dumbfounded. At sight of her, I almost had to laugh and said, "Oh, don't worry. A lot worse things than that could have happened. That just means chicken for the table."

Mary took the dishpan and the chicken in the house and I returned to the barn. While I fed the horses, they were all hungry and stretched their necks except poor Bertha. She just hung her head and it was plain to see she was miserable. When my sister came out I said, "But Mary, was Bertha in the feeding room when you came out this afternoon?"

"Yes, she was," Mary answered, "and she must have ate nearly a bushel of corn, as I had filled that basket with corn this morning and it's all gone. She also ate something out of that bag there."

"Oh, that's a bag full of bran," I said. I poked my hand through the cracks of the horse stable to feel Bertha's tummy. It felt very hard, but the other horses had hard tummies, too.

Then we put the cows in and tied them. I heard Bertha groan and flop down on her side. I remembered Sam had said, "You always have to get them up right away." I called, "Bertha, get up", and she jumped up.

I sat down to milk and as I finished with my first cow, there was another noise, and she was down again. I called and she managed to get up but she groaned. We milked as fast as we could for it was plain that something had to be done. She was one of our best horses. Oh, if only Sam were home, he would know what to do.

"Oh, dear, what do you think we ought to do?" I asked Mary, "Do you think we should get Dr. Smith out? He hates to come after dark?"

Flop, and she was down again. "Now get up, Bert," I coaxed, "or we won't be able to get you up any more."

"I'll give the cows hay," I told Mary, "and you can take the strainer and buckets over in the milkhouse and wash them. Then you go in and mash the potatoes and make gravy and you and the children go ahead and eat."

By this time the children were all crowding at the window and crying, wondering why we weren't coming in.

Then I took the lantern and went through the back lane that leads to the old widow lady to call Dr. Smith. The lane was nearly shut and as I waded through the snow, the cold wind burned my face. I could hardly get through at places.

The heavens were clear over me and the stars twinkled out of the darkness. I lifted my head and prayed, "Oh, God, if it pleases Thee, then see that everything comes out all right and that my husband comes home safely."

As I entered the porch, the lady recognized my voice and came out, wondering what was wrong. "Would you please call Dr. Smith," I gasped, "and ask him to come out. Tell him we have a sick horse and there are no men here. Maybe he will come, then."

She returned to the kitchen. Soon she came out the door with good news, saying he would be right out. "Oh, thanks a lot, I will pay you later. I must be going."

I got home and when I was just in the barn, Dr. Smith drove up and I apologized for getting him out after dark. He examined the horse and said it was a good thing we called him. He put a hose through her nose into her stomach and gave her a quart bottle of medicine. "Now you lead her around for half an hour," he told me, "and I will leave some colic medicine here. At ten o'clock, you come out and see how she is, if she still groans, go get one of the neighbor men to give this to her."

"Oh," I gasped, "our neighbor went along hunting, too."

I led the horse around for half an hour and tied her up. By that time I was shivering all over, I was that cold. Then I tied her back in her place, and headed for the house. By this time it was nearly nine o'clock, but I wasn't even hungry. But I did eat a bite as the little ones crowded around me to ask questions.

Just then a car drove in and I thought to myself, "Oh, I hope it's my husband." And it was.

The door burst open and my brother Simon called out, "Howdy-doodie everybody. Look out the window and see what your daddy's dragging in." Then turning to me, he said, "Aren't you proud of your husband? He's the only one in the bunch that got one."

"Feel proud? I guess not, after an evening like this!" I mumbled.

"Now sister, what's wrong?" Simon asked, "What happened this evening?"

Then the rest came in and everyone had a smile and I forgot my woe. Little Danny ran for his daddy. Then Sam hurried to me and said, "What's wrong at the barn? I see Dr. Smith was here, for those are his tracks where he always drives up to the barn!"

So I told them the whole story what had happened. Before the men left they said, "Let's go take a look at that horse and if he needs medicine, we will help you before we go home."

When Sam came in, he said, "Everything looks all right at the barn." Sister Mary was ready to go home by this time and went along with the load. As she left, I told her, "Forget about the chicken. A lot worse things could have happened than that."

By the time they had left, it was ten o'clock and I was tired but I still wanted to hear about how everything was at cousin Abes. "That Abe is sure a lively fellow," Sam said, "and they make you feel at home fast. I think she must have made homemade bread every day and everything tasted so good. And that fresh air on the mountain made you feel good."

Before we went to bed, I said, "Sam, you look pale. Is something wrong with you?"

"Oh. I think I'm all right,," he said, "I guess we shouldn't have stopped at the restaurant on the way home. I do feel funny on my stomach."

"Well I'm glad I won't have to be the first one out to the barn in the morning," I said.

After awhile Sam said, "Oh yes, when we got down to Abes, several of their boys were sick in bed with the flu. Well I guess we'd better go to bed as I'm tired. I mean, we're both tired."

The next morning when we got up, Sam moaned and I thought he was going to faint "I didn't sleep very well, last night," he said. "It's probably what Abe's boys had."

"Please go back to bed before you fall over, I can do the chores, I'm just so glad to have you back."

I lit the gas lantern and as I flung open the door and walked out into the cold darkness of the morning, there was a song in my heart. I was so glad that my husband was home.

## WATER FROM THE SPRING

There is nothing like a drink of pure cool fresh spring water to quench the dryness of severe thirst. The reason it is so satisfying is that nothing has been added and nothing taken away. But what do we find on the market today? All kinds of fancy and tasty drinks. You have a wide list to choose from, root beer, orange, pepsi-cola, seven-up. If you want something stronger, there are alcoholic beverages, beer, wine, gin, whiskey and who knows what all.

All these beverages have one ingredient in common which is water. Originally it was pure water. But all these new drinks have something added or something taken away. Perhaps it has been boiled down in an attempt to purify it, perhaps it has additives. With a constant line of advertising, they try to draw the dissatisfied drinker away from the pure spring water and get him to drink these new drinks. Yes, they are tasty, but they are not satisfying.

How does this compare with our times spiritually? There is nothing more satisfying to a thirsty soul than the pure unrefined Word and Gospel of Christ. A great volume of water comes forth from the spring which flows from the spiritual Rock. Do we thirst after this water, which has nothing added and nothing taken away?

Do we prefer some new and tasty drink like Coco-cola which is pleasing to the taste, but if we live on it, it will eat out our insides? Or perhaps we depend on some wine, which is made according to the recipes which have been handed down from generation to generation? Let's picture a spring flowing out of the side of the mountain and down into the valley. All the way down there are preachers and teachers dipping from the stream and asking the people to drink. But by the time the water gets down to the valley, it is no longer the pure clear water which came out of the spring.

But we also find a few men standing by the spring with a cup in their hands and are calling for the thirsty to come and drink.

Among these were Menno Simons, Dietrich Phillips, and Jacob Ammon. Although they confessed their

shortcomings, they offered the water pure and fresh from the spring, nothing added and nothing taken away. They were serious and true servants of the Lord, no room for lukewarmness or unconcernedness. They taught and lived the Word and labored for the church. They warned against the new flavors and boiled-down water and labelled them worthless. It will not quench the thirst.

Menno Simons labored hard in establishing a church which was to be without spot or wrinkle. He taught them the pure word of God and that they must give up their life here on earth rather than give up their faith in Christ. Many of them did give their lives for their faith. One of his favorite passages was, "For other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." He also often quoted from Jeremiah 17, "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord and whose hope the Lord is."

How is it today? Many false teachers are busy on the mountainside boiling this water down, or adding things to make a pleasant drink. They are calling, "Come all ye that are thirsty and drink from this refreshing new drink."

Some of these new drinks are intoxicating and those who drink them feel very good. But they do not realize until it is too late that they are headed for eternal destruction.

Some say if you were taught to drink grape juice then you must drink grape juice all your life. Others say that if you were taught to drink beer, you must drink beer all your life. Others say if you were taught to drink wine, then you must drink wine, or God will punish you for it. How does this correspond to what our Anabaptist forefathers taught? They believed and taught that we must believe and obey the Word and must walk according to it. They stood for their faith, no matter how hard they were persecuted.

We are thankful that there are still some who stand by the spring and are giving out pure clear water which will quench the thirst. Spiritual-wise the Word of God is the only drink in the world which will do that.

—Deleware.

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## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

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### The Arrest of an Amish Bishop — 1918

By David Luthy

The United States entered World War I on April 6, 1917, and had as its main opponent Germany. To support its war efforts, the U.S. government issued a series of five war bonds known as Liberty or Victory Bonds. These were not taxes but requests by the government that the American citizens loan money to help wage the war. The buyer of a bond received from 3½ to 4¾ per cent interest. The American people loaned their government nearly 21 billion dollars by purchasing war bonds.

Since the purchasing of the war bonds was to be voluntary, the Amish, Mennonites, and other non-resistant Americans should not have been effected. But the bonds were voluntary in name only, for each community was assigned a quota and had a committee of local citizens to see that the quota was reached. This meant that the local people put pressure on their fellow citizens to buy war bonds. It was a classic example of high-pressure salesmanship. Anyone who hesitated to buy a war bond was labelled a "second class citizen," "traitor," or "friend of the enemy."

Since the war was being waged with Germany, naturally all American citizens of German background were suspected by their neighbors as being possible

traitors. One way to test them was to ask them to buy war bonds. This anti-German sentiment was felt by all Americans of German descent. Since the Amish and Mennonites were "Germans" too in the public's opinion, they felt the pressure quite a bit. But the pressure differed from area to area. Following are five statements by present-day elderly Amishmen who remember what the pressure was like at the time the war bonds were being urged upon all Americans.

1. Lancaster County, Pennsylvania: "The first airplanes, I ever saw in flight passed over us in the fall of 1918. They were dropping leaflets urging purchase of bonds. I did not hear of much pressure but heard several ministers, one a bishop, had been somehow pressured to buy but were able to back out again. It seems we here in Lancaster Co. have had lenient draft boards and a good feeling between us and 'outsiders.'"

2. Lagrange County, Indiana: "I remember there was something about buying war bonds but I don't remember if the Amish bought any or not. I think it was to each individual as he felt about it. I know I didn't buy any. There was some violence going on like painting buggies

or houses with yellow paint.”

3. Johnston County, Iowa: “I got married the summer of 1918. My wife and I worked for Dan Fishers a Mennonite minister. One day as I as plowing, there came a row of cars. I first wondered if there is a funeral but soon saw them parking at Dan’s farm buildings. My first thought was to go in as it was almost time for dinner and the women were alone. Then I thought maybe they are better off without me being there. They did no violence but the women heard them making remarks about Dan not having purchased war bonds. They might have been there for an hour

“I once was called with two others to appear before some men and took them to be officers. They said we should buy bonds. They let us go for that time and said we should appear later, but we got no call.

“We were watched about our German talking and some who were caught at it were given some ‘rich’ talking.”

4. Mayes County, Oklahoma: “We have two Amish women here that remember a little about the time of war bonds, but don’t think their parents bought any. They remember the time they went to meet their mothers and one horse fell, breaking the tongue in the spring wagon. A man helped them by letting them use his wagon. Then it happened he heard them talking ‘Dutch’ which made him mad. He said all Dutch men should be hung. This scared the girls pretty badly. This was at Couteau and seems the people did not give the Amish much trouble. But we have people here who we used to call Russian Mennonites and most of their address was Inola. They had a lot of trouble. One church was just on the edge of town and it was burned. They had church in a barn and it was also burned. They spoke all German at that time.”

5. Reno County, Kansas: “Yes, I remember well of some of the pressure and also hardfeeling it gave at that time. I was a young man and was just ordained to the ministry a year before. And, of course, they thought I just took up the ministry to get exempted from the draft and said I got to get an affidavit to show I was ordained by lot. Then as my dad was bishop, he made up a writing and got a few signatures; so that settled that. They then came and said every member over 21 has got to buy a war or liberty bond. Well, the Amish didn’t want to buy any as we felt it would be helping the war. Well, we had a real nice banker here in our little town of Yoder. He helped us all he could. So our people just to try and keep peace went and bought bonds and gave them to the banker as a present and never asked for the money back.

“As we were married a few years, we were very hard up at the time. But there was no other way, so we had to borrow \$75 to buy a bond. So we just done like most of the others. But I remember a few older men that refused to buy any. One day some officers came to Noah Beachys, knocked at the door, and asked Mrs. Beachy where Mr. Beachy was. She said she didn’t know where he was. But they didn’t believe her and opened the door and went in and hunted in every room, closets, under beds, and everywhere. Mr. Beachy had seen them come and had hidden outside somewhere. So when they couldn’t find him, they told her if he didn’t buy a bond till such a time they would tar and feather him. They were quite in fear for a few days and then went and bought one.

“Then the officers went over to Mr. Kaufman; they warned him the same way; then also went to a Mr. Bontrager. So, I think after it was all over with everybody done the same and just turned the bonds over to the banker.”

War bonds were a new type of test for the Amish churches. Should they or could they in conscience purchase the bonds? The ministers felt their members should not purchase any, for by doing so they would be helping to wage the war. But some churches (such as the

Reno County, Kansas church) experienced such pressure that they reluctantly purchased bonds but refused to accept them back after the war was over. To some people this seemed a solution and to others a compromise. Those who felt it was wrong to purchase bonds, even under severe pressure, compared the situation to that of the Amish boys who were being drafted.

The United States made few provisions for conscientious objectors when war was declared on April 6, 1917. The only provision was that they must go to the army and wear the uniform, but could perform non-combatant work. The Amish churches felt their boys could not serve in the army in any way, combatant or non-combatant. So the Amish boys were drafted, sent to the army camps, and expected by their home churches to remain steadfast under mockery, persecution and severe pressure. But now back home members were going partways and reluctantly purchasing the war bonds. This went down hard with many Amish people, for they wondered how their boys could be expected to bear the test in the army camps if they heard that the people back home were compromising.

It was with such thoughts in mind that one person decided something should be said about the situation. Manasses E. Bontrager (bishop of the now extinct Amish church at Dodge City, Kansas) took up his pen and wrote a lengthy letter which would be read in nearly every Amish home.

Manasses Bontrager laid his pen aside, put his letter in an envelope, sealed and stamped it, and mailed it to the BUDGET office in Ohio. In a few days the letter arrived at its destination. The editor, S.H. Miller, happened to be gone on a trip to Pennsylvania so was not present to receive Bontrager’s letter. The BUDGET typesetter opened the envelope, removed the letter, and began setting it on his linotype. Perhaps this was his usual practice, to open the mail when the editor was away, or maybe there was a shortage of material and he was glad for Bontrager’s thick-feeling envelope. At any rate, the letter came into print in the May 15, 1918 issue of the BUDGET. Following is the letter as it appeared:

Dodge City, Kans., April 24— A greeting in our Saviors name.

People are all well excepting some colds.

The weather is cool again. We’re having more rain than usual this spring.

Oats fields are nice and green, much more barley is being put out this spring than usual on account of the wheat failing. A few farmers think they have some wheat that will be harvested, some corn is planted.

As we are living in an age of time when the gospel is preached over a wider area than ever before, but in what state of affairs the world is in! A world war, never since the time of Julius Caesar was so large a portion of the civilized nations at war, never were such destructive weapons used to destroy life, never were the non-resistant people put to a more trying test in our country. How are we meeting the general problems confronting us? Shall we weaken under the test or are we willing to put all our trust in our dear Savior? Are we willing to follow his foot steps? Our young brethren in camp were tested first; let us take a lesson of their faithfulness. They sought exemption on the ground that they belonged to a church which forbids its members the bearing of arms or participating in war in any form. Now we are asked to buy Liberty Bonds the form in which the government has to carry on the war. Sorry to learn that some of the Mennonites have yielded and bought the bonds. What would become of our non-resistant faith if our young brethren in camp would yield? From let-

ters I received from brethren in camp, I believe they would be willing to die for Jesus rather than betray Him. Let us profit by their example they have set us so far, and pray that God may strengthen them in the future. Many people can't understand why we don't want to help defend our country. Christ said render unto Caesar that which belongs to Caesar and to God that which belongs to God. Caesar protects our property for which we should willingly pay our taxes, as Christ asked us to, the money its denomination and value is estimated and made by the authority of civil government. But our coming in this world, our intellects, our physical powers do not belong to Caesar. If he claims them to defend him, Christ's laws strictly forbid our yielding to such a claim. How many of our brethren have went to the ballot box giving their choice who should govern our country, will the same brethren respond to the call of the men whom they helped put in office? Paul says be yea not unequally yoked with unbelievers, are we pilgrims and strangers? or do we think we must use our right of citizenship at the ballot box? Christ said my kingdom is not of this world. If we claim citizenship in Christ's kingdom, can we serve two masters? Christ said ye cannot serve God and mammon. We cannot have citizenship in two earthly kingdoms at one time, much less I think we can claim one in a heavenly kingdom and one in an earthly kingdom. Self defence is the first law of nature, it is often said, did Christ appeal to self defence? no, when the chief priests and captains of the temple and the elders came to him, Jesus said to Judas betrayest thou the son of man with a kiss. Christ did not defend himself but Simon Peter drew the sword, smote the high priest's servant and cut off his right ear. Here is an act of the first law of nature the cause seemed to Peter to demand it. Did Jesus justify it? no He showed his sympathy for humanity, healed the wounded man, and said to Peter put up thy sword into its place for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. He did not say should perish by the sword but with it. So all who used the sword or other weapon of carnal warfare and not repented must perish and all the weapons of our warfare will perish with them.

April 21st I attended two funerals one a mile north from us an old man nearly 80 years old, a good neighbor but never belonged to church. I took a great lesson the minister in his sermon called him brother. O how can we call such an one a brother? Is it any wonder that the people are satisfied to live without confessing Christ. I heard much of heaven in their sermons but never a mention was made of hell. They often brought forth the name of Christ, but the name of Satan was never mentioned. The same Jesus that told us about heaven told us about hell. If we fear God we need not fear satan, as we have sown we shall reap. If people are deceived thru preaching is it any wonder they go to war with one another and call it right. I must often wonder that there is so much strife and misunderstanding in some localities among the non-resistant people I was in hopes this terrible war would bring all church members closer together. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

M. E. Bontrager

Several months passed. It is likely that Manasses Bontrager no longer thought about the BUDGET letter he had written in April and which had appeared in May.

March, 1972

It is possible, too, that the BUDGET editor never even read Bontrager's letter when he returned from his trip. But suddenly on the last Sunday of July, both the writer and the editor became very much aware of the letter. A U.S. marshal arrived at the peaceful Kansas farm of fifty-year-old Manasses Bontrager and arrested him. The marshal said that Bontrager had written a letter to an Ohio newspaper; part of the letter was in violation of Section 3, Title I, Espionage Act of June 15, 1917. He, along with BUDGET editor S.H. Miller, would have to appear before a judge in federal court in Cleveland, Ohio—the federal district in which the BUDGET was published.

Manasses's second son remembers when the marshal took his father away: "The way I remember it the U.S. officer treated father with all consideration possible. He did not mistreat father or use any harsh words, and when they went to the depot in Dodge City he bought a ticket and gave it to father so that nobody on the train could know he was under arrest. I think father stayed in a hotel room while in Cleveland."

It was eight days from the time of Manasses's arrest in Kansas until his trial was held in Cleveland. Even though his brother Levi came to be with him the days must have passed very slowly for Manasses so far from his family and church in Kansas. The whole event must have seemed to him like a bad dream from which he wished he could awaken.

On August 5th the trial of Manasses Bontrager and S.H. Miller was held. Following is an account of the trial as reported on page one of Cleveland's largest newspaper, THE PLAIN DEALER, dated August 6, 1918:

Federal Judge Westenhaver yesterday imposed a fine of \$500 on Rev. Manasses E. Bontrager of Dodge City, Kan., a bishop in the Amish Mennonite church, after Bontrager had entered a plea of guilty to violation of the espionage act.

The bishop, a man with long whiskers which nearly hid his face and flowing hair, listened as the judge denounced activities of conscientious objectors who try to convert others to their anti-war views.

With the bishop was his brother, Levi Bontrager, also a leader in the Mennonite church, hundreds of members of which, called to cantonments by the draft, have refused even to perform non-combatant service.

Both men wore dark clothes, blue shirts and the broad brimmed felt hats characteristic of the attire of members of their faith.

#### INDICTED FOR LETTER.

Bontrager was indicted in Cleveland for writing a letter to The Weekly Budget, Mennonite paper published in Tuscarawas county, in which he deplored the purchase of Liberty bonds by Mennonites. The paper has a large circulation in the Mennonite colony in Holmes and Tuscarawas counties, from which many conscientious objectors have been sent to Camp Sherman. The editor of the paper, S.H. Miller, is under indictment for publishing the letter.

"When the country is at war," Judge Westenhaver told the bishop, "you and all who benefit by its powers are equally bound to bear the burden. Religious liberty such as you enjoy was not gained by non-resistance. No persons in this country regrets the war more than those not of your faith.

"No man, no matter how rich he may be, can buy exemption; no man may furnish a substitute. But out of consideration of your religious belief, there has been granted to your young men exemption from combatant service."

The bishop announced in court that he would henceforth leave the matter of bond-buying and military service to the individual consciences of members of his church.

"I made a mistake by writing that letter," he confessed. "I did wrong. I thank Mr. Kavanagh and the judge for showing me my error."

As an individual, Bishop Bontrager declared he was still opposed to killing Germans.

"But I want Germany beaten," he added. "I shall pray that they may be. Perhaps the Lord will destroy them as he destroyed the Egyptians."

The bishop produced affidavits to show that he has conducted vigorous campaigns in Kansas in behalf of the Red Cross and the army Y. M. C. A.

Other conscientious objectors who come before the court, the judge indicated, may receive much severer sentences.

Judge Westenhaver sentenced Bert Bonen of Gallon to four months at Warrenville, for pro-German talk. Bonen declared he was drunk at the time he made the remark.

Stanislaus Dangel, editor of the Polish Daily News of Cleveland, was fined \$50 by the judge for a technical violation of the trading-with-the-enemy act.

Manasses Bontrager paid his \$500 fine immediately and returned to Kansas. He had received offers from prominent people in Dodge City to help pay his fine, but he paid it himself. We can imagine how he must have felt as he took the long train ride back to Kansas. He knew how most Kansas people felt about C.O.'s and war bonds; would the public be hostile to him? If Manasses expected that his trial would make front page news in Kansas as it had in Cleveland, he must have been very pleased to learn that it barely made it into the Kansas newspapers at all. His local Dodge City newspaper mentioned the fining on page three in a minimum of words. And the newspaper at the state capital at Topeka ran an even smaller account on its third page. Following are the two Kansas newspaper accounts:

TOPEKA DAILY CAPITAL, August 8, 1918:

### KANSAN IN ON IT

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#### Dodge City Writer Helped Ohio

#### Editor to Get in Bad.

Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 8. — Samuel H. Miller, editor of the Mennonite Weekly Budget, of Sugar Creek, was fined \$500 in federal court today for publishing an article advising against buying of liberty bonds, written by M. E. Bontrager of Dodge City, Kan, who was fined \$500 for his literary effort several days ago.

DODGE CITY DAILY JOURNAL, August 7, 1918:

### BONTRAGER FINED

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Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 6. — Rev. Manasse Bontrager of Dodge City,

Kansas, plead guilty to violating the espionage act in United States District court here today. He was fined five hundred dollars.

Bontrager who is a bishop in the Mennonite Church wrote a letter to an Ohio paper discouraging the purchase of Liberty Bonds.

Both the Dodge City and Cleveland newspaper accounts referred to Manasses Bontrager as "a bishop in the Mennonite Church." This was a mistake. Manasses was a lifetime member of the Old Order Amish. He was ordained a minister in Lagrange County, Indiana and served as Bishop for three Amish churches where he lived: Dodge City, Kansas; Sikeston, Missouri; and Centreville, Michigan.

The newspaper account in Cleveland was incorrect in another point. It said that Manasses would "henceforth leave the matter of bond buying and military service to the individual conscience of his church." Manasses may have said this concerning the bonds, but his future years as an Amish bishop prove that he never left the matter of military service up to the individuals' conscience. He continued to teach non-resistance in the church and to discipline members who violated the principle and was in complete harmony with other Old Order Amish churches concerning expelling members who would enter the army.

Manasses was quoted in the Cleveland newspaper as saying, "I made a mistake by writing that letter. I did wrong. I thank Mr. Kavanagh and the judge for showing me my error." Manasses was not admitting that what he wrote was morally wrong but that he was legally wrong in having written his beliefs in a public paper. He had not realized that there as an Espionage Act passed in 1917 which forbade what he had done.

But what had Manasses actually done that was legally wrong? From reading the various newspaper accounts, we are left with the impression that Manasses was fined because he had urged his fellow church members to not purchase war bonds. That's what all the articles mentioned as the reason for his \$500 fine. But how could a person be fined for advising others to not buy something which wasn't legally required of them in the first place? The purchasing of war bonds was voluntary, not a tax, and thus no legal action could be taken against a person who refused to buy one. As was shown earlier the bonds were sold through public pressure, not court action.

It is a strange but true fact that Manasses Bontrager was not fined for discouraging people from buying war bonds, even though the newspapers reported it that way. The newspapers do not supply us with the real reason for his arrest and fining. The answer is found in File No. 186400-18 at the Department of Justice in Washington, D.C. The file contains four letters concerning the Bontrager-Miller case. In one letter the U.S. Attorney General wrote the U.S. Attorney of the federal district of Cleveland for an explanation as to why Bontrager and Miller were fined. In his letter of response, the Cleveland U.S. Attorney made no mention of war bonds. He gave the reason for their arrest and fining as "for inciting and attempting to incite insubordination, disloyalty and refusal of duty in the military and naval forces of the United States." The Cleveland U.S. Attorney then copied off the paragraph in Bontrager's letter which he felt (and the court had felt) contained such material. In looking the paragraph over it is easily seen that beneath the mentioning of war bonds is the drawing of attention to the C.O.'s in the army camps. Such a sentence as "What would become of our nonresistant faith if our young

brethern in camp would yield?" was considered by the government as encouraging C.O.'s to not obey the commands of their army officers to perform military duty. Such an attitude and statement the Cleveland U.S. Attorney pointed out was in violation of the 1917 Espionage Act.

Because the newspapers in 1918 mentioned that Manasses Bontrager was fined for what he wrote about war bonds, this idea stuck in most persons' minds. In 1971 in a private letter, one of Manasses's sons gave this as the reason for his arrest. But a daughter wrote, "He wrote things that strengthened the C.O. boys." This latter

statement is the true reason for his arrest and fining.

Today few people remember the war years of 1917-1918, and even fewer remember the letter Manasses Bontrager wrote to the **BUDGET**. The event is now a part of Amish history. No pride need to be taken in it, but no shame should be felt either. An Amish bishop unknowingly wrote a letter in a public paper which was not legally supposed to be done. But morally he was not guilty; in fact his letter undoubtedly was a moral influence on the lives of many people who read it in the **BUDGET** in 1918. Who knows but it may have helped many a person to not compromise his conscience. ■■

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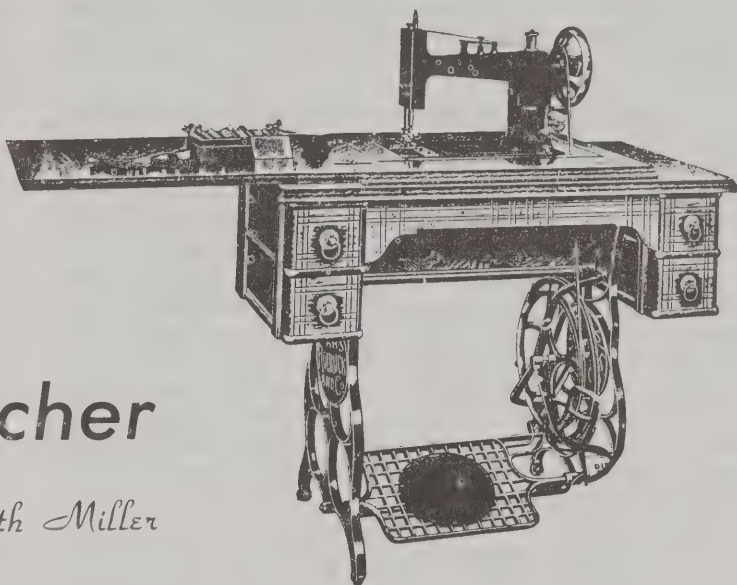
## CHILDREN'S SECTION

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Lydia didn't say anything, but secretly she determined she'd show Mother she was a better sewer than Mother thought.

### A Patient Teacher

-by Elizabeth Miller



**LYDIA KEIM** RINSED THE last soap suds from the kitchen sink, then grabbed the broom and hurriedly swept the kitchen. Mary and Bennie had just left for school and Mother was outside finishing the morning chores. Lydia wanted to be sure and have the inside chores done by the time Mother came in. She was eager to get to the task she was going to undertake that day.

"Eight o'clock," thought Lydia, glancing at the clock. "I wonder if I can make my dress and apron this forenoon. Mother could easily do it, but it might take me a little longer."

Lydia swept the dirt into the dust pan and deposited it into the waste can in the corner. Then she put the broom back on its hook and hurried to the closet where Mother kept her dry goods. The piece she wanted was on top. Last week when Mother had gone to town, she had brought back enough gray chambray to make each of the girls a new everyday dress. Lydia had been pleased, but she had even been more pleased when Mother gave her permission to make the dress herself.

When Mother came in, Lydia had the material and the dress pattern spread out on the table. She was trying to decide which would be the best way to cut out the dress.

Mother smiled at Lydia's eagerness. "Wait till I'm there to help you," she said. Quickly she washed her hands, then came to see what Lydia was doing. "Did you check to make sure your edge is straight?" she asked.

Lydia looked puzzled. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Always before you start cutting something out of a piece of goods, you have to check that the edge where it was cut at the store is straight," explained Mother. She opened the folded material. "This piece has been torn, so it will be straight. Sometimes material doesn't tear

easily, and the clerk cuts it. Then it's likely that it isn't cut exactly straight, and if you're not careful you'll run into a problem while you're sewing.

"I never thought about checking," said Lydia. "Do I take off material for the skirt first?"

"Yes," answered Mother. "Don't forget to allow for your seam. And while you're at it, measure some off for Mary's dress, too."

"Shall I make hers the same length as mine?" asked Lydia.

"Yes, I've been cutting your dresses the same size," answered Mother, standing beside Lydia and waiting while she awkwardly wrestled with the long piece of goods. "Mary's dress will need a bigger hem, but you can cut it the same length as yours."

Lydia had an idea. "May I surprise Mary and make her dress, too?" she asked.

Mother smiled a little. "You'd better make your own first, then see if you still feel like making another one," she said mildly.

Lydia didn't say anything, but secretly she determined she'd show Mother she was a better sewer than Mother thought she was. Why, four hours till dinner time and three and a half more in the afternoon till Mary came home. That should give her plenty of time to make her dress and at least get Mary's partially made.

It took longer to cut the two dresses than Lydia had figured it would. Not only that, there was much more to it than Lydia had imagined. Even though Lydia had the scissors and did the cutting, it was a good thing that Mother was there to help with the planning. "Now take your time and plan ahead before you cut into the goods," Mother told her several times. "Once you've cut the material and cut it wrong, there's no way of making it right without wasting a lot of material."

Lydia was glad Mother was there to help her avoid mistakes. She thought it would be a shame to waste so much material that there wouldn't be enough left for the two dresses and aprons. Piece after piece the dresses were cut out. Lydia hung the pieces of her dress over the back of one chair and Mary's dress over the back of another chair. "There's plenty of material," she said when she thought they were just about done.

Mother looked at Lydia. "Are you sure you have everything?" she asked.

"I thought so," answered Lydia, wrinkling her brow and trying to think.

"Are you going to wear sleeveless dresses?" asked Mother, with a smile.

Lydia blushed and laughed. "How could I forget the sleeves?" she said. "I—I don't see a sleeve pattern."

"I'll get it for you," said Mother. "I usually don't use a pattern for the sleeves, but you better would." Before long she was back with a brown piece of paper.

"Is that a sleeve pattern?" asked Lydia, looking at the odd shaped piece of paper in Mother's hands.

Mother laughed. "Doesn't it look like one?" she asked. Then she went on to explain, "This is just half of a sleeve. You lay it on a fold, then you have a whole sleeve once it's cut out."

Lydia glanced at the clock. "Where did that last hour go to?" she exclaimed, smoothing out the material and placing the brown pattern on top of it.

"Cutting two dresses in an hour isn't too bad for a beginner," encouraged Mother. She was watching Lydia closely. "Now you know that's not right," she said.

Lydia was just ready to start cutting, but now she stopped and tried to think what she wasn't doing right. "Don't I cut two sleeves at a time?" she asked. "I put this pattern on two layers of goods."

"But you'll only have two half sleeves when you're done," said Mother. "Remember, I said you have to place this pattern on a fold. You did that, but then you were going to cut along that fold. If I had let you cut it out the way you had started, you'd have to have a seam down through the top of your sleeve."

Lydia laughed apologetically. "I'm glad you're here to keep me from making stupid mistakes," she said. "I sure have a lot to learn."

Mother smiled a little. "Just keep your mind on what you are doing and remember to think twice before you start cutting. It's not so much a matter of learning as it's a matter of using common sense."

A short time later Lydia was sitting at the sewing machine. "What are you going to do today?" she asked as she threaded the machine and got ready to start sewing.

"I have some stockings to mend, and then I'll take care of the little boys and get lunch," answered Mother. "I'll do the things you usually do while I'm sewing."

Lydia smiled to herself. It gave her a good feeling to be able to do things Mother usually did. But her smile disappeared as she struggled to get the bobbin into the machine. It seemed no matter which way she turned it, it wouldn't fit. "Mother, I can't get this bobbin into the machine," she said disgustedly.

Mother came and showed her how to hold it between her thumb and forefinger and slip it into place. Lydia was impatient to start sewing, but Mother was in less of a hurry. "There's no time like now to learn this," she said, taking the bobbin out and showing Lydia once more how to put it in. "You try it now," she said, handing the bobbin to Lydia.

After three or four attempts, Lydia was able to slip the bobbin into the machine almost as easily as her mother. This was just the first of many lessons Lydia had that forenoon. Mother didn't get very many stockings patched, for almost as soon as she was at it, Lydia ran into another problem of some sort and called her back to the sewing machine.

Even when the machine worked all right and the thread didn't knot for Lydia, she couldn't peddle the machine so that it ran steadily and smoothly. It looked

so easy when Mother sat at the sewing machine and placed her foot on the treadle. The machine almost seemed to run on its own with a steady hum. But when Lydia tried it, there was no steady hum. Try as she would, she couldn't pick up speed as she would have liked to. Either the machine went slow and steady or a little faster and jerky.

"Take your time," Mother said more than once. "It takes practice to learn, and you can't expect to sit down and sew as fast as someone who has been at it for years."

All forenoon Mother explained, lended a hand, gave advice, and showed Lydia how to do the different steps of sewing a dress. By eleven-thirty, Lydia had given up all hopes of finishing her dress and apron that day, much less start Mary's. There had been too many times when she had sewn something, only to discover that the seam was on the outside or that it didn't fit. Then she had to spend much more time picking out the threads as she had spent sewing them in. "Why don't you sew in this sleeve?" she asked Mother in despair. "I'll finish making lunch if you do."

Mother was slow in answering. "Are you sure you want me to?" she asked at last. "I thought you wanted to make the dress yourself. Having me do it for you won't help you learn."

"But I can't," Lydia's voice sounded discouraged. "I've already tried three times, and it's still not right."

"Try again," said Mother simply. "That's the only way you'll ever learn."

Lydia tried again and succeeded. Her spirits rose once more. "It—it might not quite look like yours would," she said, holding her work out for Mother to see. "But it's in."

"Yes, that's not bad at all," said Mother approvingly. "It makes me think of something my mother used to say. 'A patient teacher and a willing pupil accomplish much.'"

Lydia went back to work without answering. Even though she didn't say anything, her mind was busy. "Mother's a patient teacher all right," she thought. "Why, she could have both our dresses sewed already if she were making them, but she lets me go ahead and sew, even if I'm seven times slower than she is." Yes, Lydia was glad she had a patient teacher and was determined to be a willing pupil.

Things went a little better after lunch and at three o'clock Lydia held up the finished dress for Mother to see.

"Why don't you quit for today," suggested Mother. "You can make the apron some other time. You've worked hard enough at the sewing machine for one day. What you need is a change. How about stirring up some ice cream, then you and Mary can freeze it when she comes home from school."

"All right," agreed Lydia with enthusiasm. She was glad to get away from the sewing machine. Mother was right; Lydia was tired.

"Are you going to make Mary's dress yet today, or shall I close the sewing machine?" asked Lydia.

"No, Mary's dress can wait till next week," answered Mother. "Maybe by then you'll feel like trying it again. The second one should be easier than the first one was."

"May I really?" asked Lydia, very much pleased. To herself she thought, "Must be I didn't do too badly, or Mother wouldn't let me try again so soon." As she went about her work, a certain phrase went through her mind. "A patient teacher and a willing worker accomplish much, a patient teacher and a willing pupil—" Yes, Lydia admitted once more that her mother was a patient teacher and she had hoped that she had been a willing pupil.

The next day was Saturday. Mother and Dad were going to town for groceries in the morning. Before she left, Mother told the girls to start with the cleaning and bake a batch of molasses cookies.

"May we roll them out instead of dropping them?"

asked Mary.

"Sure," agreed Mother. "You need practice cutting cookies, and today's as good a time as any to practice."

"But that's going to take a lot longer than making dropped cookies," protested Lydia. "We'll never get done with our work till noon."

"Then we'll finish in the afternoon," said mother matter-of-factly. "We don't have anything that has to be done this afternoon besides the regular Saturday work." Then she was gone.

"I'll make a bargain with you," said Mary when she and her sister were alone. "I'll let you make the cookie dough and I'll clean the living room. Then you can clean the upstairs while I bake the cookies."

"All right," agreed Lydia, a little less eagerly than her sister. "You'll probably play around with cutting them all forenoon." Her face brightened. "Tell you what. I'll make the dough, you'll bake the cookies, and then I'll wash the dishes."

Mary looked at her sister with a question mark on her face. "Where's the catch?" she asked suspiciously. She knew there was bound to be one if Lydia offered to do the dishes.

Lydia laughed. "I'll wash all the baking dishes if you drop the cookies instead of cutting them." She looked pleadingly at Mary.

"No, thanks," answered Mary. "I'll cut the cookies, then we'll help each other with the dishes."

"Come on, Mary," coaxed Lydia. "We can cut cookies some other time when it isn't Saturday."

"Like when?" asked Mary. "Sure, you do things like that when I'm in school. Mother said I need practice and if I'm going to get practice, I'm going to have to get it on Saturday."

"Practice? You don't even know how to roll out cookie dough, do you?" asked Lydia.

"I—I've seen Mother do it, and you—you can help me, can't you?" asked Mary.

"Help you—I guess. We can't both play around at cutting cookies," answered Lydia. "We have cleaning to do, too. Either you're going to bake the cookies by yourself or you're going to do the cleaning."

Mary didn't answer. She just got busy with her work in the living room. She was glad that Eli and David were in a good mood and agreed to pick up all their toys and put them away. "Now go out to the kitchen while I sweep," said Mary when they were done.

The boys obeyed. That is how they discovered that cookies were being made. They each pulled a chair up to the table where Lydia was working. Standing on the chairs, they watched and offered their assistance whenever they saw an opportunity.

"Boys, you have to get out of here," said Lydia after a while. I can't walk around the table, and besides, with all your chattering, I can't remember what I've put into the cookies and what I haven't." She lifted first one brother and then the other to the floor and sent them scurrying. Shoving the chairs back to their places, she went on with her work.

"Lydia doesn't let us watch," said Eli begrudgingly, walking into the living room, right through the dirt Mary was sweeping up. David followed, not a bit happier than his older brother. He went to the toy box and was ready to scatter everything he and Eli had gathered up a short time before.

"No, David, don't," coaxed Mary. Turning toward the kitchen, she asked, "Lydia, why can't the boys watch you make cookie dough?"

"They're in my way and they bother me so that I don't know what I'm doing," answered Lydia shortly. "Let them play in the living room. It won't take long to gather up the toys again." A little later she added, "Not as long as playing around with these cookies is going to take you."

Mary sighed, but for once she didn't argue back. "Here, David," she said. "You and Eli sit on the couch and look at this catalog till I'm done sweeping and Lydia's done making cookie dough. Then you can stand

on the chairs and watch me bake the cookies. O.K.?"

Two smiles brightened up the living room. A short time later the boys were sitting side by side on the couch with a tattered Sears catalog, happily looking at pictures.

"All right. I'm done," said Lydia a while later. She took the broom, dustpan, dust cloth, and an armful of clean bedding and disappeared upstairs. Mary quickly finished the dusting in the living room, then with one of the boys on each side, she floured the table and scooped out what looked like the right amount of cookie dough. She covered the top of the dough pile with some more flour, then set to work rolling it out. She was pleased to see it flatten out to a thin round piece of dough. It looked just like Mother's and Lydia's dough platters did. "Shall we make some of these first?" she asked the boys as she picked up a diamond-shaped cutter.

"Yes," said Eli eagerly, clapping his hands in his excitement. David did the same thing.

Mary dipped the cutter into flour like she had seen her mother do. Then she pressed it into the dough, dipped it into the flour again, and cut out another cookie. When she had cut out about a dozen cookies, she decided it was time to get some of them onto the baking sheet and into the oven. To her dismay, she discovered she couldn't pick up the cookies with her spatula. They stuck to the table. Mary floured her spatula and scraped a little harder. This time she was able to pick it up, but it didn't look like a cookie at all. It was nothing but a lump of dough.

"It doesn't work," said Eli.

"I'll try again," said Mary, wondering what was wrong. But her attempts were as unsuccessful as the first one had been. Soon all the cookies she had cut out were back in the bowl. Not one of them had been nice enough to put on the baking sheet. Mary cut out a few more, but these looked just like the rest of them had. "I don't think the dough is stiff enough," decided Mary.

Going over to the bottom of the stairs, she called, "Lydia, there's something wrong with this cookie dough. Did you put in enough flour?"

"I put in as much as the recipe asked for," answered Lydia.

"Well, I can't pick them up from the table. They don't hold their shape," said Mary, her voice sounding hopeless.

"You just don't know how," answered Lydia. She came down the steps to take a look at what Mary had been trying to do. "Have you ever rolled out cookies before?"

"No, but I've cut the ones Mother rolled out," said Mary. "I—I think her dough had more flour than this dough has."

Disgust showed on Lydia's face as she stood and looked at the mess Mary had made. "Well, surely you know you're supposed to put flour on the table before you roll out cookie dough," she said.

"I did," defended Mary.

"How much, a teaspoon full?" asked Lydia, her voice sounding sarcastic.

"More than that," Mary was almost in tears.

"Well, you've sure made a mess of it," said Lydia impatiently. "I wish you would just drop the cookies and forget about rolling them."

"But Mother said--"

"All right, all right," said Lydia, grabbing the spatula and scraping the dough off the table and putting it back into the bowl. "If you insist on doing things your way." She roughly stirred up the dough, put a lot of flour on the table, and started over. Mary watched as she rolled out the dough, cut the cookies, and expertly scooted the spatula under them. It looked so easy when Lydia placed one cookie after the other onto the baking sheet.

"May I try again?" asked Mary.

"And make another mess?" asked Lydia. "I'll cut them and you can watch them in the oven."

"Watch them yourself," said Mary. "We can't both stay busy down here. I'll go clean the upstairs."

This is where Mother found the girls when she came

home. She wasn't in the house long until she sensed that something had happened. Lydia was in a bad mood and Mary wasn't anywhere around. She didn't waste any time in asking what was wrong.

When Lydia was slow in answering, Eli said, "Mary tried to make the cookies and she made a mess. Lydia can make cookies, but Mary can't."

"Where is Mary?" asked Mother.

"Upstairs," answered Lydia. "She's cleaning."

"Mary cleaned the living room, and she said we get to watch while she makes the cookies," said Eli. "Then she tried to make cookies and she can't, so she has to clean the upstairs, too, and Lydia is making the cookies."

Mother looked at Lydia for a long while. Then she said, "I told you yesterday that when a patient teacher and a willing pupil work together, much can be accomplished. You were the pupil yesterday, and a willing one. But I don't know if you realize it or not, but it did take patience even if you were willing to learn."

Lydia hung her head in shame. She knew there was a lot of truth in what Mother had said.

"Learning takes time, Lydia," Mother went on. "Sure, you can make these cookies faster than Mary could, but Mary isn't learning anything. Remember, I could have made your dress faster than you did, too. And not only that, not too long ago I taught you how to roll out cookie dough and use the cookie cutters. Do you think you would ever have learned if I hadn't taken time to show you how and then given you time to do it at your own speed? The fastest way of doing something isn't always the best way."

Lydia wanted to say something, but the words wouldn't come. They just stuck in her throat. Slowly she slid another cookie from the spatula onto the baking sheet.

"Do you think you are being fair to Mary by taking over simply because you can do this job faster than she can?" asked Mother.

Lydia shook her head.

"Well, then you go upstairs and finish the cleaning, and tell Mary to come down and I'll give her a lesson in cutting cookies," said Mother.

Lydia laid down the spatula and went upstairs. She felt miserable, not because she couldn't finish the cookies, but because she had failed to be a patient teacher when only yesterday Mother had been so patient with her.

"Mary deserves a better teacher than I could have been," she thought. Then she cheered up a little because she knew Mary would have a patient teacher—the same patient teacher she herself had had yesterday. ■■

## Junior Storytime



### A Birthday Gift For Mother

— Martha Helmuth

"Chop, chop," went Father's ax as he brought it down on a stubborn piece of wood. Just then he looked up to see the six-year old twins Mark and Miriam standing in the doorway of the woodshed.

"Well, look who has come to help me," Father smiled.

"We were just playing in the snow and then we heard you in here," explained Mark.

"Well, I want to chop quite a bit of wood for Mother to use in the kitchen stove," Father went on. "Perhaps you can pick it up for me while I chop it. Father dropped his ax and, taking several pieces of wood from the pile, he showed them how to make a neat rick. Soon the children were busy following his example.

"Father, do you know what day it is tomorrow?"

Miriam asked suddenly as Father began chopping wood

again.

"Hmmm," Father began, "Tomorrow's Thursday."

"No, that's not what I meant," Miriam answered. "Tomorrow's Mother's birthday."

"Oh, that's right," Father answered, "but how did you know?"

"Kathryn told me," Miriam replied. "She said she is making a pretty greeting for Mother in school."

"That will be nice," Father said as he swung his ax.

"We want to give Mother something, too," Miriam went on, "don't we Mark?"

"Yes, but what could we give her?"

"Couldn't you go to town today?" Miriam asked as she looked hopefully at Father. "Then we could go along and buy something for her."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," Father told them. "I have a lot of wood to chop yet and many other things to do, too. And I don't think we need anything else in town today."

"But what could we give her?" Miriam wanted to know.

"Perhaps if you try hard enough, you'll be able to think of something to give her anyway," Father replied.

"Let's all three keep thinking about it."

"Oh I have an idea!" exclaimed Miriam a short time later. "Let's bake a cake for her."

"Bake a cake?" Father asked. "Who would help you?"

"Maybe you could help us," suggested Miriam, "I think that would be fun."

"Oh, Miriam," Father chuckled. "I don't know how to bake a cake either. I'm afraid we'd make a mess of it."

"Dinner," Mother called from the house just then.

"Father, dinner is ready."

"Okay, we're coming," Father answered. Turning to the children he continued, "Come children, let's go in and eat. We'll talk about a birthday gift for Mother later."

"Mark and Miriam," Mother said as she got ready to wash dishes after dinner. "Come and wipe the dishes for me."

"Aw Mother," complained Miriam, "do we have to wipe dishes again?"

"I don't like to wipe dishes," Mark added.

"Sh-h-h," Mother said, "I'd like to get the dishes finished so I can do more sewing while Christie is sleeping."

"Well, I wish Kathryn was at home from school," Miriam said with a pout. "Then she'd have to wipe the dishes."

"Mark and Miriam," Father said as he looked thoughtfully at them, "Let's not have any more complaining about wiping dishes. Hurry up and do them for Mother; then you can come out to the woodshed to help me again."

"Okay," Miriam said reluctantly. Then she remembered what they had been talking about just before they came in for dinner. "We'll hurry," she added.

Soon they had finished the dishes and joined Father in the woodshed.

"Father, I'd still like to bake a cake for Mother," Miriam began at the first opportunity.

"No, Miriam, I think I have a better idea," Father began. "I think you are more interested in doing something which you think will be fun than really doing something for Mother."

Miriam looked at Father questioningly, wondering what he meant.

"You think it would be fun to bake a cake," Father explained, "so you want to make one. But you should remember that instead of really doing something for Mother, you would be making more work for her."

Miriam, though still reluctant to give up baking the cake, was beginning to understand.

"Today you complained about having to wipe the dishes for Mother," Father went on. "And I think you complain about doing other work, too, don't you? Like carrying in wood?"

Slowly the twins nodded their heads.

"The best present you could give Mother would be to

willingly help her without complaining, or even without being told to," Father explained, looking at the twins. "Why don't you try it?"

Reluctantly they agreed.

"Let's not wait until tomorrow to begin," Father went on. "What are some things you could do today?"

"We could carry in wood," Mark suggested.

"And set the table for supper," Miriam added.

"And, and wipe the dishes for her tonight," Mark added slowly.

A short time later Mother was surprised when Mark and Miriam came in, each one carrying an armful of wood. "My, you're early tonight," she said.

The twins only looked at each other and giggled as they went out to get another load of wood.

That evening after chores, Mother was again surprised when Miriam set the table for her without being asked.

"Why Miriam," Mother said, "you're being a good little helper tonight."

Miriam's face beamed at the praise from her mother. Soon she and Mark had made a game out of it, each one trying to be the first to help Mother whenever she asked for it.

The game continued the next day. Sometimes they almost forgot when it was time to do something they didn't like to do, but with a little encouragement from Father now and then, their enthusiasm continued throughout the day.

That evening after supper, they all sang "Happy Birthday" to Mother, and Kathryn handed Mother the greeting she had made for her.

"Why this is nice," she said as she smiled at Kathryn, "but I think I had another very nice present today." She looked at the twins and smiled.

"Mark and Miriam," Father added, "didn't you enjoy your present too?"

"Yes, it was fun," they both answered at the same time.

"And wouldn't it be nice," said Father, "if your birthday present could last all year? Think of the house plant Mother gave to Grandma last year; it's still as nice as the day she gave it. I hope your gift can be like that, too, and last a long time."



## SAVED BY A TRICK

**T**he news of how the Israelites had destroyed the two cities of Jericho and Ai quickly spread across the land. Everywhere it struck fear into the hearts of the Canaanites. The Israelites were moving into the land and taking it over, and it seemed that nothing could stop them. No wonder the heathen people were alarmed. They did not want to be killed and have their cities burned. But how could they escape?

The people who lived in Gibeon at last thought of a way by which they might save their lives. They knew it was hopeless to fight against the Israelites, because the Israelites always won. But if they could not fight against them, maybe they could trick them.

Here is what the men of Gibeon decided to do. Some of them would go to the camp of Israelites and ask for peace. They would pretend to come from a country far away, and maybe the Israelites would be friendly to them. So they took some old moldy bread with them. They put on ragged and tattered clothes. They put on sandals that were worn and full of holes.

At last they were ready to visit the camp of Israel.

The Gibeonites were a pitiful sight as they hobbled in the camp of the Israelites. Some of them were lame, and all seemed to be footsore and weary from having travelled a great distance. They were covered with sweat and dust from the journey.

"We are come from a country that is far away," they said to Joshua and the other men of Israel. "We want to be friends with you. We would like to make a covenant of friendship with you—if you promise to be our friends, we will promise to be your friends."

But the men of Israel said, "For all we know you are one of the nations living nearby, so how can we make a promise of friendship?"

"We are your servants," the men of Gibeon said humbly.

"Who are you and where do you come from?" Joshua asked.

"We have come from a far-off land," the Gibeonites lied. "We have heard so much about how wonderful and strong your God is, and how he led you out of the land of Egypt. We also heard how he cared for you in the desert, and how he helped you kill the kings that fought against you. So our elders and our people said to us, 'Take enough food for the long journey and go meet those people. Tell them we are your servants and we want to be friends.'"

Joshua must have felt sorry for these men who had travelled so far just because they wanted to be friends with God's people.

"See," said the Gibeonites. "This bread was still warm from the oven when we left home. But it was such a long journey, that now you can see how dry and moldy it is. Here are our wineskins—these were new when we filled them but now they are torn. Just look at our clothes and sandals—see how they are worn out from the long journey."

The story sounded so true and convincing that Joshua did not think to doubt it any longer. He believed what the men said. All the rulers in Israel were also tricked. Neither Joshua or the rulers ever thought to pray and ask God what to do.

"We will make a covenant of friendship with you," Joshua said. "We will not kill you." Then the rulers of Israel solemnly sealed the promise also, and agreed to it.

Thus the men of Gibeon rode away. Their trick had worked!

Only three days later the Israelites reached some of the cities where the Gibeonites lived. Now they discovered how badly they had been tricked. The weary travellers had not come from a far-off land at all, but from their very midst. The Israelites did not know if they should fight against the Gibeonites or not.

So they went to Joshua and the rulers and told them what they had found out. What should they do? Should they harm the Gibeonites?

"No," said the rulers of Israel. "We have promised not to harm them, and we can not break our promise, even though they were dishonest. Save their lives, but they must be our servants for the rest of their lives as a punishment for their trickery."

So the Gibeonites were saved. Joshua called the men to him who just three days before had lied to him. He said to them, "Why did you lie to us and say that you lived at a great distance from us, when you were living in our very midst? For this a curse shall come upon you. You must always be our slaves, chopping our wood and carrying our water."

The men answered Joshua and said, "We knew that God had promised Moses to give you the entire land of Canaan. So when we heard you were coming, we were afraid, and that is why we acted as we did. But now we are in your power; do with us whatever you feel is right."

So the lives of the Gibeonites were saved from death, but they had to be slaves forever to the Israelites because they had been so deceitful.

If Joshua and the rulers of Israelites had thought to ask God for advice, they would not have been tricked.



### TIME TO PRAY

I got up early one morning, and rushed right into the day;  
I had so much to accomplish that I didn't take time to pray.  
Problems just tumbled about me, and heavier came each task;

"Why doesn't God help me?" I wondered;  
He answered, "You didn't take time to ask."

I wanted to see joy and beauty, but the day toiled on grey  
and bleak;

I wondered, "Why didn't God show me?" He said, "But  
you didn't seek."

I tried to come into God's presence; I used all my keys  
to the lock;

God gently and lovingly chided, "My child, you didn't  
knock."

I woke up early this morning and paused before entering  
the day;

I had so much to accomplish that I had to take time to  
pray.

author unknown



For this month I chose to print some washing suggestions. Mrs. Alvin Summy of Meyersdale has added another hint. She says: "To keep wash from freezing on the line in winter, wash off line with vinegar. Also rub vinegar or rubbing alcohol over hands just before hanging out wash when the weather is very cold. This keeps hands from getting cold."

Wearing woolen gloves to hang out the wash also helps, but be sure they are colorfast. Try it sometime.

A friend from Ephrata would like to know how to get paraffin or jelly wax out of clothing.

Mrs. Andy Miller of Orrville, Ohio sends some timely advice. She writes: "This is the time of year when carrots are starting to rot in the cellar or are ready to be dug from storage in the garden. Our favorite is cooked carrot sticks, or slices. Heat in a syrup of 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, and 1 tablespoon maple Karo. This goes like candy. I also can some without water. Just cut them in sticks or chunks and put in jars. Cold pack 3 hours.

"Our little boy when just eighteen month old would help himself to several sticks right out of the jar, which I'm sure was better before a meal than a cookie.

"Our children like cold cooked potato slices, too. Something we never thought of eating at home. Of course, a carrot cake is always welcome and more nutritious than ordinary cake."

I'm sure the readers are always glad for such advice as this. Last summer we printed suggestions about canning fruit without boiling. We tried it with tomatoes and they are certainly delicious. We like them at breakfast with our eggs.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR WASH DAY

How well do you follow washing instructions with soap and detergents? Using too much soap will not get the clothes cleaner but it will weaken the material.

When you iron sheets or anything that you fold, never press directly on the folds. This can very soon cause a split at the crease.

To clean an iron sprinkle a little salt on a heavy piece of brown paper and run the hot iron over it. This should remove the rough sticky spots on the sole of the plate.

Hot water sets stains, so be sure to sponge juice and gravy spots with cold water before washing the fabric in warm suds.

It isn't easy to remove the shine from woolen clothing. This method won't hurt, so try it. Brush the fabric with a solution of vinegar and warm water. A tablespoon of vinegar to a pint. Then press the spot, using a cloth dampened in the solution. Use a medium hot iron.

To remove blood stains dampen the spot with cold water than rub in salt. Let stand about a half hour, then rinse in cold water.

It is well to wash your washer occasionally with a solution of pine oil disinfectant in your water, to free it from bacteria.

Grease stains can be removed, too, from most fabrics by a salt solution of mild to medium strength. Spread the fabric on a flat surface and sponge the salt solution freely onto the stained area. Then rub lightly with a soft, dry cloth. If necessary repeat the procedure.

I've been gathering some hints about washing and ironing. If you readers, can add more to the list I would be glad to hear from you.

Here's a tip for hanging coats or dresses on the clothesline to air or drip dry: Use two hangers for each article—turn the hooks of the hangers in opposite directions on the line and then place the garment on them. The hangers cannot fall off the line even in a breeze.

To remove axle grease from clothes: Apply lard to the grease spot. Let lay over night or longer before washing out with hot sudsy water.

Go easy on fabric softeners. They make clothes soft by lubricating the fabric fibers with an oil-like film. However, this film builds up with continued use and produces a water proofing effect which is undesirable, particularly in baby clothing. (The cheapest way to make clothes softer is to rinse them thoroughly.)

Some mothers check the time when putting clothes through the washer, allowing so many minutes for each batch. They learn to finish washing sooner in this way.

You will have no trouble keeping handkerchiefs snowy white if you give them an occasional soaking in a pan of cold water into which one-third teaspoon of cream of tartar has been dissolved. Wash in the usual way, soak 30 minutes, and rinse.



Am enclosing our family's favorite desert recipe which is easily made and composed of ingredients which are usually on hand and also makes a nice company desert.

At this time of year I often think of my Grandmother who used to say, "It's so hard to cook as we're between hay and grass. Hay (canned goods) is almost all gone and grass (garden things) isn't ready."

Raisin Delight		Serves 6-8
Batter	Syrup	
1/4 cup butter or margerine	1 tablespoon butter or	
1 cup sugar	margerine	
2 cups flour	1 cup brown sugar	
1 cup milk	1 1/2 cups raisins	
4 teaspoons baking powder	4 cups boiling water	
	2 teaspoons vanilla	

Combine syrup ingredients and boil 5 minutes. Prepare batter pour into greased loaf pan. Pour hot syrup over batter spreading raisins evenly. Bake 30-35 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with whip cream or milk.

Mrs. J. A. Miller, Michigan

Wagon Wheel Hamburger	
2 lbs. hamburger	1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup barbecue sauce	1/4 cup chopped green
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs	pepper
2 beaten eggs	1 teaspoon salt

Combine and mix lightly, put into an 8-inch skillet On top make a spoke design with barbecue sauce, and sprinkle a little brown sugar over the whole top. Bake at 325 degrees for 50 minutes or until done.

Whole Wheat Bread	
2 1/2 cups warm water	
2 teaspoons yeast	
3/4 teaspoon salt	
1/3 cup honey or molasses	
2 teaspoons caraway seed if desired	
Whole wheat flour as needed.	

Put together like white bread except dough shouldn't be so stiff. When dough is rising and ready for oven be careful how you handle it. It sets down easily.

-Mary Troyer, Applecreek, Ohio

Apple Salad	
4 cups diced apples	3/4 cup raisins
1 cup grated carrots	1/2 cup nuts
Mix together and serve.	
-Mary Troyer, Applecreek, Ohio	

SunShine Cake	
8 eggs	1 cup whole wheat flour
1 1/2 cups raw sugar	2 tablespoons water
1 1/2 teaspoons lemon extract	1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar	(I use hickory nuts)
1/2 teaspoon salt	

Separate eggs. Beat Whites until frothy. Add cream of tartar. Gradually add 1 cup sugar. Continue beating until very stiff peaks form. Beat yolks until very thick, add salt, flavoring and 1/2 cup sugar. Continue beating—add water and whole wheat flour alternately. Beat well. Fold yolks into whites, very gently. Fold in nuts. Pour into Angel Food Cake pan. Bake at 325 to 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours. Invert on funnel. Cool one hour. Remove

March, 1972

from pan.  
We prefer this unfrosted but for special occasions I frost it with Sea Foam Frosting.

Seafoam Frosting	
1 egg white	1/4 teaspoon cream of
3/4 cup raw sugar	tartar
pinch of salt	2 teaspoons honey
Beat in top of double boiler until peaks form.	
-Elizabeth Hershberger, Muscoda, Wisconsin	

CORRECTION- In the February issue for the oatmeal pancake recipe, the amount of soda should be one teaspoonful instead of one tablespoon.


TO MAKE A HOME	
To make a home I need a heart	
That knows the power of love's fine art;	
A heart that dares defy all wrong	
And opens wide its door to song.	
To make a home I need a smile	
And inward faith for every trial;	
I need a hope, I need a dream	
That in all darkness casts its gleam;	
To make a home I need to pray,	
I need the Bible to show the way,	
I need a church, a hallowed place	
Where I may seek for peace and grace.	
To make a home I need a soul	
That faces toward the highest goal,	
Surrendered to the highest good;	
To make a home I must have God!	

Some Mothers Write	
It was a dreary day to be cleaning the cellar. About dreary enough to fit my mood, when my two little ones came down the steps saying, "Maem, do kommen die hotzlin. (Mother, here come your sweethearts.)" What a lift in spirit!	
-Mrs. E. K., Lancaster	

To get longer wear from worn flat sheets, tear them down the middle and sew the outer edges together. Then hem the sides. I have done this with towels also.	
-Mrs. E. T. Applecreek, Ohio	
SOME FATHERS WRITE, TOO:	

Company had arrived at the house at about noon but declared they were in a hurry and would not stay for dinner. When they had left somewhat late Mother made several comments about the late hour. Sonny, four years old, looked at the clock. "Mommy, now the big hand is moving away from 'late.'"	
-D. H., Virginia	

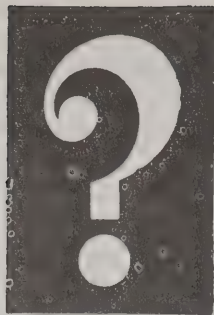
Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair.



The words "I  
am sorry" is  
a healing  
balm to many  
a hurt in  
the heart.

— Aunt Becky

Deadline  
for answers:  
March 31st!



## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

### VAIN WORDS

Is it in our place to say something to English people when we hear them swearing and using the Lord's name in vain? We hire a man from town to take us to the doctor in the winter time and quite often he will swear and use the Lord's name in vain. Also feed men that come, do it. This bothers me quite a lot and I don't like it if the children hear it. But I have never gotten up enough courage to say anything to them and don't know if it would be in my place either, but sometimes I think maybe I should. I think we can help our children, by not using all kinds of by-words ourselves.

—One for pure speech (Mother)

### DEAR EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD

Your question is a good one. In 1 Corinthians 11:5 we read, "For every woman which prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered, dishonoureth her head. Also in the 10th verse it says, "For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head because of the angels."

How often do we wake up at night and our thoughts go upward and we breathe a silent prayer to God, or thank Him for His blessings which He has given us. The Bible teaches us we should pray without ceasing so we ought to always be prepared to pray.

Many times during the night thoughts come of loved ones who are sick, or perhaps who are living in sin. Then we breathe a prayer to God.

So many things can happen at night. Perhaps a storm comes up or something else happens about which we are alarmed. Then we can pray to God to keep His protecting hand over us. If I pray without a covering, I am dishonoring my head.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The above answer or parts of it, were contained in several dozen different letters. To save space we are using it only once. Also, where these reasons have been included in the following letters, they are usually omitted in order to save space.

A year ago I was also troubled with this question. I knew I shouldn't pray without having my head covered and often after I was in bed, I thought of something to pray. I didn't know of anyone in our area who did, (but I know now there were some) and I was never taught to have my head covered at night. When God commanded that women should have their head covered, he didn't say just in the daytime. I decided I would, and now I would feel very much like something were missing if I didn't.

—A Young Wife, Ohio

Am glad there are still young people wanting to know what is right. I used to sleep without a covering sometimes until I once heard the remark, "We sleep nearly half of our lives." Do we want to be without a covering for this long if God commands us to wear one? I also feel it should be stressed more in the daytime. It hurts me to see girls go without a covering.

—Wilton, Wisconsin

I wouldn't consider for a moment going without a covering during the day. I am only a girl but I wear one at night, too and wouldn't consider doing otherwise.

—Pennsylvania

I am not Amish and am not even of Christian background. But I have learned that the Lord faithfully lights our way as we continue to walk in that light. When I was this girl's age I was a Lutheran and that question bothered me, too. I did not have the Bible teachings on this subject. Later I learned to know the Mennonites but in this matter I have not compared myself to others, but rather done as I feel the Lord asks of me. As a matter of simple obedience, I cover my head at all times.

—Wolford, North Dakota.

Yes, I feel it is necessary to have your head covered at night. It not only keeps your hair from getting messed up, but it's an excellent way to wear out old coverings. But most important of all, you are prepared to pray and meditate at any time.

For my part I feel it's also important to wear a covering when you entertain company on Sunday nights. We would never think of removing our covering in the daytime, why should we at night. I wore a covering to sleep before I was out of grade school and also finally followed my conscience in courtship. We are now married a few years and as we look back, we feel "no pangs of guilt" which truly is a wonderful feeling.

—Kansas.

While growing up, my mother saw to it that I had a covering to wear at all times, and I thank God for a mother like I had. When we were first married, I felt embarrassed to wear a covering at night, but my conscience bothered me so much that I soon overcame my embarrassment. I'd advise you to start now.

—F.M., Indiana

I feel it is right and good to wear a covering at all times. Some of the girls in this community have a habit of riding home bareheaded from the young people's gatherings. What if they would meet up with an accident, wouldn't they want their head covered? Oh, that we had more 18-year olds who would take life more serious and strive for what is right.

—Missouri.

I asked two school girls to write on paper their reasons for wearing a covering at night. Here are their answers, 1. Because it is nice and Jesus wants us to. 2. Because the angels wouldn't be watching me if I didn't.

—Mrs. H.M., Ohio.

I used to think a night cap would be a nuisance but it is not, if we want to wear one.

—Arthur, Illinois

My parents used to say, "I lie awake and can't sleep." I wondered how that could be, but now that I am a mother of a growing family I can understand. I wonder if the Lord at times doesn't let us stay awake so we can pray about our children? To me, this is a cherished time to have with the Lord. But how could we, without our heads covered?

I have seen Amish women lying in hospitals with their heads uncovered. Several years ago another young mother-to-be and myself were in a room. I needed God's help very much and so did she. I hoped the next time I see her she will have a cap on. Later in the day she walked to the nursery to see our precious bundles. What I saw was a young mother with a nice frilly pink house coat on and no covering. Her mother was walking by her side. Who is to blame?

I lost my mother 30 years ago and one of her last requests was that they should see to it that her covering stays on.

—Once Motherless, now a mother.

Several years ago, while still quite young, I had what the doctors termed an incurable heart disease. One night I lay awake when I experienced an unforgettable healing by the Lord. I don't believe God would have done this to me if I had not been in His order, with my head covered.

—E.K.Y., Maryland.

For me, to waken up in the night when everything is quiet, is the most precious "Gottesdienst" I have ever experienced. Then you can turn your thoughts to the Lord and think of His promises and what it really means, and He can give you a sweet inner peace which nothing else can give and no one can take away.

—Iowa.

**Psalms 63:6**, "Whence I remember thee upon my bed and meditate on thee in the night watches." This should be the Christian's experience and if so, then a sister should have a devotional covering at night.

— Pennsylvania

My first thoughts, when I wake is to thank God for his protecting care over me, and I ask Him to let me waken with a sound mind and keep me from a sudden and evil death. I have a very close friend, an Old Order Dunkard and she would not for anything go to bed without a covering.

— H. Delaware

My heart goes out to you knowing you have no mother to ask. I cannot remember ever seeing my mother bareheaded at night. I don't feel clothed without a covering. Even in the hospital, when our first child was born, I was a little self conscious about keeping it on at night. Now after our second and third child, when asked by a roommate, "Do you have to wear it even at night," I can truthfully explain to her that for Christ's sake I want to wear it. I have found they respect us for our convictions.

— A Minister's Wife, Ontario.

Suppose a stranger entered the house at night, as sometimes happens, with evil intentions. Wouldn't you wish to be prepared to pray? Some wear scarfs but I find them too heavy as I have sinus trouble and like to keep my head open to air. So I make a cap of light material and find it stays in place better.

— Orrville, Ohio

I am a 58-year old mother and grandmother and I started wearing my covering long ago. No one ever told me I must, but I had a great aunt whom I respected very much and she once said, "We wear a covering in the daytime, so why shouldn't we at night."

I wear mine because I want to and I like to. At night I sometimes lay awake for three hours at a time and then I sing my old songs but without making a sound so as not to disturb others.

I have seen some of our women sick in bed without a covering and I just can't help wondering why. I have heard some say they couldn't sleep with a covering on and it wouldn't stay in place. To me, it is comfortable, loosely tied under the chin and it stays in place. I don't think I could sleep without it. This may seem like an odd letter to an 18-year-old but we older ones ought to be examples to the young. Neither do we stay young long in this fast moving day and age.

— A Mennonite From Pennsylvania

You are precious to me and I think God will bless you for asking other mothers for advice since you have none of your own. I find it rewarding to wear a covering. A covering made of sturdy material will last well for night wear.

— Pennsylvania.

Mother told us our prayers will not be heard without a head covering. Our 2-year old cries till she finds her head covering. When she goes to bed she has a prayer she says and another one I help her with the first thing she wakes up.

— Grabill, Indiana.

I have wondered if other mothers-to-be also wear a covering when entering the hospital. I always do, because when is there a more important time to pray than in these moments?

— Monroe, Indiana.

I think we should wear a head covering at night but I am ashamed to say, I don't and it has bothered me a lot. I can't hardly wait to see other answers.

I know quite a few married women who go to town and they don't have their cap on, but maybe just a scarf. I think a cap is important but they are being made so small these days.

— Wisconsin.

My answer is yes. I was always taught to wear one as a little girl but when I grew older, I discarded it. But we were married only a short time until my husband asked me to wear a covering at night, - and I am glad.

— Pa.

When I was near your age one night I dreamed that Jesus was coming and I awoke with a start. It seemed I heard a small voice saying to me, "Go and put your head covering on." Ever since that time, I couldn't sleep without a head covering with a clear conscience.

— A.M., Ohio.

I was never taught to wear a covering at night but after marriage, many responsibilities came which I often prayed about at night. I had a feeling I should wear a covering but it didn't feel good to wear one. So finally I talked to our bishop's wife and she told me in a very nice way that it is the right thing to do to wear a covering to go to bed. Now, after wearing one for many years, it wouldn't feel right for me to lie down without one.

— Kalona, Iowa.

Ever since I was a little girl, I had a night cap which I tied.

Have also wondered what kind of example are we Amish mothers to lay sick in the hospital without a cap, because we are afraid of getting too many wrinkles into it? What do the nurses and doctors think, they know we believe in wearing a covering. Also, how is the Lord pleased with us, if we wear a flowing head cover out in the fields to work, or sit down at the table with a fancy cloth around our heads for a devotional covering?

— A Concerned Mother

To me, it is important and nothing to be ashamed of. When I was a girl, and a group of us girls were together overnight, often times I was the only one to wear one to bed. My mother told me maybe the girls aren't to blame as probably their mothers never explained it to them. I knew that Mother always wore one at night so it really needed very little explaining to me.

— Pennsylvania Grandmother.

Mother never said anything about it to us girls so I didn't wear one. But when our first son was 4 weeks old I went through some trials that I needed to pray day and night. That was six years ago and I wouldn't want to go to bed without a covering on now.

— A Young Mother, Pennsylvania

How can we mothers be molding character without praying? When the children are grown and away from home at night you need to pray. When you are older, you don't need so much sleep and how refreshing to wake up during the night with a clear mind and open your heart to God in prayer. Without the covering, we have no power in prayer.

My parents never allowed us girls to be bareheaded but they never told us why. When I was young, I worked for a Methodist lady and she asked me why I wore a headcovering. I was ashamed to say it but I didn't know why, except that it is our rule. She got her Bible and turned to I Cor. 11 and told me to read it. I read it and understood it.

At this time I was baptised and a member of church for a year without really knowing why I wore the covering. No one had thought of telling me for they took it for granted that I knew.

— From An Article in Herold Der Wahrheit, 1926.

I thank God that I can see my daughters go to bed with their coverings on as they say "Goodnight, Dad and Mom."

— Mother of five daughters, Ohio.

I was married already but I never thought to have my head covered at night. I often felt to pray. One Sunday we had company and the conversation turned to this subject. A certain woman said to me, "What do you do when you lie awake at night?"

I said, "I often think of how the world is drifting so fast." Then she asked me, "Do you pray without a covering?" I had to admit that I do, but from then on, I have never gone to bed without one.

— Mrs. R.T.

By all means, wear a covering. Night time when all is quiet is the best time for prayer and meditation. I don't know about others but I keep all white caps to wear on my head at night.

— Delaware Grandmother.

I used to sleep without my head covered and supposed it didn't matter. But one Saturday night I was with some other girls overnight and one of the girls said she always thinks about that maybe she will not wake up in the morning and wants to have her head covered. After this I always put one on.

—A young mother, Ohio.

I used to wear a head shawl to bed and felt that my head was covered. Then one night I had a dream that Jesus was coming and I started to go out to meet Him. Then I remembered I didn't have my covering and I woke up scared. The verse in Matt. 24:17 came to my mind, "Let him, which is on the house top not come down to take anything out of the house. Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes."

I decided then that I want to always be ready to meet Him so I wear a covering to bed every night.

—Topeka, Indiana.

Your question sounds like I might have written it at that age. I knew of very few women who had their heads covered at night even though I knew they should be covered in the daytime. Yet I found myself praying at night perhaps more earnestly than in the daytime. My conscience bothered me and I would pull the bedcovers over my head. After we were married I'd sit at night rocking the baby and what mother doesn't pray that this child might be one of His children when they come to the age of accountability: After our third child was born, my husband and I talked it over and felt it was the right thing to do, for why should we have our heads covered more for prayer in the daytime than at night?

—Pennsylvania.

As a mother, I prefer to wear a covering at night. When our sleep is interrupted by a sick child's cry, or on a wintry night when we check the children's rooms and find them all sleeping so peacefully, isn't that enough to make any mother whisper a silent prayer to God?

—A Mother of Five.

I feel a woman should wear at night what I call a night cap. In the winter time I wear something that is made of heavier material than in summer. At times I am awake for long periods at night and if I want to pray I feel out of place if I were bareheaded. Some say the Lord answers even if we are bareheaded and I hope He does but I know the Scriptures say a woman should be covered if praying or prophesying.

P.S., Delaware

I have a feeling for you as we have a family in our church with no mother and the oldest at home is 18 years old. I am sure you have a lot of responsibility if you are the oldest and this takes a lot of prayer. My mother once told me, "teach your little girls to wear a covering at night." Now some of ours just won't go to bed unless they have their covering on.

—Macon, Missouri

I am 75 years old but I know what it is to not have a mother to go to for advice as my mother died when I was 1-year old. I think all the different translations agree on where it says about the devotional covering.

I remember several years ago when the nurse at the hospital was wheeling my wife into the operating room, she asked, "Do you want to keep your covering on?" and my wife said "yes."

When I was young I remember reading about a girl who was walking on the streets of a big city and in some way she lost her way and got into a house where she was in danger. She had a covering on her head and she sat down and took her Testament out of her pocket and started reading. Soon a man came who wanted to molest her and he looked at her and said, "You take that covering off." But she wouldn't and the man did her no harm.

We as Christians often get into dangerous places and have "close shaves" and then we think we were lucky that we weren't hurt or killed. But I believe it is God's guardian angel that protects us. I think we should be prepared to pray at any time.

—M.T., Greentown, Indiana.

...A woman is commanded to have her hair covered while praying or prophesying to show that she recognized her ordained place. The husband is the head of the the wife even as Christ is the head of the church (Eph. 5:23). She is allowed to speak, but only in such a way as not to offend the man or to rebuke him openly. Her covering also serves as a reminder to her of this.

—Kokomo, Indiana.

I think if there is any question we should give the Lord the benefit of the doubt and do what we think might be the nearest pleasing to Him.

—Ohio

Yes, I think it's important for a woman to have her head covered at night. There are many things that could happen that you would want to pray. To me, a scarf tied behind the ears because you think you can't stand to have your ears covered at night, isn't much of a covering, either. A nice fitting cap stays on and covers better than a scarf.

—A Young Mother, Ohio

I am a great-grandmother and don't always sleep at night. I think it is a good time to think of and confess my shortcomings and to thank God for all He has done for us. I wouldn't feel right without my headcovering on.

—A.N.H., Pennsylvania

Good morning! I just got up and still have my night cap on, so I must've had a good night's rest. At times I've had it wadded up in my hands when I woke up but seldom does it come off. I thank God that I have been taught to wear one from childhood up.

When I was about 13 years old, I visited my grandparents a few days. The first night I discovered I had forgotten to bring my cap. So I decided I'd sleep without. Grandma would gladly have given me a covering if I had asked but I didn't want to bother them. By midnight I hadn't slept yet, so I tied my apron around my head and fell asleep. By morning it was off.

In later years when I was with girl friends for the night, I didn't wear any as they didn't and I would have been ashamed to wear it. Later I decided to wear one anyway and to my surprise, I found out they were used to wearing one, too. Why be ashamed: If we need a covering when we pray, why not be prepared to pray anytime?

—F. K., Nappanee, Indiana

I strongly believe in wearing a head covering at night. One night my younger sister went home with one of her friends who didn't wear a covering to bed. So my sister asked her is she isn't afraid not to wear a covering to bed and told her what the Bible says about it. The girl friend didn't have a covering and was afraid so they didn't get much sleep that night. It might be well if some grown-ups would have more of this childish fear.

—Jamesport, Missouri

I am a minister's wife and after much broken-hearted searching how I can be a better example to my sisters in the church so they will want to help build up instead of tear down, I can also see where I myself have failed. These things have answered the question for me and I hope our readers will know that a woman's prayers can't be answered if she is unwilling to cover her head.

—Kentucky

I wear a covering at night for the same reason I wear it in the daytime. Being a mother with small children, I am at times up at night and can pray and meditate while caring for them.

—Mrs. C. K., Iowa

My answer is yes, for even if I didn't feel it was commanded, I would rather to do a little more than a little less.

—Michigan

When awakening at night, there is always something we should talk to God about. There is no end what we

should be thankful for and each individual has his own personal problems in which he needs the Lord's help.  
— Arthur, Illinois

How sad while visiting at the hospital to find women patients of the plain faith wearing no covering. How shall we pray without ceasing? When we lay down to sleep at night we do not know if we will live till morning. Would we want to meet our Saviour in that way?  
— Holmesville, Ohio

I am glad a girl of your age is concerned about this matter. Since you do not have a mother, I am hoping many mothers will be praying for you so that you will not yield to the temptation of fixing your hair. How sad to see so many girls doing this.

On going to bed is such a good time to meditate and Thank God. On page 60 of "Lustgaertlein" is a nice evening prayer which my mother taught me to memorize and I like to say it even if we had family devotions before retiring. It is so relaxing and also you never know what a night has in store for us.  
— Sugarcreek, Ohio

We believe that every Christian woman especially during times of worship and prayer should have her head covered with a special devotional covering that complies with the form the church has adopted. The covering stands for the Christian virtues of piety, modesty, purity, loyalty, subjection to man and obedience to God and the church.

— A Mennonite from Idaho

1 Cor. 11:5-6 teach that a woman while praying or prophesying is to have her head covered (covering her long hair, that which is displayed by worldly women for sex appeal to the eyes of lustful men) thereby signifying acceptance of her place in God's order, lest she dishonor her head (man) also in turn dishonoring God who gave this command. A special promise for obedience to God's command is given to women in verse 10 and 15, namely power from God and glory in long uncut hair. My answer to the question is that God sees obedience to his commands both day and night.

— L. K., Virginia

## NOTICE

Due to lack of space, the answers to the question on step-mothers will be kept until the next issue.

## CONTINUED from back cover-

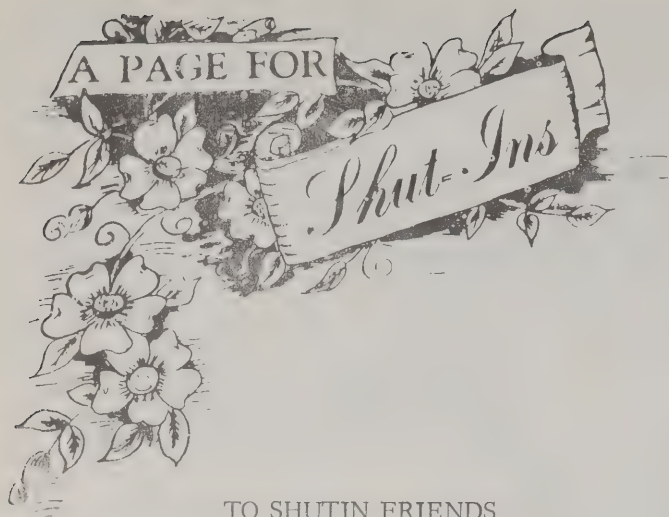
on a large number of children and it was found that they grew more during the spring and early summer months than they did the rest of the year. It is believed that the hormones of spring have an effect on the growth hormones of the body to cause extra growth at this time of the year. It is generally conceded that people in the temperate zones grow taller than they do in the tropics

## NOURISHMENT FROM THE BOOK OF JOHN

Chapter 1- In Jesus Christ God's Word was Light  
That came on earth to give men sight;  
His answer first was "Come and see,"  
The next he says is "Follow me."  
Chapter 2- He changed the water, but not for lust,  
He cleansed the temple because of a must;  
The temple He calls for shall be otherwise  
Than a house of merchants and merchandise.  
Chapter 3- Unto Nicodemus He made it known  
That the person Self must leave the throne;  
The flesh can never give advice  
About a mansion in the skies.  
Chapter 4- Christ went to Samaria the Gospel to tell  
He met a woman at Jacob's well;  
A woman was she but not a man's wife;  
The Word of the Lord becomes Water of Life.  
Chapter 5- At Bethesda's pool the man was healed;  
The later hour Christ then revealed  
When all shall hear the sound of God's voice  
Some will then weep, and others rejoice.  
Chapter 6- With five loaves were many thousands fed,  
He told them then of the living Bread.  
Some disciples murmured and forsook the Lord  
Because they believed not on His Word.  
Chapter 7- He taught in the temple His Father's will  
While He was the one they sought to kill;  
Nicodemus, too, hears the angry tones  
Before the leaders went to their homes.  
Chapter 8- The adulteress woman was left alone  
And no one cast on her a stone;  
They picked up stones for Him instead  
They cared not for the words He said.  
Chapter 9- The man born blind He made to see  
A believer on God's Son was he;  
Others see not as they claim  
And therefore in their sin remain.

Chapter 10- We are His sheep, Christ is the Door  
To give us life's abundance more;  
From wolves He is not known to flee;  
No other Shepherd is for me.  
Chapter 11- As Lazarus heard from the dead, and was bound  
Others will do when the trumpet will sound.  
The Jews held council- the priest prophecied  
It's best for the nation that one man should die.  
Chapter 12- Many came afterwards to see His power  
When at last arrived His glorified hour  
That the grain of wheat would have to die  
So that its fruit will multiply.  
Chapter 13- The washing of feet He then began  
To set an example for following men;  
If you know these things, happy are ye,  
If you do them in humility.  
Chapter 14- He truly taught the way of love  
And promised comfort from above.  
Chapter 15- O living Vine, abide in me  
Let us as friends abide in Thee;  
O help me, Lord, let me not burn  
As they will do that from Thee turn.  
Chapter 16- As sorrow comes into my heart  
Let not Thy Word from me depart.  
Chapter 17- Thou prayed not for this world of sin  
But for Thy followers to win.  
Chapter 18- Now Judas has betrayed the Lord  
And Peter lied and broke his word.  
Chapter 19- And so our Lord was crucified  
Tormented much until He died.  
Chapter 20- Life's battle was not fought in vain  
He rose from death to live again.  
Chapter 21- Now Peter was received once more  
To follow Christ as he did before.

-Levi F. Zimmerman, New Holland, Pa.



#### TO SHUTIN FRIENDS

Dear shutin friends, exercise patience,  
And do not despise life's low stations,  
If you can not be a garden flower  
Be content in what state you are.

The flower or lily of the field,  
Its sweet fragrance it shall yield,  
Is very precious in our Lord's sight  
So are all shutins who do what's right.

Sometimes shutins may wonder why  
They must suffer long before they die;  
"May the Lord's will be done," they pray,  
We'll all understand some future day.

God led Israel through many trials  
And asked them to make self denials;  
They were disheartened as could be  
When they were followed by the enemy.

Moses told them they should stand still,  
See the salvation- of the Lord's will;  
They were delivered by the hand of God  
And went through the Red Sea dry shod.

Their greatest obstacle was their blessings  
In disguise. Their distrust then confessing  
As Pharoah's host fell before their eyes;  
So the shutin's blessings, too, come in disguise.

May we in the Lord trust every day  
For He conducts us in a safe way  
To escape the hills that are too steep  
For us to climb success to meet.

Or in streams with currents far too strong  
For us to row our life boat along,  
Ordeals to bitter for us to endure  
The Lord will guide us safe and sure.

Like a Father has pity for his child  
So the Lord does pity all the while;  
He will answer when we call upon Him  
To be delivered from being shutin.

-Noah H. Martin, Maryland

The following was adapted from a fifty year old almanac that a reader sent in:

We did not ask to be born and have our names entered in the school of life. Neither did we ask to be handicapped

but here we are—willing or unwilling with our lot. Which is it? Are we learning the rough lessons of life cheerfully and gladly, optimistically; or do we chafe and fume, and fret and worry? There are many lessons for a shutin to learn.

Every day our wonder increases at our Father's never failing goodness. Our sickness has maybe made us "dependent." But in our small corner of the world we will then find time to discover new virtues and new powers in other lives, or some new beauty of this wonderful world that we had long viewed with unseeing eyes. Through suffering we receive hearing ears and seeing eyes to help us acquire knowledge in this school of life. We need to open our hearts Godward every morning and say, "I ord, make me teachable today."

My aged grandfather often said, "We can learn something new every day."

Ah! Is not every day a fresh page of life? Is it not half the charm of life to know that each dewy morning is a door, opening into a wonderful field where we have not yet walked; where the flowers of understanding bloom, and where new tasks are awaiting us and new lessons to be learned.

Recently a neighbor brought in a nicely-blooming amaryllis to our door. "I thought I'd bring my plant over for you to enjoy. I can get over quite often to see it," she said, "and this way we can all enjoy it."

This isn't the first neighbor that has shown such unselfishness and friendship. It seems it takes just such little tokens to brighten the life of some elderly grandmother or some ailing person. How often God blesses our lives through our friends!

Dear friends who lie upon beds of affliction,

Some of you may be there a few weeks, others a few months, and still others for years, or perhaps a lifetime.

Have you ever considered the many precious verses of suffering? Have you considered that your very best Friend (Jesus) was much acquainted with suffering? Therefore He understands better than anyone else when you are asked to suffer.

Some people have the mistaken idea that when one suffers it is because they sinned and are being punished for it. Perhaps this is sometimes the case, but Satan often torments the children of God by making them believe they are suffering because of some mistake. God may chasten His children who harden their hearts and refuse to confess a sin, but God chastens because He loves them. We know that Christ has compassion on those who suffer, and we are also reminded that when one member suffers, the whole body suffers also. So when Christ and fellow Christians suffer with you, you are never alone in your sufferings.

Job was an upright man, and yet was called upon to suffer. In Chapter 23 Job says, "But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

Truly, the end of Job was a blessed one. By this we understand that through trials and testings our faith is strengthened and becomes purer. We are drawn closer to God as we face the tempests which causes our roots to be driven into the rock of God's mighty grace.

The trials of life either make us or break us  
For Satan is trying to shake us and take us  
But God has promised He will not forsake us,  
So fight on, fellow soldiers, fight on.

-A friend of shutins

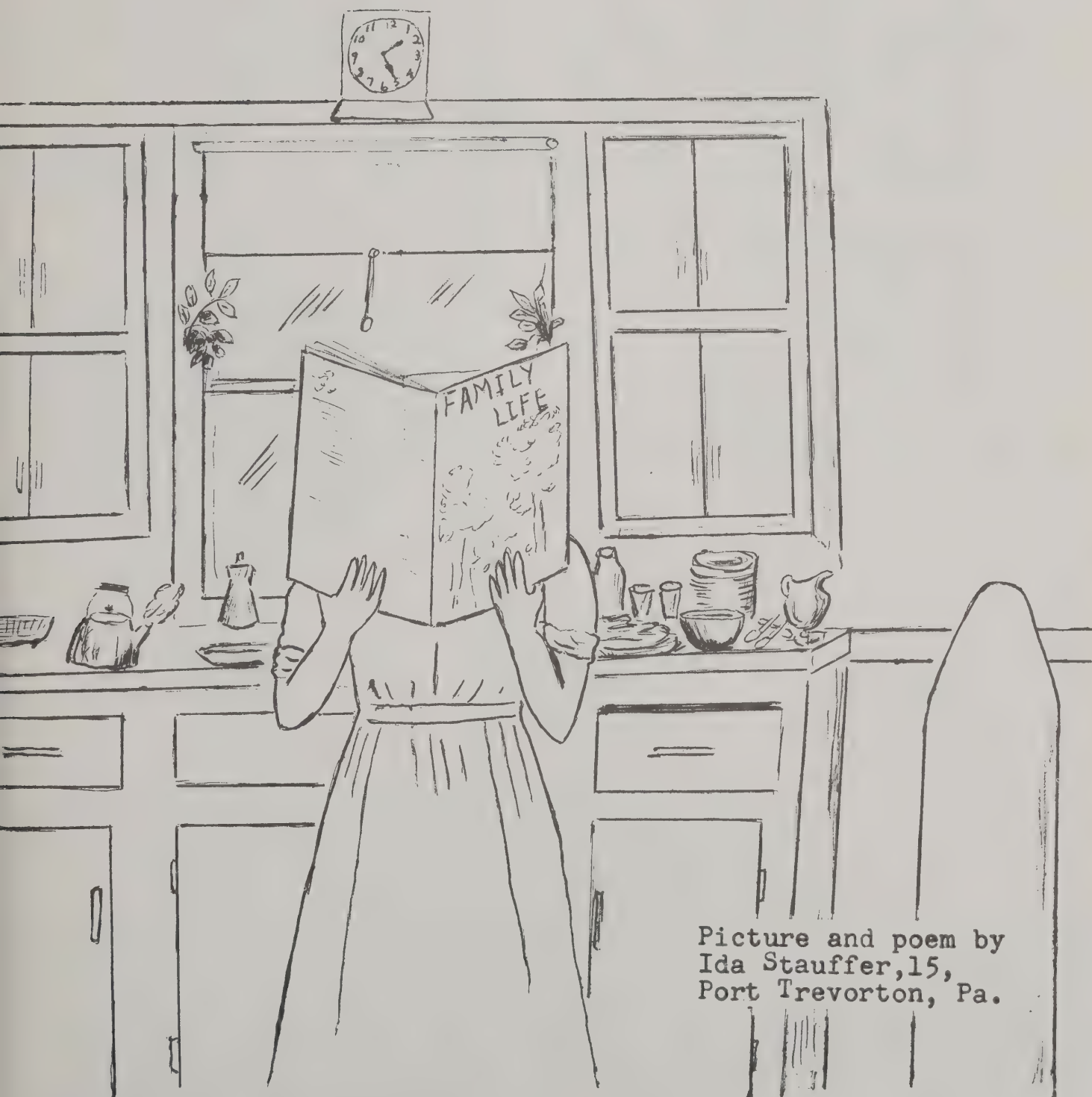
MY, OH, MY

It's past one o'clock,  
The dishes aren't done.  
The ironing is waiting-  
It's not even begun.

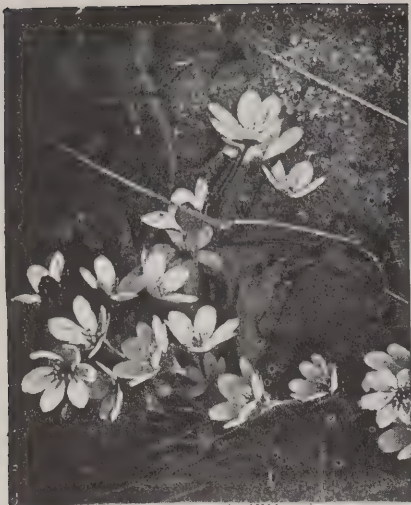
A batch of cookies  
Ready to be baked.  
The weeds in the garden  
Ought to be raked.

The grass on the lawn,  
Is ready to mow.  
A big pile of mending-  
Patches to sew.

But I'm not busy,  
Oh, nay, oh, nay.  
The mailman brought  
Family Life today.



Picture and poem by  
Ida Stauffer, 15,  
Port Trevorton, Pa.



## CLIMATE AND PLANT GROWTH

Have you ever wished for orange and banana trees in your backyard or to walk through an evergreen forest near your home? Why is it that each one of the thousands of kinds of plants and trees in the world thrive only in certain places? The answer may be found in the fact that each plant has some built-in climatic requirements, and when these conditions are favorable, the plant can survive. Where these conditions are not favorable, the plant dies.

If we walk through the woods early in spring, before the leaves are out on the trees, we will find little flowering plants already in full bloom. There are spring beauties and hepatica (one kind known as the fuzzy hepatica sometimes pushes its stem through the snow to bloom.) The reason these little flowers bloom so early is that after the leaves of the trees come out, there is no sunshine in the woods. So they must bloom and produce their seeds early in the spring. Otherwise they would be crowded out. In swampland, skunk cabbage blooms very early before the other growth gets started.

How much cold can plants endure? Some types of plants can stand a lot. The Christmas Rose, which is a relative of the buttercup and is native to Europe, cheerfully pushes its large white petals up through the snow to bloom.

Several hundred miles from the North Pole, we find many plants growing in the short Arctic summer. This

area is covered with a glacier, the sheets of ice are several hundred feet thick. But on top of this ice is a layer of soil about two feet thick, probably deposited there by the winds in ages past. In this soil which is called "tundra" (toon-dra) are found growing more than a hundred different kinds of plants. Although this soil may be frozen solid for ten months of the year, in the space of sixty days under the long summer sun, these plants come to life, bloom and bear seed. Then they become dormant for another ten months.

Further south from the tundra, we find queer stunted trees, often less than a foot high but they may be a hundred years old. These are dwarf spruces and firs. Coming still further south, the trees become taller until we reach the evergreen forests.

In the belt where there is a growing season of 3 to 30 months, we find whole forests of tall trees, firs, juniper, spruce and hemlock. These make tremendous growth during the long days of the short summer. Because their leaves are needles which stay on for a year or several years, they can grow even during mild days of the winter. The cones stay on during the winter time and sometimes it takes several years for the seeds in these cones to mature. These evergreens are sometimes called "winter forests".

Further south where there is a growing season of five months or longer, we find deciduous trees, oaks, birch, maple, ash, etc. These are called "summer forests" because they make their growth in the summer time. Their leaves fall off in the fall.

These deciduous trees are found as far south as there is any frost sometime during the year. The next zone is known as the frost free zone. It stretches from the lower tip of Florida for four thousand miles to Argentina. Here are found palm trees, fig trees, and much dense vegetation. Some of these places get as much as 100 to 200 inches of rainfall every year and with the warm climate it is ideal for dense growth. In the Amazon Basin, the forests grow so thick that it is dark underneath them at noon. These areas are called the "rain forests."

Heat is not the only requirement for plant growth. There are many areas in the world where trees do not grow, even in hot climates. This is because of lack of rainfall.

Where there is an annual average rainfall of 18 inches or less, trees can not survive. There are large areas of fertile prairie land where no trees can be seen anywhere on the horizon. But grass grows rank, even if it goes dormant during the dry seasons.

If the rainfall is less than ten inches, then even grass does not thrive. This land we call desert and only cacti and certain tough grasses can grow there.

Every area in the world has its own plants which are best adapted to that particular climate. Other plants can be brought in and grown if they are given proper care.

You can even plant an orange tree in a sheltered spot beside your house and if it is protected against severe cold, it will grow. But it will not produce oranges, for the growing season is not long enough.

Oranges do best in a climate like Florida has. Closer to the equator, they will grow and produce fruit but it will not be as good quality as that grown closer to the temperate zones.

Climate has an effect on people, too. If we have lived all our lives in a cool climate and move to a warm climate, or vice-versa, then our bodies can adjust to the change but it may take several years.

There is also evidence that climate has an effect on the growth of animals and humans. Records were kept

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Return Addresses:  
In Canada- Family Life  
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A.- Family Life  
LaGrange, IN 46761

# FAMILY LIFE

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# letters to the editors



## SOWING BOTH EARLY AND LATE

I want to thank the author for the article "Both Early And Late" (Feb. issue). If a child's life-pattern is formed as young as the age of two, shouldn't we like Moses' and Samuel's mother teach them in the ways of the Lord? Of course, I know that this is when parents are the busiest. As a hired girl, I have worked in homes where there was a lack of Bible reading, but in other homes, I have had the privilege of joining with the family in daily worship.

It seems that many of the youth of today enjoy sowing wild oats. I wonder if they have counted the cost? Would the lives of these young people have been changed if their parents had spent more time reading God's word with their families?

- E.B., Iowa

We had some hectic days, too, until we started reading in the morning. Now it seems everything goes so much better and my nerves are not so strung. Things get done in better shape with less frustrations.

- Ticking Normal Again

It is such a meaningful story. "Both Early And Late" has my ideal dream pattern of taking time each day with my family. We shouldn't be too busy for teaching spiritual things and let's not say we are too busy. God gave us 24 hours in each day so there is plenty of time if we use it right.

Although my dream has never come true since it has not been my lot to have a family, I am still happy to know that others have achieved and are living my dream.

- Ohio

The father's concern for his family was such a striking resemblance to my very own feelings, that I could have hardly described it any better. I feel we need more such stories for sometimes I'm afraid we are all a bit on the sleepy side. We have such a busy routine of working, sleeping, eating and going away. The gift of a family is a challenge and a privilege to test our own faith. As the children grow up, it is a wonderful and interesting experience, even if it is mixed with many troubles and cares. Yet hidden deep down inside is a burden which at times rises to the surface increasing its weight until I feel we might faint beneath the load. We are so weak and incapable of caring for our children's souls, but if we fail, then we as parents will have to answer for it. There is a possibility that we, too, may find ourselves locked out of Heaven.

It has been said that the only treasure we may be able to take along to heaven with us is our children's souls, a very impressive thought.

- A Mother, Christiana, Pa.

My heartfelt thanks for the timely article "Both Early and Late." When we first started a family I looked forward to sometime when our children are older when I would tell them Bible Stories. Then an old minister of our district urged us with tears in his eyes not to wait for "sometime", he said he feels he made his biggest mistake by not taking more time with his children when they were yet young and willing. Our oldest children are

3 and 2.

After thinking of how interested they are in any pictures in a book, I wished for a good Bible story book. The advertisement in *Family Life* for the "Neues Testament in Achtzig Bildern" was an answer to prayer. It is just what we needed. The pictures hold their interest while I explain in simple words the story with each picture.

What is so touching is to hear them when they are looking at it alone, the older girl simply and sweetly telling the stories to the younger girl. Sometimes in the evening when at last I take time to sit down to relax maybe intending to do some reading myself, they will come begging me to help them look at their book. It would be so much easier to refuse them and say I don't have time. Then I remember that these childhood days will never come again and if I fail them now, I may never have the chance again.

The other day a simple incident occurred which made me feel it is well worth the time it takes to tell them stories. The oldest girl said, "Mom, yesterday the preacher said, 'Selig sind die', just like Jesus says in our book."

- R. S., Pennsylvania

I wish I had a whole set of the rules, which Uncle Abner quoted from in the article. Maybe you'll print them sometime.

- E. M., Ohio

**EDITOR'S NOTE**- See elsewhere in this issue for the list of rules for parents.

## A THUMB OR A HEART.

The article, "Losing and Gaining A Thumb" (February issue) caught my attention. It reminded me of the feeling of satisfaction I have experienced a few times when I would walk up to a door, press my thumb firmly on the latch and the door would open. That feeling would disappear, though, as soon as I would awake from my dream, for my right thumb has been missing ever since my hand was caught in a slow moving shaft 27 years ago.

The question as to how far we can go in transplants and rebuilding limbs, does not have an easy answer, Circumstances differ but for myself, I think it would not be wrong, when an accident happens to just accept it as "God's will" Job went about as far as a man can go in that direction. After having lost all his goods, plus his sons and daughters, he said, "The Lord gave and the Lord took away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." We do not believe that Job sinned as long as he took that attitude.

Of course it is not wrong to pray to be healed or to ask for help and then accept it if it is offered. It depends on where we go and in whom we put our trust.

- A. Martin, Waterloo, Ontario

**Do you think a surgeon can save a man's life if it is against God's will? I don't. If God calls, you will go.**

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surgery or no surgery. Medicine and surgery is to help the body move from place to place and to relieve it of pain. What did Christ do on earth besides to preach? Did he not often walk for miles to heal a sick person. Who are we, then to not help someone get well if it is not against God's will?

- A.M., Ohio

Considering a heart transplant or of any vital organ I would feel one who has come to the age of accountability and understanding, has made his peace with God and is looking forward to that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, such an one would not desire to have the trials and temptations of this proving time extended by such means.

Yet for one who has come to the age of accountability and is not prepared to meet the great Judge, I am sure that the family of such an one would do what they could to extend his life so that he might yet repent. We know that God lengthened Hezekiah's life when he prayed but we also notice during this time Hezekiah sinned grievously. It appears as his days were increased, so were his sorrows.

I would not want to say that trying to repair a deformity is wrong provided the reason is to make it easier for the person to make his way through life. There are some kinds of plastic surgery which is done for selfish motives and personal pride.

One thing which would be wrong would be a brain transplant. Crudens concordance says the word "heart" is used in Scripture to denote the seat of life or strength, hence the mind, soul, spirit or one's entire emotional nature and understanding. The brain or mind is the seat of our memory, understanding, ability to think and our conscience.

Although a brain transplant is not possible, I am confident that if it were possible, it would never be permitted among our people.

- W. S. R., Pennsylvania

When our first-born was a week old the doctor said, "It's either surgery or being a cripple for life." I chose surgery and I am glad now I did although at the time I thought I couldn't give up to it.

I can see where if someone is old and tired of living they might not want to go through a lot of surgery. But if a person is young and has the will to go on living and they want to regain their health then they would probably consider it. But they should have faith and it is still for God to decide whether or not it will work.

I feel it is best to pray and ask the Lord to help us decide what is best. People will talk regardless what a person does.

- Mrs. L. H., Iowa.

It brought tears to my eyes to read of the boy losing and gaining a thumb. Our son experienced it at the age of 14, and also lost most of his fingers on his one hand. He, too, had his hand sewn to his stomach for a skin graft. His father said that we can only pray that it was the right thing to do for he suffered so much.

But we have many times been thankful for what the doctors were able to do. It has healed up so nice now and he can lead a normal life. What he lacks in the crippled hand he has gained in strength in the other hand. God had a way to teach us to lean on Him.

- B., Ontario.

Let's ask the doctor what he thinks of his own work. I think he will be the first to tell you that man can do very little. He can graft, remove, construct, or transplant but without God's healing power, none of this would succeed.

There was a time when an appendicitis operation was a real medical breakthrough but now no one gives it a second thought. It is a means of saving one's life the April, 1972

same as other kinds of operations. Even with all this when God says it is enough, no amount of heart massage, artificial respiration or drugs will change it.

- W. H., Topeka, Indiana.

#### DON'T FORGET TO GIVE

Concerning the article, "To Give Or Not To Give," I feel there are too many John Millers among us who are so afraid their gifts will be misused that they don't give anyone anything. I think, too, we should be careful how and where we give and for what cause. But even if we don't always know what the money actually goes for in every case, God still "loves a cheerful giver." If it's supposed to go for the needy and the hungry, and we give it with good intentions, then I don't think we're held responsible if part of it should be misused. Our money shouldn't mean so much to us that we can't give it up for the needy. If we try to do what's right I think we will get a blessing for it.

- A.C., Delaware.

I wish to give some comments on the article about giving and also to some parts of "Adam Lapp And The Great White Throne." Abraham Lincoln said many years ago, "You can not bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift. You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong. You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer. You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich, you can not build character and courage by taking away man's initiative and independence and you cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves." These words, I believe hold true yet today, not because Lincoln wrote them but because they agree with Scripture. I Thess. 3:10, "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you that if any would not work, neither should he eat." One translation of the latter part reads that "the man who refuses to work must be left to starve." It should be remembered, though, that not everyone is able to work.

- M. Fisher, Pa.

I have found a way to give and have received much joy from it by having a secret sister for a year at a time. I have talked with several people lately who have never heard of a secret pal so I thought maybe others would enjoy this way of sharing if they knew about it. I choose a mother with a large family, an elderly person or any needy person and then send them one gift each month for a year. I can think of many gift suggestions such as towels, dress material, pretty sheets, nighties, tea towels, - anything to let her know a secret someone is thinking of her. They don't need to be large gifts, but give what you would enjoy receiving! At the end of the year, give a gift with your name signed. It is a means of strengthening friendships. Remember to pray for your secret sister, too!

- (Mrs.) C.S., Myerstown, Pa.

I like your article, "To Give or Not To Give". I have often read about giving a tenth of one's income. Is that still being done in our plain churches?

- An Old Order Mennonite, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Comments invited.

#### MORE CHEAP SHIRTS

"Cheap Shirts and Shallow Reasoning" (Jan. issue) was very interesting to me. I wish we could have all Lesters in our Amish churches. I well remember when boughten shirts were not allowed or even made like boughten ones. There were only two buttons on the bosom and a shirt with a whole row of buttons down the bosom was considered wrong. I cannot remember ever seeing my father or father-in-law having their sleeves

rolled up. Now we can see new shirts made with short sleeves. What a change!

- Ohio

I know a man in our church (and a minister at that) who goes to rummage sales and buys coats with big buttons and pockets on the outside for his wife and children. His wife was seen wearing a coat with her hands in her pockets while watching the cows go across the road to the pasture. He even bought a red shirt for himself. He took the pockets off, but this left a brighter spot there. Some people think if they buy clothes at the Salvation Army store, they can wear them because they are cheap. This man was well-to-do and didn't even have this for an excuse.

- Indiana.

### HIS BROTHER'S LAST TRIP

In the January issue of *Family Life* I read about my brother who made a trip to Canada, his last trip. To read it was as though it had just happened, even though it was 24 years ago. I was only 17 at the time. It was certainly a shock to the family and to many others. He was such a healthy boy and little did we think that his death was so near. We'll never forget that sad time when Dad and Mother, and sisters and brothers had to part with him. Since that time a sister, and Mother and Father have also left for Eternity. What a blessing to think that someday we can join each other in the land not made by hands. We can see we have no continuing city here.

- Isaac N. Hoover, Versailles, Mo.

### NOW HER HUSBAND TALKS

The story in October issue of *Family Life*, "No Time To Pray" helped our family more than you will ever know. How often I used to feel like Elva did, "My husband doesn't help me talk about religious matters." The less he talked, the more I was determined he must, and I also thought I was a better Christian than him because I could talk about religious matters. How very wrong I was. Martha in the story not only spoke to Elva, but to me also. Once I examined myself, I found out I was not such a good Christian as I thought. I was just driving him away from me with my "holier than thou" attitude. He always did enjoy reading your magazines but he never approved of my sending in any material especially if people found out who it was. He thought I was trying to make a "grosze Name" and was afraid I was getting to be a "goody-good."

Then some things came up and I asked his advice, not to get him to talk, but because I wanted to have his opinion on it. To my surprise, I found the ice was broken and now we can freely talk about religious matters and usually agree. To pull the splinters out of my own eyes first was very important.

- Just Another Elva

### NINE POINTS OF DIFFERENCE

In studying the letters and other history of the Amish division, (See Oct., 1971 issue) it becomes clear there were nine points on which Jacob Amman and his followers differed from the other Mennonites of his day.

1. Amman believed in the literal shunning of those who are excommunicated.
2. Amman did not believe the true-hearted (those who gave food and shelter to the Anabaptists) should be considered as Christians.
3. Amman felt the need for stronger discipline in dress and everyday living.
4. He felt that men should cut their hair fairly short and let their beard grow, whereas the others followed the prevailing fashions of letting the hair grow very long and shaving the beard.
5. He believed the body of believers who followed the teachings of Menno Simons were the one true church and he excommunicated those who opposed him.

6. He re-introduced feet washing into the communion service as this had been neglected for some time.

7. He introduced the practice of observing communion twice a year.

8. He thought it was wrong to attend the state church services even at a funeral.

9. It is quite clear that the party of Jacob Amman did not tolerate the teaching of premillennialism. As late as 1900, people were banned who believed in this.

It is interesting to note that of all the different Mennonite branches only the Old Order Amish and the Holdeman Mennonites still adhere to all the nine points mentioned here.

- Noah Keim, Virginia

### AN UNREPENTANT MURDERER

I read with interest the article about the Amish church in Wayne, Co., Ohio in the 1800's (See German section, Feb. issue). I have often wondered about the background of the English people around Smithville, Shreve and Orrville with such common names as Schrock, Kauffman, Miller and Yoder to this day.

I noticed in the list of names you gave of some of the first settlers in the area there was a Henry Yoder who came from Somerset, Pa. Recently I came across a writing in the book of the descendants of Solomon Hochstetler which states that on March 4, 1810 an infant daughter of John Hochstetler (brother of Solomon) then living at Somerset, Pa was murdered. Although there was not enough evidence to convict anyone of the crime, Solomon Hochstetler was blamed by most people for fifty years until the year 1860. At that time this Henry Yoder, who had moved to Wayne County many years earlier took sick and thought he would die and confessed killing the child.

When we consider the fate of Israel when the bann was among them as a result of Achan's transgression, one is made to wonder if having an unrepentant murderer in the church for 40 years may have been part of the reason why the church did not have the Lord's blessings and thus drifted into worldliness.

Your article seems to indicate that the whole congregation went along with the progressive movement but the Hochstetler book says there was a small group which adhered to the Old Order principles and it was here that Yoder belonged. But this group was without organization so he transferred his membership to an Amish congregation in Holmes County called Scrub Ridge.

- B.R., Ohio

### TREES THAT CHANGED THE VALLEY

In the article about the Amish in Mexico (December issue) it said that probably the adobe two-story house has crumbled years ago but in 1955 it was still standing. Also another small building, I think it was the small house where the widow of Cornelius Troyer lived. In that year we travelled to Mexico to visit the settlement of Mennonites at Cauhutemoc and also to see what happened to the land in Paradise Valley that my grandfather, Levi M. Shetler of Wayne Co., Ohio had bought in the '20s. Although he never moved there, these were his plans when he bought.

We arrived in Saltillo one morning and started asking around as to where the Amish used to live in Paradise Valley. No one knew. But finally we were told of a home in Saltillo where Sam S. Troyer lived for about a year after all the rest had left. He had stayed to try to sell some of the land but without success.

This man said he remembers Sam real well and as Sam was still living at that time, he said he writes to him occasionally. He told us we would not be able to find Paradise Valley because the name had changed years ago. So we got us a taxi and this man gave the driver instructions to Sacodell Valley for he said that is the name of it now. Sacodell means big trees in Spanish.

Away we went through the thick dust, over the mountains and arrived at the place where Simon Troyers

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had lived. They had left a landmark which had changed the name of the valley for they had planted a row of trees on each side of their laneway, and these trees were now very tall. Every other one was a poplar and I don't recall what the one was in between. There was only one other tree in the whole valley and it was a real big one.

The well which your story mentioned is still there on the left side of the lane but was nearly dry at the time we were there. The two buildings mentioned were the only buildings left in the valley except a small building on the east side of the valley which was being fixed for a restaurant. Mexico was in the process at the time of building a new highway through the valley to Mexico City. I understood it was to be part of the Pan-American Highway.

The two houses were still used for homes at the time of our visit by some of the families working for the large grain company that owned the land. From the outside the houses looked real sturdy yet.

There are no more fences in the valley. It looks just like one big field. They have a number of deep wells drilled and cement troughs running through the fields with gates here and there to let water out where needed. They use irrigation pumps with large motors that burn L.P. gas to run them. The crops looked as good as any I ever seen. The soil in the valley looked real fertile to me. Their main crop was wheat.

- Mose N. Shetler, Stirling, Ontario

### PLASTIC POPCORN BALLS

We need more articles like "Too Proud To Tell", November *Family Life*. They say experience is the best teacher but we ought to try to learn from other people's mistakes for we will not get old enough to make them all ourselves.

Last fall I had my fingers pinched quite bad so I went to the doctor one afternoon and my wife went along to drive. By the time we got home the chores were all done and supper was ready, so we sat down and ate the good supper the children had gotten ready. When we were done, one of the girls went in the pantry and brought a nice white popcorn ball out and put it on my plate but before I started to eat it I examined it for it was too hard to eat. So they said what happened. They had put a white plastic bowl with popcorn in the oven a few days before and forgot to take it out when they lighted the oven to bake apple crunch for supper. The plastic had melted together in a ball with the popcorn included. They learned to check the oven before firing up the next time.

- J. M., Iowa.

### OUCH

I read with interest the letters to the editors in the March issue. I agree 100 percent that it would be better for Amish girls to work for Amish people instead of working in town for higher wages and paychecks. But when I read the tenth letter about boys working away, that really hurt, for this lady stepped on my toes.

- Just a boy, Orrville, Ohio.

### HIGH PRICED MEAT

I read in *Family Life* about deer hunting and fishing (Across the Desk, March issue) and I think we would need a real good workout on the subject as we live in deer country, but I am not good enough to get it on paper to print.

To me, the question is, is it the right thing for C.O.s to be in the woods with big high powered rifles and scopes? Next comes the temptation to violate the law with a gang together, for one man or boy to shoot more than one deer and give it to another hunter. This has happened already and the public has found it out. What kind of picture are we painting for others to see? It seems it is getting worse all the time.

I am sure that with all the hours that are spent in

hunting every year by the Amish that a good sized building could be erected or other worthwhile project.

We have people who have debts and the church has paid hospital bills for them but they have big guns and can spend most of two weeks deer hunting. They also need insulated boots to keep warm and about all they get is a good appetite. I once read that the price the deer meat costs if you count what the hunter spends for equipment and the time he takes off, it would cost \$5.00 a pound.

If you mention this to them, they will say, it's not so much the meat they are after. Then if you ask them if it's for sport, they will say no, they just like to be in the woods. But I'm afraid it still adds up to sport.

The referred to article in my mind, put it this way. Let's call it a drinking party, it would be all right to drink when you are at home on your own ground but you shouldn't go out for a 3 or 4 day spree. It's the small holes in the ship we need to watch and the small foxes in the vineyard. The point I am trying to get across is it looks to me as if some people think hunting at home has no harm in it. But most things start in a small way and after getting this hunting fever in your blood you will want to go out on a hunting trip away from home, or in plain words to have a good time.

- C.A.Y., Pennsylvania

**EDITORS NOTE:** We would agree with you that for most people a walk in the woods is worth more if they leave their gun at home. But at the same time we would not like to condemn hunting and fishing if it can be done at home and is a practical way to get meat. The cottontail rabbit that is found on many farms makes a tasty dish, and in some places farmers are allowed to shoot deer if they are damaging the crop. They do not need high powered rifles or special hunting boots for this.

### BEDBUGS BEWARE

In reading the article in February *Family Life* on how to get rid of bedbugs, I decided to write how my parents got rid of them. I don't think we used nearly as dangerous stuff as was mentioned in the article, but it did the job.

In 1944 my parents along with two other families moved to Tennessee. We moved in the fall and did not know where we could stay but when we got there, we found a long cabin with, I think 8 rooms and a wide hall along the front. All three families settled down in it until we found a better home. We children took it for great fun to be together with other children and not having hardly anything to do but entertain each other.

But soon the cotton picking started and our parents sent us out among the nearby people to help pick cotton. This was new to us and we enjoyed dragging the 8 to 10ft. long cotton sacks, and were soon anxious to see who could pick the most pounds or who could take home the most money for our parents in the evening.

By December, all three families had bought farms, we were the last to move out. Our house was a block one with no paint or anything over the inside of the blocks, and hadn't been used more than 8 years yet. But it was already nearly black with smoke and dirt and also happened to have those nasty bedbugs in them.

We scrubbed the walls with strong lye water and brooms and it did a very nice job in cleaning away the dirt. In fact it just looked like new again. The partition boards were not painted and this also brought the grain out on them.

But this wasn't the end of the bugs for they were soon back again. So we got formaldehyde and with chicken feathers smeared the cracks which were plenty in the blocks. It was quite a job but we cleaned out every hiding place we could see. Long afterwards my fingernails still showed some signs of kinda being crippled from having gotten some of the stuff on them. We hoped we had accomplished something but soon found out that we hadn't

killed them all.

So we inquired what could be done about them and were told that if we would burn sulphur candles this would get them. Dad bought 8 candles and one nice sunny morning we took from the house what was not to be kept inside for the fumigation. We set these candles around in the upstairs and all the rooms downstairs and lighted them all. The windows and doors were all closed. We anxiously watched from the outside and at some times we couldn't see through the windows because of the white thick smoke.

This was the end of our bug troubles and we were glad of it.

- K., Desboro, Ontario

#### MILK NO MIRACLE

Let's take another look at the Magic Health Liquid (Feb. issue). We admit that God has provided for each creature what it needs to exist. But He has not provided that one food should be enough for every creature. We often hear of babies who are allergic to cow's milk. Milk is generally meant as a food until they are capable of a more mature diet. Even cows milk is not a perfect food for calves after a certain age. When I was a boy at home we had a calf that we fed only milk, because we had plenty as we did not sell milk at the time. The calf was nice and slick and grew until about 350 lbs. then to our astonishment we found one morning it had died. Later my brother-in-law worked at the Beltsville Experimental Station where different tests were made on calves fed only milk, and they would all die at a certain stage. The scientists could tell within 24 hours when the calf was going to die.

Paul writes that milk is for babes and God has provided for each of its kind. Milk can be classed along with other good foods instead of a perfect health food.

- More For Nature, Port Trevorton, Pa.

#### MORE KEIM SISTERS, PLEASE

I want to thank you for the stories about the Keim sisters. Since I'm also learning to cook and sew, those stories are similar to my own experiences. I always look forward to these stories and wish they would appear in *Family Life* every month. But I guess the boys wouldn't agree with me, for they are mostly for girls.

- A Pennsylvania Girl.

#### REPRINTING EXTRA GOOD ARTICLES

I would have liked to send in some more material but I feel at a loss to write since so many different subjects have been covered. I think that some articles which were extra good could be reprinted and perhaps many readers did not get F. L. at that time.

- S. M., Ohio

**EDITORS NOTE:** See this month's "Across The Desk" for notice about bound volumes of past issues of *Family Life*.

#### SIT DOWN TO READ

The picture and poem on inside back cover of March *Family Life* must have been me, only I sit down to read. I also read everything from cover to cover in the *Young Companion*.

- Mrs. I. H., Nappanee, Indiana

#### CHICKS ARE THANKFUL

I liked your cover picture with the baby chicks on the March *Family Life*. It reminded me of something an aged grandmother once told her grandchildren. She said the chickens are always thankful for the water they drink. Each time they take a swallow, they look up and

## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



#### BURIED WITH A MOTORCYCLE

Last September a young man who had been killed in a motorcycle accident was buried. The Harley-Davidson motorcycle he was riding was buried with him. His sobbing mother explained, "It was his whole life."

How tragic to have a whole life wrapped up in a motorcycle. Yet, if this practice were followed widely, what a strange assortment of burial pieces would be in our cemeteries. One would be buried with his stocks and bonds. Another would be buried with fishing poles, golf clubs, and hunting rifles. Another would be crowded with

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thank God before they take the next one. Shouldn't we, as humans be a little more thankful for the things we usually take for granted? Our houses to live in, food to eat and precious water to drink?

- Mrs. D. S. Weaver, Pa.

#### HOT ICE CREAM COLDER?

The discovery by scientists that warm ice cream freezes quicker was nothing new to us, as we have always done it that way so that it would freeze faster.

- S.W., Ohio.

Tonight at the supper table my wife said she read in *Family Life* that hot water freezes quicker than cold (February issue, back cover). I guess by the look on my face she could tell that I was not sold on that story so she went on to explain that scientists had just discovered this in recent years. After a good discussion on this matter, the children got interested, too. By this time supper was over, the temperature outside was almost zero. I took two hard plastic glasses and filled one with cold spring water, the other with steaming but not boiling spring water, and set them out on the cement walks. In 25 minutes the cold water had a layer of ice on it and the other had not started freezing yet.

So we decided maybe it had to be boiled, could this remove something from the water. So we boiled water for two minutes and tried it again. This time it took the boiled water a half hour longer to start freezing, than the cold.

We noticed in the story that it said warm water, so we tried it again with a glass of lukewarm water but again the cold water began freezing the first. Now if these modern scientists are right, what kept our experiment from working contrary to plain common everyday horse sense?

- Orrville, Ohio.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** We would like to know, too, as we also tried it lately with the same results with water. However it apparently does work for ice cream where it is agitated and quickly frozen. That part of the story about ice cream and hot water was taken from an Associated Press release from a daily newspaper. It asserted that the ice cream story had been proven by the British scientists, but it did not say whether anyone had ever actually proven the hot water on the skating rink story. We know now it does not work under ordinary conditions when the glasses of water are set out in cold air, on the other hand we also know that ice cream will not freeze in cold air, even at 20 below zero unless you were to turn a tremendously long time. □

the latest novels and pornographic magazines. Still another would have a season ticket to all the baseball, football and basketball games.

A question comes to our mind, we wonder how few people would be buried with the Word of God?

- Selected.

### NEGROES IN THE CITIES

Negroes are increasing faster than whites in the big cities of the nation. The 1970 census shows that the metropolitan areas of the cities are becoming mostly black while the whites are moving to the suburbs. If this trend continues, in another decade, practically all our larger cities will be mostly black. In Washington D.C., Negroes constitute nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the population now.

### CHURCHES INVESTING IN WAR

A recent report showed that ten American church denominations have more than 200 million dollars invested in companies which are manufacturing guns, missiles and other war materials. Among the churches involved are some of the country's oldest churches including the Church of the Brethren, a historic peace church.

Apparently the churches are merely doing what many of their members have been doing all along, investing in companies where they get the highest possible returns on their money.

Fortunately the plainer churches are not involved in this gross inconsistency since, thanks to the (Scriptural) traditions which have been handed down from their forefathers, they do not invest in stocks and bonds.

Anyone who has money to invest among the plainer churches has found there is a need in the local communities to invest in farms to make them available to the young people to enable them to stay in the rural communities.

### THEIR TEACHER IS TELEVISION

According to Dr. Gerald Looney of the University of Arizona, television has now replaced both the parents and the teacher in the life of the average American child. According to his study, an average 14-year old child has seen 18,000 murders on TV. And then they wonder why crime is increasing by leaps and bounds.

### THE HIGH COST OF SMOKING

Everyone knows that smoking is an expensive habit. Just how expensive it is has been lately coming to light. Indications are now that it causes many accidents on the

highways, makes people lose out on considerable hours of working at their jobs, and even keeps them away from their jobs on many days.

A large insurance company recently compared the records of 3390 of their policyholders who smoked with the same number who didn't smoke. They were startled to find that the group which smoked had nearly twice as many auto accidents. So sure are they of this that they have recently offered a special insurance policy at cheaper rates for people who can offer proof that they haven't smoked during the past two years. How much do the policyholders save? Twenty percent on the cost of the policy, plus a possible saving in time and injury resulting from the higher risk of accident.

The company believes that the non-smokers have better records because they do not need to take their eyes off the road every so often to light a smoke. They may also be distracted by ashes and by smoke in the car. There is also evidence to believe that smoking dims the vision, particularly at night, when it is most needed.

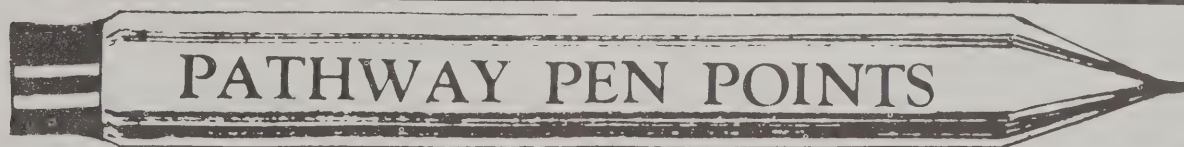
In Arlington, Texas, the Sherry Apartments are offering a \$10. a month rent reduction to any tenant who will sign a statement that no one in the family smokes. At last reports the owners are losing \$1460 a month in rents, but they feel they are gaining much more than this in lower maintenance costs, plus the added safety from not having as many smokers in the building.

A Rhode Island factory owner offered \$2 per week extra pay to any worker who gave up smoking cigarettes and promised not to smoke cigars or a pipe at work. This scheme is now costing the owner \$10,000 a year but he is convinced he is gaining much more than this because of less absenteeism due to illness, and in increased efficiency among the workers.

In New Jersey, the Ebsco Industries are paying their employees a \$120 Christmas bonus if they do not smoke. Of the 40 workers, 33 took advantage of the plan and got \$3960 extra money. The company stated that they believed they had saved about \$8,000. as a result of this.

### NOW COMES THE WHEAT BED

Several years ago the water-bed came into style for those who had a lot of money and didn't care how they spent it. Now the latest discovery is a "wheat bed", which is simply a bag filled with about a half bushel of wheat. According to "The Practitioner", a British medical journal, it is a simple and effective remedy for most forms of backache. Enthusiastic advocates claim it will provide its user with unbroken sleep and a refreshed awakening, free from pain. At least you don't need to invest a couple hundred dollars to find out.



### A PROBLEM TURNED INSIDE OUT

I stood at the door and watched the last of the company leaving. The family had all been at our place for dinner and we had spent a happy afternoon. I got out some leftovers and put supper on the table. Then we ate supper and I started clearing off the table. I asked my husband to carry out the big bench before he goes out to chore but he forgot all about it.

When I had finished clearing away supper, I lay down on the sofa for I was tired. The big bench still stood in front of me, why hadn't he carried it out.

Soon the little girls started playing train on the bench and added the smaller bench we used at the table. They went first one way, then they started to crawl and slide in different ways. They had a wonderful time of it and it was relaxing for me to lie and watch them playing.

Here I had wanted the big bench out of the way so badly, but the children spent a whole evening playing

with it. Then my thoughts turned to other problems. How often are we like that? We want to get rid of our problems right now but God wants to use them to teach us a lesson. So many things we have to go through, but often it is through our problems that we first realize what poor mortals we are.

- M. Burkholder

### WE PRAYED THROUGH THE STORM

It was a summer evening and my husband and I got a sudden notion to plant more sweet corn. There was a big black cloud coming up and we hurried to get the seed in before the storm should break. The wind blew stronger and thunder rumbled as lightning flashed. It was high time to seek shelter when we finished. We rushed into the house where our one-year-old boy was playing alone. We picked him up and sat on the couch.

The wind picked up speed and rain began to fall. Soon

it came down in torrents like I've never seen it come before. Nothing could be seen outside the window but rain.

Silently I prayed to be kept safe. I can't remember what I said, but I sat there and I believed the Lord will watch over us if we ask Him.

Suddenly there was a frightening noise on the north side of the house. Later we saw the fuel tanks were lying out in the yard. There was a crash and a splintering of glass on the opposite side of the house and my husband said he thinks we should run for the cellar. But then the worst of the storm was over.

On investigating we found that a piece of limb about 2 inches in diameter had splintered off the tree which was close to the house. The edge was sharp and it reminded me of a sword or a knife. It had soared through the window and over our bed and landed in our baby's crib. Glass was scattered all over.

I was awestruck and couldn't help thinking, suppose our son had been in his crib sleeping like he was the evening before at this time.

Was God trying to tell us that he had only loaned us the child and He could take him away so quickly if He wanted to? Or was it a reassurance that our son would be taken care of no matter how much danger would be around us? What would have happened if we had not been praying?

Does Satan have his hand in such storms and is it him who does the harm if God does not protect us. I think it showed us how important it is to stay under His protecting wings at all times. Would be glad for others' comments on this matter.

Mrs. J. F., Pennsylvania.

#### THE DAY I GAMBLED

To be at the sale barn was nothing unusual for me. But this particular day I remember I walked over to the place where a Jewish merchant was usually selling shoes, clothing and various other items. That day there was a very unusual auctioneer displaying and selling his wares. I had never seen him before.

The crowd was growing and the auctioneer was throwing handfuls of small items out to the crowds. He was calling, "Now come up close where you can see. We have LOTS of bargains here today!"

Then he started selling socks for just 25c a pair. Of course they were striped and checkered and nothing for plain people to buy. Next he auctioned off a necktie neatly boxed for a dollar. But when the man handed him a dollar he said, "That's too much," and gave him 50c back with the necktie.

Then he took a pair of slippers and got a bid for two dollars. Again he handed one dollar back. The crowd was going wild with enthusiasm.

"Now here I have ten small boxes," he said, "and I'm not going to tell you what's in them. The ten people who buy these can come up to the front here and they will get a chance for a lot more bargains today. I'm going to sell them for \$2.00 each and remember, the people who get them will get a chance at a lot more bargains."

What he didn't say was that everybody else would also have the same chance. I was anxious to get in on some of the bargains so I raised my hand. I got one of those boxes for \$2.00.

I remember I had my arm in a sling and as I tried to push through the crowd, a man who was older and wiser than I muttered, "You better watch out or you'll get the other one broke, too."

So I stayed where I was, content to watch and to open my box and find that it contained only a few trinkets of cheap jewelry, of no value to me.

Now the auctioneer was selling salt and pepper shakers for 50c and was handing the money back with the shakers. An alarm clock was sold for \$4.50 the same way and soon the crowd was going wild.

Then he picked up a silverware set and got a bid up to

\$50.00. He took the money and placed it on the box and set it back. The next set brought \$45.00 and the next one \$40.00, but every time he placed the money on the box and set it back. Finally he kept on until it went down to \$30.00 and then he passed out a lot of sets for \$30.00 giving the first ones their money back down to \$30.00.

I have no way of knowing if the silverware sets were worth \$30.00, but I do know that quite a few ladies went home that day very much disgusted with themselves because they were minus \$30.00 and were taking home a silverware set they really didn't need. Very likely many of them had needed the money for groceries or other purposes.

By this time I felt rather disgusted with myself also that I had lost \$2.00. We had been married less than a year and we certainly didn't have any money to throw away.

Now the crowd had thinned out and when I got the chance I gathered up hope and walked up to the auctioneer. I told him our people do not wear jewelry and that I wish I hadn't bid on this box, and would he please give me my money back. His answer was a short and cold, "No, why should I?"

I left the sale barn that day frustrated, humiliated and with a heavy heart. I realized that not only had I thrown away \$2.00 but I had bid on something I knew nothing about, in the foolish hope of getting more than my money's worth. I had actually gambled.

- Joseph J. Eicher.

#### TO THE PARENT----

You are the mirror and your child will reflect what he sees in you.

If you swear or use by-words, your child will do the same.

If you misuse others, your child will do so also (and it may be you).

If you speak harshly to your child, he will surely return it some day.

If you abuse your animals, he will consider it the thing to do.

If you misuse the Sabbath, your child will know no better.

If you cheat, your child will learn dishonesty.

If you tease him, he will tease and provoke others.

If you criticize others, he will learn to hate.

If you nag and complain when things go wrong, your child will also become grouchy.

If you yell at your child, he will learn to be loud.

If you lose your temper, your child will not consider it wrong to do the same.

If you live with fear and suspicion, your child will lack faith.

If you live in disunity, the child will learn to disrespect his parents.

If you show respect towards ministers and teachers, your child will be willing to respect them also (and to obey them).

If you are quick to share your goods with others, your child will learn unselfishness.

If you have pity for the poor, he will learn mercifulness.

If you love your neighbor, he will learn to love.

If you are cheerful in trials, he will learn to trust.

If you are not ashamed of humble surroundings and patched clothing, your child will learn contentment.

If you do not laugh or rejoice at another's misfortune, he will have compassion towards others.

If you are not quick to scold, he will have confidence in you.

If you are friendly towards all people, your child will have friends.

## A MINISKIRTED MOTHER

One evening our neighbor stopped in and asked if I want to go along with her shopping. There were several things I needed so I decided to go. At the supper table I talked to my husband about it and wondered what he would be doing after supper. Would he be able to take care of our 2-yr old daughter while I went shopping?

"No," he answered, "I had planned on going to the field. I guess you will just have to hold on to her."

I smiled, for although she always wanted to go along with me, I knew she would run off the minute I wasn't watching.

The shopping center was full and I tried to keep my eye on her. Several times I just caught her in time. I was checking over a counter of damaged goods that were on sale when a friend I hadn't seen in years walked up to me. She had never seen my little girl but soon we were talking about old acquaintances.

Suddenly I realized my little girl had disappeared. We started to hunt for her but soon a saleslady came down the next aisle leading a little girl. "Is this who you are looking for?" she asked.

I sighed with relief as soon as I saw her for it was our little girl indeed.

I thought no more of the incident until several years later when one day after church I saw an older lady looking disapprovingly at a toddler. It was not until the way home that I thought again of the saleslady and how she had brought my little girl back to me. I had to wonder, if the little girl in church would have become lost, would anyone have guessed that she belongs to an Old Order Mennonite who wears a black bonnet and comes to church in a buggy? I suspect she would have started out looking for a mini-skirted mother.

- A Pennsylvania Mother.

## Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## UNCERTAIN RICHES

There is a story I remember my father telling. I'm not sure of all the details, but I think it took place at the time we lived in Michigan. For some reason my father went occasionally to visit a mental institution; I expect someone he knew was confined there. Anyhow, on these visits he used to notice one particular man who always sat in the same chair at the same spot, staring unseeingly into space. His face always wore the same blank and expressionless look.

Finally my father's curiosity was aroused about this man and he made up his mind that on his next visit to the institution he would talk to the man and see what he could learn about him. So on the next visit, my father walked up to this man and said, "Good morning. Nice day, isn't it?"

The man looked up, but his face remained blank and without emotion.

"It's a nice day, isn't it?"

The same blank stare, the same empty look which saw nothing.

My father was not ready to give up so easily. "What is your name, sir," he asked, raising his voice in case the man was hard of hearing.

The man stirred. "October 29, 1929," he pronounced slowly, his voice hollow and listless.

"No, no, you misunderstood me," my father said. "I asked for your name? What is your name? What do they call you?"

"Huh?"

"Your name. What's your name?"

Once more he repeated in the same hollow tone, "October 29, 1929." The blank look never left his face.

No matter what question my father asked the man, if he answered at all, it was always the same words, pronounced in the same slow, listless tone, "October 29, 1929."

My father finally walked away, deciding it was useless to waste any more words. An attendant happened to have been watching, so now he came and offered an explanation. "That man used to be wealthy," he explained. "He was a rich man who made a fortune dealing in stocks."

April, 1972

"But what happened that he lost his mind?" my father asked. "Why does he keep saying "October 29, 1929?"

"That's the last day of which he remembers anything," said the attendant. "That day his mind went blank—he's been like that for more than twenty years now—just sitting there staring into space, not noticing anything that goes on around him."

"But what happened on that date?"

"You know, that was when the Great Depression started—that was the day the stock market crashed. When that man got up in the morning he was rich; when he went to bed that night he was a pauper. And it was just more than he could take—his mind snapped. He doesn't even remember his name today, yet he remembers October 29, 1929—the date when the sky fell in on him."

What a sad story. The saddest part is not that the man lost his money in the stock market crash. The saddest thing is that his possessions meant so much to him that he could not go on living without them. He was so wrapped up in his money, he treasured his riches so greatly that it was the only thing he lived for. His money had become his God, and it had seemed like a good god to have, a god that would take care of him as long as he lived. He never dreamed that in one day, in one hour, his god could be taken from him. Yet it had happened, and he lost his mind.

Undoubtedly this man had a keen mind, a shrewd mind for making money. He probably understood a lot about dollars and cents and profits, but there was one thing about money he didn't understand. He should have studied it a little more thoroughly. There was one flaw in his insight into money matters—a tragic gap in his knowledge about riches that cost him his mind. He either did not know or had forgotten what Paul wrote to Timothy, that riches are **uncertain**. "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, **nor trust in uncertain riches...**" (1 Tim. 6:17).

Earthly riches are a poor thing to depend on, a shaky kind of security, and yet many people make the mistake of feeling that if they have a lot of money, they have nothing to worry about. Riches give a sense of security that is deceiving. Earthly possessions are exactly what the Bible calls them—**uncertain**. One could seek the world over and probably not come up with a better description of material wealth than 1 Timothy 6:17: "uncertain riches." The common saying about unscrupulous salesmen is, "Here today, gone tomorrow." Many people have found to their dismay that this is true of more than salesmen. It applies also to riches.

We live in prosperous times today, times in which there is an over-emphasis on material things, times when even the person who doesn't have a lot of money can still live as though he did. And we are apt to think that if only we can manage to get ahead financially, if only we can get our farm paid off, then we'll have it made. Then we'll be well fixed and won't have to worry. And we forget that riches are uncertain.

When the Great Depression came in the 1930's a lot of

people had been trying to make themselves believe it couldn't happen. But it did, and thousands lost everything they owned. Not many of them were like the man in the mental institution in that they took it so hard as to lose their minds. But they were like him in the sense that they had forgotten that riches were uncertain, and were reminded of it when they lost what they thought they had.

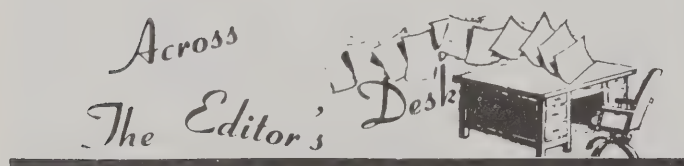
Some say we are headed again for a depression. Others say it can't happen, and point out that things are set up differently today, that the banks can't fail like they did then. The government backs the banks, and stands behind them, and guarantees them. Who is right? I don't know. I don't claim to understand the complex workings of national economy. But I do know that the Bible says riches are uncertain, and I believe that will stand true and remain true long after governments and banks and guarantees have gone to nothing.

There are dozens of things about riches that are uncertain: a depression could come overnight, millions would be out of work, and there would be no market for products because no one would have money with which to buy. Such things as accidents and lawsuits and tornadoes and hospital bills and fires and crop failures have left others penniless. What has happened to others could happen to us. Indeed riches are uncertain.

We live in a day when one monetary crisis follows the other, when the dollar is losing its buying power, and giant businesses are going bankrupt. We live in a day when people are living far above their means; living on credit cards and mortgages and loan companies. People who are thousands of dollars in debt live like kings, driving fancy cars, watching color TV's, wearing expensive clothes, and eating rich foods. How well for us at such a time like this if we do not make the mistake the man in the mental institution made--the mistake of letting earthly things mean so much to us that we cannot stand to lose them. For amid all the things that are so uncertain about riches, one thing is certain. The Bible says so. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out" (1 Timothy 6:7).

Even if no depression comes and we are spared fires and accidents and lawsuits and crop failures, the fact remains that no amount of wealth can keep us from dying. We live with death every day. And when we go, our money cannot go with us. How thoughtworthy that the one certain thing about money only makes riches the more uncertain.

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In this issue is an article by a Pennsylvania farmer who has learned to make a living without raising tobacco. We realize that for the many farmers who have high priced land to pay for and families to keep profitably employed, this is a major undertaking. It is something requiring a lot of forethought and planning, if it is not wisely arranged, it may not end up as desired. It is true that tobacco furnishes a job for a family both summer and winter and to quit stripping tobacco and going to work in the factories might not bring any improvements in the church.

We are anxious to hear from people who have made the change to general farming for we believe this could be a help to others who are thinking of making the same change.

If you would like to contact the author to find out how he made the change over, then write to us and we will forward your request to him and you will probably hear from him.

This year we are trying something new in connection with our annual Spring School sale. For the past six years, the school children were given the opportunity to sell Pathway Books and were allowed to keep 10 percent of the money for the school. Although they have been selling more each time, this year we decided to try something new. Instead of having the school children to canvass the neighborhood, we are advertising through the Budget and Family Life. The schools still get their portion of the money. This is not limited to parochial schools for any school may benefit, provided it is satisfactory to the teacher and the board. We hope we can get better coverage this way. We have tried to make it easier for the school children but only the results will tell us whether perhaps we have made it too easy.

For this year's school sale, we have something special to offer. Three new books have just been printed, barely in time to get them into the sale. All three books have Amish background, were written by Amish people and deal with problems found in our plain communities.

"ONE WAY STREET" is the story of a boy who can not make up his mind whether he should stay by the church of his parents, or join another one which appears to be more "spiritual". Finally an uncle helps him to make up his mind. Of special interest is the survey which the author made of an actual community where there was a church division a number of years ago. He traced the descendants from the families on both sides of the division and listed their present church affiliations. One word of warning. This is not a book you want to quit reading half way through just because you don't agree with how things are going.

"GIRL IN THE MIRROR" Is the story of a school girl who is convinced that everyone else in school is against her. She can hardly wait until the family moves to another farm so she will be in a better school. This book deals with some problems which nearly every girl is faced with as she grows up. I feel certain boys will enjoy it, too, as well as grown-ups.

The other book is entitled "STORIES TO REMEMBER" and it is a collection of stories which appeared in the children's section of Family Life up to 1970. It is of special interest to ages 8 to 16, but older children will like it, too.

HAVE you ever wondered what the first Family Life magazines were like? According to some people's opinion, they were a lot better than they are now. We would be inclined to agree that there were some very outstanding articles during the first several years.

To begin with we had a lot less subscribers than we do now, so chances are most of our present subscribers did not read the first several volumes. But if you are anxious to see them, there is a way they can be obtained. Each month we lay back 110 copies and at the end of the year we get them bound into a hard cover book. Just last week we got the 1971 bound volumes. We still have some copies left from the 1968, 1969, 1970 and also 1971 volumes. The regular price of these big bound volumes is \$12.00 each. However we are crowded for storage room so we have decided to let a limited number of copies go at \$10.00 each. We have decided to sell off the copies of each year down to a certain point at \$10.00 per volume. When that number is reached, the price will go back to \$12.00. If you wish to have a copy of the magazines for any certain year, please send in your order at once with remittance enclosed.

People who have these in the home say their children spend a lot of time reading through these back volumes. Remember, the price is \$10.00 per volume and you can get as many different volumes as you like. Please be sure to state which year or years you want.

HOW does the driver of a car feel when a buggy suddenly pops up in front of him out of the darkness, or he meets one while coming around a bend in the road? A short article in this issue may help our readers to learn how it feels as well as to perhaps keep themselves off the road during the dangerous times if possible.

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## FORERUNNERS OF THE ANABAPTISTS

**T**he Waldensians, or Waldenses, were a group of believers who flourished during the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries. They were the forerunners of the Anabaptists, but there is no evidence to prove that there was any connection between the Waldensians and the Anabaptists. Nor is it necessary to make such a connection in order to justify the existence of the Swiss Brethren. It seems perfectly natural that different groups, when led by the same Spirit would come to the same conclusions.

Since the time of Christ, various evangelical groups appeared and later became extinct. During the reign of Constantine, the main body of the so-called Christian church united with the state. But the falling away of the church was evident even before that time. In the third century, Novatius (210-280) an elder in the church at Rome, denounced the corruption in the church and as a result was relieved of his ministry. He organized his own church called the Novatian church and was separate from Rome. He taught and practiced baptism on faith, as well as Scriptural discipline and his church was still in existence four centuries later.

Several other groups suffered severe persecution in the centuries that followed.

The origin of the Waldensians is not altogether clear. The name comes from Peter Waldo who probably organized a group or at least was their leader. Peter was a wealthy and well-known citizen of Lyons, France. His conversion in 1160 A.D. came about when one of his very close friends suddenly fell to the ground and died in

Peter's presence. Peter began to diligently search the Scriptures and he soon found that he did not have the right faith in God. He also saw that the Catholic Church was false. He began teaching the Gospel to the people of Lyons in their own language. Peter and his followers were soon expelled from Lyons and then spread out in bands teaching the rediscovered truth. This brought on the rise of a Scriptural church such as had not been equalled since the Apostolic times.

The Waldensians practiced baptism upon confession of faith. They did not believe that the bread and wine of the communion were literally changed by the words of the priests into the body and blood of Jesus Christ. They taught against war and holding secular office. Taking the example of Peter Waldo and John of Lyons, the rich abandoned their wealth through charity and lived a simple life. The Waldensians also opposed the swearing of oaths.

A Waldensian Confession of Faith is found in *Martyrs Mirror*, Page 285. This confession was drawn up about the turn of the century 1300 and presented to the King of France. If we compare it to our own Confession of Faith, we find it similar in many points.

I. We believe that there is but one God, who is a Spirit, and the Creator of all things, the Father of all, over and through or in all, in us all; who is to be worshiped in spirit and in truth; to whom alone we look, as the Giver of life, raiment and food, as well as of health and sickness, prosperity and adversity; Him we love as the author of all good, and fear Him as the discernor of our hearts.

II. We believe, that Jesus Christ is the Son and the image of the Father, in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead; by whom we know the Father; who is our Mediator and Advocate; and there is no other name under heaven given unto men, whereby we may be saved. In His name alone we worship the Father, and pour out no prayers before God, save those contained in the holy Scriptures, or which fully agree with the sense of the same.

III. We believe, that we have the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from the Father and the Son; by whose inspiration we pray, and through whose effectual operation we are regenerated. This Holy Ghost operates in us all good works, and by Him we are led into all truth.

IV. We believe in a holy church, the congregation of all the elect (believers) of God, from the foundation (or beginning) of the world unto the end; the head of this church is our Lord Jesus Christ. This Church is governed by the Word of God, and led by the Holy Ghost. All true Christians are bound to live in her; for she prays without ceasing for all, being acceptable to God, who is her refuge, and out of which church there is no salvation.

V. It is an established rule with us, that the ministers of the church, namely, the bishops and the pastors, must be blameless in manner and doctrine; and if not, that they must be removed, and others put in their stead, who do better fill their place and office. No one takes unto himself this honor, unless he is called of God, like Aaron; feeding the flock of God, not greedy of filthy lucre, nor lording it over his church; but, with a willing mind, setting a good example to the godly, in word, intercourse, love, faith, and purity.

VI. We believe, that kings, princes, and magistrates are ordained by the Lord as His ministers, to whom obedience ought to be rendered; for they

### HELL

HELL! the prison house of despair,  
Here are some things that will not be there;  
No flowers will bloom on the banks of hell,  
No beauties of nature we love so well;  
No comforts of home, music and song,  
No friendship of joy will be found in that throng,  
No children to brighten that long dreary night,  
No love or peace, not one ray of light;  
No blood-washed soul with face beaming bright,  
No loving smile in that region of night;  
No mercy, no pity, pardon nor grace,  
No water, O God, what a terrible place!  
The pangs of the lost no human can tell,  
Not one moment's ease, there is no rest in hell!  
HELL! the prison house of despair,  
Here are some things that will be there;  
Fire and brimstone are there we know,  
For God in His Word hath told us so;  
Memory, remorse, suffering and pain;  
Weeping and wailing, but all in vain;  
Blasphemers, swearers, haters of God,  
Sinners who refused to be washed in the Blood;  
Lovers of pleasure more than of God,  
Christ-rejecters who here on earth trod;  
Murderers, gamblers, drunkards and liars,  
Will have their part in the lake of fire;  
The filthy, the vile, the cruel and mean, . . .  
What a horrible mob in Hell will be seen!  
Yea, more than humans on earth can tell,  
Are the torments and woes of ETERNAL HELL!

For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have EVERLASTING LIFE. John 3:16

bear the sword, to protect the innocent, and punish the evil; hence we are in duty bound to show them all proper honor, and to pay tribute: and no one can evade this subjection, if he would be called a Christian, according to the example of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for He paid tribute; but exercised no temporal jurisdiction or dominion, drawing the sword of the heavenly word in the state of His humiliation.

The last clause is translated by *J. M. V.*, in *Hist. Wald.*, thus: Who Himself would pay tribute, but was not willing to accept of worldly dominion.

VII. We believe, that the water in the sacrament of baptism is an external, visible sign, representing to us that which the power of God works within us, namely, the renewing of the Spirit, and the mortifying of our flesh in Christ Jesus, by whom we also become members of the holy church; in which church we show forth the confession of our faith, and the reformation of our life.

VIII. We believe, that the holy sacrament of the communion, or of the Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ, is a holy memorial and, a thanksgiving for the benefits bestowed upon us through the death of Christ; which we all ought to observe and celebrate in the congregation of the godly, in faith, love, and self-examination; and that in thus receiving the bread and the cup, we also become

partakers of the body and blood of Christ, as we are taught in the holy Scriptures.

IX. We confess, that marriage is good, honorable and holy, yea, instituted by God Himself, and that therefore no one ought to be prohibited from marrying, unless the Word of God intervene.

X. We believe, that the godly and God-fearing ought to conduct themselves praiseworthily before God, keeping themselves engaged in good works, which God has ordained that they should walk therein; these works are love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, piety, modesty, temperance, and other good works commanded in the Scriptures.

XI. On the other hand, we confess, that we must beware of false prophets, whose aim is, to draw the people away from the religious worship which we owe to the Lord our God alone, and to cause them to adhere to the creatures, and put one's confidence in them; to neglect the good works commanded us in the holy Scriptures, and to follow the fables of men.

XII. We hold the Old and the New Testament as the rule of our faith, and follow the Symbol or Creed of the Apostles. If any one be found who says that we confess another doctrine, we shall show, if permitted to do it legally before the regular judges, that he is greatly in error and deceives others.

The Waldensians suffered unto death for their faith. In 1210, twenty-four Waldensians were burned alive in Paris. During the next few years, the true faith began to spread. In the year 1212 the authorities of Strasburg desperately attempted to wipe out the movement by burning about 100 "heretics". Three years later the same city again bloodied her hands by executing 80 more of the faithful.

By means of the inquisition, the Waldensians were hunted out and imprisoned. Sometimes the accused were subjected to red hot irons or boiling water, and the condition of the hands three days later was used to determine whether or not they were guilty.

In spite of persecution, the faith spread. In 1315 great numbers of the faithful were burned in Austria. By 1390 the faith had spread north to the Baltic sea and 443 Waldensians were slaughtered in Northern Poland. In 1457, many Germans labelled as Waldensians were killed in Eichstadt. In 1471 there is record of Waldensians being killed for their faith. This was only some fifty years before the rise of the Anabaptists.

With the coming of the Anabaptists, the deteriorating Waldensian church continued to suffer under heavy persecution. By this time, most of the Waldensians which remained, were living in northern Italy. Even after the European nations tolerated the Anabaptists, the Italian rulers continued to persecute the Waldensians mercilessly. An unexpected appeal for toleration of the Waldensians came from Oliver Cromwell, who was on the throng in England in 1655. The English leader intervened with the Italian government on behalf of the Waldensians.

In 1685 the remnant of the Waldensian church suffered yet another bitter persecution. This was the last of the great persecutions but for more than a century, they continued to suffer isolated incidents. It was not until 1848 that the Waldensians were considered legal citizens of the country.

They had been in that country for seven centuries before this tolerance was granted. With the thrift that characterized them through the centuries, the Waldensians set out to rebuild their communities in northern Italy.

Although there are still some scattered churches there to this day, religious toleration brought about a laxness in the church disciplines. It is to be feared that very few of these churches have retained the doctrines and precepts of the ancient Waldensians. Yet they had such a rich heritage to uphold.

## H E A V E N

Heaven, the home of mansions fair,  
Here are some things that will not be there:  
No sin can enter the portals fair,  
The vile and unclean shall not be there;  
No sickness, no death, suffering or pain,  
No devil, no demons can entrance gain;  
No darkness, no night, woe or despair,  
No cares or heavy burdens to bear;  
No disappointment in that Fair Land,  
No tears or sighs on the Golden Strand;  
No fear or evil our peace to annoy,  
Nothing to hurt, mar or destroy;  
No heartache or grief, no not a trace,  
Will ever be found in that Holy place;  
Yea, fairer than mortals here have known.  
Are the things God has prepared for His own!  
Heaven, the place so wondrously fair,  
Here are some things that will be there;  
God's throne where the glorified prostrate fall,  
Jesus the Saviour, fairest of all!  
Saints of all ages, lovers of God,  
All who have been washed in the BLOOD;  
Loved ones and friends dear to the heart,  
Will meet in that land nevermore to part;  
Children of all kinds will be seen,  
Joyful and happy on swards of green;  
Amid the flowers that never fade,  
Gorgeous colors of every shade;  
The River of Life and streets of gold,  
Oh, the beauties of Heaven can never be told:  
Such music and singing on earth is not heard,  
Nor can be described by pen or word;  
The Tree of Life, with trees blooming fair,  
All manner of fruit will be found there;  
Perfect love and eternal rest,  
Companionship with all the blest;  
Perfect peace, freedom from strife,  
Everlasting joy, Eternal life!  
Yea, more than mortals here have known,  
Are the things God has prepared for His own!

-Catherine Dongell

# WHO CAN HELP HER NOW?

Mary, be quiet and let Linda sing," Dad said, "for you can't sing, anyways."

Mary fought to hold back the tears. She wanted to sing so badly but her dad always said she couldn't carry a tune in a bucket. Why did he have to always talk like that? Why didn't he encourage her instead of making fun? Mary tried to do anything to please her dad, but it seemed she could never do anything right.

But Linda was different. Her parents often said she was the prettiest of the girls and she could do about anything. She could even get out of milking, or doing the dishes, or her other chores on the flimsiest of excuses.

As she got older, she was even able to get almost anything she wanted, even if it was against the rules of the church. She kept saying that the other girls had this or that and since they wanted Linda to outshine all the rest, she ended up by getting her own way.

But this was only the beginning. Soon Linda started going with the young folks and she always had to have the latest in shoes and dresses. When someone said something about it in church, her mother said, "They're just picking on you. Look at those other girls, they're just as bad."

As time went on, Linda started to put a few curls in her hair. Now her parents said, "This is going too far."

But Linda only answered, "The others do."

Soon her clothes began to change and then she decided there weren't any Amish boys good enough for her. She started going with the wild bunch and often they were out late at night to places where her parents did not want her to go.

Soon she left home and stayed with another girl. Her parents were alarmed. This is not what they had foreseen for her. They pleaded with her but she had always had her own way and she was not to change now.

Shortly she got her own car. When she went home, her dad told her bluntly that he did not want to see her with her chopped hair and short dresses. This brought angry words and Linda went out into the world, still trying to be

prettier than the other girls.

Linda still visits her parents but each time she comes, it sends sharp stabs of pain through her parent's hearts. When she was young she used to be so cute and so close to her parents but now a wall has grown up between them. She feels guilty and ill at ease in their presence.

Mary is married and she is very close to her parents now. When she comes home, her parents are overjoyed to see her. She helps to heal the wound which Linda has left by her going away. Mary feels so sorry for her sister who is searching for happiness in material things and can not find it.

Now as they look back, the parents feel a deep regret for the way they allowed Linda to have her own way when she was young. They know that they are partly to blame that Linda is where she is, out in the world trying to find pleasure with no hope for time or eternity.

— B. - Indiana

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## APRIL

April is a good month. It is neighbors calling across fences, housewives hanging out winter clothes to air, young mothers proudly pushing baby carriages. April is a mist on the hilltops, rain on the roof and the smell of fresh turned earth. It is violets, dandelions, buds on the lilacs, the shining green of first leaves, fragrance in the warm sun. April is watercress along stream's edges, tiny paint brushes on evergreens, seedlings reaching upwards from neat rows in flats. April is rain on weekends, mud on the kitchen floor, dirt stains on the knees of trousers, storm windows coming down, screens going up, sparrows carrying bits of straw up under the eaves of the roof.

April is the great stirring. It is the door to May, the most gracious month of all.

— Selected and adapted.

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## AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

By Eli A. Yoder

It was a chilly day in November. We had just finished shredding corn fodder at our place, about the middle of the afternoon. A few of the neighbor men and boys were up in the barn talking. Nobody seemed to be much in a hurry to go home as it wasn't time to chore yet. Among the group was Atlee, a 17-year old neighbor boy. When he went down from the barn, he went past the milkhouse and from there out on the road and toward home.

That evening my wife asked me, "What did Atlee have under his coat when he went home?"

I told her I didn't know that he had anything and we didn't think any more about it until the next evening when my wife asked me what happened with the 2-quart jar of wieners that was in the water trough in the milkhouse. Then our thoughts went back to what she had said the evening before and we couldn't help but think that's what Atlee had under his coat when he went home.

I felt that I should say something about it to his dad, for he was the bishop of our church. But then the thought came to me, "Am I my brother's keeper? Don't I have enough to take care of myself let alone worrying about everyone else?"

I might have let it go at that but for some reason the thought kept coming back to me, "Suppose this had been our boy, wouldn't I like to know about it? Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

I talked it over with my wife and we decided it would be best to talk to Atlee's dad about it. On Sunday afternoon, I had a chance to do this and his dad said he didn't know anything about it. He hadn't seen anything that would make him suspicious, but he would talk to Atlee and find out.

It was some time later that Atlee came to me and said he was sorry he had taken the wieners. He asked me if I would forgive him and he also wanted to pay for the wieners. I told him I didn't want any money but was just too glad that he wanted to make it right and that I would gladly forgive him.

I also reminded him that little sins like that can lead to bigger ones and that sometimes people like that turn out to be hardened criminals. He seemed to accept what I said and after that Atlee was especially friendly toward me. I felt good that the incident had turned out so well.

It was almost six months later, one spring morning when one of the neighbors stopped in and asked me if I heard about Atlee. When I told him I hadn't, he replied, "Atlee was in an accident on the farm and is in the Wooster hospital in critical condition."

The next morning we got the sad news that Atlee had died that morning at 3:00 A.M. I was asked to help dig his grave and to help carry him to the graveyard and to let his body down into the earth and then cover him up. It was so sad and hard to accept but we knew that what God had done was well done.

During this time, my thoughts often went back to the fall before to shredding time when Atlee had taken the wieners. Suppose I would just have thought, "I have made mistakes already, too," and not said anything to Atlee about it. Could it have been that because of that one sin, if it had not been repented of, Atlee could not have gone to heaven? I don't know how Atlee's heart was when he left this world, but I fully believe that the sin he did against us was forgiven and was covered with the blood of Jesus. In 1 John 1:9 we read, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

I also had to think of James 4:17, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

If I wouldn't have tried to help Atlee, the sin may have been as big for me as for him. Atlee was a young boy in the prime of his life. He had big strong shoulders, and was a picture of health, but he had to go.

We do not know what God has planned for us. We can be young and strong and healthy but that does not mean that we will live a long time yet. We should not try to hide our sins but confess them and then God will forgive them and cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

"Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Ps. 90:12).

#### FAITH OF A CHILD

We were crowded in the cabin  
Not a soul would dare to sleep,  
It was midnight on the waters  
And a storm was on the deep.

It is a terrible thing in winter  
To be shattered by the blast,  
And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder cut away the mast.

Now we all stood there in darkness  
While the stoutest held his breath,  
And the angry sea was roaring  
And the breakers talked of death.

Thus we shuddered there in darkness  
Each one busy with his prayers,  
"We are lost," the captain shouted  
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered  
As she took his icy hand,  
"Is not God upon the ocean  
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden  
And we spoke in better cheer,  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.

-From an old reader.

## MY MISTAKE

One summer day as I was working in my garden, a team came driving in the lane. As they stopped by the gate I saw it was Elam Stoltzfus and his wife Sally, who lived down the road a ways. She saw me in the garden and we visited awhile and then she said, "I just wondered if you have any butter to spare?"

"Yes," I answered, "we would have some butter for you. How much do you want?"

"We could use two pounds every week," she answered, "Which day could I get it?"

"I can have it ready on Saturday," I told her.

"Then I will send the children over to get it," she said.

The days went by and soon Saturday came. The butter was ready. There was a knock on the door and when I opened it there stood a big boy. "Good morning," I said, "come on in."

"Good morning," he answered, "could I have two pounds of butter?"

"Why, yes," I told him, "Are you Elam's hired hand?"

"Yes, I work for him now," he answered.

So I gave him two pounds of butter and he paid for it and left. I went back to my work again. It was sometime later in the day when Elam Stoltzfus's two little children came to the door with a basket and said, "Our mother sent us over to get the two pounds of butter that she had ordered for today."

I was surprised to hear that but I told them, "Your hired boy was here this morning and got the butter." So they left again but they didn't feel quite right that they didn't get any butter. But then I thought that probably the hired hand had stopped some other place and didn't come home yet.

That evening when I was choring my husband came out and said, "The Elam Stoltzfus children are here again with a note."

So I went to talk to them and read the note. It said, "Please give the children the two pounds of butter I had ordered for today."

I said to the children, "Didn't your hired boy bring home any butter?"

They said, "No, he didn't."

So I told the children, "I will come over and talk with your mother when I have finished the chores."

As I went back to my milking all kinds of thoughts ran through my mind. What did their hired boy do with the butter? Why didn't he take it to them? Did he take it and sell it to someone else? I decided to find out.

I felt sorry for them that they didn't get any butter so I took one pound of butter which I had saved for ourselves. I still couldn't figure out what had happened with the butter I gave to their hired boy.

When I got to Elam Stoltzfus, Sally saw me come in the lane and said, "Come on in, Do you have to bring the butter over?"

"Didn't you get any butter today?" I asked.

"No," she said.

"Well, I can't understand it," I told her, "This morning your hired boy was here and I asked him if he is Elam's hired boy and he said he is. So I let him have the two pounds of butter."

"It wasn't our hired boy," Sally said, "because he was at home all day. Tell me what he looked like."

I described the boy as best I could and then Sally said, "Oh, that was Elam Byler's hired boy!"

"Is that who he was!" I exclaimed, "And here I was getting all kinds of ideas as to what could have happened to your butter. Now it is easy to understand. I should have asked him if he is Elam Stoltzfus's hired boy."

Then we both laughed at how things had turned out. I was unable to figure how this could have happened that the boy came on the same day and wanted the same amount of butter as Elam Stoltzfus had ordered. I was glad I had taken time off to go to my neighbor to find out my mistake.

— E. H., Pennsylvania

Family Life

# TOBACCO—

## A DARK LIGHT

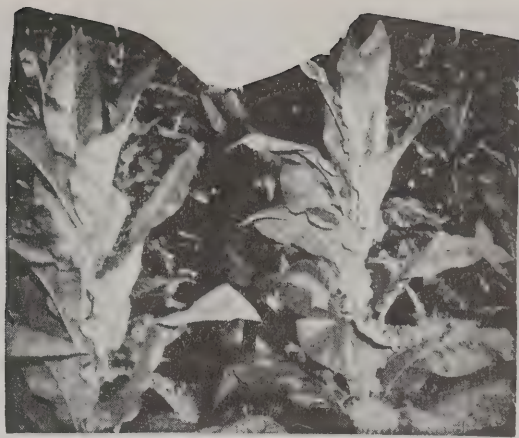
One day I saw a big load of tobacco bales go down the road and it made me stop and think. I felt sorry to realize that maybe because of that load of tobacco, someone will have to suffer in later years, bound to the tobacco habit. When we walk in the stores, we can see all kinds of cigars, cigarettes and chewing tobacco on display. We as Old Order Mennonites and Old Order Amish know that we farmed it. I had to stop and think, is the Lord pleased with us if we waste our land and time for something that is no food or help to our body or soul while many people are dying from hunger in other lands?

There are fathers who do not permit their children to use tobacco but they are still farming it. Are we concerned only about our children? Is it all right if we raise the stuff for other people to use? No, I am afraid God is not pleased with this idea.

A few weeks ago I heard an Old Order Mennonite woman who was 80 years old already talking about this tobacco in our county. She said she thinks it were better if it were never farmed for it results in high priced land, higher taxes and is of almost no value.

In our day and age the doctors have discovered that many cases of lung cancer come from smoking. Hospitals have clinics for people to try and get them to stop using tobacco. I feel it is time for us plain people to quit farming it. Nor does a cigar, cigarette or pipe look well with plain clothes. They really do not belong together. We know smoking tints the fingers and teeth with a stain that is not washed off with ordinary soap. The smokers clothes and personal belongings carry the smell. The smoker himself may not be bothered by this as much as the people around him, to whom breathing in second hand smoke is repulsive. The habit of chewing can be even more filthy than smoking and few people would call it a clean habit.

We used to farm tobacco, too, but my conscience just



didn't let me no more. I can say that since we stopped, I feel much better even though we still have many shortcomings in other ways. It is my wish and prayer that all Christian people would stop and think what this tobacco habit is. I believe we have to say it is really a drug.

Different people from the world have approached me about us plain people raising it. I felt our light was pretty dim in their eyes because I couldn't think of one good reason for raising it, only saying we do it for the money.

Some people say our forefathers farmed it so why is it wrong if we do it now? It is true that many of our immediate forefathers did farm it and used it, but I feel that if they could have seen what the results would be in our generation they would have looked at it differently. At one time it was thought that chewing tobacco was beneficial because it would kill germs in the mouth. But now no reputable doctor would recommend it to any of his patients. Our forefathers had no way of foreseeing the public health menace the tobacco habit would grow into in our nation.

In many states and in Canada, our people do not farm it. Why couldn't we make a living without it here in our county just as well? During the past several years quite a few people have stopped farming tobacco and have adjusted their operations accordingly and they still keep going. I would be interested in hearing through the pages of Family Life of others who have changed to other types of farming and have been able to make out all right.

-An Old Order Mennonite, Lancaster County, Pa.

## FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

## CHANGE IN THE CHURCH

The Honduras stream that runs alongside our farm has its source five miles north of us, up on the mountain. Pure clear water bubbles forth there from a spring. But by the time the water reaches our farm it is not fit for drinking unless it is first boiled.

It is not hard to discover why. Along the way there are a number of homes by the creekside, and each home has an "open air" sewage system. The disease-carrying germs are washed down the stream, and the water is no longer pure. In the same way, a heavy rain sweeps topsoil and rubbish into the stream, turning the water to a thick coffee color. The farther away one goes from the source, the less pure the water becomes.

Building a church of God is a little like finding pure water. Unless we go the "Source" -- The Bible -- for guidance, we cannot hope to know the will of God. Even though earlier generations have drunk from the stream and it looks to be pure, we cannot be certain unless we go back to the source to check. The Word of God is the final

authority.

In last month's "Fireside Chats", we wrote about Dietrich Phillips and the vision of the church of God that was given him through much prayer and study of the Bible. Dietrich, along with the other early Anabaptists, wanted to build a church that was patterned after the New Testament example and teaching. In their day this meant breaking away from the corrupt Catholic church, with its image worship and false teachings, and making a clean start with only the Scriptures for a guide.

In the four hundred years that have passed since those days, a lot of water has run down off the mountains and into the sea. Generation after generation has come and gone, and men have clung to the vision of a New Testament church. But they have not always held to it successfully. There have been losses. Whole segments of Anabaptist descendants have been swallowed up again by worldly churches, or directly by the world itself. There has been a scattering of the flock, and a breaking up into many groups. And even among the most faithful,

there have been changes.

Passing the vision of God's church down to younger generations is a task that is not without its dangers. For example, the children may accept the convictions of their parents at face value, yet never make those convictions truly their own. (This was already happening a hundred years ago, when a minister once asked a member of the church, "What would you say is the sum of our faith?" The member answered, "I really can't say, but I have it at home in Dietrich Phillip's book.")

A passed-down, second-hand faith is a poor substitute, especially when the time comes to teach and train the next generation in the ways of God. If a church is to remain alive, the members must themselves drink from the Fountain of Life, and have a true living faith. Only thus can the church be kept true to form and protected against harmful changes.

Without question, churches do change. The change can be a renewal, a return to Biblical doctrine, a repenting from sin. Or the church can change the wrong way -- a drifting away from Bible truths, a lukewarm, half-hearted faith, accepting worldly ways and false teachings.

Also without question, the church of God that the Anabaptists founded has changed down through the centuries. By looking briefly at some of these changes, good and bad, we may be able to learn better how to resist harmful changes that are undermining our churches today.

#### A Look at the Past

I am sure an entire book could be written about the changes that have happened in the churches descended from the Anabaptists. In these few paragraphs we can mention only a few.

In Holland, where the vision of the church had reached its purest form under the leadership of such men as Menno Simons and Dietrich Phillips, a period of decline and decay soon set in. At least part of the reason for this falling-away from the faith was wealth and prosperity. The Mennonites changed from a hunted and persecuted folk to a respected and prominent people. Persecution could not kill the Dutch Anabaptist church, but financial prosperity did.

In Switzerland, the Brethren by contrast were not getting rich. In fact, persecution continued strong for many years after all was quiet in the Netherlands. Nevertheless, some changes crept into the Swiss churches, and there was a gradual compromise on certain points of faith.

The story of Jacob Ammann is fairly well known. He was a young Swiss bishop who rashly tried to restore the church in line with the vision of Menno Simons and Dietrich Phillips. His was an attempt to change the church back to the original foundation. Though Ammann failed in many ways, he did succeed in some points.

It is worth noting that Jacob Ammann held forth the Bible as the final truth. To his opponents he wrote, "If you can show Scripture for your stand, we will gladly give in. But we say once again, it must be by the Word of God. We can pay no attention to human reasoning, old customs, and long practice, if they are not according to God's Word, for our faith must be pure, true and firm, and grounded solely upon the Word of God."

After 1700 the Mennonites and Amish went their separate ways, and yet both groups continued to be influenced by Pietism, a religious movement that in the end changed the outlook of the churches a great deal. Dr. Robert Friedmann tells of this influence in his book, *Mennonite Piety Through the Centuries* (1949; now out of print).

Pietism crept in mainly through literature, and left such a strong influence that most of us today upon hearing a definition of pietism would exclaim, "Why, that sounds good." And yet pietism is a departure from the Anabaptist view of the church, and quite different from the vision that Dietrich Phillips had of the church.

The Anabaptists stressed discipleship -- obedience to the Word of God -- and this always meant conflict with

the evil world order. The result was suffering and persecution for the faith.

Pietism, by comparison, was a watered-down faith that stressed inward conversion and the experience of salvation, and a program of being "the quiet in the land". Pietism is an emotional Christianity that does not cause anyone any trouble if it can help it. Much stress is placed on a person's relationship to God, but little is said about the outward expression of faith.

The Anabaptists were willing to suffer for their faith, or to migrate to other lands. The Pietists chose an easier way, and kept still. (Here we find perhaps an explanation why there are no Amish or conservative Mennonites in Europe today. Those who remained kept on compromising, until they compromised themselves out of existence.)

Influences such as Pietism are hard for the church to resist. Such movements contain much that is good, and they come in gradually with Scripture verses to back them. And yet over the course of years the church undergoes a basic change that is not for the better.

Other changes that have occurred in our past are probably matters of neglect, a gradual losing of certain doctrines. Take for example, the greeting of brethren with the holy kiss, a commandment that appears five times in the Scriptures. Just as some groups have gradually dropped the practice of feet washing, so the holy kiss had been lost in other groups.

Through the years, the Anabaptists have also seen a mellowing attitude toward people of other faiths. We might call this broad-mindedness or tolerance, but it really deserves a worse name. It is only when a man does not have genuine faith of his own that he nods approval to every wind of doctrine that blows off his hat.

It is a strange thing that the descendants of the Anabaptists within a century or two were reading and endorsing books that their forefathers condemned. An example that comes pretty close home is the use of *Geistliches Lustgärtlein*, a prayerbook of uncertain origin containing teachings that the early Anabaptists opposed at the cost of their lives.

These are examples of changes that have come upon the church in the past. What about the pressures of today, the movements that may bring further harmful changes into our churches?

#### Trends of Our Times

David Beiler was a highly-respected Amish bishop of Lancaster County about a hundred years ago. As an old man, he looked back in memory to what the church had been like in his childhood days, in the early years of the 1800's. Some of the changes that had occurred in his lifetime troubled him.

Because of his concern for his family and for the church, Bishop Beiler wrote a book of admonitions to his children. In this book, *Das Wahre Christentum*, he warned, "We can easily fall into error if we are not constantly on the alert, and constantly search the Scriptures to make sure that we have Scriptural ground for everything which we believe and maintain. If we have no basis in the Scriptures, then it is merely human opinion."

Beiler's writings are interlaced with Scripture references, and hardly a statement is made without a Bible verse to support it.

One historian, after studying Beiler's book, said, "It is amazing how this extreme and often even stiff biblicism, so familiar in many early Anabaptist writings, appears here again in a book of so recent a date. One feels distinctly how the brethren were eager to avoid all personal interpretation... It is the Word alone which counts and never the inspiration; ... This is the general way in which the Amish have understood their religion and have been able to carry on through the ages. For them obedience to the Word, brotherhood, and discipline have ever been the chief pillars of the church."

Now we might ask, what changes have taken place in our Amish churches since the days of David Beiler? And

what changes are still taking place? Are obedience to the Word, brotherhood, and discipline still given their rightful place in the church?

There have been many strong and harmful influences upon our churches in the past hundred years. There is no question about this. These influences, like a swirling river, can wash away the soil from the foundation.

One problem we have been faced with is the one mentioned earlier -- the difficulty of implanting a true faith in God in each new generation. There is the danger of a church running on its own momentum -- cut off from the source of power, but still coasting.

If we want our children to serve God and build up the church, we must present to them a clear picture of what the Church of God is. We must realize that unless the church is spiritually alive, unless the Word of God is preached in its power, unless there is true Christian brotherhood -- the church will become just a human institution, clinging to form, but lacking the power to deal with sin.

As both Jacob Ammann and David Beiler pointed out, the church must be guided by the Bible. The church can never be its own compass.

In some areas, it seems, there is a trend to place more weight upon custom and tradition than upon the teachings of the Word of God. This can not help but be a real threat to the church. Unfortunately, this tendency is always easier to see in others than it is in ourselves. In much the same way, we can attach importance to minor everyday things that really do not matter, and meanwhile neglect major Biblical teachings. The situation becomes doubly serious when we defend old practices and old customs that do not belong to the Christian church.

Right along with this trend comes the temptation to place more importance on outward dress than on inward spiritual growth. Thus, if a young person conforms to the *Ordnung*, he is baptized, whether or not his life shows other evidence of repentance and the New Birth.

The Scriptures teach that salvation comes only through the Saviour, Jesus Christ. Many other things are necessary to the Christian life, but none of them can take the place of the blood of Christ. Therefore, when a church carelessly takes in members on any other basis than their conversion, it is surely on the most direct route to its own downfall.

Any change away from the true vision of God's church is a dangerous change, whether it is a sinking down into the stagnant mud of formalism, or being swept out into the wide sea of modernism and worldliness. Of the two kinds of changes, it seems to me that the drift worldward is claiming the greater number of victims today.

### Toward Worldliness

Back a century ago just about the time that David Beiler was writing his book, great religious movements were spreading across the United States. Led by such evangelists as D. L. Moody, Peter Cartwright, and later, Billy Sunday, the emphasis was largely on "getting saved", and the method was by huge camp meetings and revivals. The movement is sometimes called American Revivalism. It brought with it Sundays Schools, the modern missionary movement, and the mid-week prayer meeting.

Against a background of sleepy, lukewarm, half-hearted churches, the Revival excitement looked good. And no doubt many sinners did repent and begin to lead new lives. The impact of the movement was keenly felt by the Mennonites, whose leaders wanted new life for the church, and yet wanted to claim their Anabaptist heritage. (The result was a curious mixture of American revivalism and Anabaptism, that after a century of experimenting has lost most of its Anabaptism, features.)

But the strange thing about it all is that the Revival at that time had little effect upon Bishop David Beiler and the Amish churches. The Sunday School, the prayer meeting, revival meetings, the nineteenth century

missionary spirit -- these had little influence upon the more conservative Amish groups of that day.

But now, like coming down a stepladder step by step, the influence of a hundred years ago is turning up in our churches, having been channeled down the line from liberal groups to less liberal ones. Years of exposure have made many of the ideas more "acceptable."

Gradually we have come to read Protestant literature, and to neglect *The Martyrs' Mirror*, the writings of Menno Simons and Dietrich Phillips, or books such as David Beiler's. We have studied Bible commentaries of noted Protestant scholars whose vision of the church is more nearly that of Martin Luther and other persecutors of the Anabaptists than it is the Anabaptist view of the church. We read magazines such as "The Christian Herald", or daily devotion guides such as "Our Daily Bread", which are not sound in their teachings.

We like to sing the newer songs more readily than the old classics of the *Ausbund*. We may even come to scorn the slow old tunes and the difficult German language, yet are completely uncritical of the shallow words and fast melodies that fit the radio better than the Christian home.

We may have made a part of our speech such words and phrases as the following, not realizing how they reflect the influence of liberal churches upon us:

"devotions"

"plan of salvation"

"accept Christ"

"leading of the Spirit"

"revival"

Let us not be misunderstood. The basic things behind these terms are Scriptural, yet the presence of these terms in our vocabulary does not prove we are familiar with the Bible. It proves only that our vision of the church and its activities has been colored by rather recent Protestant ideas.

Like the Pietists of an earlier age, the American revivalists offered much that was good. Yet their vision of the church was quite different from what our Anabaptist forefathers saw. The great revival preachers stressed repentance and conversion, but they stopped short of the full gospel. Three basic pillars of the Biblical church -- **obedience, brotherhood, and discipline** -- were touched only lightly.

And so today we must note that there are many parts missing in the church that popular denominations are trying to build. Theirs is not the vision of Dietrich Phillips. Indeed, when we measure these liberal churches with Dietrich Phillip's seven points, they fall far short.

The true church calls for discipleship, for obedience to the Word of God; it is a suffering church, a church where there is a conscious tension between it and the world, a people set apart as shining lights in the midst of a perverse generation, a church non-conformed to the world, non-resistant to evil, a fellowship of believers baptized upon their common faith and exercising strict discipline to keep sin out of the church.

The Word of God is unchangeable. The guidelines set up for the Church are contained in the Word of God, and so they too are unchangeable. The Apostle Paul writes, "For other foundation can no man lay that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." So the foundation of the church is likewise unchangeable.

But the human beings that make up the church, the "children of God" on earth, they are flesh and blood. They make mistakes. They are influenced by other people. They learn, and they forget. Their ideas and their understanding are changeable.

That is why there is change in the church -- **change for the worse** through drifting away from the Bible, through false teachings, through harmful influences; **change for the better** through study and prayer and submission; through gaining a true vision of what God expects in "a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing: but that it should be holy and without blemish."



## Floradale, Ont.

Ich lege herein eine Postal Note von 4.00 um die Family Life zu bezahlen für noch ein Jahr. Ich lese beides das Englische und das Deutsche. Meine Bibel ist auch Deutsch und English. Ich glaube die Deutsche Sprache kommt uns mehr natürlich, darum daß wir aufgebracht sind darin. Besonders um der Lebensplan zu betrachten, was es gekostet hat für uns 'arme Menschen zu erretten. Die Bibel sagt: „Heute, so ihr seine Stimme höret, so verstocket eure Herzen nicht.“ Wir sollen alle Werke des Satans abjagen und umkehren zu dem Licht, welches ist Jesus Christus.

Der Wandel von der Welt geht auf ein fleischlich und lüftigen Weg. Alles scheint will in die große Stadt gehen wo doch kein Essen zu bekommen ist ohne Geld. Die Leute wollen nicht schaffen ohne hohen Lohn, und wollten lieber unter Arbeitslosigkeit (unemployment) stehen. In der Stadt ist auch große Unzucht. Die Kinder werden zusammen geführt, und die Eltern wissen zu Zeiten nicht wo sie sind.

Ein Freund erzählte mir von einem Mann in unsere Stadt, der sagte: „Warum können die jungen Mädchen von die alte Mennoniten kein Amt besiken in der Stadt? Sie müssen blos daheim auf der Farm bleiben und Bindeln wäshen, und so elendische Kleider antun.“

Ich dachte, ich will mol mit dem Mann sprechen und habe auch die Gelegenheit gehabt. Da sagte ich ihm: „Weißt du nicht, in die Stadt arbeiten ist gefährlich für junge Mädchen. Wenn sie nur ein Monat in der Stadt sind sieht man schon am ersten sind die Haar geschmückt und der Scheitel ist von der Mitte zur Seite, dann wird der Rock verkürzt und dann kommen die Junge am Abend. Die Mädchen wollen nicht mehr auf der Farm bleiben und die Mäm kann sie nicht mehr lernen gute Hausfrauen zu sein. In der Stadt ist das T.B. und der Radio, sie sind weg von der Gemeinde und wollen die Wahrheit nicht mehr hören. Es ist schwer eine gute Hausfran zu finden in der Stadt.“

Der Himmel ist solch ein schöner Ort. Wenn wir uns suchen zu bereiten durch den Glauben an dem wo uns erkaufte und errettet von der Sünde durch sein Tod am Kreuz, dann können wir diesen Ort erreichen. Aber auf der andere Seite ist der breite Weg wo zur Hölle führt. Hier ist der Ort wo

es siebenmol heißer ist als das heißeste Feuer. Aber Gott will daß wir selig werden durch sein Sohn der sich zum Opfer gab und sein unschuldig Blut vergossen hat für die ganze Welt ihre Sünden zu bezahlen. Er hat der Weg zum Himmel gebannt, Er sagt: „Ich bin der Weg und die Wahrheit und das Leben.“

Ansom M. Martin

## Zu Gott gehört alles

Meinem Gott gehört die Welt,  
Meinem Gott das Himmelszelt.  
Ihm gehört der Raum, die Zeit,  
Sein ist auch die Ewigkeit.

Und sein eigen bin auch ich.  
Gottes Hände halten mich;  
Gleich dem Sternlein in der Bahn,  
Keins fällt je aus Gottes Plan.

Wo ich bin hält Gott die Wacht,  
Führt und schirmt mich Tag und Nacht.  
Ueber Bitten und Verstehn  
Muß sein Wille mir geschehn.

Täglich gibt er mir das Brot.  
Täglich hilft er in der Not.  
Täglich schenkt er seine Huld  
Und vergibt mir meine Schuld.

Leb ich, Gott, bist du bei mir;  
Sterb ich, bleib ich auch bei dir  
Und im Leben und im Tod  
Bin ich dein, du lieber Gott.

—Arno Pötsch

## Editorielles —

### OSTER ZEITEN

„Darum lasset uns Ostern halten, nicht im alten Sauerteig, auch nicht im Sauerteig der Bosheit und Schalkheit, sondern in dem Süßteig der Lanterkeit und der Wahrheit.“ 1 Kor. 5, 8.

So durchs Jahr gibt es etliche Feiertagen. Karfreitag wird gehalten als der Tag von Christi Kreuzigung. Oster, der wird gehalten als der Tag seiner Auferstehung. Himmelfahrt, der Tag wo eine Wolke Ihn aufnahm von ihren Augen weg und Er gen Himmel gefahren ist. Pfingsten, der Tag wo der heilige Geist ausgegossen ist worden. Danktags-Tag ist nicht ein Tag wo von Christi Zeiten beiseits gestellt ist worden, aber wo von unsere erste Ansiedler nach America kommen sind haben sie ein Tag bestimmt um Gott zu danken für seine Bewahrung und alle Guttaten. Christtag und Alten Christtag wird gehalten als die Zeit vom Jahr wo Christus geboren ist worden.

Wir können alle diese Tage halten oder feiern zur Ehre Gottes, und wir können sie auch alle mißbrauchen. So wollen wir sorgfältig sein in dem was wir tun, daß wir es tun zur Ehre Gottes.

Oster Sonntag ist eine schöne Zeit um Gros-Gemein zu halten. Karfreitag ist vorübergegangen, und Sonntag-Morgens ist er auferstanden. Dann wann wir zusammen kommen können, das Leiden Christi verkündigen, das Brot und Wein miteinander genießen, wie auch die Füße untereinander waschen; das ist wahrlich ein schöner Weg für dieser Tag zubringen. Aber wir können es nicht immer so ausrichten daß alle Teilen es auf diesen Tag haben können. Sie haben nicht alle ein Bischof um vor zu gehen, dann gibt es oftmals Gemeinde-Sachen wo im Weg kommen und es aufhalten. So müssen wir uns dazu schicken in solche Zeiten zum besten daß wir können.

Wenn wir nicht Gros-Gemein haben auf diesen Tag so können wir doch unsere Gedanken himmelwärts haben. Wir

können denken wie Christus aus dem Grabe auferstanden ist, da doch ein großer Stein vor des Grabes Tür war und ein Siegel darauf, das hat Ihn doch nicht im Grabe halten können.

Es heißt: „Joseph nahm den Leib, und wickelte Ihn in eine reine Leinwand; und legte Ihn in sein eigen neu Grab, welches er hatte lassen in einem Fels hauen, und wälzte einen großen Stein vor die Tür des Grabes, und gingen davon.“ Es heißt hier Er wälzte, wir würden sagen er rollte der Stein. Er war wohl zu groß um ihn zu tragen. Gerade wie groß er war sagt es uns nicht. Vielleicht möchte er noch Stangen gebraucht haben um ihn überdrehen, das weiß ich nicht.

Aber es waren hier Leute die nicht zufrieden waren. Die Hohenpriester und einige Pharisäer kommen zu Pilatus mit die Bitte: „Herr, wir haben gedacht daß dieser Verführer sprach da er noch lebte: Ich will nach dreien Tagen auferstehen. Darum befiehl, daß man das Grab verwahre bis an den dritten Tag, auf daß nicht seine Jünger kommen und stehlen ihn und sagen zum Volk: Er ist auferstanden von den Toten; und werde der letzte Betrug ärger denn der erste.“

O solche große Verwirrung und unerkennlichkeit. Diese Menschen konnten es nicht verstehen der große Auferstehungs-Plan zur Seligkeit. Aber ohne zweifel gibt es noch solche Leute heut. Pilatus gab ihnen die Hüter, gehet hin und verwahret wie ihr wißt. Sie gingen hin und versiegelten der Stein, wie sie das getan haben weiß ich nicht.

Ich tue mir öfters ein Vorbild machen als sähe ich diese Kriegsknechte um das Grab herum stehen in der Meinung sie könnten es halten daß niemand der Leib Jesu aus dem Grabe nehmen könnte.

## Ein Frühjahr Lied.

Die Frühjahr Zeit geht hin geschwind,  
So wache auf, O Mensch und Kind.  
Eine schöne Zeit für dich und Mich,  
Erquält das Herz so sonderlich.

Zum erst zerdschmelzt das Eis und Schnee,  
Bald wächst herauf das Gras und Glee,  
Und auf der Erd eine grüne Deck,  
Wächst hie und dort in jedem Eck.

Die Obstbäum blühen, O so schön,  
Und man kann es gar nicht verstehen,  
Wie Gott es tut und so regiert,  
Mach Jahr giebt's Frucht, doch Zeit'u verfrieerts.

Der Bauermann geht hin mit Pferd,  
Zu pflügen die rauhe Muttererd,  
Zu säen Samen auf das Feld,  
Vertranet Gott, und nicht das Geld.

Die Vögel singen Morgens früh,  
O daß wir wären gleich wie sie,  
So fleißig ihre Nesten bauen,  
Auf ihre angeborne Art trauen.

O Gott ich bitt von ganz' Gemüth,  
Von Reid und Hoffart mich behüt,  
In meinem Herz gib Frühjahrszeit,  
Daß ich sie Dir allzeit bereit.

B. Hoftetler.

Als die Weiber so nach dem Grabe zu liefen, sprachen sie: „Wer wäl-t uns der Stein weg?“ Aber zu ihren Erstanen da sie hinkommen geschah ein großes Erbeben, ein Engel kommt vom Himmel herab, trat hinan und wälzte der Stein von des Grabes Tür, und setzte sich darauf. Wo waren die Kriegs Knechte? Es heißt sie sind erschrocken und wurden als wären sie tot. Ich denk, sie sind ohnmächtig geworden. Da sie aber in die Stadt gekommen sind und sagten was gesehen ist, hatte der Hoherpriester bald ein Rat, er gab ihnen Geld. Sie sollen sagen: Da wir schliefen kamen seine Jünger und stahlen ihn. Sie waren bezahlt für die Unwahrheit saen. Ist das nicht bedenklich?

Da der Enael der Stein weg getan hat und die Tür aufgetan ist worden, sahen sie der Leib Jesu nicht, der Engel sagt er ist auferstanden. Ei, wie kann das sein? Der Stein war doch da, und die Tür war noch zu. Aber zu ihrem Erstanen, war kein Leib mehr da. Hier hat die Allmacht Gottes Hand angelegt. Ein Dichter stellt es also:

„Du kommst Herr Jesu, aus dem Grab,  
Zerschlägst des Todes Bande,  
Des Sieges reiche Frucht und Gab  
Bringt uns zum Gnadenstande,  
So sind wir frei von Slaverei,  
Davon du uns entbunden frei,  
Weil Du hast überwunden.“

Wie würden wir gefühlt haben wenn wir jemand begraben hätten, und wir wären am dritten Tage zum Grabe gegangen und es abgedeckt, der Deckel ab von die Lade genommen, und der Leib wäre gar nicht drin, alles leer. Wären wir nicht auch erstaunt, wir könnten unsere Augen bald nicht glauben, wie kann das sein? So war es mit die Leute wo zum Grabe Jesu kommen sind. Einige liefen miteinander dem Weg nach und waren so betrübt und traurig. Jesus trat hinzu und fragte: „Was ist lek daß ihr so traurig seid? Oder genau die Worten: „Was sind das für Reden die ihr habt unterwegs und seid so traurig?“ „Ei! bist du der einzigt Fremdling zu Jerusalem der nicht wisse was in diesen Tagen geschehen ist?“ Sie hatten zu sagen wie Jesus gekrenzt ist worden und begraben, dann aber sind etliche von unsere Leute zum Grabe gängen und sagen er ist nicht mehr im Grabe. Sie haben aber eine Erscheinung gesehen welche sagt: Er lebet wieder.“

Ist das nicht wunderbarlich? Solche große Allmacht Gottes, wer kann vor Ihm bestehen? Tut es uns nicht verursachen mehr Müh anwenden, ein unsträflisch Leben zu führen, daß wir vor Ihm unbefleckt und unsträflisch im Frieden können erfunden werden an jenem Gerichts Tag.

Was meint dieser Auferstehungs-Morgen zu uns? Es bezeugt was Er gesagt hat da Er am Kreuze hang: „Nun ist es vollbracht.“ Die Erlösung ist vollbracht, die Verführung für alle Menschen ist geschehen, welche Ihn auf und annehmen im Glauben als ihren Erlöser.

Wir sollen dann mit Christus sterben, mit Ihm begraben sein durch die Taufe in den Tod, auf daß gleichwie Christus ist auferweckt von den Toten durch die Herrlichkeit des Vaters, also sollen auch wir in einem neuen Leben wandeln. Diese Auferstehung vom Sündenschlaf muß geschehen ehe und zuvor wir mit Christo theilhaftig werden können. Dann warten wir bis zu die zweite Auferstehung an jenem Gerichtstag wo alle Menschen vor dem Richterstuhl erscheinen müssen und ihre Belohnung empfangen. „Denn der Tod ist der Sünden Sold; aber die Gabe Gottes ist das ewige Leben in Christo Jesu unserm Herrn.“

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## Die alte Kich

Mei Gedanka gehn heit widder zrick  
In fasloffene Jahra ordlich Stick,  
Un nix gans recht so hämelt mich  
Wies Dandy's alte eckich Kich.  
Du wonnerst fa was es so sei set,  
Ich kennts wol saga, aber wäschd du net,  
Des is da Blak, und des is wahr  
Wo die Haus-Halbing 's Effeckt bei  
nanner wara.  
So weit es ich zrick denka kon,  
Und sell war dot, ich wäs net won,  
Wara mir bei nonner fa saga dank  
Ja des nadirlich Speis und Trank.  
Drei mol da Dag mit Lusta groß  
Bon airt's idver-flü'sich Schoß.  
Die Bivel war net weit aweck,  
'S war g'lese ep des meira Stick.

Sell sot Ding war bissel glee,  
Avers war am end doch jodda schee.  
Da Sink wo mir als g'wäschte hen,  
Da alt disch mit die groß Mehl-Bin.  
Ich wäs net ep ichs saga set  
Wies Schnupplat als sich stucka hut.

Drei glennere Schnupplata hut es kot  
Ja Messra, un Gavla un Leffle dot.

Mir wara now net extri schmärt,  
Aver wir hen g'wist wo alles haint.  
Do hen mir g'stanna un ep mol gebrucht  
Im Plak funs G'schaa schah op ga bucht.

Drivva uf die anner Seit  
War da Koch-Offa, gepolischd bright,  
Des war en blok wanns kalt war drans  
Es mir geglichä hen ins Haus.  
Und Winters war als des da Kost:  
Dyer, und Mufh und Lever-Wast.

Ich denk un denk' 's macht mich bot krank,  
Aver dat war noch da glasich Schank,  
Mit Silverware und Ponna drin,  
Und Schisla wie in all Schenk sin.  
'S hut aw viel schöne Sticker kat,  
Aver die sind jekt bout alle fot.

Ja des alt Sach, es hut mich g'speit,  
'S runner känd von die Welby Lent.  
Grad west von wo da Schonsta steht  
War en Eck was in da Keller geht,  
'S war just en glenner drei bh vier.  
Nf die not Seit, dot ist die Tier.  
Sonst wara Hofa fa Raps und Neck,  
Und des war als es Keller Eck.

Wann mir rei komma sin ins Haus

Bon die Schule, oder spiela drans.  
Ich will dir saga, 's war gaich die Rule  
Ja Gläder schmeiße uf en Stuhl.  
'S war ksaat, now dint euer Sach aweck  
Dot hinna in sell Keller Eck.

Ich kon sell heit noch sana gut,  
Nf'm ersta Hofa war 'm Pop sei Gut,  
Aver driva uf de gans west Seit,  
Wara nittre Hofa fa glenny Leit.  
Und die, wann ichs doch saga soll  
Wara alfort idver laufich voll.

Der aint war just en dara Shtop,  
Hut nix recht koba es en Note und Kop,  
Und was fa 'n Zeit hen mir als kot.  
Die Mäm huts f'funna unnich Raps  
Dot in sell verh Keller Eck. un Neck

Ich guck in sell glee Echly dot,  
Die alte Glaiden sin all fot.  
Mins bh ains sin die Kinner naus,  
Zu ihren jäglichs aija Haus  
Die Eldra hen ja in die Zeit  
Ihre Heimat g'macht in avigkeit.  
Aver—

Die Gedanka komma als widder vor  
Wo die Haus-Halting all bei nonner wore.

Paul Hoover

## Etliche Gedichten.

In dieser Zeit ist's mir sehr bang  
Die Welt im großen Gang und Schwang.  
Des können wir verlengnen nicht,  
Die Diener geben uns viel Licht.

Wie es zunging in Noahs's Zeit,  
Wir glaubens wohl, so geh's zu hent.  
Volk wider Volk, mit Krieg und Noth,  
Und mancher Mensch abfällt von Gott.

Nehmt euch in Acht vor falscher Lehr,  
Das sagt uns Christus unser Herr.  
Viel kommen in die letzte Zeit,  
Als Wölfe in ein Schafes Kleid.

Die Schrift gibt uns des Zeugnis klar,  
Wir stehen ja in große Gefahr.  
Fleht von die Welt und meidet die Sünd,  
So wirst gezählt für Gottes Kind.

Wo ich ein kleines Kindlein war,  
Bei Eltern mein, war's kein Gefahr.  
War allezeit vor Gott bereit,  
Zu gehen in die Herrlichkeit.

Könnte doch nicht immer bleiben Kind,  
Wächs auf und ward bekannt die Sünd.  
Bernahm daß es ein Bund sein muß,  
Und eine neue wahre Buß.

Hab abgesagt die fleischlich Sach,  
Und auch die Welt und Teufels Pracht.

Und hab begehrt in dieser Frist,  
Allein zu dienen Jesus Christ.

Mein Ehe Kamrad hab ich nun lieb,  
Und Gott der Herr uns Kinder gieb,  
In letzter Zeit ist's viel Arbeit,  
Und manches Mal auch Herzeleid.

Doch kann es sein ein großer Freud,  
Und für das Kind ein' schöne Zeit,  
Wenn es gehorcht Eltern gern,  
Dann ist es auf dem Weg des Herrn.

Dann folgt des Herrn Segen nach,  
Wie Gott am Berg Sinai sprach:  
So dir's wohl geht und lange lebst  
Im Land daß Gott dein Herr dir gebt.

B. Hostettler.

## Wenn ich gestorben bin.

Dies sind oftmals meine Gedanken  
Wenn ich denk an mein End.  
Was wird sein nach meiner Zeit  
Wenn ich gestorben bin?

Wie werd ich antreffen Gott?  
Kann ich ansichtig werden Ihn  
Mit einem guten, reinem Gewissen  
Wenn ich gestorben bin?

Was wird sein mit meinem Weibe?  
Wird sie mich auch folgen hin?  
Kann ich sie auch wieder sehen  
Wenn ich gestorben bin?

Und was mit meine lieben Kinder  
Die haben einen menschlich Sinn?  
Und werden sie auch besser werden  
Wenn ich gestorben bin?

Was haben sie doch für Gedanken  
In ihrem Herzen's Sinn?

Ah, wer wird doch für sie beten  
Wenn ich gestorben bin?

Ja, dies sind viel meine Gedanken  
Wenn ich an meiner Arbeit bin,  
Kann der Herr mich nehmen ein  
Wenn ich gestorben bin?

So will ich doch mein Haus bestellen  
Daß es Gott kann nehmen hin,  
Und ich kann ruhen von meiner Arbeit  
Wenn ich gestorben bin.

A.J.C.

Family Life

## OUR LITTLE CHILDREN

In this world of loosening morals, we as parents have a great responsibility in teaching our children of Christ. With the end approaching fast, we should be concerned for our children. Of course we are, but is our concern as it really should be? Do we want our children to turn out so they will be well spoken of and have a high seat with the richer ones, or is it that they will be rich in spirit rather than worldly things?

Do we teach them that God made the trees, birds and flowers for us? Do we teach them faith, that they believe even though they can not understand it? Do we teach them to pray so they can have a Comforter when they are in trouble and one to bless when they are happy?

We are apt to think our children learn these things by themselves, but experience shows quite a few children of school age and older who don't know how to pray. Why? Didn't their parents ever teach them? God says teach a young child and when he is old he will not depart from it.

Since children walk in the footsteps of the parents, isn't it time we walked more carefully? Some of us are caught with putting little decorations on the children's clothes, or maybe feeling just a little better than some others in our hearts. We laugh and talk over others and our children see and hear this. All these things our children will pick up and then who is to blame when they are older and do the same things?

We should try and teach them of Christ, that He died for us on the cross so our sins can be forgiven. We must accept Him before we die so that we will have eternal life hereafter. Are we ashamed to talk of Christ and to teach our own families these things? If we are ashamed of Him, then He will reject us on the judgement day.

When Christ was on earth, He blessed the little

## FOOLISH JESTING

But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgement" (Matt. 12:36).

"A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good fruit, and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth evil things" (Matt. 12:35).

"For by thy words shall thou be justified and by thy words shalt thou be condemned" (Matt. 12:37).

"But fornication and all uncleanness or covetousness let it not be once named among you as becometh saints. Neither filthiness nor foolish talking nor jesting which are not convenient, but rather giving of thanks" (Eph. 5:3-4).

"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation" (II Peter 3:11).

Since we have all these holy Scriptures, we need to keep a close watch on our conversation. Many more could be found, but let us be diligent to obey them as far as possible. It would mean so much anguish if our words would condemn us on the great Judgement Day.

However it is true that we do need joyfulness and pleasantries. Doctors teach us this and it is backed up by Scriptures, "A merry heart doeth good like medicine" (Prov. 17:22). Let us make a difference between a pleasant countenance and foolishness.

It's a poor joke-

When someone blushes with embarrassment,

When some heart carries away an ache.

When something sacred is made to appear common.

When a man's weakness provides laughter.

When profanity is used to make something funny.

When a little child is brought to tears.

When not everyone can join in the laughter.

- Dalton, Ohio

children and wanted them to come to Him. We should still teach them to come to Him. If children learn both good and bad things as they grow up, it is very important that we see to it that they learn these things they ought to know. Let us strive to do our best today for tomorrow may be too late.

- Pennsylvania

## A BUGGY

## ON THE HIGHWAY

I do not believe that people realize the danger they put themselves in by driving a buggy on the main highway at night. Frequently we hear or read of a car and buggy accident. At times it would seem as though some of these could have been avoided.

I have never felt that the car has any more privileges on the highway than a horse and buggy, but I do believe the buggy is in much greater danger.

During the daytime there is not much of a problem for any motorist who minds his business. I do not mind slowing down until it is safe to pass, but I am aware that not all motorists share these views with me.

After dark it is an entirely different story. Each motorist has his habits which he ordinarily follows in driving. While driving along at an average speed it is not uncommon to see red tail lights in the distance. Without increasing our speed, it takes a long time to catch up with the car ahead. Now if it happens to be a buggy, it will appear the same as a car at this distance. A driver seeing these tail lights in the distance can find himself unpleasantly surprised by the appearance of a buggy directly in front of him. Then he has to do some fast thinking. If the opposite lane is clear, there should be no problem. If it isn't, well then there's a very real chance for an accident.

It seems to me, two tail lights on a buggy are really worse than one. For those of us who are used to meeting buggies, if we see one tail light, the thought comes at once that there is a buggy ahead. For strangers in the community, (many of the motorists on the big roads are strangers) it would be different for the thought of a buggy on the road would not occur to him until he was upon it.

Slow moving vehicle signs are a help, especially in the daytime, but at night they are not visible until the lights of the car shine on them enough to cause reflection.

Unfavorable weather conditions can increase the danger. When the roads are icy a buggy would be much safer on the shoulders. I became painfully aware of this on my way to work one day. The roads were icy and I was driving my car rather slowly but still fast enough so I could make it up the grades. I was going down a hill and because of the extra gravity, I found myself going slightly faster but I could still safely steer straight ahead. Suddenly I noticed a buggy ahead of me near the bottom of the hill. I also saw that a car was coming from the opposite direction. What should I do now?

I knew that if I hit the brakes very hard, the car would go out of control on the icy road. On the right side was a rather deep ditch and I was afraid if I tried to pass on the right I would end up in the ditch.

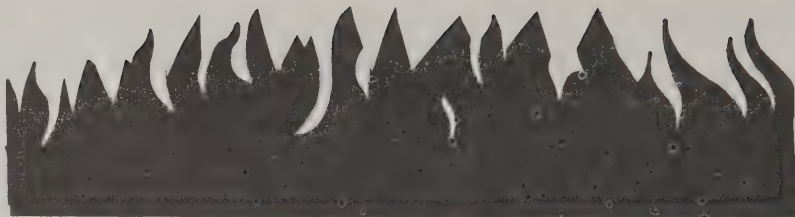
The seconds seemed like minutes to me, but as it turned out the car was coming fast enough that it passed me in time so I could still turn out and go around the buggy. If it hadn't - well I still don't know what would have happened.

It does not take a reckless driver to have a wreck. Under certain conditions even a careful driver can be in a collision. I do know that most motorists would feel very badly if they hit a buggy. It made me feel bad when I almost hit one.

— Ontario

## A CRY OF FIRE

-Laura Z. Martin



**S**leepily I blinked my eyes and wondered why the dinner bell was ringing. In the distance I could hear voices and they were calling my name. Why was Mother calling me and what was she saying about fire?

Once fully awake, I flew down the steps. Before I was outside the house I could hear the roar of flames.

Against the foggy sky I saw orange tongues of fire as they leapt from below the shed roof. My sister Mary was ringing the bell to attract the neighbors. Mom was hurrying down the lane screaming "Fire, fire."

Dad had already gone for the fireman and now my brother Reuben dashed off to get help. Hardly knowing what to do or where to go, I yelled for Amanda, a girl friend of mine who had stayed at our place overnight. I ran to the shed hoping to salvage some of the contents. The intense heat drove me back. It stung my forehead and pierced my neck. Too late. It was too late.

My brother Edward, with a cast on his broken leg, said it was very hard for him to stand with his crutches on the porch, helplessly watching the shed burn down. He was unable to help.

Later I learned that Dad had tried to enter the shed before he left to get the firemen but the smoke drove him back also.

The neighbors could hardly see the smoke because of the fog but they did hear the bell and they poured in from all directions. By the next evening the debris was cleared

away and rebuilding was started.

Now as I think back over these events, certain points seem to stand out in my memory and portray a spiritual lesson.

I was sleeping when the fire started and was quite unaware of the danger. Can it be that we at times are sleeping when there is another kind of danger?

If we hear someone calling do we investigate or is the fog so thick between us that we can not even see the danger?

Or are we like my brother Edward was at the time, with broken limbs needing crutches, so weak ourselves that we can not help? It is time that we arise from our sleep and push away the fog of misunderstanding and strengthen our limbs so we are ready to help others before it is too late.

If we can not do this then perhaps others, or maybe we ourselves may share the same fate as the shed that burned up. But in that case there will be no rebuilding, no starting over.

If we hear a cry for help let us lend an ear even if a fog has already risen between us. We should listen to the other persons fears. If he sees danger where there is none, perhaps we can quiet those fears, but under no circumstances should we let the fog shut us out from our neighbor's call for help.

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## IN-LAWS — THE BLESSINGS AND PROBLEMS

By Jesse D. Spicher

**W**e have heard quite a few discussions about in-laws and I think there have been a few articles in *Family Life* about it. A man once said there are three ways to learn, by reflection, which is noblest, by imitation, which is easiest, and by experience, which is the bitterest. We have lived with in-laws for more than twenty-five years (both are gone now) and we feel that we have learned some very valuable lessons. We would like to mention some of the blessings, and also some of the inconveniences.

Sometime ago we heard the remark made (perhaps not seriously) that living with in-laws is not too bad but trying to live with outlaws is something different. This set us to thinking and we believe that even if a person felt this way, such a remark should never be made. In a few years, we might be the in-laws and if we felt that way then we would not have a very good impression of ourselves.

The old saying, "Never judge a man until you have walked in his shoes" often comes to our mind. Once when a certain boy came home from school, he complained to his mother about his seatmate. After listening to the story the mother replies, "Now tell me what you did, for there are always two sides to a story."

Personally, we have never liked the word "in-laws." If man and wife are one flesh then instead of "in-laws", they should say "our parents." Not everyone has the privilege of living and bringing their children up under the influence of grandparents. For those who do have this privilege, we think the Lord has a special blessing for them.

One blessing we received was in seeing them grow from middle age to old age and how they reacted under these circumstances. As they increased in age, it seemed as though the things of this world decreased for them.

Finally they got to the place where they were just waiting for the call. We could see them sitting in the rocking chair, sometimes staring into space. They said time does not seem long. Old people have a tendency to live in the past and they enjoy talking about things that happened long ago. At times we feel that old people are old fashioned, or even grouchy but we must remember that in our fast changing times, they can hardly keep up.

One thing we especially appreciated was when our children were born, Grandmother was very helpful in anything she could help. And at butchering time Grandfather took a great interest to help. They always wanted to help. Old people like to feel that they are wanted and needed.

When they go to town, tell them to pick up a few little items at the store if it is not inconvenient for them. But care should be taken not to impose on them. One thing Grandfather enjoyed doing was to watch the tractor when threshing or filling silo. That was a great help to us.

Another thing which was appreciated was when they would take the children along to church when we were crowded for room. It seemed the children enjoyed going with them, at least sometimes.

Another blessing was in sharing visitors. In this way, we got acquainted with quite a few people. As time went on, we shared our company with them and they really appreciated this. It was interesting to ask them about *freundschaft* and when we went with them to the cemetery, they told us many interesting things. On one such occasion, they made the remark that they were acquainted with more people resting there than of those who are living. That was a little hard to realize, then but as years go on we can understand it.

To those who are thinking of building a *groszdoddy* house we would say don't build it too far away for the

time may soon come when they are helpless. In our case it came before we had time to think about it. If you don't want to build to the house, a porch between the two houses would be nice. Any woman who has responsibilities in two houses will understand why. If grandparents are both living, they want to be alone and we think that is right. But the time may come that they will need help and there will be from six to ten trips every day. In winter that can mean putting on a lot of boots and clothes every time. One thing we found helpful was a battery operated buzzer in our house. When they wanted something they pushed the button. Then we could feel

more relaxed knowing they could let us know when they needed something.

Some think the *groszdoddy* house should be built away from the main house so they don't hear all the noise. That may be nice as long as they are able to care for themselves. I remember an old Bishop who used to say, "Sometimes we think the children are noisy and they need correction but don't forget that someday your house will be quiet enough."

And now as to the problems and inconveniences of living with in-laws, let's see, oh, I can't think of any right now.

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## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

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# A TRAGIC TRAIN DEATH—1901

When the Amish residents of the Nappanee, Indiana settlement received their weekly newspaper on Wednesday August 7, 1901 few of them paid any attention to a notice that appeared: "On Sunday, August 18th, the B. & O. railroad will sell excursion tickets to Chicago, Illinois at the rate of \$1.25 for the round trip. Special train leaves Nappanee at 3:00 A.M. Tickets good for return on special train leaving Chicago at 8 P.M. August 18th. Also on special train leaving Chicago at 8 P.M. August 19, 1901."

The short B. & O. announcement went likely unnoticed by most Amish readers of the NAPPANEE NEWS, but a few Amish boys read it with interest. "Say, that price of \$1.25 for a round trip is a third of what it usually costs," commented one boy. "Yes," agreed another, "it's too good to miss. Why don't we go to Chicago and see the sights?"

Chicago lay less than 100 miles west of Nappanee. And back in 1901, as today, it was a gigantic city which people came from great distances to see. The cheap train fare offered by the B. & O. made the trip even more tempting.

One Amish boy who went on the Sunday excursion from Nappanee to Chicago is now (1972) an elderly man. He reports that 5 or 6 Amish boys were all that took up the B. & O.'s cheap offer. He remembers: John E. Miller, aged 19; Jacob S. Schmucker, aged 21; John D. Schmucker, aged 16; and Valentine Hochstetler, aged 22 and married barely two months. The two Schmuckers were first cousins, and Valentine Hochstetler was married to Jacob's sister. This group went to Chicago "to see sites and wild animals and a museum and one theater." But the two Schmucker cousins also went for something else—liquor. Both boys had been drinking some when they boarded the train Monday evening for the trip back to Nappanee. Sixteen-year-old John was feeling rather bold; when the train stopped at the South Chicago station, he hopped off and swiped some candy.

John Schmucker's boldness increased after the train left the South Chicago station. His conduct bothered the train's conductor, who threatened to put both boys off the train. Following is a lengthy account which appeared in the Sept. 12, 1901 Sugar Creek BUDGET telling about the events that took place:

"There were numerous Nappanee people on the excursion train who knew the young men by sight and some who were acquainted with them and their families. Some of these people talked with the boys before they were put off the train. Enos Newcomer, C. R. Stoops, Ed Hower, Ed Bowers, W. W. Best, and George Hartman, all Nappanee people, were in at least three different coaches on the train through which the

Schmucker boys passed, and they saw and heard them, but noticed nothing unusual in their conduct to attract attention or to warrant their being put off the train by the train crew. In fact, many people protested among themselves at the act, and in one instance when some arose to their feet, they were ordered by the conductor to sit down on penalty of themselves being put off, or some such language. Some of the Nappanee people believe that the young men had been drinking, as they are that class of people who are unusually quiet. But they say they were not so 'full' but that they could get through the aisles of the coaches as well as any person who is not accustomed to sitting on trains. They offended nobody by language or acts so far as was known. The most they said was in answer to those people who tried to 'josh' them about being Amish, etc., and in these instances Mr. Best tells us that they said nothing to anger any person in the car in which he was riding and that he talked to the boys himself.

"C. R. Stoops, and others, say that the two boys simply wouldn't sit down when requested by the conductor to do so, which was the only offense committed in sight... Conductor Murray said to the boys that they must sit down. Mr. Stoops could not hear what the boys said in reply. The NEWS learned from Jacob Schmucker himself that he replied in answer to the conductor's request: 'I don't know that we have to.' Mr. Stoops, and others, say that after a few words had passed between the boys and the conductor the latter pulled the cord and brought the train to a stop and the men grabbed the boys and a tussel ensued to put them off, with the assistance of the brakeman. After the train crew had pushed the boys through the door no one could see what took place, except those who went to the door, among which persons there were none from Nappanee, so far as the NEWS could learn.

"Jacob Schmucker related to the writer what occurred after he and his cousin John had been crowded to the platform by the railroad men. He said they were both pushed down the steps on the same side of the train. He told his cousin John not to let them get him off, but one of the men knocked him off. He, Jacob, tried to hang on, but one of the men (said by a Walkerton man to have been the conductor) kicked him in the face twice and he was compelled to loosen his hold. The train was at a standstill, and several miles from any station. He (Jacob) asked the men for his hat and they told him it was back a little way. In reply to his question of 'where is my partner,' 'he is back there,

too, ' came the answer.

"During the time of the tussle and dislodging of Jacob from the steps, his cousin John, unknown to him, jumped on one of the rear cars again and entered the rear end of the coach, in which car were several Nappanee people who saw him enter and take a seat across the aisle from Mr. and Mrs. Newcomer, and Ed Hower sat a few seats ahead. The train started.

"In the meanwhile, Jacob, who supposed that his cousin was back along the track where he was knocked off, went back and looked for him. Failing to find him, and being left alone, he walked away and lay down in the sand and slept until morning. . . Jacob came home Tuesday on No. 14 due here at 10:04 P.M.

"... John Schmucker was sitting in the coach quietly and the train was again under headway, after he and his cousin Jacob had been thrown off and he had succeeded in again gaining the train. Conductor Murray came into the coach from the front door, and Mr. Newcomer says he seemed to discover that John Schmucker was again on the train, for he immediately grabbed at the rope— and the second time when the train began to stop. In the meanwhile the conductor stood in the aisle near Mr. Newcomer's seat, where sat John Schmucker, and said, 'You \_\_\_\_\_,' and grabbed him, jerking the boy out of the seat. The boy clung to the seats with both hands, and Mr. Newcomer says the conductor then struck and kicked the boy in a brutal manner. A struggle ensued in which another of the train crew came to the assistance of the conductor, and with considerable effort the boy was crowded through the door, in which the glass was broken in their efforts to get him out. Nobody saw how these railroad men got him off the platform and steps a second time. But judging from the first time, he was knocked off, and the second attack of the conductor, as the story is told by eye witnesses, it may be surmised that John Schmucker told the truth to his father just before he died, that he did not know just how he got hurt, for he knew nothing from the time he was knocked off the platform the last time until after he was picked up near the north track toward morning and taken to the

JOHN SCHMUCKER'S FREUNDSCHAFT

John's grandfather was Jacob Schmucker who was born in 1812 in Canton Bern, Switzerland. He immigrated to America and his son Daniel (John's father) was born in the now extinct Amish settlement at Fulton County, Ohio.

Grandfather Jacob Schmucker moved to Bremen, Indiana, where he died in 1896. His son Daniel married three times there. John was a child from his second marriage with Rebecca Armbrust.

Today in the Nappanee Amish settlement there are various nieces and nephews of John Schmucker who are yet Amish. To mention a few: Oscar Schmucker and Mrs. Joseph J. Yoder, both children of Henry Schmucker, John's oldest brother.

Jacob Schmucker, John's cousin who was with him on the train, also has numerous descendants in the Nappanee area. His oldest daughter Iva is married to Bishop Jerry Slabaugh, and his second daughter Sarah is married to Pre. Monroe Chupp.

hospital. The boy's father, Daniel Schmucker, was present at the hospital in South Chicago when he died, having gone there during Tuesday.

"It was the first time that the young man had ever been on a train or that far away from home, perhaps.

"It is supposed, as near as known, that the boy lay unconscious upon the track until the stock train struck him, the brakeman on which found him and had him taken to the hospital. So the brakeman on the stock train related on arrival at Bremen the next day.

"The boy's right leg was cut off at about the knee, his left leg broken and his right arm broken. There were numerous bruises on his body and head.

"This seems to be the true story of the sad affair as learned from inquiry of those who were in a position to know, and there was no attempt on the part of the NEWS to color it, or to work any sensationalism into it to make it more readable.

"The remains of the unfortunate boy, who was aged 16 years, 2 months, and 13 days, were returned to Bremen on Wednesday night and conveyed to the family home 3 miles west of Nappanee, where the funeral was held on Thursday afternoon. By the courtesy of J. W. Brown, the NEWS man was permitted to attend the last sad rites of one who seemed to be a very promising young man, and one much beloved by his family and a large number of kinspeople. The funeral sermons were preached in German by Revs. Moses Burkholder and John Slaubaugh. The remains were followed to the Amish cemetery by a large concourse of people, there being about forty vehicles.

The Coroner's Verdict

Messrs. Enos Newcomer, the jeweler, and Ed Hower, paper hanger, and a former railroad employee of the B. & O. company, were witnesses at the coroner's inquest on Friday. They reported that the verdict was John Schmucker came to death by being run over by a train. The responsibility for his death was not placed with the railroad, though the coroner said that if the laws of Indiana were the same as those of Illinois the company would be responsible for damages. As the accident happened in Indiana and the boy died in Illinois (he had been taken to a South Chicago hospital) the verdict did not seem to touch on anybody...

"Everything goes to show that Conductor Murray is an improper man in the position of conductor. That he will be the subject of criminal action by the father of the boy who was killed, there is little doubt, unless Mr. Schmucker changes his mind. While it is true that the statute in this State confers police powers on the man in charge of a train, it is not true that a policeman may arrest a man who paid his fare and throw him from the train, using such force as was brutal in the extreme, according to Mr. Newcomer's testimony before the coroner. The proper thing for the conductor to have done would have been to place the boys under arrest, if they had done anything to justify arrest, and turn them over to an officer at the next station. This would have been the duty conferred upon a conductor by the statutes. This plain and simple duty would have saved the life of John Schmucker.

It is without doubt that Conductor Murray handled the situation very poorly. It is hard to imagine how a man with such actions could have been promoted to the responsible position of conductor on a train. And it was the common belief after the death of John Schmucker that Conductor Murray was released from the railroad and never allowed to work on a train again. One elderly Nappanee resident today (1972) says: "The railroad

fired the conductor and made him sign a paper that he could get no job on any railroad anymore." That John Schmucker's father took criminal action against Conductor Murray is unknown. Two elderly Amishmen of Nappanee both recently wrote that "people couldn't find much out about it," and "it seemed his father Daniel Schmucker was pretty shrewd and he wouldn't tell anybody how he and the conductor settled."

Conductor Murray was guilty in the public's opinion as evidenced by the BUDGET newspaper account. But were John and Jacob innocent? One of their companions

on the trip testifies that both boys had been drinking and were unruly on the train. Also if they had followed the non-resistant teachings of their church, they would have peacefully left the train and not put up a fight, thus avoiding injury. But John and Jacob were not obedient to the Amish faith in which they were raised.

The tragic death of John Schmucker reminds us today of Amish boys who have been drinking and are killed in automobile accidents. The only difference is that in 1901 it was a train, not an automobile, which did not mix well with liquor. ■■

## CHILDREN'S SECTION

### BENNIE'S REPORT CARD

By Elmo Stoll

THEIR LUNCH PAILS swinging slowly, Bennie and Abe Raber walked down the road toward home. A song bird sat on the fence post singing, and somewhere off in the pasture field a Bob-o-link called.

Both boys were tired as they made their way toward home. They had had a long day, but an enjoyable one. The last day of school was always exciting and fun. They had gone on a picnic back to Cooper's woods, but first there had been games and races.

"Here, Abe," Bennie said, holding out a brown envelope to his younger brother. "Hold my report card until I tie my shoe."

Abe took the card and held it carefully while Bennie stooped and tied his shoe.

"You can look at it if you want to," Bennie offered. Bennie had been hoping Abe would ask to see his report card, but if he wasn't going to, he decided to offer it. Bennie was always glad to show his report card around—why shouldn't he be—all those A's in a row looked pretty nice.

Abe didn't say anything. He took Bennie's card out of the envelope and looked at it. "Benjamin Raber, Grade 5." His eyes glanced on down the card, Arithmetic-A,A,A,A, Reading-A,A,A,A, Spelling-A,A,A,A, and so on down the card. There were only two B's on the whole card, and those were after penmanship.

Bennie was finished tying his shoe. "Here, let me see your card," he said.

Abe hesitated for a moment, then gave it to him. He wished he didn't have to show his card to anyone, especially not to Bennie, because somehow Bennie had a way of making him feel stupid with his poor grades.

"Why, you did even poorer this time than you did the last time," Bennie said, looking at Abe's card. "I wonder what Dad and Mom will say when you bring a card like this home." There were hardly any A's on the card, and almost as many C's as B's. Bennie shook his head.

Abe reached for his card again. He felt ashamed, but he felt angry, too, yet he didn't know what to say, so he pinched his lips together and was silent. He pushed his card back into its envelope, and gave Bennie's card back to him.

"Poor Abe," Bennie was thinking to himself. "How can he be so stupid, is more than I know. I'd sure be ashamed to bring home a card like that; why he only had about two A's on the whole card."

They walked on home, Bennie was in a talkative mood and he did most of the talking. Abe was strangely silent, not having much to say.

As they walked over the lawn at home, the porch door

opened and little three-year-old Anna came out, followed by Joseph, who was six and would start to school the next year.

"Mom said when school starts again, I can go, too," Joseph announced. His face was beaming with the idea.

"You'll have to learn to sit still then," Bennie said curtly, "or the teacher will whip you real hard." Then he went on toward the house, thinking, "I wonder how Joseph will be in school. Will he be smart like I am, or will he be stupid like Abe is, with a whole report card full of B's and C's."

Joseph's joy was only dampened for a moment by Bennie's curt reply, then he shrugged it off and went on to meet Abe. Little Anna followed him. Abe greeted them cheerfully and stopped to open his lunch pail. He had a cookie left over from lunch. Joseph and Anna eagerly crowded around him. He broke the cookie in two and gave them each a half. "There," Abe said, "that's for helping me feed the chickens last night. I told you I would give you something, didn't I?"

"We like to help you," Joseph said. "We want to help again tonight, don't we, Anna?"

Anna nodded her head. Her mouth was too full of cookie to speak.

Inside the house Mom asked Bennie, "Where's Abe?"

"He's home," Bennie said. "I don't know why he doesn't come in, unless he's hiding his report card. It's really poor again."

"He's probably out talking with the children," Mom said. "Joseph and Anna were watching all afternoon for him. Must be he promised to give them a treat, or something."

"Here's my report card," Bennie said. "Where shall I put it so the little children don't get hold of it and make it all dirty?"

"I'll take it," Mom offered.

Bennie hoped she would look at it right away. She did. He waited around to see what she would say. But she didn't say anything about all the A's.

"I don't know why I was so dumb, and got those two B's last fall in penmanship," Bennie said disgustedly. "They really spoil my card." He thought surely now Mom would say that his card was actually very good, but she didn't. She just put the card back into the envelope and said, "Put it in on the dresser in the living room."

He took it and went, disappointed.

He thought that maybe Mom had forgotten how good his report card was compared with Abe's. That was probably why she didn't say anything about it. When she

saw Abe's, she would probably still say, "My, Abe, you should look at Bennie's card. It doesn't look like this. You should work harder to get good grades."

So Bennie put the card on the top of the dresser where he had been told to put it. Then he went back to the kitchen to get himself a drink at the water faucet. He drank slowly, putting in time. He heard the sound of children's chatter, and then Abe came in with Joseph and Annie at his heels.

Joseph was carrying the report card, and Anna had the lunch pail. Both were smiling and pleased to be allowed to carry Abe's things.

"Why, Abe," Bennie scolded, "you should know better than give your report card to Joseph to carry. He'll get it all wrinkled and dirty."

"I didn't even wrinkle it," Joseph spoke up indignantly, rising to his own defense. "Did I, Mom?"

"No, I don't think you did," Mom said. "I'll put it away now, and it will stay nice and clean, all right?"

"Yes, put it away," Joseph agreed.

Mom took the card from the envelope and glanced over it. Then she put it back in the envelope. "Here," she said to Bennie. "Put it in with yours."

"Mom, Mom," little Anna kept repeating. "Mom, Abe gave us part of a cookie when he came home."

"Yes, that was nice of him, wasn't it?"

Bennie took the report card, disappointed a second time. He couldn't understand that Mom didn't seem to care more about the poor report card Abe had, or the good one he had. Maybe if she would scold Abe a little, he would try harder next year. It was the next thing to a disgrace to have someone in the family who was that dumb.

Bennie stood for a few minutes at the dresser, trying to figure it out. Maybe when Dad came home, he would look at the report card. Surely he would notice what a difference there was between the two cards and would say something. Abe went to the bedroom to change clothes.

"Bennie," Mom called into the living room. "Come here a second."

Bennie went, wondering what she wanted.

"Dad won't be home until late tonight," she said. "So we'll have to do the chores this time without him. Do you think we can?"

"You mean everything? All the chores and-- and the milking, too?"

"Sure. Bess and Star are dry now, so there's only seven cows to milk. And I'll come out to help."

"But-but we'll never get finished. Can't Dad do some when he gets home?"

"Oh, I suppose he could, but he'll be tired, too, and it would be nice if the chores were done, wouldn't it? I think we can do them, if we all try real hard and hurry a bit."

"But that's the problem—you know Abe won't hurry for anything. He's always dragging Joseph and Anna along every step he takes—he claims they're helping him, but he could do it in half the time if they stayed away."

"Don't worry about Abe," Mom said, her voice was just a bit sharp. "You hurry and change your clothes and get started. I think Abe'll do his share. I'll be out in about half an hour. I just want to get this casserole in the oven first."

Bennie went to change his clothes, but he felt out of sorts. Mom just didn't appreciate the good grades he got in school. And now she had scolded him as if in her opinion Abe was a better boy than he was. And to think of doing all the chores without Dad to help—that alone was enough to discourage anyone. It just wasn't fair—Mom claimed Abe would do his share, but Bennie knew from past experience that he wouldn't. It was impossible to get him to hurry; he was always taking his time to it and talking with Joseph and Anna.

Abe was already feeding the chickens when Bennie got outside. "But it won't take long for me to catch up," Bennie said to himself, "the way he pokes along, even though he got a head start."

Bennie stared at the way Abe was doing his chores. Instead of carrying his feed in a bucket to the chickens the way he was supposed to, he had it in a gunny bag and had the bag on a scoop shovel. Joseph and Anna had hold of the handle of the shovel, and were prancing on each side of it, as though they were a team of horses hitched to the tongue of a wagon. Abe was walking along behind the scoop, trying to keep the partly-filled bag from slipping off.

"That's the way he gets his share of work done," Bennie said to himself in disgust. "I just wish Mom were out here, and she'd see how he monkeys around all the time. Why, he could have carried that feed over in half the time, but, no, they have to do it some way so it's more like play."

Bennie went to work to feed the horses. When he finished throwing down hay for them, he glanced out the barn door. Abe was at the end of the lane, still driving his "team" hitched to the scoop, but now he was loading a milk can. He walked along behind, holding the can, while Joseph and Anna pulled the scoop.

When they neared the milkhouse, Bennie was about fed up with the nonsense. He needed a hammer from the shop to fasten a board that had been knocked loose in the horse manger. He decided that Joseph might as well run and get it for him. He stalked out and stopped Abe. "Where do you get your crazy ideas, anyhow?" he demanded. "You have to stop that before you wear the scoop out. Besides, Mom said we're supposed to hurry with the chores tonight, you can play some other time. And I want Joseph to run to the shop and bring me the hammer and some nails."

"We are working," Abe insisted. "We had to bring in the milk can. Mom said so. Now we have to get the milk pails yet from the house. We can stop and pick up the hammer when we come past the shop."

"No, I want the hammer right now," Bennie ordered. "Joseph run and get it, and Abe, put that scoop away and stop wearing it out. Run, Joseph."

Joseph hesitated, not knowing what he was supposed to do. "I-I don't know which hammer you want," Joseph stammered. He looked at Abe.

"Better run," Abe said.

As soon as Abe said so, Joseph sped off. He was back in no time with the hammer, and a handful of nails. Bennie frowned. "You must have thought I wanted to build a whole barn to bring so many nails! I just wanted a couple."

Joseph didn't say anything.

"Let's go get those milk pails now," Abe said. "Come on Joseph."

Joseph grabbed the handle and he and Anna started pulling. In several swift steps, Bennie overtook them. He stomped on the scoop, stopping it with a sudden jerk. The jolt wrenched the handle from Anna's hands, and she fell. She skinned her knee on the gravel of the lane, and broke out crying.

"Oh, be quiet and don't be such a baby," Bennie scolded.

There was the sound of footsteps, and with a start, Bennie glanced up. There stood Mom looking down at them. "What's happened?" she asked, bending down and drying Anna's tears with her handkerchief.

Bennie couldn't understand how he had missed seeing that Mom was coming. And to think that she had probably heard how he had talked to Anna.

Mom turned to him. "What happened that Anna got hurt, Bennie?"

"She fell down," Bennie said.

"But what caused her to fall down?"

"I told them to stop using the scoop and they didn't listen. All they've been doing all evening is playing around."

"I can't see that it hurts anything to use the scoop if they want to," Mom said. "I thought they were getting along real well until you stopped them."

So Bennie went back to his chores, feeling even more out of sorts than he had before. The way Mom acted, a person would think it was Abe who had brought home the good report card, instead of himself. And here he was trying so hard to get the chores done, and that was all the appreciation he got for it. From now, on, he might just as well play around like Abe, and bring home a report card full of B's, too, if Mom wasn't going to give him more credit for his efforts than all this.

But the thing that really upset Bennie was still to happen. Mom had milked three of the cows, and she said she would milk one more, if Bennie milked two and Abe milked one, that would take care of the milking. Joseph and Anna had brought out plastic glasses from the house to drink milk. They liked to drink it warm from the cow. Mom sat down beside her last cow. Abe sat down to milk his cow. Bennie hurried to finish feeding the hogs, then he came to milk, too. He had to milk two cows, but he figured he could do it almost as fast anyhow, as Abe could milk his one. Abe was just learning how to milk, and besides, he would be stopping every so often to talk and play with Joseph and Anna.

Joseph and Anna came running to Abe with their glasses. "Give us some milk to drink," Joseph said. Abe filled it with foamy warm milk. Anna had to have her glass filled, too.

Joseph drank a little bit, then he turned up his nose. "Blackie's milk isn't very good," he declared. "I'd rather have some from Bennie's cow. Fern always gives good milk."

"I would too," Anna announced. "I want Fern milk."

They both walked to the milk strainer and dumped their milk into it. Then they trooped back to the cow Bennie was milking. "Give us some of Fern's milk," they said in unison. "Blackie's milk isn't so good."

"Oh, that's just notion," Bennie said. "You're both just spoiled, that's all. You don't know what you want."

"Yes, we do," Joseph insisted. "We want some of Fern's milk to drink, don't we, Anna?"

Anna nodded her head.

"Come on, give us some. Fill my glass first."

"If Blackie's milk isn't good enough for you, you don't need any milk," Bennie declared.

"Please, Bennie," Joseph coaxed. "Please just a half glass full. We won't bother you again."

"You had some milk and poured it away. You'll just have to learn your lesson. Next time when you have some milk, keep it."

"We won't pour it away again," Joseph promised. "Please give us some of Fern's milk, please."

Bennie still shook his head, determined not to give up.

Joseph got the idea he could hold the glass under the cow and catch some milk himself if Bennie didn't want to co-operate. So he stepped in beside the cow and tried to hold his glass down into the bucket. His hand on the side of the cow frightened her so that she stepped over quickly.

"Watch out!" Bennie yelled. "You're going to make her kick my bucket out." He gave Joseph a shove that sent him flying back out away from the cow. The glass flew out of his hand and rolled into the gutter.

Joseph broke into sobs, either from being shoved by Bennie or from grief at seeing his glass dirtied.

At once Bennie was sorry for what he had done, yet at the same time he still felt angry and resentful. It was Joseph and Anna's fault; and partly Abe's fault, even, because he was the one who was babying them all the time and spoiling them so badly.

Mom was finished with her cow now, and one glance at her face told Bennie everything he didn't want to know. Mom wanted an explanation of what was going on, and this time she wasn't going to stop until she got to the bottom of it.

Mom picked up the glass. "What happened, Joseph?" she asked. "Did a cow kick you?"

Joseph shook his head. He was still sobbing too much to speak.

"Bennie, did you see what happened?"

"Aw, Mom, he's just a baby. He's not hurt. He came in here and scared my cow so that she jumped over and almost kicked out my bucket. I gave him a little push before she kicked him out for sure."

Mom thought for a few minutes, and her mouth opened and closed as if she wanted to say something but wasn't sure that it was the time to do it. Then she walked over to where Abe was still milking Blackie. "I'll finish your cow for you," Mom offered. "Abe, you take the children in, they're tired and ready to go in." She turned to Joseph and Anna, "Would you like to go in to the house with Abe. I'll be in soon, too."

Joseph nodded his head and when Anna saw that, she was agreed to go, too.

Bennie as puzzled for a second. Why didn't Mom take them in, instead of finishing Abe's cow and sending him in? And then it came to him. Mom was going to give him a talking to. Of course that was it. And she didn't want the younger children to hear what she said.

The children had barely left until Mom was finished with Blackie. She emptied her bucket and came and stood facing Bennie. "Bennie," she began quietly. "What's wrong with you tonight? I was depending on you to hurry and co-operate extra well so we'd get the chores done. But it just seemed that you tried to see how contrary you could be. You made the children cry two different times."

Bennie stared at the side of the cow. He felt sorry enough for himself to break into sobs like Joseph had. Here he had tried so hard, but it was the same as it had been with the report card; his efforts just weren't appreciated. "But Mom," Bennie said, self-pity welling up inside him. "Abe was just playing around all evening, and you never said anything to him. I tried to hurry, but..."

"But, what, Bennie?"

Bennie didn't know what. He wanted to say something about Mom not having been fair about the report cards, either; that she should have praised him then and scolded Abe, but he didn't have the nerve to say it.

"I didn't say anything to Abe about his playing around, it is true," Mom said. "But I felt he was taking care of Joseph and Anna, so he couldn't be expected to get his chores done quite as fast. Also, don't forget that Abe is not as old as you are. Of course you can work faster than he can. You can do a lot of things Abe can't, and I'm always glad for your help. But Abe helped in one way tonight much better than you did and that was in keeping the children happy. That means a lot, Bennie. I never have to worry about Joseph and Anna when Abe's at home, because he just has a way with them, and can keep them happy. Maybe it slows his chores down, but he's actually doing two jobs at once—he's babysitting and choring both."

Bennie didn't say anything. He felt like crying now for sure if Mom was going to brag on Abe. "In other ways, such as in school work, you do better than Abe," Mom went on. "I was glad to see your report card, you did real well. But you will have to remember that school work is only one part of life. You may be ahead of Abe there, but he's ahead of you in other ways."

Bennie remembered how Joseph had hesitated to run and get the hammer and nails for him earlier in the evening when he asked him to. "But- but Joseph doesn't do things for me the way he does for Abe," Bennie said. "I could take care of him and Anna, too, if they gave me a chance."

"Are you sure it's their fault?" Mom asked. "It seems they can't ever do anything well enough to suit you. If they don't do it just as quickly or just as well as you could, you scold them."

Bennie remembered how he had complained about Joseph bringing too many nails. Come to think of it, he hadn't even thanked him for running the errand. Was that why Joseph and Anna didn't like to do things for him, because he was too hard to please?

"It's nice to have good grades in school," Mom said.

"But you will have to learn that getting along with people, making friends, and being fair, kind, and thoughtful are more important than good grades. As I said, you may be ahead of Abe in school, but he's ahead of you in other ways. That's why you should never look down on someone, or feel proud just because you can do something better than they. You know that, don't you?"

Bennie nodded his head. He didn't know if he really did or not. Right then he still felt all mixed up inside, but he would think over it at least. ■■



## Along Nature's Paths



## Peggy the Penguin

By David Luthy

The continent of North America, on which we live, is very colorful. Think of the fresh green that covers the trees in spring, the golden yellow of a wheat field, and the many bright colors of autumn leaves. But the continent where Peggy the penguin lives has but two colors, or so it seems. All around her is the whiteness of snow and the blackness in the distance of tall barren mountain peaks. Antarctica, the continent where Peggy lives, is down at the southern tip of the world where it is always cold. It is so cold that nothing grows on the mountains, thus they are black. And it is so cold that there is snow all year round.

Peggy, herself, is colored very much like the scenery of her continent. She has a black back and wings which resemble a black suit coat, and her chest is pure white like a freshly-washed white shirt. Peggy is an Emperor penguin, the largest of the seventeen different types of penguins. But she really isn't very large, standing barely three feet high and weighing 70 pounds. You would laugh if you saw her, for she looks so tight in her black and white attire. You would likely think she looks like a child all bundled up with clothing to go out and play in the snow. Actually Peggy is fat, so fat that she can barely walk. Under her skin is a thick layer of fat; she needs this for the time when she will be hatching her egg and not eating for weeks at a time. The body fat will provide her with nourishment to live on.

Another reason that Peggy looks so comical is that she appears to have no legs. Her heavy downy chest nearly touches the ground. To find her legs you would need to remove layers of fat and protective down, the soft feathers that keep her warm. If you were to look at her skeleton you'd be surprised to see that Peggy actually has quite long legs, but they are hidden under her long warm coat.

When winter comes Peggy lays a single large greenish-white egg weighing nearly a pound. Unlike the other sixteen types of penguins, the Emperor penguins lay their eggs in winter, not summer. But summer and winter in Antarctica are not really so different—one is cold and the other is colder. It would be hard for us to imagine a penguin hatching an egg at either time down in the land of ice and snow. But Peggy knows how to keep the egg warm. Never letting it touch the icy ground, she lays it on her feet and then squats on it. There is no nest at all. A fold of her warm downy coat covers the egg and her body warmth heats it. Occasionally she will want to get up and let her mate take his turn holding the egg. She must be very careful, though, not to drop the egg as she passes it to him with her feet. It must not touch the icy ground. But they are quick and expert at passing the egg to one another and do it without any mishap.

In about five weeks the egg hatches and a furry baby penguin stands beside its mother. It is amazing how the baby penguin is so active right after birth; it is not like some young birds which need to be in a nest for several weeks. A baby penguin is born fully clothed and able to walk. In a very short time it will be playing with other baby penguins in the area. Since penguins always flock together to have their young, there are hundreds of other tiny penguins to keep Peggy's little one company.

Each mother penguin herds her little one into a group and goes off to fish. The young penguins will stay warm for they can huddle tightly together. They aren't left entirely alone, though, for it wouldn't be safe. A few mother penguins stay behind to protect them from possible attack by the skuba gulls which live in the area. The skuba gulls are birds which like to eat the baby penguins if they are left unprotected. This is the only enemy the baby penguin has on a continent which has very little wildlife.

Peggy and the other mother penguins go off to fish. They line up and walk single file toward the sea. They are glad to be released from their five weeks of squatting over their eggs. They look humorous as they waddle along single file toward the sea. Penguins always line up when they go for any distance, but they don't always walk—sometimes they slide on their stomachs. They take turns throwing themselves onto their stomachs and pushing themselves along with their short strong wings. Then they resume their upright position and some others take their turn "sledding." When they near the edge of the cliff by the sea, the first penguin in the line leaps over the side in a perfect dive. One after another the penguins follow. Some even return to the cliff for another dive, but most are too busy searching in the sea for food.

The icy water does not chill Peggy as she dives into the sea. Her coat is warm and her swimming activity warms her too. Up ahead she sees a squid and quickly catches it, swallowing it. Then she spies some small fish which she can easily out-swim and capture. On land her wings are useless to lift her into the air in flight, but in the sea they become strong flippers which can propel her through the water at eighteen miles an hour. No bird which can fly can swim as well as a penguin. Sometimes Peggy has spent months at sea without ever returning to land. But now because she has a baby to tend she must soon return to feed it. She heads for shore having caught sufficient food. Suddenly a dark shadow darts past her through the water. There is a great churning in the water and Peggy realizes what has happened. Quickly she swims toward the shore. A large sea leopard has just captured and swallowed whole a mother penguin swimming beside Peggy. This is the only fear Peggy has, for she knows that a sea leopard is the only animal in the waters around Antarctica that can harm her. As a baby she feared the skuba gull, but now as an adult penguin she fears the sea leopard.

Quickly Peggy reaches the shore. She doesn't, though, walk out as we would imagine. The shore is too steep and icy. Peggy pops straight out of the water like a Jack-in-the-box and lands on the shore. This ability to jump as high as five feet straight into the air is one of her most important abilities, otherwise she would not be able to climb out of the sea. Her short wings would be useless to pull her onto the icy shore. So God in his wisdom gave Peggy and all penguins the talent of jumping straight out of the water.

Having escaped from the sea leopard, Peggy hurries to her baby. Even though the babies are huddled together in a group of nearly one hundred, Peggy has no problem finding the one which belongs to her. To us all baby penguins look alike, but each mother knows her own. Peggy bends toward her baby and lets it put its beak inside her open mouth. Peggy brings up some partially digested food from her own stomach which the baby then takes. This is the way she will feed her baby until it is old enough to go with her to catch its own.

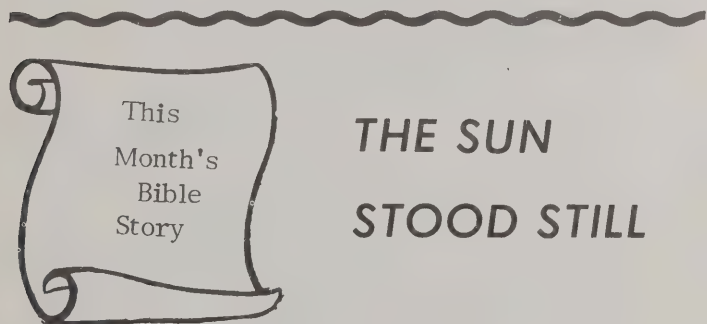
We in North America may wonder why Peggy doesn't leave the icy Antarctic continent and come north where

it is warmer. "Come north where it is warmer," that sounds odd doesn't it? We usually think of the temperature getting colder not warmer when we go north. But at the southern tip of the world where Antarctica is there is only one direction to go—north, and it certainly does get a lot warmer. But Peggy is well at home in her land of ice and snow. God has made her in such a way as to fit right in down there. She isn't tempted to swim north into the warmer waters by South America; instead when she nears such waters, she swims back toward the icy seas of her homeland.

Peggy would have a hard time living if she were taken to a warmer climate. In the 1930's several explorers attempted to bring penguins from Antarctica to North America. Most of them died on the trip and the rest died a few weeks after reaching their new home at a zoo. Since the climate in their homeland was so cold, the penguins were not bothered by disease. But diseases thrive in warmer climates; and when the penguins entered the warmer areas, they died from diseases. Another obstacle to be overcome by the penguins was learning how to eat. They were always used to eating something they had captured in the water. Now in captivity buckets full of fish were dumped at their feet, but they didn't know what to with them. The explorers had to stuff the fish into the penguins' mouths for a month before the penguins learned to eat by themselves.

Today with the use of high-speed airplanes and new medical knowledge it is possible to bring live penguins to North America and to keep them alive. But the cost is very high as seen in a recent letter from the zoo at Sand Diego, California where there is a group of penguins: "The penguin collection in the San Diego Zoological Gardens is housed in a special semi-refrigerated unit constructed at a cost of \$150,000 with circulating water, compressors, and a sophisticated series of filters necessary for their well being. A well staffed Department of Health with veterinarians, pathologists and laboratory technicians assist us daily in caring for these unusual bird exhibits."

Peggy the penguin is best at home in Antarctica even when the temperature drops to 60 below zero and the winds are howling. It is easier for her to live there than where it is warmer.



When the other nations and kings in Canaan heard that the people of Gibeon had made a promise of friendship with Israel, they were very angry. They felt the Gibeonites should have helped fight against Israel instead of making peace with them.

So one king sent a message to four other kings, saying, "Bring your armies and we will all go up together and fight with the Gibeonites. We will punish them for making peace with our enemies!"

So the four kings called their soldiers and came to the king that had sent them word to come. The five kings and their soldiers made up a large army. They felt sure that with so many men they would be able to fight against the Gibeonites and overcome them.

When the men of Gibeon saw that not one king, but five, were coming to attack them, they became alarmed. At once they sent a message to the Israelite camp, saying to Joshua, "Please don't forsake your servants. Come up quickly and save us. Help us because five kings

have banded together against us."

Quickly Joshua called his men together and they started marching up to help the men of Gibeon. The Lord spoke to Joshua, "Don't be afraid of those five kings, for I have delivered them into your power."

Joshua and his soldiers marched all night. They came upon the camp of the five kings early in the morning, and took them by surprise. They were not prepared to fight.

As the Israelites charged in upon them, the Canaanite soldiers scattered in fear and confusion. The Israelites chased after them. God was true to his word and helped them. He sent a violent storm. Huge hailstones crashed down upon the fleeing soldiers, so that more of them died from the hail than were killed by the Israelites.

All day the battle raged. The sun moved across the sky. Joshua saw that the day would be too short. If darkness came over the land, some of the enemy would be able to escape and hide.

Joshua prayed to God and then spoke to the sun while his soldiers listened, "Stand still, O sun upon Gibeon," Joshua commanded, "and thou moon in the valley of Aialon."

God heard and answered the prayer of Joshua. He caused the sun to stop in its journey across the sky, and the day was made longer so the battle could go on until the enemy was completely beaten. Never before had there been such a day, and never since, that the sun listened to the voice of a man.

The five kings saw that their soldiers were losing the battle, so they fled to save their own lives. They hid in a cave, and hoped that no one had seen them. But some of the Israelite soldiers found where they were hiding and ran to tell Joshua, "The five kings are hiding in a cave at Makkedah."

"Roll heavy stones in front of the cave so they can't get out," Joshua commanded. "Then leave a few men there to guard it, and the rest of you help in fighting until we are finished. When the battle is over we will return to the cave."

So huge stones were rolled in front of the opening and the kings were trapped inside the cave. When the battle was over, Joshua and his soldiers returned. "Open the mouth of the cave," Joshua commanded, "and bring out those five kings to me."

The kings were brought out and killed and their bodies buried in the cave that evening.

God was helping his people to conquer the land and drive out the nations as he had promised he would. One after the other the cities and kings were conquered. Finally the day came when enough of the land was conquered that the Israelites rested a bit. They decided to divide to each tribe a share of the land. There were still some of the heathen nations living in the land, but each tribe was to drive them out of their share of the land. Then when each tribe had done their part, the land would be free.

Caleb was by this time an old man. Maybe some expected that he would ask for the best part of the land where the enemies had already been driven out. But he did not. He came to Joshua and said, "You remember what Moses promised me before he died. I was 40 when Moses sent me into the land to spy it out. Because I brought back a good report and did not discourage the people as the other spies did, Moses promised that the land where the giants were should someday belong to me and my children. That was 45 years ago, and I am now 85. But I am still as strong today as I was that day we went to spy out the land. So ask for the mountain regions. It is true that the giants are still there and the strong walled cities, but if the Lord is with me I shall be able to drive them out."

Joshua was glad to hear that faithful old Caleb still trusted in the Lord and wasn't any more afraid of the giants than he had been 45 years before. Joshua blessed Caleb and gladly gave him the land he asked for.

-E. S.



### SELLING THE BABY

Beneath a shady maple  
Two little brown-eyed boys  
Were complaining to each other  
That they couldn't make a noise;  
"And 'tis all that little baby!"  
Cried Johnny, looking glum  
"She makes an awful bother—  
I most wish she hadn't come!

"If a boy runs through the kitchen  
Still as any mouse could creep,  
Nora says, 'now do be easy.  
For the baby's gone to sleep;  
Just now, when I asked Mamma  
To mend my Sunday cap,  
She said she really couldn't  
Till the baby took a nap."

"I've been thinking we might sell her,"  
Fred tossed back his curly hair.  
"Mamma calls her 'Little trouble,'  
So I don't believe she'd care;  
We will take her down to Johnson's—  
He keeps candy at his store,  
And I wouldn't wonder, truly,  
If she'd bring a pound or more.

"For he asked me if I'd sell her  
When she first come; but, you see,  
Then I didn't know she'd bother,  
So I told him, no, Sir-ree!  
He can have her now, and welcome—  
I don't want her any more—  
Get the carriage round here, Johnny,  
And I'll bring her to the door!"

To the cool, green curtained bedroom  
Freddy stole, with noiseless feet,  
Where Mamma had left her baby  
Fast asleep, serene and sweet.  
Soft he bore her to the carriage,  
All unknowing, little bird;  
While, of these two young kidnappers,  
Not a sound had Mamma heard.

Down the street the carriage trundled,  
Soundly still the baby slept;  
Over two sun-browned boy-faces  
Little sober shadows crept.  
They began to love the wee one—  
"Say," said Johnny, "don't you think  
He should give for such a baby  
Twenty pounds, quick as a wink!"

"I'd say fifty," Fred responded,  
With his brown eyes downward cast;  
"Here's the store; it doesn't seem  
We had come so awful fast!"  
Through the door they pushed the carriage.  
"Mr. Johnson—we thought— maybe—  
You would— you would— would you?—  
Would you like to buy a baby?"

Merchant Johnson's eyes were twinkling.  
"Well, I would: just set your price  
Will you take your pay in candy?  
I have some that's very nice;  
But before we bind the bargain  
I should like to see the child."  
Johnny lifted up the afghan,  
Baby woke, and cooed, and smiled.

" 'Tis a trade!" cried merchant Johnson;  
"How much candy for the prize?"  
Fred and Johnny looked at baby,  
Then into each other's eyes.  
All the bother was forgotten  
In the light of baby's smile,  
And they wondered if their mamma  
Had missed her darling yet, the while.

"Candy's sweet but baby's sweeter:"  
Spoke up sturdy little Fred;  
"Cause she is our own and onliest  
Darling sister," Johnny said.  
"So I think we'd better keep her—  
But, if you should ask God, maybe  
When He knows you'd like to have one  
He will send you down a baby."

Merchant Johnson laughed, and kindly  
Run their small hands o'er with sweets,  
Ere they wheeled the baby homeward,  
Back along the quiet street.  
Yet Mamma had not missed them,  
But she smiled to hear the tale  
How they went to sell the baby—  
Why they didn't make the sale.  
Contributed by, A Mother, Ohio

If there's anything I dislike, it is getting into a "last minute" rush. But this is something that comes into every life, and more so where there is a family. I try to avoid it as much as I can for rush can take the joy out of work.

When you rush to get dinner, or to get the house cleaned before company arrives, or have to rush to get the little ones off to school in time, or to get ready for church, do you enjoy it as much as when you have more leisure time?

What vexes some mothers the most, is when at the crucial moment something goes wrong or when one of those

long-drawn out salesmen comes to the door trying to sell their unneeded product. If a person would give vent to her emotions then, a door would be slammed in his face. It is difficult to be gracious at such times.

Recently I read, "Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him:" Exodus 22. I suppose this would refer to the salesman as well as to anyone else. Anyway it seems our Christian witness is lost if we are rude to the stranger whether he is an unwelcome salesman or not.

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#### Lemon Pudding

Filling: 1 egg                      1 cup water  
          1 cup sugar                juice of 1 lemon  
Dough: 1 cup sour cream  
          3/4 teaspoon soda      Dash salt

Flour enough to make dough that can be rolled out—about 2 cups. Line a baking dish with dough. Pour in filling and press another layer of dough over top, sealing edges so juice can't escape. Bake and serve with sugar and milk. —Mrs. Menno S. Brubaker, Dayton, Virginia

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#### Pineapple Pie

2 oz. butter                      1 tall can crushed  
1 cup sugar                      pineapple, drained  
5 eggs separated

Cream butter and sugar, add egg yolks, then pineapple. Last, fold in beaten egg whites and put in half baked pie crust. 2, 8" pies.

—Mrs. Menno S. Brubaker, Dayton, Virginia

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#### Banana Bread

2 cups sugar (brown or white) 1/2 cup shortening  
3 large mashed bananas        1 1/2 teaspoon soda  
3 cups flour sifted              1/2 cup sour milk  
1/2 cup shortening               1/2 teaspoon salt  
2 eggs and nuts may also be added.

Bake in slow oven at 325 degrees in small bread pans.

—Lovina J. Miller, Applecreek, Ohio

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#### Coconut Oatmeal Cookies

1/2 cup vegetable oil  
1 cup raw sugar  
1 cup honey or maple syrup  
3 eggs  
1/2 cup chopped dates or raisins  
1 teaspoon soda  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
3 cups whole wheat flour  
3 cups rolled oats  
1 cup ground oatmeal or wheat germ  
1 cup unsweetened coconut  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup hickory nuts

Drop on cookie sheet with spoon, then flatten with fork.

—Mary Troyer, Applecreek, Ohio

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#### Soda Cracker Delight

6 eggs—whites only— beat stiff  
2 cups white sugar  
Fold in 1 1/2 cups soda crackers, 1 cup nuts, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in ungreased pan at 350° until golden brown.

Mix together 2 pints dream whip and 1 can crushed pineapple (drained). Put on top.

—Mrs. Ben A. Coblentz, Geneva, Indiana

April, 1972

## BEAUTY

I find that joy in lovely things  
A sweet and pure contentment brings  
Let's not regard them as but small,  
There's nothing like them for us all.

Just stepping out in early morn  
To see the sun the skies adorn  
Is quite enough to fill my heart  
With joy that shall not soon depart.

And could you now go with me there  
To see that violet nook so fair  
Then stroll along a garden wall  
And view the wooded forest tall.

Oh hark! That is the robin's song  
His message sweet is ringing long.  
Behold that bluebird on the wing!  
This morning— did you hear him sing?

Come now, my friend you must agree  
There's beauty in these things we see;  
They have no great or lauding fame  
But are the emblem of His name.

Mrs. Levi F. Stoltzfus  
Route 3 Quarryville, Pa.

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## Some Mothers Write

Our five-year-old boy came into the house one day with a toad stool. When I asked him what he was going to do with that, he replied he wants to put it in the cellar for the rats and the mice. I had told him not to eat the toad-stools as they were poisonous. —Wisconsin

Our three-year-old son was looking at the toys in a Christmas catalog. I told him we don't have enough pennies to buy such expensive toys and if he had too many he wouldn't be happy anyways. He said, "Mother, are we poor people?"

"Well," I answered, "we're far from rich people anyway."

Then he said so soberly, "But I guess it doesn't matter if we are poor. Jesus loves us anyhow."

Oh, that we could all have the faith of a little child!

—Mrs. D. S. W., New Holland, Pennsylvania

Some Fathers Write, too—

Little Susie was amazed as she watched Grandpa remove his teeth, then brush and replace them, then casually she remarked, "Now take off your nose." —Virginia

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Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair

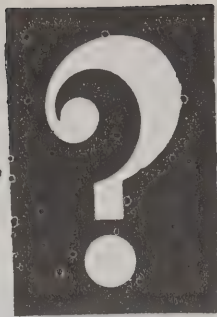


When people  
are easily  
offended it is  
often because  
they think too  
highly of  
themselves.

David Beck

Deadline  
For Answers  
April 30th

WHAT DO YOU THINK?



CHORE-TIME VISITORS

We live in a community where there are a lot of fathers working in factories. These do not have any chores on weekends. When these people come to visit us on Sunday afternoons and the clock shows 4:00 or 4:30, there is still no hint of going home. At times we hardly know what to do. Should we go and make supper for them, and would it be rude to do our chores? Would like to know what others do in this situation. What should a person do or say without causing bad feelings?

- A Farmer's Wife

ONE WHO YEARN'S FOR UNITY  
(Answers)

I was one year old when my mother died and four years old when Father married again. She was an elderly girl, and I will never forget when Father brought her home. She wanted to hold my twin brother and me on her lap but we were too shy. But she loved us and we loved her. I remember how she taught us to repeat a prayer before we went to bed.

When we were nine years old my father died. When we were 10½ years old she got married again to a man with a big family. He had twin boys about our age. They lived together till they were old. Now they are both dead. My stepmother never had children of her own, but the children from her last marriage loved her, too.

I have seen where there were three sets of children and got along fine. It makes no difference whether the children are all small or some grown. It's whether we have respect of a person and whether we are all Christians and whether our parents have a family altar, read the Bible and pray together.

Yes, I think it works just as in any other family. If we have respect of persons and love one more than the others, the children will feel it. Our youngest boy and wife have two adopted children and we love them just as much as our own.

We read in Acts 2 how the church got started. First the Jews were brought in, then in Acts 8 the Samaritans were brought in, in Acts 10 the Gentiles and in 11:26 when they were all together they were called Christians. God is no respecter of persons.

Marriage life can be either bliss and unity, or blitz and trouble. As I am an old man I appreciate my godly home more and more. I have a goodly heritage (Psalm 16:6).

- M.T.

That stepmothers shall care for and love her husband's children as if they were her own is certainly a godly necessity for the two entering marriage become one flesh and one partner certainly must love and respect the other one's children as if they were his own.

How can a house be a home without unselfish Christian love for all children involved? A would-be partner who is not naturally inclined to love the other one's children is hardly fit material to build a Christian home. Where love (charity) abides, there is the desire to see our personal children disciplined where necessary by the partner, and

also to discipline the others, in love, as our own. That is the Golden Rule.

- P.F.B., Liverpool, Pa.

There need not be disunity just because we are step-children. There is much to be thankful for where each accepts the other as their own. I was quite young when I had a new mother and therefore I failed in this, and have never called her Mother. This I regret now.

A few words of advice to those seeking another companion: First seek the Lord's will in this matter and not everybody else's. Second, counsel with your children. You'll never be sorry. There are more involved in this marriage than you and your companion. It is serious.

- E.B.

Disunity may cause discouragement among step-children and may lead to wrong ways in life later on. Then who can say, "I have no part in the sinner's wrongdoing?" If we mislead the brother, sister, or anyone, we will answer for same, as I understand the Scriptures.

- B. H., Indiana

I have had two stepmothers too. I feel, too, that money is nothing if we don't have a happy home. All I can encourage you is to not hold a grudge over anyone and do the best you can in being kind and accepting things as they are- if you can't change them with the help of God. There are times where there are two sets of children when you feel left and unwanted but we don't gain anything by feeling like this. This is the work of Satan.

Of course man and woman promise to care for the stepchildren as their own but we are all sinful persons. I have often thought, how would I be as a stepmother? My mother died when I was two years old. I don't remember anything of her. As I grow older the yearning to see Mother comes pretty deep at times. I feel I have learned a lot by having a stepmother. If I can but lead a quiet life like my first stepmother, and follow the many Christian examples she left for me, I hope through the grace of God to meet my mothers in that bright city some day.

- Iowa

How is a girl supposed to step into the role of "step-mother?" For me I realized that I knew nothing of what lay ahead but if someone actually told me what all I'd encounter I'd not have believed it. The first five years were the hardest and the biggest problem still is myself. But it might be helpful to hear how others have handled such things as "problem children" (who would not be such to us if we'd known them from babyhood up), or how to avoid letting our own get away with things the stepchildren were not allowed to do, or have. How can we keep an even balance in handling the two sets of children.

- A Stepmother

My heart goes out to step-families. I was also one of those who had a step mother and step-brothers. It grieves me much when I think of how nice we could have had it if only love would have prevailed.

In my opinion it's very important if you lost your wife or your husband and marry again that you forget your first partner and love and cleave to the one you marry and accept their children as your very own. Then peace and unity can prevail, otherwise I am afraid it can't.

-Ohio

Stepmothers-

Yes, there should be unity and if both parents are Christians then they will try to keep unity.

I think the step mother's own child is the one to be

pitied. If he is allowed to have his own way too much, he may have trouble in getting along with people all of his life. Neither will he have respect for his parents.

We can't blame step parents for loving their own the most, that is only natural. But that doesn't give them the right to be unfair. If they have the right kind of love for their own, they will want to train them well.

We step-children should not hold a grudge against the step-parents because of how they use their own child. The child that gets spoiled can't help it.

- A Step-daughter from Pennsylvania.

I can well understand your longing for unity. It takes love and understanding in any marriage but where a stepmother or stepfather is involved it just takes more. I often think of what I heard of what a widower with children asked his bride to be: Will you love and treat my children as if they were your own? She answered yes, but I also hope you will not say, "My first wife did it this way, or she wanted her things like that, etc."

M., Pennsylvania

I never had a step-parent but I have a stepmother-in-law and if I hadn't known it I would think she is my husband's real mother. She is concerned about and interested in the children and grandchildren. She always makes us feel welcome when we visit them. We were just as glad to see them come as we were when mine came. They can't come anymore because he is not well and we don't live in the same county.

Sometimes I think a stepmother has a hard road to travel. If a mother chastens her own unruly child people will say that child needed it but in the same circumstances if its a stepmother they will say she is cruel. Sometimes even to the child then he gets the idea he is mistreated and becomes a problem child. I know my husband is grateful to her that she came to fill that empty place.

- A grateful daughter-in-law, Pa.

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## ANSWERS TO WASHDAY SLANDERING

I feel sorry for housewives who do not like washdays and hope they will change their attitude toward this job. As for me, it is the most rewarding task of the week. What is more satisfying than to make dirty things clean? I like to see the washlines full of clothes flopping in the sunshine and then going to the drawers for clothes and finding them filled with fluffy, fresh smelling, neatly folded and mended clothes.

I, too, used to wash on Monday but found out it is much more enjoyable to wash on Tuesday. On Mondays I can get ready, clean and put away the things from Sunday, straighten up the house and get food ready for the wash-day meals. Then I can get a good night's rest to enjoy my washday and never need to worry about the neighbors.

- Thankful for washdays

We used to live in a neighborhood where everyone tried to be the first to have wash on the line. One woman even sorted her wash on Sunday evenings and then got up at 5:00 A.M. on Monday morning and was usually finished washing by 7:00. I have often wondered why it is so important to get finished so early, is it not pride?

Where we now live, the people are not so concerned about it and I am thankful for it. Our baby is sick quite often and more than half the times, I don't get washed on Monday, let alone before breakfast. Monday is considered to be the washday but for me, it seems it's about the most unsuitable day of the week.

- A Mother, Ohio

I have never thought of washday as dreaded or hateful. Why should one care who has their wash out first? We should not be so concerned about our neighbor's doings and be more content in whatever the Lord puts in front of us whether it be early or late. Of course, I like to get my wash out early, too, if I can but if I can't, I wash anyways. I have never considered to start it on Sunday evening, and in my opinion this is about the same as those who wash their hair on Sundays. Surely there is time during the week for this.

And to the poor Amish neighbors who are crowded so tightly together, I would move out of there quick to where there is more room to breathe. There are lots of places where settlements are starting and you would be welcome.

- Wisconsin

If I had to do only one household chore, I would choose washing. But since I have to do them all I have found a number of ways to shorten the time it takes to wash. For the first thing, I have to wait until the baby is ready for her nap so I lose the rat race before it begins, but I don't worry about that. With four small children to care for, I have no time to spare if I want to be done in time to make dinner. So first of all I got rid of the chore of sorting the wash. By keeping 2 clothes baskets handy, a clothes hamper and two diaper pails, I put different items into each one as they are collected through the week. I put the baby clothes in one, the children's colored clothes into the other and the men's dirty clothes into the laundry tub, etc.

When I am ready to go wash, I start the motor and dump in the first load. Then it takes only a minute or two to sort the rest because it is not all mixed up.

When I worked as a hired girl, I learned to wash out the diapers right away and put them into a pail to soak. And with today's wash and wear fabrics, ironing has almost become a thing of the past. I often think back to the many hours of ironing we used to do when I was a little girl.

I have also found that by washing three times a week instead of twice, it cuts down the time it takes to only one hour. I fill the iron kettle with water as soon as I'm done washing. It will not rust if filled to the very top. I am always glad for hints from other mothers how to save time in any chores.

- A Mother who enjoys washing

When we were newly-weds my husband worked on a farm and we used the same washing facilities as his employer so we could not wash on the same day. I always washed on Tuesday and learned to like it.

Our children are usually more tired and fussy on Mondays and I like to use that day to clean suits and shoes and things like that. Then I would get things ready on Monday evening for the next day.

Since our children are bigger now and I don't need to help chore, I can wash on Monday if I want to, but I still prefer Tuesday. This might be worth a try for you mothers who are so busy. You may be surprised to find how much better you feel at the end of the day when there is less rush and hurry.

- A Suggestion from Pennsylvania.

I'm glad when washday is here and I think we should be more thankful that we can get our wash out nice and clean instead of complaining. I usually don't get my wash out so early but I am glad if others can. I like to see a line full of wash flapping in the breeze and I don't care if it's early or late or what day of the week it is.

When I was still at home and we wanted an early start at washing on Mondays, we used to carry the water on Saturday. Doing it on Sunday isn't keeping the day holy, in my opinion.

- Indiana

Here it is Monday morning and I ought to be half-way finished washing but I haven't even started. I happened to read the washday article in F.L. so I will send in an answer.

I, too, used to hate that "awful washday". I thought it was so much work to get everything washed and out on the line and then get it in again. I thought I had to iron the same day regardless of how I felt or how the house looked for everyone else ironed the same day.

Then one summer I visited my sister in a southern state and since then I try to appreciate my washday more. She had to go to the laundry-mat to do her washing because their well was dry. They have 6 children and when she can't take it to the laundry-mat, she does it by hand. When water is scarce, they drink milk at the table which is cheaper.

We enjoy Family Life and I am glad I took time to read it this morning before starting to wash.

- An Indiana Reader

**Hate Monday washday? I guess not!** If it rains on Monday, I can sew. If it is still raining on Tuesday I can always wash a few things by hand what is urgently needed, and then the first nice day, I do the rest of the washing. Occasionally I like to sew on Mondays. Anyhow some weeks I wash on Monday and then again on Friday and the next week I will wait till Wednesday. There is always work to be done and there's no use pouting just because the rain is falling, for it may be a blessing to the crops on the farm. Life is too short to worry over such trivial matters. My schedule is flexible and it more or less revolves around the needs of our family.

To sort the wash or even to dump them down the cellar steps or to put water in the kettle on a Sunday evening would never have happened a second time at our house when I was a girl. We were always taught to be finished with our work by suppertime on a Saturday evening and retire early for the Sunday, and very rarely has this habit been broken since. I've often wondered who started the custom of washing on Mondays. Why not any other day? And weddings on Thursday? Anybody know the answers?

- A Mother from Ohio

Why not set a good example and when you hear anyone slandering washday, just say, "Oh, I like to wash, as long as I am able."

The "drag race" sounds like a lot of good old fashioned fun as long as it is done in fun. However putting the water over on Sunday, in my opinion, is going too far.

- A Neighbor from New Wilmington, Pa.

**About the washday, could it be just to show off?** What I am wondering is are the same women so anxious for an early start on Tuesday when they are working something else which the neighbors won't see?

- Not So Ambitious Grandmother, Ontario

**I never knew of not liking to wash.** While we lived at home, we were never concerned about when anyone else washed. My mother used to get the wood and the water ready on Saturday so she would only have to light a match on Monday morning. It was not to beat the neighbors for we couldn't see the neighbors because of the trees.

Where we now live we have close neighbors, but I can't see their wash unless they hang it on the porch, which she usually does in the winter. The women who lived there the first year we lived here, we used to try to hang out our wash at the same time so we could wave to each other. We both loved that little cheer and it gave me extra pep on those cold winter days.

During the winter my husband is usually not so busy so he gives me a break from washing the buckets in the milk house on washdays. It is not as cold to hang out

wash before daybreak as it is after. I have often noticed the difference, and it is also nice to get started before the children are up. If the washing machine is as usual and all is working, I just love that "hateful" washday and am thankful I can go out and wash.

- A Young mother, Pennsylvania

**If a person hates Monday because it's washday, I think it's his own fault.** I think as a rule Monday is a nicer day than the other days of the week. I feel it's wrong for someone to drag race with their neighbors just to see who can get the wash out first, and to put the water over on Sunday evening is not keeping the Sabbath holy. "Man is such a funny creature. He tries to get even with his enemies and ahead of his friends."

- Delaware.

**When I was younger, nothing gave me greater pleasure than to see the weekly washing flapping on the line** and I had washings that were washings. Having 9 children and sometimes two in diapers, I only washed once a week. But I didn't throw every diaper into the wash with only one wearing. I would rinse out and hang out to dry every morning the ones worn the day before, then use them again. And I did change them for one morning I counted 31 diapers on the line.

I had a system to hang up the clothes, first came the babies' blankets, next the diapers, then gowns and shirts. When I came to other clothes, it was sheets, pillowcases, tea towels, towels, wash cloths, etc. The dresses and shirts were all hung up with the largest ones first, then on down to the smaller ones, but always the same colors together. I wasn't so concerned to get the wash out before the neighbors as to be sure they were all clean and hung up so the wind would blow through them.

I can say I really enjoyed washdays, but when the girls took over, they didn't want Mam in the wash house because she was too particular.

On cold days, warming the clothespins helps a lot to keep from getting cold fingers.

- Grandmother from Delaware.

**A few hints to make washday brighter.** I put a cupful of vinegar in the final rinse tub (in the blueing water) and find it helps soften the clothes and deodorizes them. If dacron and cotton materials aren't rinsed with vinegar water, they often times smell sweaty. The vinegar doesn't smell on clothes or build up a film like the boughten softeners do.

For a health hint: try adding some vinegar to your bath water either with soap or without it. It makes you feel clean and is good for the skin. I use it all the time.

- Virginia.

**Our neighbors had the reputation for being the first in the community to have their clothes on the line.** Imagine my surprise one morning when I happened to stop in at their house and saw a white sheet was out already. But when I walked through the washhouse, I saw that she had not yet begun washing. It was a dirty sheet that was hanging on the line!

- A Neighbor who wasn't fooled.

~~~~~  
You will have a better chance of leaving your footsteps on the sands of time if you wear work shoes. - Vivian

~~~~~  
Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never came. - Lowell



I try to be thankful that we have clothes to wash. The fact that it's several degrees below zero this morning and it's washday, inspired the following lines:  
 Up early in the morn and hurry with chores  
 Then stir up some breakfast for a family of four.  
 Dress the children and sort the clothes  
 Wring out the diapers, put wood in the stove  
 Wash up the dishes, swish up the floor  
 Rock baby to sleep then fly out the door  
 Jerk at the motor to see if it goes  
 The gears are frozen and so are my toes!  
 Some folks have it easy, just turn on the tap  
 No babies, no diapers, just simple as that—  
 And then they wonder why mothers like me  
 Don't look forward to washday with glee!

- Mrs. L. Yoder

Acknowledgement for the cute chicks on last month's cover should have been made. They were drawn by Mrs. Enos Burkholder, Fleetwood, Pennsylvania.

## HOME REMEDIES AND SUGGESTIONS

For diarrhea and upset stomach or vomiting eat saltine crackers.

For any cuts or sores that don't want to heal right- put on powder alum. It burns for awhile. You may have to repeat it several times.

For sinus and head colds try angelica roots. Make tea or just chew some of the roots, couple times a day. Can be bought at the Illinois Herb Co. Chicago, Illinois 815 North Pulaski Road 60651 I got one-and-one half oz. box several years ago and still have some and use it when needed.

For pimples take one teaspoon sulfur and two teaspoons of baking molasses. Mix and eat it. This cleans your blood stream. It is also a good spring tonic. Grown ups can take one tablespoon of sulfur and two tablespoons molasses.

I am interested in Home Remedies and herbs for many of the drugs are not good for me. Here is a good one for hives that an old man gave me.

Take catnip and put in boiling water. Steep. Wash with the catnip pulp instead of cloth.

Mrs. Jesse Z. Byler  
 Pennsylvania

## I AM RICH

Home is a place to relax. It need not be a fancy structure or modern. It is not just a place to eat and sleep and change clothes like a filling station. It can be a harbor of peace, — if the Lord is permitted inside.

In our home, we have no running water. A pump at the kitchen sink furnishes all the water we care to use. We have no skin problems for with our silky rain water, we need no detergents. When getting dinner for company, we never have to stop and run to the basement because the pressure is way down. There is very little expense involved with our water system, just an occasional change of leather and that requires no mechanical ability. As for hot water, we have our old reliable teakettle. For heating wash water we use the iron kettle and feel it is a luxury because in many parts of the world the people do their laundry in the creeks.

Heating? We have no central heating system, not even an enameled stove. All we have is the same black model which for many is only a childhood memory. When coming inside, how comfortable to warm our chilling fingers. Where else could we toast our feet so satisfactorily and feel the warmth seep upward through the veins? Of course it must be fed and in zero or sub-zero temperatures, it's a starving creature. But with the basement filled with wood, which the members of our family have labored so generously to provide for us, what more could we ask? When I look at the ricks of wood, I feel humbly grateful for I know that in the world, many people are cold, living in huts, without even a blanket.

We have no padded or overstuffed seats to sit down upon. All we have are the lightweight hickory rockers and they are so portable. If we need more light we carry one to the window, if we're cold we carry it to the stove and prop up our feet in a very un-lady-like manner on the nickle trimmings of our stove. If someone comes with a baby, the rocker can be moved to the bedroom for there it is quiet. When it comes to entertainment we

have the very best. Mother Nature is our Master Performer, — the beauty of bare branches etched in front of a colorful sunset. I wonder how many people ever notice the varying branch formations on different trees. The cool colors of a winter sunrise are often overlooked by sleepy eyes. The ever-changing sky always has something interesting to see. The fluffy clouds of summer, the turbulence of a windy day in spring, or a heavy snowfall in winter, each season has its attractions.

In our leisure time we often watch our little feathered friends. It is a thrifty form of entertainment with a home-made bird feeder, homegrown sunflower and squash seeds and corn. How exciting to see our first evening grosbeak! The pileated woodpecker may be as homely as a mudpie but it is still a rare sight to behold. The saucy chickadee darts between the suet and feeder, almost faster than the eye can see. Even some kinds of our lowly sparrows are very attractive.

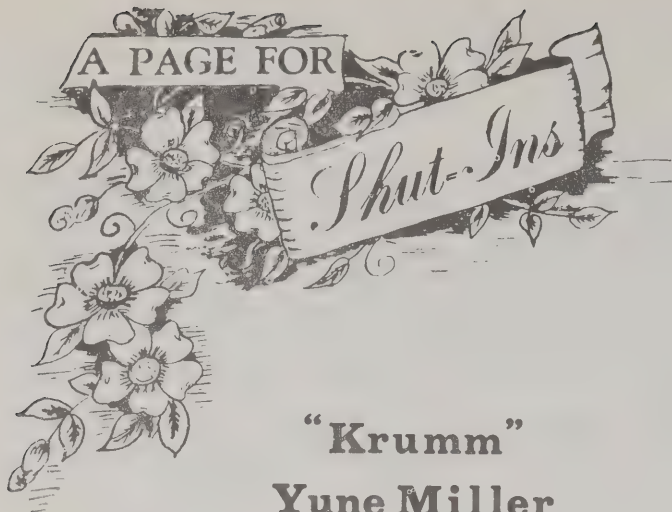
For real excitement on the farm, there's nothing like gathering in the first eggs from a flock of chickens you've raised from baby chicks. Nor is there anything as tasty as vegetables you've hoed and cultivated till you're hot and tired. When we stop to consider, it's nothing short of a miracle when we behold how much God provides for us to eat, all from one little dried-up dead-looking seed.

No, we have no so-called modern conveniences, but we are blessed with an abundance of life's necessities. We don't have an over-flowing grocery cart, or beautiful clothes or a big bank account to fall back on.

But I do have a family and friends, and many people I meet on life's highway. I have good eyesight, a healthy mind and body. I AM RICH.

May I remember to be as rich with gratitude as I am rich with the gifts which God has bestowed upon me.

— E. Detweiler, N. Bloomfield, Ohio



## "Krumm" Yune Miller

Clop! Clop! Clop!

The familiar sound of hammer on leather came from the small shop on the Moses J. Miller's farm, near Walnutcreek, Ohio.

The creak of the door was heard. "Yune" Miller, the shoemaker, rested his hammer on the wooden last, and listened. "Ve gates, Jeck," Yune called out.

Jeck, the visitor returned the friendly greeting, and sat down on a chair nearby. There was no need for an introduction, even though the shoemaker was blind. He knew the sound of his friends' footsteps and also recognized their voices.

Yune was glad for visitors. He didn't mind being detained from his work, for Yune needed his friends. He not only needed their business but he also needed them to help him along. For Yune was not only blind, Yune was a cripple. His head was drawn down between his knees.

Little did he realize as a young man what life would hold for him. When he was about twenty years of age he was asked to take a wagon load of wheat to the grist mill at Dover, Ohio. This was a distance of about twenty miles. Before leaving home he hung his denim coat on a post for the weather was warm. He was advised to take his coat along, but being strong and healthy he felt he could do without it.

Before he reached home that evening it started to rain. The air turned cooler. Yune became soaked, and chilled. The joys of his youth were nearing an end. He soon became sick with a severe attack of rheumatism. This weakened him, so that he couldn't very well follow his work—nor his sport of rabbit hunting.

One day he tried going with his brother "glay" Mose. With their guns they went down into the meadow among the bullrushes. Here Yune stumbled and fell. This was the last time he went hunting.

After he became an invalid it was decided he would take up the shoemaker trade. At that time wooden pegs were used instead of nails. The soles of the shoes were soaked in water than hammered. This was probably to soften them before they were sown onto the upper part of the shoe. Some people came there to sole their own shoes.

Besides the shoemaker trade he also sold German books, such as Bibles, Testaments, songbooks, and others. He also bought hides. Once some were stolen from him, then later brought back and resold to him.

Yune was seldom cheated with money for with his sense of feeling he knew when he was given the right amount of change.

For many years Susie E. Miller, an elderly girl, stayed with him to do his cooking and washing and care for him.

It wasn't necessary to lift him. Pulleys were attached to the ceiling and a harness buckled to his body to enable him to swing himself from the chair to his bed and then back to the chair again. He could eat by himself when his meals were placed in front of him.

A bell had been placed nearby. When he was alone and needed help he could pull the wire and sound an alarm. His brother Mose and family lived in another house in the same yard.

One night Yune heard a noise. It sounded as if someone was on the roof of his shop. The crippled man pulled the wire to give the alarm. But the alarm didn't ring. The robbers on the roof had wrapped a handkerchief around the clapper of the bell. They then went inside and stole Yune's money and then left. When Yune realized the bell wouldn't ring, he reached for his shoe hammer and pounded on the table until help came.

Yune was quite successful in business. He bought a farm a small distance from where his shop was located. Joe E. Hershbergers (now at Hartville, Ohio) lived on it.

Before he was blind Yune also raised turkeys. In the spring of the year he watched through a telescope where the hens were nesting, so the others could find the nests.

As the years passed his body became more and more drawn together until finally his head lowered below his knees. For a long time he wasn't able to go to church or anywhere else.

Through all the years of his sufferings he showed much patience. He told a friend that he thinks time goes so fast. For fifty-six-years he suffered as an invalid, and the last thirty years of his life he was blind. This did not deter him from following his trade. He continued in the shoe making trade throughout the remainder of his life. The day before his death he tried to hammer a pair of shoes for one of his neighbors.

He seemed cheerful, contented and never complained. We can well believe his deformity often made him uncomfortable, and brought much suffering. Had it been revealed to him in his early years what the future would bring, he probably would have protested saying, "I could never endure that. My body drawn together for 56 years and blind also? No, I can never bear it."

But God gave him only one day at a time, and supplied the needed grace so that he could endure it, and endure his sufferings cheerfully.

Yune never failed to appreciate the most insignificant things in life. He would never eat an apple or anything between meals without returning thanks to His heavenly Father.

Yune had joined the Old Order Amish church in his youth. He departed from this life on Friday noon, September 23, 1910, at the age of seventy-five years. It was thought that more than one thousand people attended the funeral. The body could not be straightened without breaking the joints so he was buried in almost a sitting position. His coffin was about four feet long and three feet high.

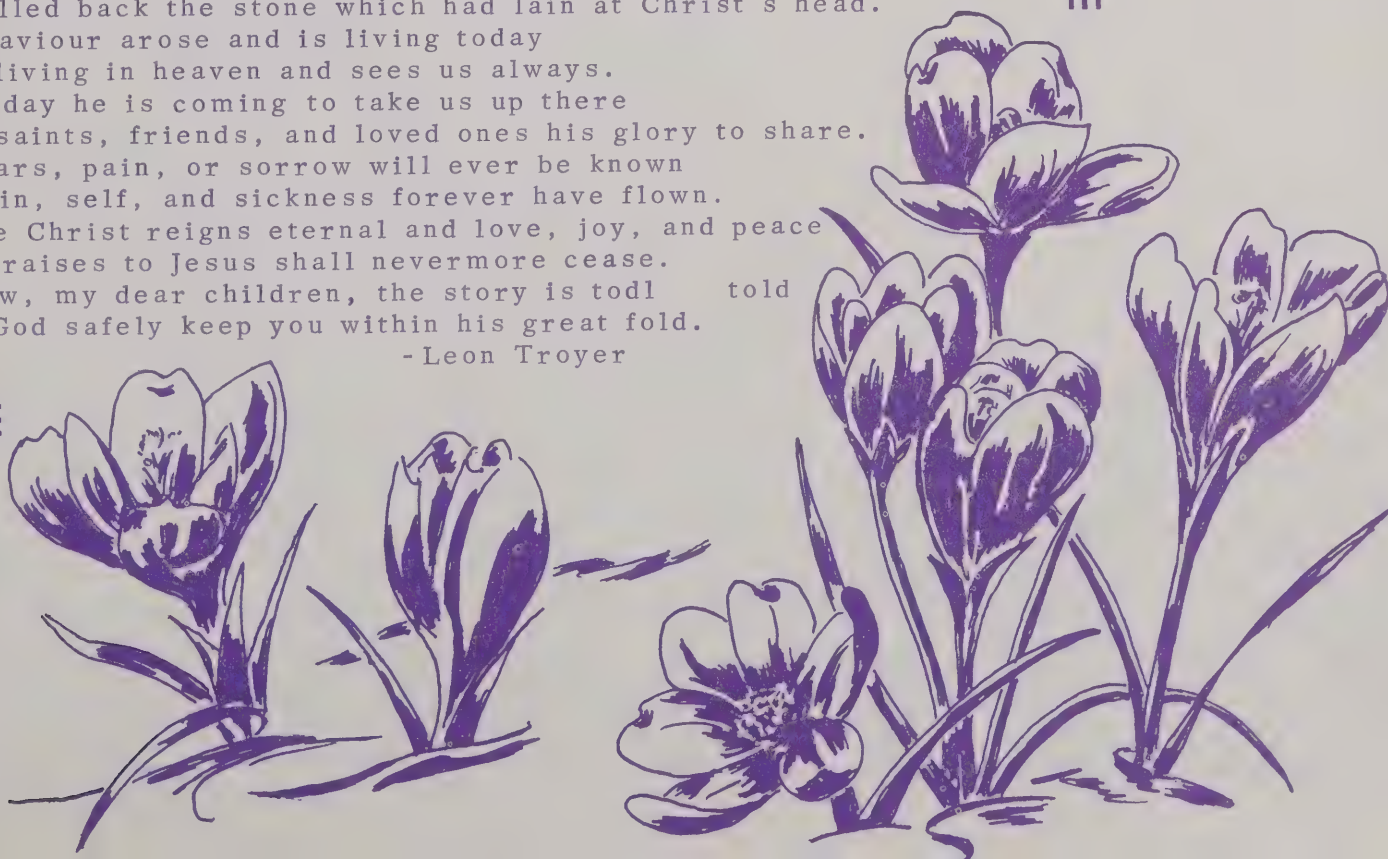
At the time of his death the body was shown in the morning and then buried before the funeral, which was the custom at that time. He was buried in the cemetery on his parents' farm. Later it was known as the Ammon Hershberger farm.

The well-known Bishop Moses Mast officiated at the funeral. In his sermon he said, "At the resurrection Yune will not come forth from his grave a cripple, but he will be as straight as anyone else."

Family Life

Come here, my dear children, and sit beside me,  
 The sweetest of stories I'll tell to thee.  
 The story of Jesus which never grows old  
 But sweeter and better each time it is told.  
 He never was sinful, His heart full of love,  
 The gift to all mankind from heaven above.  
 He went to the garden to God did he pray  
 Not my will, but thy will is what he did say.  
 The high priests and elders the soldiers did send-  
 They wanted to bring Jesus' life to an end.  
 They gave him a trial, no fault could they find  
 For Jesus had always been helpful and kind.  
 The people were angry and started to shout  
 "God crucify him!. We don't want him about!"  
 A crown of sharp thorns they put on his head,  
 They mocked him and beat him. "Who hit you?" they said.  
 They gave him his cross but his body was ill,  
 Another man carried it up to the hill.  
 They fastened with nails his two hands and his feet  
 Arighted the cross— now their work was complete.  
 The people stood thinking, what will he do  
 Will he die on the cross and his life here be through?  
 "Come down from the cross if you're really God's Son,"  
 The people then said, "We'll believe you're the one,"  
 He cried to the Father and thus he did say,  
 "Why hast thou forsaken thine own son today?"  
 He then said, "It is finished." His spirit now fled  
 To be with the one who hath pow'r o'er the dead.  
 The day turned to darkness. 'Twas dark as at night;;  
 In most people's hearts there was a great fright.  
 The rocks split asunder, the earth greatly quaked,  
 The graves opened up and the dead did awake.  
 The people now watching said, "This was God's son."  
 They feared very greatly o'er what had been done.  
 Now Joseph, a good man the body did take  
 And wrapped it in linen for Jesus' own sake.  
 He had a new tomb hewn out of the stone;  
 They laid him within and then left him alone.  
 The soldiers were stationed to watch o'er the grave-  
 Of men they had chosen the strongest, and brave.  
 But down came an angel— the men lay as dead-  
 He rolled back the stone which had lain at Christ's head.  
 The Saviour arose and is living today  
 He's living in heaven and sees us always.  
 Some day he is coming to take us up there  
 With saints, friends, and loved ones his glory to share.  
 No tears, pain, or sorrow will ever be known  
 And sin, self, and sickness forever have flown.  
 Where Christ reigns eternal and love, joy, and peace  
 And praises to Jesus shall nevermore cease.  
 So now, my dear children, the story is told told  
 May God safely keep you within his great fold.

-Leon Troyer





Each year when I look at the calendar I am amazed that it can be so grossly misleading. If you will bother to notice you will find on the 21st of March (this year it's on the 20th) it proclaims in bold letters, "SPRING BEGINS." How long in this day and age will we endure such an outright untruth?

Ask the people who make the calendars and they will quickly tell you that this is the day when the sun reaches the first point of Aries, and is straight overhead at the equator at high noon. Therefore spring begins on this day, exactly at 7:22, A.M.

Nothing could be more ridiculous. Spring does not begin at some remote point of the celestial sphere. It starts right here on the earth, under us, over us, around us, and in us. Any boy who goes splashing through the water puddles or paddling through the wet green grass knows when spring is here.

Spring is an awakening, a coming back to life, it's the new start, the morning of the year. January and February may be the dawn, or just before dawn, but April is the daybreak, the time when the new day comes on in its

full glory. .

The first warm day in spring when the sun beats down out of a clear sky we are apt to say, "Spring is here." But if we will only stop and think we will realize that sunshine is not spring. January has sunshine and so do February and March, but they do not have spring. One of the most thoughtless statements we can make is to say, "It looks like spring." Spring is not something to see. It must be heard, smelt, and felt.

Of these three, hearing comes first. One of the first signs of spring is to hear the patter of a warm rain on the roof. Sunshine will dry out the soil but a spring rain furnishes the thirsty roots with the first drink of warm rain water and tells them the cold winter is over.

The first claps of thunder shake the earth and arouse the living things in the soil. The tremors caused by the echoes of the thunder tell the earthworms it is time to burrow their way to the surface to get a warm drink. Sunshine cannot penetrate the earth and is quite ineffective compared to a warm rain on the soil.

Rain is a song, a special kind of music, a lullaby of nature to anyone whose heart is tuned to hear it. Birds love the rain for they sing special songs during the rain. The frogs in the pond often first come out to sing in the rain and many insects make louder noises when the rain is falling.

Like a good singer, the rain has many different moods. It can be a lullaby as it patters against the windowpane in harmony with the wind. A continued wet spell can be restful and relaxing. The tenseness of an oncoming thunderstorm will make us hold our breath and its uncertainty and suspense can be so thick that we can almost grasp it.

In all its moods, rain is marvelous. Those who can and will appreciate it have something better than money can buy.

One reason why the rain is so many-faced is because each one of the billions of raindrops is constantly changing its shape. Usually we think of a drop of rain as being either round or shaped like a teardrop. It can be, but it is also many other shapes. In fact, a raindrop is constantly changing its shape. It has been known to change as often as sixteen times a second. Sometimes it is shaped like a pancake, then like a gourd, then like a peanut, a dumbbell, your foot, a weiner, and then perhaps like an old-fashioned telephone receiver. In size it can vary from the smallest speck up to a quarter inch in diameter.

Rain is almost pure sun-distilled water, yet not 100% pure. Tiny specks of meteor dust are constantly hitting our atmosphere from outer space. Astronomers estimate that two tons of iron ore particles are deposited into the air every day. They are so small that you can not see them without a microscope. They drift around in the air until water vapor begins to form around them. Finally this turns into a raindrop and then falls to the earth. As the rain soaks into the ground, these little specks of dust remain in the soil perhaps sometime to be taken up by the roots of a plant.

It takes the warm rains of spring to germinate the seeds which lie dormant in the soil. If you want to see the effect of warm rain water, then catch some and put it into a plate. Throw a handful of beans into this warm water and set it on the kitchen table. It doesn't take long before the beans will swell like a balloon, start to crack open and then send forth tiny sprouts. This is exactly what the rain does to the seeds and the plants in the soil. It wakes them up and whispers, "Spring is here. Get going."

Return Addresses:  
In Canada- Family Life  
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A.— Family Life  
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# FAMILY LIFE

MAY, 1972

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# letters to the editors



## LIBERTY BONDS THE BIG ISSUE

The article in Yesterdays and Years about the Amish bishop being arrested (see March issue) made me think of my grandfather, Daniel J. Kropf who was the bishop of the Harrisburg Mennonite church in Oregon.

During World War I, the Mennonites in Oregon refused to buy Liberty Bonds. The public figured that since my grandfather was the bishop that he was responsible for this. Some nights they would drive by and shoot toward the house, trying to scare the bishop into buying bonds. They threatened a few times to tar and feather him.

Then one day at dinner time about eighteen men drove in. They were tough and hard-boiled characters and they said they had come to get him. My grandfather stood inside the gate of the yard fence and these men told him they were going to tar and feather him. He calmly told them that he was ready to go with them but he remained standing inside the yard fence.

Two men walked over toward the bishop but they stopped and finally walked back to the group of men. At different times a few men would walk over toward him and then turn around and go back. My dad and his brothers went about their work but they watched what was going on.

After about half an hour of trying to get him and just hanging around, they drove away.

Years later some of these men said that the reason they couldn't get him was because there was someone standing between the bishop and the group of men. They said they were not able to get him. It would seem that such an experience would soften them up a little but apparently it didn't.

I have to wonder if we would have enough faith to stand for what we believe is right if we were put to a severe test.

-Dennis B. Kropf, Fairfax, South Carolina.

My first wife and I were married and began farming in 1915. We were members of the Old Mennonite Church and lived in a section where I think 75 percent of the people were Mennonites. During World War I, a man living about a mile away came to sell war bonds. He stayed just about half a day and finally would have been satisfied if I had only bought a 25 cent war saving stamp. But since I didn't he said he would have to report me to the authorities and he did not know what they would do with me. He told me I was the only one in the district who refused to buy anything. Of course I could not tell if this was true or not but as far as I knew he was generally a man of his word.

Several weeks later I had taken a load of corn to the mill to have it ground for feed. A man from Lancaster asked the man ahead of me whether he had bought war bonds and to what extent. The man was a Methodist and told how much he had bought. Then he came to me and when I told him I had not bought any, he took my name and address and said he will report me and they will come and confiscate my goods. Of course that would not have been very much, but it was still dear to us. So we lived in fear for awhile but we never heard anything more about the matter.

-Landis H. Brubaker, Lancaster.

I had a brother-in-law that was drafted in World War I and had to go to an army camp. He went through a lot

while he was at that camp. My father (who was a bishop at that time) and some others went to the camp to see him. They were watched very closely by armed guards. They were instructed not to talk any German at all. They were guarded so close that they could not have any private talk with him.

They were in a room with officers and guards. One of the main officers asked my father if we still talk German and have German services in church. My father told him we do and if he knows any reason why we should not talk German.

The officer answered in a stern voice, "Yes, because we are at war with Germany, therefore we condemn their language. If we were at war with any other country, we would condemn their language."

My father asked him, "What if you would be at war with England, would you condemn your English?"

The officer studied over it awhile and then he said, "Well, that time you got me."

I had to think of Matt. 10:19-20, "But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in the same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not you that speak, but the Spirit of the Father which speaketh in you."

I think that was a good example of what Christ meant. I think if my father had tried beforehand to get a long speech ready to tell the officer, it probably would not have been what he needed. I think it was the Spirit of the Father that spoke through him.

-Berne, Indiana

In the article about the arrest of an Amish bishop, Bishop Bontrager declared that he was opposed to the killing of Germans but he stated that he wants Germany beaten and shall pray that they may be. What a contradictory statement! How can a non-resistant Christian wish evil on any individual or nation! Just how non-resistant are we?

-L. M., Kalona, Iowa.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Does not the article merely say that the bishop was quoted by the newspapers as saying it, and also leaves doubt as to whether he really did say it?

## A NARROW ROAD TO TRAVEL

The article in the March issue of Family Life, "The Wrong Kind Of Love" sets out a very narrow way for parents to travel, yet it gives the Biblical reasons for each move. I wonder if, when children are small, the parents don't just think they will always obey like they do now. We hope they will but we need only look around us to see it is not so. The question naturally arises, "What can we do now, so this need not be the case?"

-Mrs. D. H., East Earl, Pennsylvania.

The article made me stop and think. Some parents use the car to go to work, auction sales, trips etc. when they could use the horse and buggy just as well. It's hard for a

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teenager to see the difference and indeed there is very little difference between owning them and using them where we don't need to. We must strive to be consistent in our teaching and practice so that our children will respect our teachings. I am a father of ten children of which the oldest is not yet grown so I really have not had much experience yet. We are Old Order Mennonites but I feel our problems and our aims are much the same.

-Wallenstein, Ontario.

Did we really understand the author of that article correctly that he thinks if a boy can't obey his parents in getting rid of his car, he would be better off living in town with a bunch of boys doing as they please with no one to care if he comes home in the morning hours or drunk? It's easy to get a job in a factory with high wages so there would be no financial hardships involved. But he would no longer be under the influence of his Christian parents, no daily devotions, prayers at mealtime or any chance for his parents to admonish him.

It would make just as much sense in that example of the 18-month old with a knife in his hand if his parents would tell him if he doesn't put it away they will have to give him away to some worldly parents who don't care whether he obeys or not.

Or suppose an 18-year old son has the habit of telling lies. Would the parents be doing the right thing by telling him he has to leave home if he can't quit? We don't think anyone would send an 18-year old away from home because he had acquired the habit of lying. Much more he'd need his parents more than ever to help him overcome the habit. We may be talking out of turn since our children are still young, but neither has the author of that article had any experience in this. An elderly man in our area who did not let his older sons stay at home with their cars, but let his younger sons do this, learned from experience that we need to have "gedult" with our children same as the Lord has with us. Don't you believe the Lord pleads with a person for quite some time before He deals out punishment?

-Indiana.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** We have considered your letter and we still feel as we did. The author of the referred to article has this to say in answer:

Would you give an 18-month old child the choice of putting away a knife or not? I think in most homes the question would never come up, but the parents would take it away in a hurry. If the child resisted, he would probably get a spanking to boot. But this would not work with an 18-year old.

If however, an 18-year old son would persist in lying, lied outright to the parent's face, showed no repentance and did it repeatedly and in the presence of the other children, defended it as right and good and kept on doing it, and living in it, I think it would be a poor parent who would not finally say, "I have to exercise my authority given to me by God as the head of this house, that God isn't going to allow liars inside His house, 'Drausen sind die Luegner' (Rev. 21:8).

I believe that God has much "gedult" with us and we should do the same with our children but in the end we must come to the same conclusion that God does with us, if we remain and persist in outright and willing disobedience, God won't take us into Heaven even though we would surely be under a better influence there than we would in hell with the devil and his angels.

It is true I have no grown children, but I know of many parents who do have who still feel this way and whole churches that believe and act accordingly.

### CHEAP SHIRTS NOT CHEAP

When we see cheap clothes and buy them (see January issue of F.L.) then we are apt to get such things as colorful caps and sweaters and zipper clothes. It always May, 1972

hurts me to see a little innocent child dressed so that you can hardly know if it is from a plain church or not. As the children grow older, they will want them more and more and also buy them. Won't it break the mother's heart if the child will say then they were allowed to have them when young. Then we will feel they were not so cheap after all. Who will carry the blame?

-F.P., Christiana, Pennsylvania.

### YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD GO ON FARMS

I think your Adam Lapp story was a good one. (March issue). I would like to see more young people going on farms, but with the price of farms these day and the high interest rates, it's pretty tough unless you have someone to help. I feel if we can help someone who is in need, we are doing it for Jesus.

-L.T., Applecreek, Ohio

### CAN HAPPEN AT HOME, TOO

Quite a bit has been written concerning girls working in town and such places to make big money. It seems almost as if money were the highest goal and everybody wants to make as much as they can. A friend told me her mother would not allow them to work at such places. I think such mothers are a real blessing to the church. I have heard of people who think they must work at such places because of expenses, but surely we should trust more in God than in our money and He will help us through even if we work for our fellowman for less money.

The girl in "A Nice Place to Work" (February issue) made me think of what one of my girl friends related to me. She wasn't working for this man but the family was acquainted with him and they were back and forth at times. His wife wasn't living anymore and he talked to this girl about being lonesome and asked her to be his special friend. She was shocked and very upset for she never thought of him thinking of her in this way. Apparently it made no difference to him that she was Amish and he "English" and he seemed hurt that she refused him. So these things can happen at home, too.

-Belleville, Pennsylvania.

### ENGLISH PEOPLE NOT ALL ENGLISH

I have been reading *Family Life* since it came into existence and enjoy most of it. But in some ways I think we should use more precaution when we refer to non-Amish and non-Mennonite people. I have noticed that such people are often referred to as "English" which is a mistake, for they are Americans, or Canadians, just like ourselves. I would guess over half of them don't even have English ancestry.

Here in Berks county, many of the older natives speak the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect with more German accent than we do. Not fifty years ago, I believe almost all the country people spoke the dialect and most of the city people, too. Now the younger ones can't speak it but they still have an unmistakable accent.

On the other hand there are "plain people" who can not speak the German or Pennsylvania Dutch. There is an Old Order Mennonite congregation in Virginia where the English language is used in the homes as well as in church.

Remember when writing for *Family Life*, you are writing an article which will be read all over the United States and parts of Canada as well as in other countries.

-Irvin N. Shirk, Kutztown, Pennsylvania.

**EDITORS NOTE** The term "English people" is a term which is commonly used in many areas of the United States and Canada to denote that the people are not

Amish or Mennonites. It is not intended to disparage or belittle anyone. It is simply more convenient to say "English" than it is to say "non-Amish," etc.

### HAPPY WITH THE DEER MEAT?

Concerning the story, "Happy When Hubby's Home" do you suppose Sam would have really enjoyed it if his wife would have taken four days off and left him to care for the children plus the chores at the barn with only a hired boy to help and if she'd come home sick? He was to visit his cousin but will his sons be able to understand it or will they want to go to a deer hunters camp when they are grown, where there is usually a lot of card playing and strong drink? If you deer hunters stop and think about this, will you be so happy about that deer you shot?

-A Grandmother, Ephrata, Pa.



### HAMMER HANDLE WORN THROUGH

I enjoyed the story about Krumm Yune Miller in the April issue. Enclosed is a picture of the hammer handle which he used to fix shoes with. He had to hold it with two fingers and it is almost worn through.

-J.N.S., Ohio.

### CHANGED VIEWS ON HEAD COVERING

Not having been taught this way, I had not realized the need for women to wear a head covering at night. However after reading the answers in March issue of *Family Life*, my wife and I both realize some things we hadn't before and we have now changed our opinion on this matter.

One of the answers which impressed me most was from Pennsylvania mother who wrote that she often rocked her babies and prayed for them that they might become Christians when old enough. I hadn't realized that not all people sleep as soundly as I do. What hurt me most was when my wife told me she is often awake at night, sometimes with the children but refused to pray, rather than to dishonor her head. Another person from Michigan felt it better to do a little more than a little less than required and I agree.

- C.D.D., Indiana

### FOUR YEAR OLD LIKES SAMMY STORY

The children sure like those Sammy stories in *Family Life* so I started telling them all the children's stories. I can see in their play it helps them. The two oldest understand it best and they are 4 and 5.

-Mrs. Noah Weaver, Fleetwood, Pa.

### SPRING IS MORE THAN A RAINY DAY

I read the article "Spring Is A Rainy Day" (April issue) and although I do agree with much of the article there are several things which I do not agree with. Maybe it is an untruth that Spring begins exactly on March 20th, but we do have to admit that about that time we can be looking for warmer weather. In some communities most of the oats is sown in March so it would seem nearer correct to call it spring than winter.

Also do we not see grass growing in March, trees budding and some seeds planted already. Do we do these things in winter?

Neither do I think it is thoughtless to say it looks like spring. After all, doesn't spring look different from winter. Sounds and smells do have an important part to

play in the announcement of spring but sight is equal to either one of them as far as I am concerned. If we couldn't see the new life coming on but just feel the warm air and hear the sounds and smell the odors, it would be a drab herolding of spring toward the way we are used to having spring announced.

The time for warm weather to set in will of course vary with the regions. We need not go to the southernmost parts of the U.S. to find new life spring up in the first part of March. Maybe Ontario doesn't have what we call spring in March but many regions of the U.S. do.

-J.S. Kalona, Iowa.

I like to read your back page articles but when I read the last one, it set my mind in motion, and even my pen. Just for friendly criticism, I wish to submit the following:

"Spring is not something to see." - April *Family Life*.  
But I beheld-

In March, a robin sitting in the strawberry patch, too cold to move fast, giving me plenty of time to see him and be glad.

By the roadside where flows a stream, - all around the trees are bare and the grass brown, but embracing the stream is the greenest grass.

A bank where seemingly nothing but weeds care to grow. There stands a crocus, straight and tall, defying the waters to wash it away.

In the bare fields, a man plowing with many seagulls flying overhead.

In the garden, where nothing green is showing, I dug and found the peas were sprouted.

In the skies, a flock of wild geese were flying in V-formation.

With the elation which only spring can give, I saw all this and much more. Oh, tell me, did I not see spring?

-Rachel Zook, Pennsylvania.

### THAT MARCH ISSUE OF FAMILY LIFE

We received *Family Life*, March third, '72  
By the 9th of March I had it read through  
On pages 1 & 2, usually somebody  
Tells the editor what to do to please everybody

Page four a poem so nicely explains  
Why its good that man can't control the rain  
And why it is that the Lord knows best  
When to give rain, sunshine and the rest.

Page 5 a poem tells Dad what to do  
If he wants his boy to become a Christian, too.  
Pages 8, 9 & 10, How Dietrich Phillips tried  
To show and teach how the church should live right.

Page 12 tells how a certain young brother  
Helped to cross the street, a poor old mother  
Pages 14 to 16, so hard Sammy was tried  
Before the other children in school were satisfied

Pages 21 & 22 tells of trials Mother had at home  
While away on a hunting trip Dad had gone.  
Pages 23 to 25 tells how the U.S. did fight  
And many a C.O.s true faith was tried.

Pages 27 to 29 tells how a patient mother  
Taught her daughters how to get along with each other  
Pages 30 & 31 what two children did say  
To make their mother happy on her birthday.

Page 37 is the poem about the book of John  
Tells what Christ for us has done  
Won wir *Family Life* lase, welle wir probiera  
So viel wie wir kenne, un bessere lava feera  
-Martin Troyer, Greentown, Indiana

## WANTED MY MAGAZINE

Recently while I was near Jersey City, New Jersey, I met a man who saw me reading. He became curious as to what I was reading so I showed him the March issue of **Family Life**. After having looked at it for awhile, he asked me if he could have it but I wasn't ready to give it up. However I did feel a bit guilty so after having talked with him for awhile I asked him for his name and address and he gave it to me. I am now sending in money for a year's subscription for him if you will accept it.

-New Jersey.

## ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE

I almost hate to mention this but our **Family Life** which we received this week has a double page missing. Now if they are all that way, I realize you can not do anything about it. But if it should happen it was only this

one, would you please consider sending me another copy. There are a few articles we miss this way and as they are usually all very interesting we'd be pleased to have them also.

I sure hope it was only ours. I'd feel so sorry for you if such a big mistake were made that a pile of pages were found after the magazines had all been assembled. Or wouldn't that be possible?

-Waterloo, Ontario

**EDITOR'S NOTE**- Anything would be possible, however so far, this particular thing has never happened. It does happen each time however that a few copies of **Family Life** go out, unknown to us, with some blank pages in them. Anyone who gets a copy like this should write and let us know and we will gladly send another copy.

## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



### MEXICAN MENNONITES LOSING LANDS

Fifty years ago when large numbers of Mennonites moved from Manitoba to the Chihuahua province of Mexico, the Mexican government granted them the right to own land in the name of the colony even though they were not citizens of Mexico. It also gave them exemption from military service. Since that time the Mennonites have increased, and their land holdings have also increased. The Mexican peasants around them and the Mexican press have been critical of the colonies for a number of years. The hard feelings increased until a year ago peasants moved into several Old Colony villages and two Sommerfelder villages and took away approximately 8,000 acres of land from the Mennonites. Last summer they put this land into crop and harvested it.

The Mennonites have hired legal counsel, but since they are Canadian citizenship, the Mexican laws are not available to them.

The president of Mexico recently hinted that if they would take up Mexican citizenship, then the laws of Mexico would protect them and the government would also help them find more land for the colonies to expand.

However, this would not solve the question of military service. Some of the Mennonites have already emigrated to Bolivia, Paraguay and Canada. Those who left have found it hard to sell their land because of the unsettled state of affairs.

### BREAKFAST CEREALS HALF SUGAR

The chairman of the U.S. Council on Children recently stated, "The average child who watches T.V. sees 5,000 food commercials a year. Most of these are for sweets, desserts, potatoes, pop-ups, tasty-wasties and things like that. When the child reaches 40, his doctor and his dentist will tell him that these are the foods he should have avoided." He went on to say that a check was made on 25 popular breakfast cereals and it was discovered that they ran from 35 to 51 percent refined sugar. It was also learned that four of the cereal companies owned toy factories which made it convenient for putting those trinkets in every box.

### FREEZE DAMAGES CALIFORNIA GRAPE CROP

California grapes and raisins are expected to be in short supply for the coming year due to a freeze on March 27. The temperatures of 24 and 26 were the coldest ever recorded since records have been kept during the last 75 years.

Fruit ranchers tried to ward off damage by irrigation, wind machines and smudge fires but were largely unsuccessful. The San Joaquin Valley has been declared a disaster area as a result of the freeze.

Besides the grape crop, it is believed there was also considerable damage in tree fruits, and nut groves as well as tomato and vegetable crops.

### BOYS TOWN NOT IN NEED

Have you sent money, or received literature asking for donations from Boys' Town, Nebraska? If so, then you may be interested to know that according to information just lately published, your money could be spent elsewhere more profitably.

The home for homeless boys was established in 1917 by a Catholic priest, Father Flanagan. The establishment continued to grow until in the early 50's it took care of 900 homeless boys. Since that time the number has decreased to about 700.

The financial standing of Boys' Town was unknown until the Tax Reform act of 1969 required all tax exempt institutions to file a public statement of their financial standings. It is estimated that the establishment is worth 200 million dollars at present. It has hired a trust company to invest its money in stocks and bonds.

Money is collected by a mailing campaign of sending out around 34 million letters every year asking for donations of one to two dollars to "help bring happiness to other homeless and unwanted boys." In 1970 contributors sent in about 9 million dollars of which one third was used to send out letters asking for more donations.

Actual operating expenses were 6 million dollars. Since the interest from its investments bring in about 6 million dollars every year, it is evident that no donations would be needed to operate the institution.

### VITAMIN E CONTROVERSY CONTINUES

Sales of Vitamin E have increased during the past year to the extent that manufacturers are no longer able to keep up with the demand. This has been brought about by reports from certain doctors that this vitamin is an aid against heart disease, muscular dystrophy, habitual abortion, sterility, diabetes, nocturnal leg cramps and many other ailments. It is also claimed that the vitamin retards the aging process, cures impotence, and helps in

healing wounds and burns.

Medical doctors do not agree with these claims. A recent article in The Medical Letter claims that these claims are all unproven and are based on uncontrolled trials or personal impressions.

The article goes on to say that no well-defined Vitamin E deficiency state has ever been shown, therefore there can be no minimum standards for daily requirements. The U.S. National Research Council does consider the vitamin necessary for man but the amounts needed have never been determined. Five international units are usually recommended for infants and 30 for adults. There seems to be no limit as to how much may be taken for even very large doses of the vitamin have not caused any toxic effects.

We do not know who is right in this argument, but there is a way in which we can "play safe" without going to the expense of buying costly vitamin preparations. The whole wheat germ, commonly found in hot breakfast cereals is very rich in this vitamin. Also whole wheat flour contains not only Vitamin E but other ingredients which are excellent for building nerves and muscles in growing children as well as adults. It is also a lot cheaper than the synthetic or the so-called organic Vitamin E.

### PRETTY PLANTS MAY BE POISON-

Springtime means flowers and green things growing all around us. But we must be careful what we chew on or

it can make us sick or even cause death.

Among houseplants which may be poisonous are the entire plant of the caladium, dumbcane, elephant's ear, poinsettia and lantana as well as the berries of the mistletoe. In the garden the following plants can be poison: hyacinth, iris, larkspur, lily-of-the-valley, morning glory, narcissus oleander and sweet pea. Chewing or swallowing any part of the mountain laurel or rhododendron plant can cause death. The common privet hedge can make you ill as well as young sprouts and nuts of the horse chestnut and leaves of the elderberry plant.

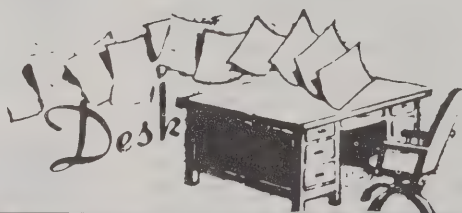
If you want to use herbs to cure sickness, be sure you know which ones to use and how to use them correctly.

### DECISIONS FOR DECEIT

Last year Billy Graham conducted an evangelistic crusade at Oakland, California. All together 367,200 people attended the meetings, three-fourth of them young people. It seemed that the crusade was a great success—a total of 21,670 "decisions for Christ" were registered.

But since that time some of the ministers involved in the crusade have been doing a bit of detective work on their own and have come up with less comforting statistics. 7,000 of those persons who registered "decisions" did so under false names or addresses. Must be rather discouraging work to look at a line of converts and realize right to start out with that at least every third one is a liar.

## Across The Editor's Desk



One of the main jobs in getting out a magazine like Family Life is to check and recheck to see that the reading material is clear enough so that the readers will understand what the writer wants to say. Sometimes just the way words are arranged in a sentence makes a lot of difference as to whether they will be understood correctly. Take for instance in last months "Across the Desk," the following statement appeared concerning a new Pathway book, for girls "I feel certain boys will enjoy it, too." By adding the word "that," the intended meaning could have been brought out, which was, "I feel certain that boys will enjoy it, too." No doubt many persons misunderstood it as "I feel that certain boys will enjoy it, too," which would really not have been much of a recommendation.

Another example, taken from a school paper the following sentence appeared in an article on word pronunciation, "Studying words is interesting and I feel important." This was a case of lack of punctuation, for a comma before and after the words "I feel" would have brought out the writer's meaning more clearly.

In a recent issue of the Blackboard Bulletin, free graduation diplomas were offered to schools as follows, "Diplomas, especially designed and made for Amish schools. Printed in two colors (black and blue) on white paper....." Imagine the look on the editor's face when the requests started coming in and many of them wanted so many blue ones and so many black ones. The truth was that the diplomas were all the same, but part of the printing was in blue ink and part of it was in black ink. Apparently the teachers understood there was a choice

of colors, the same as in ordering baby things.

Seeing that the material that is sent out is clear, is only half the job. The other half is to try to understand correctly the letters and the material that comes in. Quite often when we get a letter or an article from someone whom we know nothing about, it is very difficult to know what he actually means. Sometimes we take for granted we know, even if he doesn't make himself plain, but then it later turns out we didn't. In almost any community, there are certain words that have a little different meaning than these words do anywhere else. If we happen to be acquainted with these words then we will know what meaning was intended, if we aren't, then we sometimes understand it wrong.

Punctuation also plays an important part as we pointed out before, even a comma here or there can make a lot of difference. Recently one of the editors who is connected with Family Life was given a word puzzle and to our astonishment, he worked it in just a few moments. When someone made a remark about it, he replied that he is used to getting such letters all the time. There may have been some truth in it, but we still feel he stretched it a bit.

Following are two different word puzzles which seem not to make any sense, but with a certain amount of punctuation, they both do make sense. Would you like to time yourself to see how long it takes you to work them.

"That that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is"

"James where John had had had had had had had had had had had the publisher's approval."

Family Lite

If you have not seen these before and can work either one in ten minutes you are doing good. If you can work them in from 3 to 10 minutes you are doing very good, and if you can work them in less than 3 minutes, - well, we'd like to hear from you for we may be needing you sometime. If you can't work them at all, then see answers on page 31. P.S. No, we didn't actually get these in our mail.

Sometimes, in trying to cut down on the length of the articles and attempting to make them plainer at the same time, we work ourselves into trouble. In a recent issue of *Family Life* we changed the title of a very good article and also added a few words here and there. Although we thought we really hadn't changed the meaning, yet there were some circumstances quite unknown to us. It ended up that we caused the author of the article a lot of embarrassment. We were very sorry for this but there was no way we could change it after it was printed. It made us resolve more firmly that in the future we want to take time to get the author's approval even in what we think are minor changes, before it is published.

We also hope the readers will keep in mind that if something doesn't sound just right in an article, it may possibly be attributed to a mistake in editing or in setting up the type.

In this issue is an article about the dangers of sending our children to the public schools. Although names and some circumstances have been changed, the story is essentially true, and should be a warning of what can happen. Although the theory of evolution was the main danger pointed out in the article, there are also other dangers which our children face in the public schools.

The gap between our way of living and the accepted pattern in the world seems to be widening every day. With the coming of television, its powerful influence is now being felt in nearly every area of a person's life. (Another article in this issue deals with the danger of television to hired girls working in homes where these are found). It would be a miracle if children who are saturated with such things would not affect their schoolmates during these younger years.

Every year new parochial schools are being built and this is the time of the year to start taking action for those who want to have their schools ready by fall.

If you do not have your own school in your district and there is interest in starting one, we will be glad to send out free copies of the *Blackboard Bulletin* to anyone you think would be interested. There is also a little booklet available on the subject entitled "Who Shall Educate Our Children," for the price of 10c each. Write to the *Blackboard Bulletin*, RR 4, Aylmer, Ontario.

The author of "The Lot Of the Preacher's Wife," which appears in this issue, comes from a church where it is considered that the brother and his wife are both ordained to their new calling. We like this thought for it is true that the minister's wife does have an added responsibility first of all to be a good example to the other women of the church. It is also her duty to give special attention to what goes on among the women and girls in the church and to encourage what is good and help her husband to discourage and reprove what is not good.

Another trend which is evident in the article which is not so commendable, is the idea that the ministers' wives are supposed to dress more modest than others. Of course they should try to be a good example, but for this to be of any value to anyone, then the other women should try to follow their example. It is human nature to try to take someone for example and if we do not do as the Bible teaches us (1 Peter 3:5, 6) and take for our pattern those who are living a Christian life, then we are apt to take for our example those who are not, such as the "young girls" in this article. Which way do we want to choose?

## Views and Values



### LOOKING BEYOND BEN

The two women bent closer to talk.

"Ben? Yes, I know Ben. What kind of ideas did you say he has?"

"Well, you know how it goes. He got into his head that smoking is wrong, and you just can't tell him anything else. The way he talks just reminds me so much of the way my brother John used to talk, and you know how he ended..."

The second woman shook her head sadly. "Yes, I know, that's just the way it goes. And it will be the same thing with Ben. It won't stop with smoking."

"I know it. That's what worries me so much. I just know he will end up going higher, just like they all do when they get ideas in their head like that. And I always thought so much of Ben, too."

"Well, you just depend on it. If he's against smoking, he's going to go higher. That's why I always hope none of my boys ever get anything like that in their heads, because it can't possibly turn out good."

It was time for church to begin then, so the two women had to postpone their conversation until after church. During the services they would glance over every once in a while to where Ben sat—the man who had been the subject of their discussion. Yes, it was too bad that such a fine young man had such deceiving ideas, and would end up in a higher church.

Sure enough, a year passed, and the two women turned out to have been right in their prediction about Ben. He left the Amish and joined a more liberal church. And the two women were strengthened in their opinion that no good can come out of being opposed to tobacco.

The story of Ben has been repeated over and over again in every community. So many people who become opposed to practices like smoking and immoral courtship end up in a more worldly church. This is a fact that must be faced. It cannot be denied. But perhaps we should not stop there. We should dig deeper and ask why it works this way. What can we learn from it? What should be our position then on these things. Should we do like the two women did, defend the use of tobacco in order to keep from going higher?

Recently a father wrote of a situation like Ben's, only his conclusions were different from the two women in Ben's case. We will quote from this father's letter: "We are experiencing something here that is quite common, have seen and heard it before. It makes a person feel discouraged, though we realize it should awaken us to strive more earnestly in prayer, teaching, and above all, going ahead and being a better example to follow. It concerns a young couple who moved into our community. They had not believed it right to follow the low standards of many young people where they had lived, the decorated harness and buggies, etc. We thought such would be a good influence on our grown children. Before too long we became aware of expressions to the grown boys that a car is not wrong, just the misuse of it, which I do not want to dispute, but the nature of the spirit that works in a person can be entirely opposite. This young couple have now left our church. They have a car and no conscience against modern conveniences, except radios and TV. The thing that is hardest on me is the pointing

finger along this line. When as a boy this young man who left us had driven a plain buggy instead of a decorated one, did not smoke, or help play games at singings, etc. At that time a father had told his children, "You will see that this couple will leave the church for a more worldly one." Such Scriptures like, 'Be not over righteous das du dich nicht selbst verderbst,' are used until young people are confused, believing if they do not follow the customs that are simply to please the eye and flesh, they will be in danger of getting worldly and joining a higher church. If there were a willingness to look or notice, examples could be found that young people remained consistent till they die, but it seems cases like the one described are gladly taken for an illustration, if for nothing else to justify what one did himself when young."

Such situations as this are one of the saddest things we face today, the tragedy of our times. This is Satan's game, and he plays it with all the skill and cunning gained from years of experience. His goal is to get us off the road into the ditch and he doesn't care which ditch. If he sees that we have a great fear of one ditch, he's just clever enough to use that fear to his advantage. He encourages us in that fear, and makes us believe we are listening to the good spirit, for are we not opposing something evil? He keeps on making this one danger look so big to us that pretty soon other dangers look small in comparison. Satan gets us so wrapped up and involved in avoiding one ditch that we tumble headfirst into the other. All the while he blinds us to where we are headed, and comforts us by pointing out that we are getting farther and farther away from the one ditch, which is the truth. But it is only part of the truth, which is Satan's favorite kind of lie. The whole truth is that we are out of one ditch, but we are hopelessly mired in the other.

Satan is always ready to score two strikes with one blow when he can, so he is quick to point out to the rest of the people in the church how hopelessly this person is now mired down in the other ditch. And he tells them that the first ditch must not be a ditch at all, since opposing it leads so many to harm. Thus, if Satan has his way, everyone is kept in darkness and no one is helped. He wants this vicious circle to go on and on—those who leave the church feel justified because of the wrong practices they see behind them. And those who stay feel justified because they see the inconsistencies of those who left. Satan likes to have people believe that everyone who is opposed to smoking and immoral courtship is automatically going higher, and he is displeased when anyone doesn't turn out that way.

What shall we do then? What shall be our attitude? Shall we decide that we'll hang on to these wrong practices which our forefathers would not have tolerated in the church for one minute? Shall we say we are afraid to raise our voice against them for fear we'll be grouped with those who want more freedom for the flesh? If we take this way out, Satan has accomplished what he wants; he has scored a victory. He is the winner and we are the losers.

Shall we take the other way out, the second common way, and decide that such things like smoking and immoral courtship are indeed wrong, but that things such as short dresses, and small coverings, and trimmed beards and modern conveniences are quite harmless. Shall we decide that only the heart matters, that God doesn't look on the outside, that plain dress and simple living are worthless traditions? If we do, once again Satan is pleased. That is what he wants us to do. He is happy if we do either of these two things. I don't think he cares too much which of these conclusions we come to. Either way we are in the ditch, either way we are helping to strengthen the wrong and helping to keep others in confusion and darkness.

Or shall we take the third way out, the way that is overlooked and despised, by the majority. The narrow way which few find, and which is yet, nevertheless, the right way. This third choice is to keep our eyes on the road (Jesus said, "I am the way...") and stay out of both ditches. This is the greatest challenge facing us today as

followers of Jesus. Can we be humble and plain and lead simple lives and still be free from shameful practices and untugend. Can we claim for ourselves the good of both of the first two choices, and at the same time avoid the bad of both? Can we take a stand against both kinds of worldliness—the worldliness of unclean and careless living, and the worldliness of boastful pride?

Why not? That is what the Bible teaches. That is the way of self-denial and humility, and yet the way of purity and holiness. That is the example of our forefathers. Martin Luther stood on the one side, teaching that man is saved through grace by faith alone, and that works don't matter. The Roman church of that time taught the other extreme—a person's good works could take him to heaven. Our forefathers, the Anabaptists, saw through the error of both, and yet they recognized the truth of both. And so they did what the Bible taught them, taking a balance of faith and works, took them together, and blended them into holy living that resulted in a strength that could not be stopped by torture, drowned by water, or burned by fire.

Yes, it is true, that many people who question wrong practices among us turn out like the Ben in the first part of this article. But that is once again only half the truth. It is like the father whose letter we quoted said—there is another side to the story: "If there were a willingness to look or notice, examples could be found that people remained consistent until they died..."

If we really want to find them, there are many such examples today. There are not only individuals, but entire churches which are conservative in ordnung (more conservative than the large communities where these questionable practices are the most widespread) and yet which take a definite and firm stand against these corruptions, not only preaching against them, but disciplining in church accordingly.

Perhaps the two women who were so sure about Ben should look a little farther—they should look beyond Ben. It would probably be disturbing for them, but it might be very profitable.

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## WHAT THE GOLDEN RULE MEANS TO ME.

To be respectful of one another for this is the basis of true friendship. Not to be disagreeable even if we do not agree. This makes for a poor reputation.

Using kind words for they have no substitute.

If we have nothing good to talk about a person, it would be better to cease talking about the person.

The time we spend finding fault with a person, we have lost out of our lifetime.

We can not expect to get more out of our church or of the community than what we put into it.

We get ourselves in more trouble by saying too much than by not saying enough.

Riches and possessions in this world are worth only what they will bring on the market, but the value of a smile and kindness can not be estimated.

There is always someone taking an example from us, whether it be good or evil.

Labor was given unto man as a penalty for sin, but through the Grace of God it is not a burden, but a pleasure.

We should never be so busy that we do not have time to do God's will, but we should always be kept busy enough so we do not do Satan's will.

Our own faults may often times become visible in our children.

If we keep our eyes toward the light, then we won't be able to see the shadow on the dark side of life.

-Paradise, Pa.

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# PATHWAY PEN POINTS

## THE SECOND MILE

It was during World War Two that my husband got a transfer from a CPS Camp in Virginia to a dairy farm west of Pittsburgh. Our two children were eighteen months and five months old. My husband had hopes that I could come live with him on the dairy farm for he was afraid the children would grow up not knowing him.

He went to the farm in early June. It was almost three weeks later until he wrote and said I could pack our clothes and come, too. The only place they had for us to live was a small one room house which they called the hired man's house. It was so crowded that we couldn't even set up a stove, but since it was summertime, we didn't need one.

The McMicheals had five children of their own and a new one arrived a month after I was there. Paul and Alma both had a college education and they seemed to think we were poorly equipped to go through life. They had never met plain people like us before and were surprised that we wouldn't go to the movies with them or turn on the radio. They had a C.P.S. boy before we got there but he got bored and went back to camp. They said Ray always went with them wherever they went.

We got along fairly well, even if we were so different. Alma was of Scotch ancestry and said she is as tight fisted as the Scotch and she was, too, with anyone outside the family. But this did not bother us much as we were brought up to be thrifty, like most Old Order Mennonites are. I did their washing and ironing every week and helped her around the house each day.

That fall we were able to rent a two room cottage at the end of McMicheal's lane. It would be close enough that my husband could come home nights. I decided I would go home and get some more of our things when we would move into the house.

One Friday evening shortly before I went home a neighboring lady came and brought quite a few different kinds of vegetables from her garden. She said they would freeze anyhow and I could have them if I wanted to can them. There were quite a few carrots in the lot and I was glad for them.

I wasn't sure how well Alma would like it if I took time off to do something for myself. The next day was a farm sale and my husband went with the McMicheals. They left several of their children at home and said I could care for them, cook the noon meal and clean the kitchen. Then if I could find time, I could can those vegetables.

I worked hard all day and by evening I had most of the vegetables canned. When evening came I was tired, and my husband was playing with our children so I went back to the kitchen to get a bottle from the refrigerator. It was dark in there, but a light was on in the dining room and Alma was doing something while Paul was carrying the baby back and forth to make her quiet. They were busy talking so they did not hear me come in. I didn't pay any attention to what they were saying until I suddenly heard my name mentioned. Alma was saying, "She's so greedy, she went and canned all those vegetables for soup, and I was wanting to have the carrots myself."

Then Paul saw me and he tried to shush her, and I quickly went out. It wasn't so much what she had said that hurt as it was the way she had said it. I was very upset and wondered if that was the way she had felt about us all summer. They had not given me any wages and we didn't ask for any because we felt it's enough that they let our children stay without asking for board.

There was little sleep for us that night. We felt so young and inexperienced but we finally decided we would tell her she could have all the jars, because I had not known she wanted the carrots.

It was hard to face her the next morning but I went and

helped her get breakfast. Before the men came in, I told her she could have all the jars and of course I broke down and I guess I cried like a baby. I could not eat any breakfast and as it was Sunday I stayed in our house after the dishes were done. Toward noon Alma came out with a hot dish and was all motherly kindness and said I must eat to keep my strength up.

On Monday morning I carried all the full jars into her cellar, and decided I'd never mention it again. A few days later the little ones and I left for Lancaster County and went to my brothers place where we had our things stored. There I packed our clothes and bedding and some canned goods and shipped them by freight to Allegheny County.

When we came back, Ivan and the neighbors had the furniture all in place ready for us to move in. A few days later, Alma came and brought all of those jars of vegetables back as well as jars of her own things beside. Later that winter when we were all sick with the flu she came and helped us through.

We lived there for almost two years and she was always friendly and helpful. We still write together and after twenty years, we went back to see them again and got a very warm welcome.

I have never been sorry that I forgave her for what she said about me, and that we were willing to go the second mile to keep peace with them. After all, it is so much easier to forgive other people if we can know ourselves and realize that we too make mistakes and at times let words slip out which we are sorry for afterwards.

-Mrs. L. L., Bowers, Pennsylvania.

## ARE WE READY FOR WHAT IS COMING

As I sit and write this a snow storm has been raging for 24 hours. I had to think, it is so nice that we have plenty to eat and have a warm house, the livestock is taken care of and are comfortable.

At dinner time today two men who appeared to be very cold came walking in here and asked for bread, eggs and milk. They said they have hardly anything to eat at their house. Later the neighbors and a few other cars tried to get to the store for they needed things or they would go hungry. All these people have radios and yesterday all day they were being warned of this big snow storm which was coming. Why didn't they heed the warning and get ready for it?

Then I wondered if perhaps we, too, are like that in our spiritual life? We have the Bible and it tells us what we have to do to get ready for the Great Judgement day and it warns us that it is coming soon. Do we get ready for when the Master cometh or do we think there is no hurry, there is still plenty of time tomorrow. Are we too much like the people who didn't heed the warning about the snow storm which is raging outside right now?

-N.S. Weaver, Pennsylvania.

## BUT WHERE IS SHE NOW?

In our church when we have council meeting, the ministers go to the small entry room and the members who want to give council enter in groups and later the ministers come out and announce the council that has been brought.

Last Sunday we were away for dinner and mention was made about council. One of the women said that she heard that in one of the churches a few teen age girls had made fun of almost everything that the ministers brought out.

I was shocked to hear this but later my memory went back to the time when I was about 12 years old and a girl sat behind me in church who did the same thing. Then I had to think, where is she now? Far, far from the life and the faith she was raised in.

-M. Burkholder, Pennsylvania



# THE 1916<sub>d</sub> DIME

- Mrs. Dan Schrock.



Numismatics (noo'mis-mat'ics) means having to do with old coins and it is one word which seems not to fit into my vocabulary. Especially so after the experience we had with it about six years ago.

One evening after supper, I was rattling dishes in the sink when Dan called out to me, "Hey, Eva, I got a dime that's worth \$125.00."

I hastily dropped the dishcloth and rushed into the living room to see whether I had heard right. Dan was perched on the couch, holding in his hand a dime. Beside him lay a coin collector's catalog.

Wild thoughts raced through my mind. I knew Dan had a small coin collection already before we were married but never thought much about it. I had a few harmless hobbies of my own, and I figured he enjoyed his just as much as I enjoyed mine. Still doubting whether I had heard right, I asked, "What did you say?"

Dan shoved the dime toward me and declared, "The catalog says it's worth \$125.00."

It really didn't make much sense to me, for a dime as recent as 1916 to suddenly be worth so much money. I was sure I had seen plenty of 1916 dimes and that they weren't so hard to find. Why, 1916 was the year my mother was born and I didn't consider her antique.

"Where did you find it?"

"In my pocket sometime ago. I saved it to see what it was worth in this catalog and here it says \$125.00."

"Why would it be that valuable?"

"Coins have a mint on them which is stamped after the date. This one was made at Denver, Colorado in 1916, that's why it's stamped 1916<sub>d</sub>. There weren't very many made at Denver that year, so that is why they are scarce. The book says it's worth that much, but I doubt if we could get that for it around here?"

"Let's try selling it anyway," I suggested.

The next day Dan went to town, so he said he would take the dime to the antique dealer and see if he could sell it. When he got home that evening, I asked, "Did you sell the dime?"

"No, he could give me only \$30.00 for it."

"Only \$30.00 for it! How come?"

"He said there's no demand for it around here. I told him what the book says but he insisted he'd never get that much for it in this neck of the woods. At the right place at the right time it might be worth \$125.00 but not around here."

We were both disappointed. We kept the dime around for a few days and all the while we kept thinking about the \$30.00 the man had offered for it. We decided it's probably like the man said, the coin would not be worth more than \$30.00 here. Both of us kept thinking about what all we could buy with \$30.00. The next day I hinted to my husband that I wish he would sell the dime. When Dan went to town, he took the dime along.

I guess I was expecting to see an excited husband come home that evening with all the extra cash but when he came in the door he was anything but happy.

"Didn't you sell the dime?" I questioned.

"Yes, but I wish I hadn't."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Just an hour after I sold it, I met Ernest and I told him about the coin and what I had done. He could have kicked me for it."

"Why?"

"He said he belongs to a coin collector's club and he thinks he could have gotten for it what the catalog said. He even said he would have given us \$100.00 for it and resold it again."

Now both of us felt sick about it and wondered why we hadn't mentioned it more to others before we sold it. I felt very bad because I had suggested to him that he sell it.

Later we heard of several people who actually did pay \$125.00 for a 1916<sub>d</sub> dime.

As a little girl in school I used to read stories about people finding lots of money. I remember thinking to myself, if ever I would get some money like this, I wouldn't be selfish or greedy, but would help someone with it. Now when I think of this dime, I wonder if I really would. We hadn't worked for that dime, and we did get a lot of money for it. Just because we found out later that we could have gotten more, it made us feel very bad. I wonder if the Lord wasn't trying to teach us something.

When we work for something, we usually appreciate it. When something comes easy, we are apt to take it for granted, and always be looking for something more.

No, we have not found any more 1916<sub>d</sub> dimes although I will have to admit we do occasionally check our change. If we found another one, we hope we wouldn't make the same mistake we did the other time.

## RELEASE

From shackles free some day I'll be  
Through with my earthly course;  
No more to travel sorrow's road,  
No more trials or remorse.

The book will soon be complete  
That I am writing here;  
I'll close its pages once for all  
And be released from fear.

Within the narrow path I'll stay  
While traveling to my Home  
And O the beauty of that hour  
To be in God's beautiful dome.

Someday with Him I shall reign-  
In rapture there to dwell;  
I'll meet with dear ones gone before  
The victor's song to swell.

God has given His untold love  
With boundless blessings rare;  
Someday His face I shall see  
And all His goodness share.

Although the load is heavy here  
And clouds darken my way;  
The wonderful promise God has given  
Will fill my soul... some day.

-Mrs. Clarence Halteman, Pa.

# THE CONDUCTOR I REMEMBER

By R. Wickey

**R**umbling freight and roaring passenger trains were the normal thing for us for we lived close beside the B & O double track main line which ran from Washington D.C. to Chicago. Those were the days when steam connecting rods and giant drive wheels ruled the railroads.

I can't remember that any of us ever complained of the noise at night except possibly when some freight train was about to stop and was scarcely making any noise at all. Then it seemed the whole family awoke. In those days the coal had to be shovelled into the firebox and every time the fireman stepped on the door pedal to pitch in another shovel full of coal, the cab would light up and the smoke would roll high, thick and fast. This was a common sight and not to be forgotten. You can imagine how such a scene would affect us boys. We never tired of watching the huge iron horses hissing to a halt, and even while standing still they literally throbbed with life, being full of live steam that was the life of the engine.

When the engineer was ready to start, he would open the throttle and eight heavy drivers would begin to tumble and the shafts and rods began to churn in an orderly fashion. One by one the reluctant cars would be jerked into action. The locomotive started slowly but we knew he would move about two car lengths before the caboose would be suddenly jerked to go along.

We liked to watch the trainman stand on the crossing and board the caboose as it came by when the train was leaving. Had he missed his step, he would have been left behind and he might also have been hurt. But they always swung themselves up and then walked into their cozy house on wheels and then waved good-bye.

We always longed to see the inside of one of those cozy houses. Sometimes the back end of the freight train was almost in front of our house while the engine was exchanging cars in town. So we asked Dad if he would ask the next cabooseman who stops out front to let us see the inside of his home. Dad agreed to do this and one day he asked one of the conductors who was standing with a flag in his hand some distance behind his train. To our great

disappointment the man turned out to be curt and unfriendly. He said he could not allow us to see the inside of his caboose for it was against the rules. Dad saw that we were greatly disappointed so he said for our sakes, "Just wait till Caboosey 195 stops nearby sometime and we'll ask him."

We knew that the conductor on Number 195 was very friendly but the chances for a certain cabooseman stopping nearby was very slim. But we kept hoping he would. Not long after that one morning our friend in Caboose number 195 came along and stopped close by our house for a fairly long wait. All of us hurried out to visit with him. We soon found ourselves mounting the steps and entering his kitchen, or maybe it was both his office and his kitchen. His office desk and a pot-bellied stove were also in the room. There were two single beds below the cupola, one on each side of the aisle as I remember, and comfortable sitting room on each side for one man. The conductor offered us the privilege to climb up the short ladders and sit in the cupola and he seemed to enjoy our visit, although he may have been worried at the extra responsibility. He cautioned us against standing too close behind the train, for one never knows when a car may make a sudden jump. We knew what he was talking about for the sound of boomp-boomp-boomp of cars ramming one another or jerking one another was a familiar sound to us.

After that, we always hurried out when we saw 195 pass by. One day he stopped up the line a little ways and Mom had a box of ripe pears ready for me to deliver to him as he passed. At other times we also used this unusual way to deliver produce to him. One time it was a cabbage head.

There came a time when we had not seen Caboosey 195 for a long time and we missed him. Then one morning while going to school we saw a sight that made our hearts sink. On a flat car of a passing freight, we saw the charred remains of an old caboose and on its side the number was still clearly visible. It was car number 195. We never saw him again.

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## MY MEMORY CHEST

Some names have been changed

(Name withheld)

**O**ur strawstack looked like a large overgrown mushroom. The cows that rubbed against its side lulled in the barnyard. This was a lovely day—perfect for sliding down over the straw.

I had not been going to school yet and brother Henry was just younger than I, but sister Katy was several years older. As we scampered up the side of the strawstack there was lots of laughter. Our weight on top made the big stack waver. But what did that matter to us. This was fun! Squeals of delight filled the air as we slid down its side.

Why wouldn't this be fun, for Dad wasn't near, Mother was busy in the house and cousin Andy, our hired hand, had gone away. We didn't know where he had gone or how long he would stay. But this we knew, he wasn't there to see what we were doing.

Andy had strongly warned us about not sliding down the strawstack. I guess he was concerned about our welfare, even if we thought he didn't know anything. His father owned the farm we lived on so really he did have some authority to say what we should do and what we

shouldn't do.

Anyway this particular day Andy was not in sight. This meant that we could enjoy one of our favorite sports—sliding down the strawstack - at least for awhile.

We were too busy laughing and having our fun to see Andy coming down the road. Not until he was opening the gate at the end of our lane did we know that he was near. Suddenly our hearts were filled with fear. We had been disobedient and we knew it.

All three of us started running for the house. "Oh, let's not go there," Katy said. "If we do we'll get spanked by Mother."

The other two of us fully agreed so we decided it would be safer up in the barn. Up we scampered into the haymow. The hay was just a little higher than a man's head so it didn't take us long to get up. We found a little hollow, and snuggled together.

It wasn't long until the large barn doors opened slowly. Aw, we had forgotten that Andy kept his buggy in the upper barn. For awhile everything was quiet up in the

hay, then Katy gave a hoarse cough. "If I do this he will think there's a tramp up here," she whispered.

Tramps were common in Holmes County in those days but Andy wasn't tricked so easily. He didn't seem to be in too much of a hurry as he pulled his buggy into the barn. Maybe he was pondering what he should do. When we saw his head coming up the ladder we knew we were trapped. But still we didn't know what the consequences would be.

He took his time in walking over to us. Then one by one he turned us over and gave us something to remember him by.

Of course there are other things that Cousin Andy has left us to remember him by, but still this stands quite foremost in our minds. I'm sure it was worth more to us (although we didn't realize it then) than had he given us some present to keep him in remembrance.

People who touch our lives often leave us something "special" to remember them by. If not, then they may soon be forgotten. It can be a bit of kindness, or a smile when you feel you need one the most. Maybe it is a few words of encouragement at the right moment.

At times people would be surprised why — or how they are remembered. They may do something without thinking of it, which leaves an imprint on the memory of others.

Like the old couple who didn't use a buggy robe as other people did. They used a big, bulgy feather tick. Everyone could recognize them far off when they saw the piled-up-high cover with two faces peering out from behind. This was amusing enough to be told and retold through the years. They left their mark throughout the century.

In my memory chest is the story of the man who at one time was extremely poor. Later in years he prospered. But he remembered the years that he didn't have much in store so he gave, gave, and gave again to help others who were in distress, until he was poor again-- but ap-

parently not spiritually poor.

At one time I went to a distant community. I visited different homes. Often before leaving someone would come with a dish, towel or something. "Just as a remembrance," they would say.

I appreciated the gifts but there was something else I wanted to remember them by, and that was their hospitality, which to me was outstanding. But I wondered, what did I leave that they would remember me by? Did I do or say something that would be of some value to them in the years to come? Or did I pass by their threshold as just another visitor — someone to be entertained. Maybe they even drew a sigh of relief when I left.

Material "remembrances" are nice to have, but my memory chest is still more precious. Tucked away in it are what some would refer to as "little things" — little deeds of unselfishness (which are not so little as they may appear). I like to retain them in my memory chest — the things that have enriched my life. It is not necessary that a tower of Babel be built to be entered in here, or a pillar be erected like the wicked Absalom did (II Samuel 18:18) to be remembered.

It may only be a small insignificant happening that will allow a person to enter a memory chest. Like the day when a group of young boys and girls were with us. What we termed as "clean games" were played. There was lots of enjoyment, but one young girl stood by the window and didn't want any part in it. She didn't speak one word to reprove us but somehow her actions rebuked me. It made me wonder about our activities. Maybe our Sundays shouldn't be spent like this, even if we play "clean games," I questioned. Her courage to stand alone meant more to me than a thousand words. I like to remember her because of this.

Then there was the English woman who made special efforts to be retained in the memory of those she met. (Mary was her name.) She was bold about this. She loved to tell how she helped other people; "then after I'm gone," she would say, "then the people will say 'Mary did this' and 'Mary did that.' When I die, I want to have my book full." Helping someone for self-glory spoils the effect of it all. Light houses do not toot horns, they just shine.

With Mattie it is different. Anyone can see that it is an inner love that prompts her to do for others what she can. There are lots of mothers who help others along, and probably more than what Mattie does. What makes the thoughts of her so beautiful? Is it because her work is superior?

Maybe if I tell a little more about Mattie, you will realize why she leaves a beautiful memory.

It was one of those cool, fall days when everything outside looked dead and lonely. The wind wanted to add its dreary note to the scene and whistled around the corner of the house. The elderly father hugged the stove, his body wracked with rheumatism. His wife, a victim of heart disease, was resting on the unmade bed. The breakfast dishes were unwashed and the house was not swept.

About this time Mattie arrived on the scene. She had heard they were not well so decided to "run over." When she saw the many tasks that remained undone, she offered to do them. "It will only take a minute," she insisted.

Within a short time she had the house tidied up and the dishes washed. "Is there anything else you want?" she asked before leaving. When assured that everything was all right she left for home.

What was remarkable about Mattie was that she didn't wait until her work at home was finished to go and help others. Had she waited to do this, Mattie never would have helped anyone— for Mattie had ten children, and none of them were grown. This is what makes her memory so beautiful. What she did for others was a real sacrifice.

A memory can be a beautiful thing. In my chest are thoughts of a friend whose life touched mine a number of years ago. She taught me the hymn "There is a Foun-

Family Lite

#### LAYING THE BRUSHES ASIDE

'Tis the spring of the year,  
Painting time is here;  
Now where can the paint brushes be?  
We laid them away  
With rollers and tray  
In the proper place you will see.

We're painting the walls,  
The sashes and halls,  
The woodwork will need a coat too:  
The dullness will fade  
Where a new coat is laid,  
Refreshing as the morning dew.

We're plodding away  
With brushes all day,  
Paint rollers will get the work done;  
While doing our part  
With a song in the heart  
Brightness over drabness is won.

Now we may rest  
As we done our best  
And we're laying our brushes aside;  
We may labor long-  
If with joy and song  
Then blessings shall with us abide.

-B. E. S.

tain." Whenever this song is sung, thoughts go to her. Our friendship was shortlived for not long afterwards she died.

Songs taught by friends of the past are like unfading flowers in my memory chest.

"I Need Thee Every Hour" takes my thoughts to a young preacher who spent a weekend in our home. He taught me this song and although I've never seen him since, his memory is kept alive whenever I hear the song.

Many incidents of the past loom vividly in my mind. Like a patchwork quilt, with odds and ends stuck together. Maybe more so since Mother and I sit in our room day after day watching the golden tints of the sunset and the reflections playing on the waters of the nearby creek, or the little squirrels scampering down the trunks of trees and gathering nuts. Our friends, the winter birds, can be seen from a distance since the leaves from the old elms have come down.

We reminisce about the past- the past that holds many memories of joy as well as plenty of life's best education- experience.

As we sit here we go through the "attic" of our minds and sort out old "relics" from our chests. Again we relive precious memories. They are like a lovely melody from the past—a song that has some broken chords.

A memory chest has a short life span. Once I was

asked to write a short biography about a certain man who had lived in our neighborhood fifty years before. Different elderly people remembered the man, but the only thing they could tell me about him was that he was a quiet man.

This was a nice remembrance, but a grim reminder of how soon the memory of a person fades. It is a stark reminder that memory chests are shortlived as far as humans are concerned.

Within my chest are lovely treasures of friendship. These treasures cannot be stolen. Neither will they rust. They are more precious than the rarest of jewels. But someday my memory chest will be a thing of the past — forgotten by man...but remembered by God.

Farewell is a word that oppresses the heart, As the hour draws near when from friends we must part, But out the store of our memory chests

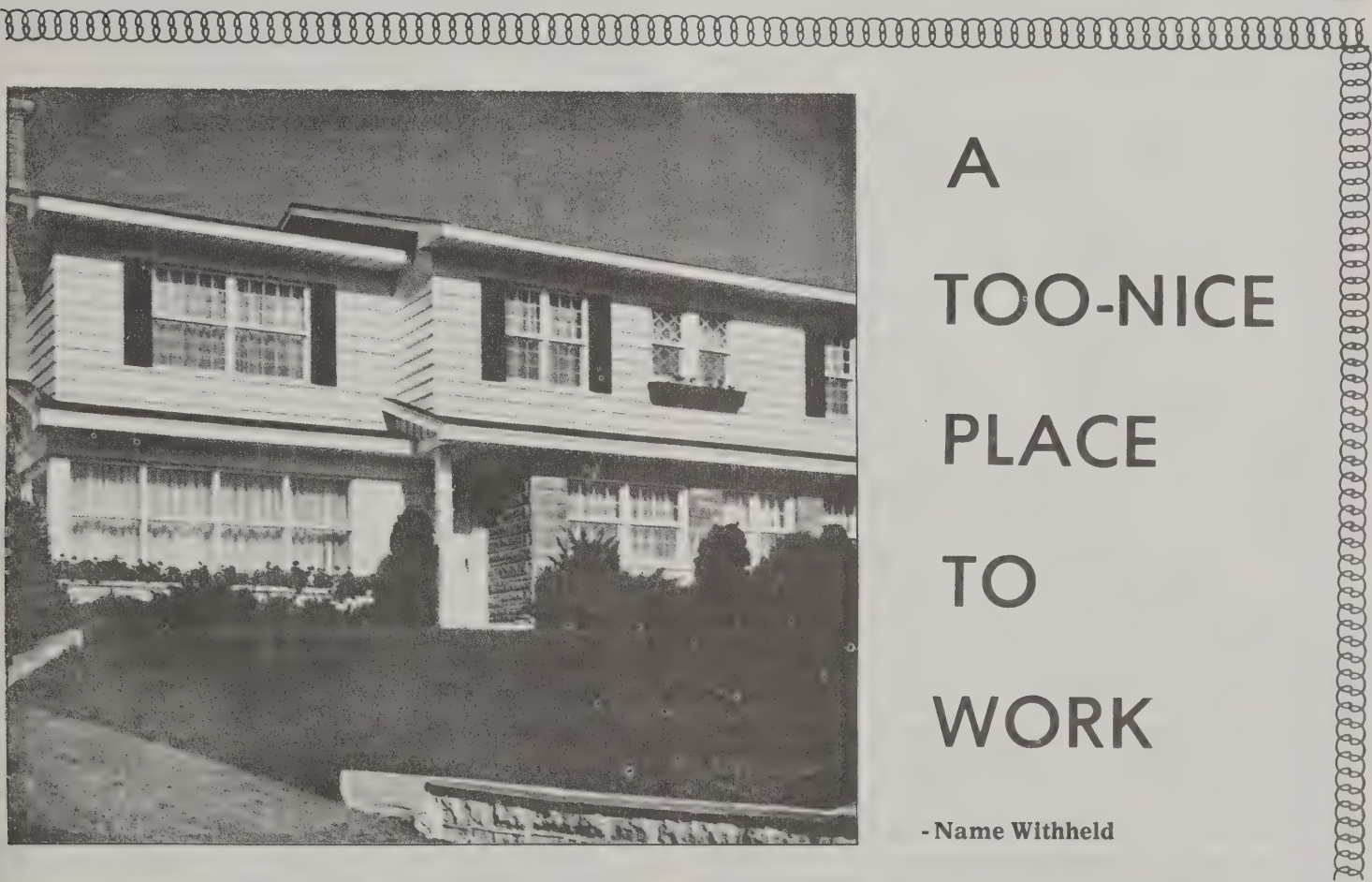
Come thoughts that are balm to the ache in our breasts Tokens of friendship, stored away there for years, Soften the parting, and so banish our tears.

A soft ray of hope that we meet again soon Shines out in our hearts, making lighter the gloom.

From our house to yours, though the trail may be long, Invisible chains bind our hearts in a song;

The bonds of friendship warm and glowing remain, Thus bidding the time until we meet again.

(poem selected)



# A TOO-NICE PLACE TO WORK

- Name Withheld

Do you think the strawberry picking will start next week?" I asked Mom one morning as we were washing the breakfast dishes. "It should, since it's the first of June by then."

"There might be picking by Friday, but hardly any before that," answered Mom. "Spring was late this year and it's still cool at night. If it doesn't stop raining soon it's going to be a short berry crop."

My spirits dropped. I had just turned twenty-one and was eager to earn some money of my own. "If I had known the strawberries would be this late I could have helped Felty Millers out after all," I mumbled half to myself. But Mom must have heard, for she answered.

"Yes, I know," she said, "I wished you would have helped Felty's out. They sure need someone with all

those little children. I know you can earn more picking berries, but we mustn't be so concerned about pocket-books that we work for higher wages rather than helping out where we're needed."

I was conscience-stricken, for I had been bothered by that very thought ever since I had told Felty Millers I couldn't help them. But instead of taking it as a rebuke as I should have, I was provoked. "But last year when I was working for you yet I picked berries and I brought home \$140 at the end of the season," I reminded her, not too kindly.

"I know," Mom said patiently. "But you didn't have anything else to do at the time. And I'm not saying there's anything wrong with picking berries. Only I wish you wouldn't be so impatient."

I didn't say anything more. I don't know if I was any

more patient after that, but I do know I tried not to show it around Mom. That is, not until after the letter came.

It came on Friday of the same week. I was in the kitchen getting dinner when my brother John brought in the mail. "A letter for you, Mattie," he announced, picking it out of the rest of the mail and handing it to me.

My face lighted up when I saw the return address. The letter was from Andy Keim's, the people I was to pick berries for. Maybe the berries were ripe already. Quickly I ripped the envelope and shook out the folded sheet of paper.

The message sure wasn't what I expected. I was out of a job! They were very sorry, but the berry plants seemed to be having a disease and hadn't grown like they should have. Besides, the weather was so cool and damp that the berries were rotting already. At the end of the short letter they once more said they were sorry and hoped by next year they would have berry picking for me.

"The nerve of them," I muttered inwardly. "Promising me a job, then turning me down at the last minute."

"What do they say?" asked John.

"Read it," I said, tossing him the letter and turning back to my dinner.

It didn't take John long to read the letter, nor any longer to sense my feelings. "Now what are you going to do?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders without turning to face him.

Dad and Mom were sympathetic about my being out of a berry-picking job. "Maybe you could try Ben Kauffman's," suggested Dad. "They've got a lot of berries this year."

I jumped at the chance and drove over to Ben's that very afternoon. Ben's wife was very friendly and understanding, but they, too had a problem of their own. They were expecting a short crop and had more pickers than they needed. They hadn't decided whether they were going to lay off some of their workers, or let them all come and put in fewer hours.

I wasn't in a very good mood when I went home. Deep down I knew it wasn't Andy Keim's fault, or Ben Kauffman's, or anyone else's. They would lose much more than I did. To them having a short crop meant they had planted and weeded and cared for their berry field and now they would get only a portion of the income they had expected. Just as I was almost letting myself feel sorry for Andy's, self pity welled up and took over. "But they can afford it," I reasoned. "They had a good year last year. I don't have anything."

It wasn't really true that I didn't have anything. I had worked two weeks since I was twenty-one. And at two dollars a day, that came to twenty-four dollars. It didn't seem like very much, but it was something and all along I had been comforting myself that when berry picking started I would get almost as much in a day as I did in a whole week otherwise. "And to think I could have worked at Felty Millers," I thought with a sinking heart. I considered writing to them and asking if the job there was still available, but before I did, something else showed up.

The next day was Saturday and the **Budget** was in the mail. I picked it up eagerly and scanned the "Help Wanted" ads. Maybe someone would want berry pickers. That is how it came about that I noticed an ad asking for an Amish or Mennonite housekeeper to take over household duties while the mother had an operation. There was no name— just a phone number. I recognized it as being a Centreville number.

I held my breath, my mind going back to the only other "English" home I had ever worked in. My heartbeat quickened as I recalled the unpleasant experience I had encountered there. (See "A Nice Place to Work," January issue of **Family Life**). Three years had passed since then and I didn't think about it very often any more, but the minute I thought of working in town, the unpleasant memories were back. I didn't say anything to my parents just then, because I wasn't sure myself that I wanted the job. But the more I thought about it, the more I convinced myself it wouldn't hurt to at least call the

number and find out more about the people who wanted a house-keeper.

Late that afternoon I was on my way to town to call from the pay phone. "Dad and Mom would never let me go if they knew about my scare at Fred Casey's," I thought to myself. They knew I hadn't liked working there; I hadn't kept that a secret. But **why** I hadn't liked it was a secret I had never told anyone.

I was half hoping no one would answer the phone or that they already had a girl to work for them, but all the same, something drove me on. Someone **did** answer the phone and they hadn't found a girl to work for them. Before I hung up I had promised to work for someone I didn't even know. But I did know the man was a dentist and they were willing to pay five dollars a day and wanted someone six weeks.

Five dollars a day, five days a week, six weeks. I wasn't even on the buggy yet until I had figured out how much that would come to. And I had also figured out I would have to work twelve and a half weeks and six long days a week to earn that much if I worked for Amish people.

Dick and Betty Logan came out to see me yet that evening. They were friendly people, very polite and yet common. I liked them immediately and decided they were a lot nicer than the Caseys had been. I couldn't imagine that Betty would scream and swear at the children as Sandra had done. By the time they left, my misgivings were gone and I was looking forward to Monday morning when I was to start working for the Logans.

**B**etty Logan came after me early Monday morning. She told me she was scheduled for surgery on Friday, but was delighted to find a girl who could start immediately. This was to give me a chance to get used to the work and the children before she left for the hospital. We were so busy chatting that the road to Centreville sure didn't seem very long. Soon Betty pulled into a drive in front of a huge new house right on the edge of town. "This is our home, and it's going to be yours, too, for the next six weeks," Betty said as we walked toward the house.

The next minute I was standing inside the door, my eyes taking in all I could see from the front hall. I

#### COME, WALK WITH ME

Come, walk with me in woodlands fair  
Where singing birds flit everywhere  
And sunlight filtering through the trees  
Is ever changed by swaying leaves.

Come, walk with me where flowers bloom,  
Their mingled scents, a sweet perfume;  
Our rustling steps, a whispered sound,  
Blend in the hush that's all around.

Come, walk with me where water brooks  
Go tumbling on through hidden nooks;  
Past mossy rocks and lacy ferns  
Neath shady trees it weaves and turns.

Come, walk with me where trees rise high,  
Their leafy arms point to the sky  
While deep within their folds they hide  
Those homes where little folks abide.

So why not come along with me  
To share the things I know I'll see  
And meet my friend who's always there;  
'Cause in the woods God's everywhere.

-E.W., Port Trevorton, Pa.

couldn't believe that I was to work in such a home for six weeks. Would I ever get used to it? I thought the house looked even fancier on the inside than it did from the outside.

Mrs. Logan gave me a tour through the house, then left me in my room upstairs to put away my things.

I soon found out that the Logans expected me to take over. Betty showed me the menu she had made out for that week and explained that she had only done so in order to make the first week easier for me. After this I was to make out the menus, ordering whatever groceries I needed. I was quite taken aback, for this was a new experience for me. All the Amish people I had worked for

and even Fred Caseys told me what to cook.

I didn't have much time to think about planning menus, for Betty was going on with her instructions. She told me I was not to take orders from the children, nor take over any of their chores. They believed in giving responsibilities to their children and I wasn't here to give them a vacation. If they ever refused to do their work or run errands for me, I was to report this to the parents. Once again, I was surprised.

"Do-do the children know about this?" I asked, wondering if it would be as easy as she made it sound.

"Yes," answered Betty firmly. "Dick and I had a talk with them on Saturday evening. But they'll still try you

## MY SISTER SURVIVED

Author's name withheld.

Names have been changed.

Annie was the oldest of us girls. When the parochial school was built we were given the choice of where we wished to attend. Since Annie only had a few more years to go, she chose to finish in the public. Esther and I chose the parochial. We didn't really know what to expect because we had heard many stories about parochial schools. At first it was rather hard to adjust to having another class in session in the same room while we were studying but we got used to this.

The parochial school had a school paper which was published at every report card period. A few of us newcomers were asked to write and say why we liked the parochial school better than the public. I was relieved when this was dropped because as yet I had not seen any advantages.

Before we went to the parochial school we had not read much in the Bible, if any. We had read the Bible story book at home and Dad had told us Bible stories, but now we read in the Bible every day. We were glad we were acquainted with the Bible stories for otherwise we could not have kept up with the rest of the class.

But at her school Annie was learning other things. One subject she was learning was something we had laughed at when we had gone to public school. This was none other than evolution, the idea that man first lived in trees and was a gorilla or monkey-like person and then became smarter and smarter until he was civilized. You might think a child would not believe such junk like this but you must remember at this age the mind is being moulded much more than when the child is older.

Not only was she picking up evolution, but also dirty stories and down-grading habits. It is true that we also learned some silly stories in the parochial school but the stories she told us were not like the ones we ever heard at our school. At first we believed the things she told us but soon we could not do so with a free conscience since we were taught the opposite at home and in school.

At first we didn't realize how seriously Annie took those evolution theories. When she tried to show us how these things were supposed to have happened, we would take our Bibles and prove that it could not be true.

Most people do not think that evolution is taught much in the public schools but if the parents will examine the books closely they will probably be surprised by what they find.

Public schools teach them many wonderful things such as how plants breathe and how they get their color. The teachers show how the human body works and many other things which God has made. But God is not given the glory. They say these things just happened over a period of thousands of years.

Our parents never realized how much effect these teachings were having on Annie. We never told them of our discussions for fear our father would take Annie out of school. She loved going to that school and the teachers all thought a lot of her. She never had any trouble with

her lessons for she could pick up things very easily. At times my parents would wonder whether they should still send her to parochial school. In front of them she would laugh about evolution and say, "Who would believe stuff like that." Then my parents would feel better.

Time went on and we soon were out of school. Once when some young folks were getting ready to join church my parents asked Annie if she didn't want to go along, too. She didn't know whether she would or not but finally decided she would. Soon after this Esther and I joined church, too. Sometimes Annie would come to us and ask questions. We saw that she didn't really understand it yet. We knew that some of those things she learned in school were still in her mind and she could not get rid of them.

It so happened that Annie fell sick and was confined to her bed for some time. Then she did a lot of reading. My parents were afraid she might read too much for her own good. But after this she read her Bible a lot more than she ever did before.

After this Annie confided in Esther and me much more than she ever had before. One evening as we walked toward the singing, she told us that she now believes the Bible fully. She admitted that for awhile she figured Dad and Mom just didn't know everything or they wouldn't believe the Bible either. It took about six years to clean away all the doubts which had been put there in two years time.

If you would have known Annie you would have said she was always a well behaved respectable girl. This was true, but no one else knew the conflicts she had in her heart. For years she doubted the Bible and its plan of salvation, even after she had joined church. You might think you know your child, but Annie could put up a good front.

After she found the truth, it troubled her greatly at times that she had acted so while in school and for the things she tried to teach us. We told her if she would ask God to forgive her, He would, and then she should try to forget it.

I am glad to say that now she is married and has started a home of her own. She is happy and has a faithful husband. But will the story always turn out so good? I am sure when she is discouraged, like we all are at times, then she has to put up a battle to fight off those doubts which she learned while at school.

Is it not worth that extra money if we can keep our children from going through something like this. I have been glad many times that I finished my last years in a parochial school. It seems to me it would be better to sacrifice and do without things we would really need than to see our children lost to the world. It is true that each person must give account of his own soul but we can be either a help or a hindrance. Just because they wear plain clothes does not say they understand it for if they do not believe, then this will not help them at all.

- Lancaster County, Pa.

out, and don't you budge an inch or they'll give you a hard time."

"I'll try," I mumbled.

Betty flashed a smile. "I'm sure you will," she assured. "The children will be in school this week yet," she went on. "Then after that they'll be home in the forenoon and taking special crafts classes in the afternoon." She glanced at the clock. "I have to be going," she said. "I told Dick I'd be down at the office by ten o'clock. You just make yourself at home. No one will be in for lunch. The children will be here soon after three and Dick and I will come at four-thirty. We usually eat around five."

"What shall I do today?" I remembered to ask.

"Nothing much," smiled my employer. "Feel free to roam through the house and make yourself acquainted with the surroundings. After lunch you can start thinking about dinner. If you feel extra ambitious you can bake a pie for dessert. If not, we'll eat ice cream." Then she left.

My heart pounded against my ribs as I watched Betty back her car out of the drive and go down the street. She tooted and I waved, then turned back to the house. It was so big and so quiet and so fancy. I wondered if maybe I was dreaming.

The house didn't stay quiet long. It was filled with unusual noises that started and stopped without warning—the motor on the refrigerator, the blower on the air conditioner, and several more I couldn't identify. I gathered up a few books that were scattered on the couch and stuck them on the bookshelf, then folded the newspapers and put them in the rack. Once more I walked through the house, stopping often to marvel at some things and try to figure out what others were. I concentrated mostly on the kitchen, opening drawers and closet and cupboard doors, trying to remember what I had found where.

There were three television sets in the house, a radio in

each bedroom, plus one in the kitchen, a hi-fi in the den along with what seemed like hundreds of records. Down the hall from the kitchen I found a small room with a washer and a dryer. I also found a basket full of clean clothes and decided to iron them. After hunting for a little bit I discovered a small closet with an ironing board fastened to the wall. As I was preparing to iron I found myself facing a television screen across the room. "No," I told myself firmly. "That's one thing I'm not going to yield to. I just won't iron when that set's turned on."

Even after the ironing was done, it still wasn't time for lunch. I couldn't believe how slow the time passed. Baking a pie took longer than it would have at home, partly because I worked slowly so as to pass more time and partly because I had to hunt for my things to work with. After that I brought down my knitting and made a pair of baby booties until it was time to start supper. I was peeling potatoes when suddenly the door burst open and half-grown girl came panting in.

"Hi," I said, trying to sound as if I felt at home in their house.

"Hi," she returned quickly, making a beeline for the radio. "The Beatles come on at three o'clock and I usually miss their first song by the time I get home from school," she panted. "Oh, good, there they are. Hear 'em?"

I had not the slightest idea who the Beatles were, but I did hear something. The something I heard couldn't be classed as music and singing. It was more like noise and shouting. From the very beginning I hated the sound of the Beatles, I detested it even more when I glanced at Debbie, as the girl was named, and saw she had her head back and was swaying back and forth with disgusting motions and had joined in the singing.

A short time later Charles, the oldest boy came home, and a little later, Frank. Charles was immediately in front of the television set in the living room and Frank had to settle for the one in the play room. If I had thought the house was too quiet during the day, it was no longer quiet now. I was relieved some time later when Dick and Betty came home and we were ready to sit down to eat. Dick insisted that all the television and radio sets were shut off during the meal.

"Daddy, can I watch the rest of this show?" pleaded Frank. "It will only be five more minutes."

"Did you tell Mattie you didn't want supper until five o'clock?" asked Daddy.

"No, I forgot," answered Frank. "Is it all right, Mattie?" He looked at me pleadingly.

Before I could answer, Daddy Logan spoke up again. "No, it's not all right," he answered firmly. "You tell Mattie ahead of time whenever you want to watch the rest of a program, not when dinner's on the table and waiting."

Frank didn't argue any further. I appreciated Dick and Betty's kind but firm way of dealing with the children. After supper something else came up as a surprise to me. I didn't know whether I would appreciate it or not. As I was getting ready to clear the table and wash dishes, Betty stopped me. "Mattie, you're not to wash any dishes in the evening," she said as firmly as if she were talking with one of the children. "Debbie and Frank are doing them this week, then Charles and Frank will do them next week. They take turns."

"Oh," I said, not being able to hide my surprise. "What--what shall I do?"

"Nothing. You're done for tonight."

I glanced at the clock. Five-thirty. At home the others would just be ready to start with the milking. After milking they would eat supper, then wash the dishes and work in the garden or yard until dark. Darkness was still over three hours away and I didn't have a thing to do all evening. I wondered how I was going to spend the time, but Betty answered the question for me.

"Let's sit down and get better acquainted," she suggested, leading the way into the family room. "We go out a lot, but on Monday evenings we try to have family night at home. We need those times to keep in touch with each other."

#### YOU

The trees-- You created them.  
The flowers, You did too.  
You gave us life in Him.  
You wanted us for You.

You made the heavens high,  
And made the mountains, too.  
You cause my heart to sigh.  
Why not believe in You?

You've made the lions roar,  
You made the kitten small.  
You cause my heart to soar.  
Why not believe it all?

You make the wind to blow  
And rustle through a tree.  
You, Father, take my woe  
And give me life in Thee.

How could I not love You?  
You, who made these things.  
You've made my heart like new.  
Your love in my heart rings!

You are so great and strong.  
It's all too much for me!  
You keep me from all wrong.  
How can I fathom Thee?

-by Ann

"Do you like horses?" asked Frank.

"Yes, I love horses," I answered with a smile.

"Do you watch the races?" he asked next.

"No-o, I don't," I answered, wondering what races he meant.

"The horse races are on at seven tonight," Mrs. Logan explained. "That's one show we all like and we watch it together. You'll love it, since you're used to being around horses on the farm."

I didn't answer and the subject was dropped as we visited with each other. But in the back of my mind I knew I had to make a decision within the next hour. Either I had to go back on my vow and watch television, or I had to take my stand and refuse to watch it. What would Dick and Betty think of me if I refused? Up until now we had gotten along just fine and I hated to do something to spoil the feelings between us.

Then Betty said something that made me weaken even more. "I always insist that any helper that comes in to work for us is one of the family while she's here," she said. "I never could see making a slave out of someone. I have a sister-in-law who has an Amish girl working for her. Amanda's her name, and she's a real worker, too. But my sister-in-law simply takes advantage of the poor girl. She slaves all day, caring for the four little ones, plus cooking and caring for the house, then in the evening she acts as baby sitter yet, too. I just don't think it's right. Why, those children think more of Amanda than they do of their own mother, and I've said it's no wonder. Amanda's the one who's bringing them up. And those children will never learn to do any work for themselves as long as Amanda does everything for them."

"How old are the children?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Two of them are in school and the others are three and five, I think," answered Betty. "Amanda's worked for them for three years." Then she changed the subject. "Say, did you know there's another Amish girl working on this street?"

"No, I didn't," I said, sounding hopeful. "Who is she?"

"Freda something, I forget."

"Freda Troyer, maybe?" I asked.

"Yes, Troyer, that's right. Do you know her?"

"Yes, but not real well. Where does she work?"

"The third house down the street," answered Betty. "Phil Brown's the name. We don't know the Browns very well, but when we were looking for a girl I went over and talked to Freda and asked if she'd know of anyone we could contact about working here. She seems to be a real nice girl."

I got an idea. If there was another Amish girl on the block then she and I could spend our evenings together. Maybe I could go over right now. That would put off the decision I had to make. Maybe sometime I could tell Betty how I felt about watching television. But before I could suggest going over to see Freda that evening, Betty made a suggestion of her own.

"I'll tell you what," she said. "Why don't you call Freda tomorrow. She's alone with the children during the day. Maybe you can have her come over to spend an evening before long."

"Thank you," I said. "I'll do that."

Soon the children were through with the dishes and came to join us in the family room. They talked about things that happened at school and about things normal families would talk about. Not only the parents, but the children, too, put forth special effort to include me in the conversation and I was amazed that it was only that morning that I had come to start working for these people.

Before long it was time for the races. I stayed where I was and watched. I didn't listen to all the records that were read off as each horse was introduced, for it sounded like a lot of numbers and terms I didn't understand. But when the races began, I found myself fascinated by them. Before the show was over I had a feeling this wasn't the last horse race I was going to watch.

I went to my room with a sickening feeling. Here I was at the end of the first day and already I had yielded to the temptation I had meant to resist. I picked up my Testament and tried to read, but I couldn't concentrate. From the family room below came the sound of television. On the other side of the wall Debbie was listening to the Beatles' evening program on the radio. I tried to pray but I couldn't. When I closed my eyes, I could still see those powerful horses streaking around the track, challenging each other to the finishing line. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't deny the fact that I had enjoyed watching the races and already I was wondering if maybe my favorite horse would win the next time. He had come in third tonight, and that wasn't really too bad.

The next day I called Freda and told her who I was. She was surprised to know I worked in the same neighborhood she did. When I invited her to come over to spend the evening with me, she hesitated a minute, then suggested that I come to her place, since the Browns were going away and she would be alone. I readily agreed, for I knew that would be better. I consoled myself with the thought that we could spend the evening visiting and wouldn't have any Beatle music or television programs in the background.

All day I looked forward to spending the evening with Freda. Even though this was only the second day at Logans, it seemed like two weeks since I had left home. I mentally reviewed what I knew about Freda Troyer. She lived two church districts north of us and we occasionally saw each other at singings and weddings, and what I knew of her, she was a nice girl. I considered myself fortunate to find another girl I knew on the same block.

As I neared the Brown's house that evening, I stopped short. "I thought Freda was going to be alone," I thought. "Maybe the others haven't left yet or maybe they've changed their plans." I stood for a minute listening to the sound that came from within the house, then rang the doorbell.

"Hi, there," said Freda, coming to the door with a big smile. "Come right on in. I was hoping you would come before the Lucy show starts. Have you ever watched the Lucy show?"

"No-o," I answered, my knees feeling weak. I knew what the Lucy show was. I had heard enough from my girl friends in public school and seen enough in magazines to know it was a comedy, and one with poor taste. I never did imagine it was the kind of show I would enjoy watching, even if some of the stories my girl friends had told were pretty funny.

"Oh, you just came yesterday, didn't you?" asked Freda.

I nodded. "But it sure seems a lot longer."

"I know just how you feel," Freda said. "I used to think the time was long, too, until I got used to it. I like it here now."

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"A little over a year," answered Freda. "Sure doesn't seem that long."

"I'm only going to stay six weeks," I told Freda, but I sensed she wasn't listening.

"Come on in and sit down," Freda said, her eyes on the television set. "The Lucy show's beginning. That's Lucy on there now."

I obeyed. It wasn't long until I was concentrating on the program. I never saw such a combination of mystery, humor, and wit. More than once during the next half hour Freda and I burst out laughing. During intermissions and commercials, we chatted with each other, but as soon as Lucy was back on the screen, we directed our full attention to her. After that show ended, we watched two more that were almost as funny. At least, I thought they were funny until a man got stabbed in one of them, then I changed my mind. I gasped, then looked at Freda, hoping she would turn the television set off in a hurry, but she sat there, her eyes fixed on the screen, showing no surprise or displeasure. I felt a little sick on my stomach but all the same, I was curious how

the show would end. I kept watching until the program was over, then went back to Logans.

This was just the beginning of my six weeks in Centreville. Each day I fought to build up a resistance I knew I didn't have. Each evening I watched television and then went to bed wishing I hadn't. Besides the horse races, and comedies, I was introduced to quizzes, contests, court sessions, and even religious programs, all of which I found interesting. By the time I went home for the first weekend, I felt more at home with the Logans and their way of life than I cared to admit, even to myself.

With the passing weeks, I found other ways in which living with the Logans were influencing me. On some evenings we went shopping downtown and sometimes we all ate supper in a restaurant. After Betty had recovered from her operation enough we sometimes went for rides in the country in the evening. Several times we went over to the lake to see boat races. By the time three weeks had passed I was able to keep up with the family's conversation, whether they were talking about which horses had won the races, which contestants had won the most money on the quiz show, or how a certain ball player had done in the World Series. Television was a part of their life and I found I couldn't work for them without getting involved with it.

Each Friday evening the Logans handed me twenty-five dollars and took me home for the weekend. But even when I was at home, I found I couldn't clear my mind of the thoughts that filled it during the week. At any moment a funny scene I had witnessed in one of the comedy shows would pop into my mind and before I knew it I was chuckling to myself. One Sunday afternoon I talked with one of my girl friends who worked in town, too, and soon we were entertaining each other with stories of certain shows. Even as we were talking, I couldn't still the voice of my conscience. I was doing the very thing I had heard other girls do and had determined I would never watch television if I had the chance. The stories they told had seemed shallow and silly, yet here I was, doing the same thing and enjoying it.

The fourth week passed, then the fifth. By this time I was looking forward to finishing my job at the Logans and returning home. I had hopes that if I were away from my surroundings long enough, I could forget the scenes I had witnessed. I no longer looked down on girls like Freda for watching television, for I had found myself too weak to resist the same temptation. Nor did I even pray for help in resisting this temptation. My prayer was that God would grant me life and grace to make things right after the six weeks were up.

As the end of my time drew near I began to wonder what I was going to do the rest of the summer. I had a few weeks of work in the middle of August, but other than that, I didn't have anything. Of course, I could always work at home, but I wasn't really needed there and I wanted something that was more profitable than that. Then one evening my answer almost came. I still shudder when I think how nearly I yielded to the temptation of prolonging my stay in the city for an indefinite time.

It was one of the last evenings I was at Logan's when Betty asked to talk to me alone. My heart pounded against my ribs as I followed her into the den, for I couldn't imagine what she had on her mind. "How do you like working for me by this time?" she asked when we were seated. A smile played around her lips.

"All right" I answered. "I liked it real well after I got used to it."

"And it sure didn't take you long to get used to it, either," Betty said. "Dick and I were a little skeptical about hiring a girl who didn't have much experience in working in town, but we were desperate so we decided to try you. And now we're not at all sorry we did."

Betty paused and I sensed she was waiting for a reply but I didn't know what to say.

"We were afraid you would have a hard time getting used to it, for I know there is a difference in the way we live and the way you're used to living," Betty went on.

"But we found you adjusted faster than any other girl we've ever had."

My head spun. Things began to make sense to me now. The Logans had had their misgivings about me when I first came. That was why they were extra friendly and tried to include me as one of the family.

"There are always people in town who are looking for help," Betty went on. "And I have recommended you to several of my friends. You wouldn't have a hard time finding plenty of work if you wished to stay."

"Really?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Dick and I talked about it and we have come up with a plan. See, we really don't need you full time any longer and yet we hate to lose you altogether. So we decided we would give you free room and board if you worked for us one day a week, plus getting the evening meals. The other four days you could help out at different ones of our friends' homes. They are willing to pay a dollar and a quarter an hour for cleaning girls."

I sat silently, doing some mental arithmetic. A dollar and a quarter an hour - ten dollars a day - that sounded like a lot of money. That was more than I ever hoped to earn. "I-I need time to think it over," I said finally.

"Sure. I didn't expect you to answer right away," Betty said. We talked for a while longer, then I excused myself and went to my room. As I went up the stairs, I felt an urge to accept the offer. Betty had been generous with her praise and it made me feel good to know I had been quick in adjusting and had done satisfactory work. Besides, with the pay they would give me this week, I would have earned \$150 in six weeks. And with working for other people besides the Logans, I would be able to earn even more. Yes, the idea sounded appealing to me.

But after I had thought about it a while longer, I lost some of my enthusiasm. I had been looking forward to finishing my work here and going back to country life. I longed for the time when I could hang wash out in the summer sunshine and listen to the singing of the birds on a quiet morning. I longed to live with an Amish family where devotions were part of the daily routine and the subject at the supper table might be a recent sermon or everyday news rather than television programs and horse races.

I thought of Freda. She had worked for the Browns for over a year. I would have to work for the Logans all summer, then during fall, winter, and spring before I was with them a year. Then what? Would I just start over and work for another year? Freda had said the time seemed to pass quickly now that she was used to it.

Suddenly I knew I never wanted to get used to this kind of life. It was true, I was one who adjusted quickly to my surroundings, and already I had adjusted to "English" life alarmingly well. I had prayed for the opportunity to make things right after my six weeks were up. What if I would now commit myself to stay in town? I knew what that would mean. Deep down in my heart I knew it would lead me onward in the direction I had started, and had already gone alarmingly far.

I heard a peal of laughter in the family room below and knew the children were watching the Lucy show. Immediately I felt the urge to go join them, for I seldom missed it, but for once I quenched the desire. Suddenly I felt sick of the whole place—of the shallow entertainment, the constant sound of music, the neighbor's children shouting in the back yard. Freda Troyer said she had gotten used to it and liked it real well, but I decided then and there that I wanted to get out of the place before I learned to really like it.

Thinking back now, I can't be thankful enough that I didn't take Mrs. Logan's offer. I know it was for one reason alone that I went there in the first place. It wasn't that I was so anxious to help the people out. It was the money I was after. I had planned to earn a lot of money picking berries and when those plans fell through, I turned to working in town. It is true, I earned what to me looked like a large sum of money, but it brought me no lasting satisfaction. For deep down inside me, all along I knew that I was losing more than I was gaining. ■■



-by Sarah M. Weaver

## Johnny tut nichts Lehes

Sammy war fröhlich. Er schwingt sein Milch-Eimer als er in dem Rühstall hinein läuft früh am Morgen. „D ich bin so froh es die Schul aus ist und wir können wieder fischen gehen,“ sagt er als er der Andy sieht im Rühstall.

„Ich auch,“ antwortete Andy. „Es sind noch ein hundert und zehn Tage bis die Schul wieder anfängt.“

Sammy schlingert sein Milch-Eimer hoch in die Höhe. „Whoopie!“ kreischt er. „Ein hundert und zehn Tage für fischen gehen!“

„Sammy!“ vermahnte die Mutter als sie hinten herum von ihre Kuh sieht, „kreisch nicht so laut, denn es verschreckt die Kuh.“

„Ja,“ vereingt der Vater von seine Kuh, „und tut nicht die Milch-Eimer so herum schlingern, oder meine Kuh will kicken. Und ihr sollt auch wissen es Arbeit ist zu tun, ihr könnt nicht fischen gehen alle Tag.“

Sammy sitzt sich neben seine Kuh und fängt an zu melken und antwortete nichts.

„Wir haben viel Arbeit durch den Sommer,“ hält der Vater an. „Du sollst nicht vergessen es wir am ersten der Woche der Gänstall fixen wollen. Es nimmt Arbeit für es bereiten und wann der Amos nicht alle Tag daheim ist am helfen dann mußt du und der Andy helfen. Amos soll heut auch gehen Monie Gingerich helfen.“

„Und ich will mein Quilt rüsten daß wenn die Männer kommen helfen am Gänstall und ihre Weiber mitbringen, dann können sie mir helfen quilten.“ Die Mäm steht auf und geht für ihre Milch ausleeren. Sie kann bald nicht laufen weil die Kählen an ihre Füße herum springen. Sie kreischen für Milch, bis die Maud Miller sie ein wenig gibt in ihre Schüssel.

„Dat nicht die Dan Lizzie g'lagt sie will kommen und helfen der quilt ready machen?“ fragt der Vater. „Ich will gehen der Gaul b'splagen. Ich kann die Lizzie mit heim holen.“

„Ach, ich hab kein Tuch für Leining,“ antwortete sie als sie zu eine andere Kuh sitz. „Ich muß mit dir gehen für Leining kaufen.“

„Kann ich es nicht kriegen?“

„Nein, ich will dabei sein. Vielleicht können wir's Surreh nehmen und dann die Dan Lizzie mit heim holen,“ sagt die Mäm, „aber ich will erst ein Kuchen backen und der Stubbe-Boden aufbuchen ob ich geh.“

„Wann ich geh will ich grad nach dem Breakfast geh oder ich muß so lang warten für der Gaul b'splagen kriegen. Ich hab geweint du haßt die Stubbe gebucht und dunkel gemacht es sie sauber bleibt.“

„Ach ja, aber wir laufen durch die Stubbe und es tut doch dreckig werden. Ich will es sauber machen für die Quilt drin haben. Aber ich denk ich kann buken wann ich heim komm. Die Eier sind auch zu buken.“

„Die Buben können das tun,“ antwortete der Vater.

Die zwei Buben sitzen und hören zu. „Denkst da Johnny kommt mit die Lizzie?“ fragt der Andy.

„Ach nein,“ antwortete der Sammy spöttlicherweise, „der Johnny ist grad so schaffich. Er meint er muß tun grad wie die große Buben und ist nicht zufrieden bis er grad mit sie schaffen kann. Die große Buben schaffen fleißig, aber der Johnny kann sein End nach halten.“

Andy und Sammy fingen an lachen.

„Buben,“ ermahnte der Vater, „ich will nicht haben es ihr spottet. Die Dan Lizzie ist eine behilfliche Frau.“

„Ja, aber ich kann sie nur hören braggen über der Johnny und ihre andere Kinder,“ lacht der Sammy.

„Eben wann sie schon braggt, sollt ihr nicht spotten,“ antwortete der Vater. „Ihr sollt nicht braggen oder spotten,“ sagt er weiter.

„Mäm,“ fragt der Andy, „tut ihr auch so schweken wann wir nicht dabei sind? Sagt ihr, ach, der Sammy kriegt die beste Grades in seine Klass und er muß nicht hart probieren, und alle Leute meinen er hat die schönste schwarze krollische Haar . . .“

„Und sie sind so schön ruppidich für strählen,“ lacht der Sammy.

„Nein,“ antwortete die Mutter, „ich probier nicht so sagen. Ich glaube die meiste Leute meinen es ihre Kinder sind die beste, aber ich glaube wann sie Lob verdienen dann soll es nicht kommen von die Eltern ihre Zunge. Wir wissen nicht wie unsere Kinder sind wann sie nicht daheim sind.“

„Braggen, ist eine gefährliche Sache,“ spricht der Vater. „Alle Ehre hört zu Gott, und wann wir uns lassen hoch denken müssen wir uns darnach schämen. Wann die Eltern braggen auf ihre Kinder dann tun die andere Leute die Kinder hart prüfen und sie finden es die Kinder nicht perfect sind. Alle Eltern haben genug Sachen für weinen über ihre Kinder es sie nicht braggen sollten auf sie.“

„Dat, wir müssen geschwind fertig machen wann wir früh bei dem Blackschmidt sein wollen,“ sagt die Mutter.

„G'schirr wäschen, aus keeren, Eier buken . . .“ sagt Sammy verdrießlich als er seine Eltern siehet die Lane hinaus fahren.

„Und nicht zeit für fischen gehen,“ fertigt Andy.

„Mäm hat gesagt wir sollen das Hans schön buken weil die Dan Lizzie andem mit heim kommt,“ sagt die Anna.

„Das ist recht,“ spricht Sammy als er geschwind anfängt die Tische abräumen. „Ich hab es bald vergessen.“

Andy war auf sein Fuß und fängt an fleißig zu helfen. „Wir wollen die Arbeit ganz fertig haben bis sie kommt.“

„Ich wünsche wir könnten auch ein Kuchen backen und die Stubbe aufbuchen für die Mäm surprisen,“ suggest die Anna.

„Ja, wir wollen!“ antwortete der Sammy. „Ich weiß wie ein Kuchen backen, es sagt grad in dem Buch wie es zu tun, und ich kann auch die Boden moppen.“

„Ich kann auch,“ sagt der Andy. „Wir wollen geschwind die andere Arbeit tun und dann ein Kuchen backen.“

„Nein, wir wollen erst ein Kuchen machen, und dann kann es backen weil wir die andere Arbeit tun,“ sagt Sammy.

„Wir wollen ein Speis-Kuchen machen, denn es ist der beste,“ sagt die Anna als sie springt und holt das Rejäten-

Buch, „Ich weiß grad wo es zu finden. Ich hab oft die Mäm gewatscht.“

Sammy liest das Resät. „Ach das ist nicht hart. Ich will der Del-ofen anstecken. Andy wäsch das Geschirr, und Anna du buh es ab, und . . .“

„Du kannst s'plannen,“ Andy war unmutig. „Laß mich der Kuchen machen.“

„Ich will auch helfen,“ sagt die Anna.

Sammy steckt der Del-ofen-Bäcker an. „Ich bin älter es ihr. Wir wollen die Arbeit geschwind tun. Anna, du kannst mir helfen.“ Sammy liest wieder das Resät. „Hole mir Mehl, der Eifter, zwei Eier, Salz, Klover, Cinnamon, Milch . . .“

Die Anna bleibt stehen und sieht ihn an mit ein sauer Gesicht. „Es ist nicht fair. Ich will auch helfen.“

„Ich hab gesagt du kannst helfen,“ sagt der Sammy. „Wann du dies holst dann bist du am helfen.“

„Ich will rühren,“ sie war bald am weinen.

„All recht! All recht! Aber hole du mir das geschwind.“ Sammy kriegt die Mixing-Bowl und ein großer Löffel. Er liest wieder das Resät, und ruft zu die Anna: „Bring auch Rutmeg, Fett, Soda, B.P.-B.P. Was meint B.P.?“

Andy kommt und liest ins Buch. B.P. B.P. — Ich weiß nicht. Vielleicht hat die Mäm es leß geschrieben.“

„B.P. — B.P.“ wiederholt der Sammy. „Mol sehen. Klover, Cinnamon, Rutmeg, — ist's vielleicht ein Speis?“

„Ich weiß was!“ kreischt der Andy. „Black Pepper!“

„Das ist was,“ antwortete der Sammy. „Für was hab ich nicht dran gedenkt. Zwei kleine Löffeln mit Black Pepper.“

Es war nicht lang bis der Küche in da Ofen war. „Run buh ich die Stubbe auf. Anna kann der Staub buhen und du kannst Eier holen.“

Sammy kriegt ein Eimer und tut Wasser drein.

„Die Mäm tut am ersten auskeeren,“ sagt die Anna als sie ihren Staublumpen herum schlengert.

„Es ist nicht viel dreckig. Ich krieg das Dreck wann ich es aufbuh.“

Sammy zieht sein nasser Mop aus dem Eimer und schläft es über die Boden.

„Du schloppst. Die Mäm tut nicht so,“ sagt die Anna.

„Thu du Staub buhen, dann geh und helf der Andy,“ antwortete der Sammy. Er tut sich nicht bekümmern was seine kleine Schwester sagt.

Anna tut fleißig ihren Lumpen über die Stühl nehmen. „Ich kann bald nicht warten zu hören was die Mäm sagt wann sie heim kommt. Sie wird surprised und froh sein, das weiß ich.“

„Ich hoffe wir können fertig sein bis sie kommt. Die

#### ARE YOU REALLY WANTING TO GO?

Come boys, I have something to tell you  
Come near, I would whisper it low.  
They say you are thinking of leaving  
The homestead, - but where will you go?  
The city has many attractions  
But think of the violence and sins  
When once in the grip of dame Fashion  
How soon the course downward begins!

You talk of the mines of Australia;  
They're wealthy in gold, without doubt,  
But, ah, there is wealth on the farm, boys,  
If you will but shovel it out.  
The merchant's life is a hazard  
The goods are first high and then low;  
It's better to stay on the farm, boys,  
Are you really wanting to go?

The beckoning world has inducements,  
There is many a gay busy mart;  
True wealth is not measured in dollars  
Take heed which direction you start.  
The bankers and brokers are wealthy  
They take in their thousands or so,  
But think of the heartless deceptions  
Are you really wanting to go?

By toil, the farm offers security,  
The orchards are budding today  
You're free as the air on the mountains  
A ruler of all you survey.  
Better stay on the farm all your life, boys,  
Though profits should come rather slow,  
You'll be better off in the end, boys,  
Are you really wanting to go?

Come, girls, your work is important  
For you there are blessings in store  
If you enter wholeheartedly the Kingdom,  
Repent— live not as before.  
You think of all the attractions  
In the world and the wealth you could earn  
But, girls, there is such satisfaction  
Where you are, if you will but learn.

So precious a home on the farm, girls,  
Hidden blessings for those who will stay,  
It offers escape from the pitfalls  
Which ensnare those going away.  
To keep house can be a great blessing  
For a husband who follows the plow;  
Delicious meals and true companion  
Is befitting a trustworthy "frau."

Those who roam are blinded by fashions,  
The gay, the silly, the smart,  
But purity is not found in the city,  
Be careful which way that you start.  
The Lord wants trustworthy women  
Who walk in humility and love,  
Who care for their home and their family  
And glorify the Master above.

The farm has much, much more to offer  
Where the bounties of nature are seen,  
You're free as the air on the mountain  
You can share in the beauties supreme.  
So hearken, young people, and listen,  
And think of the farm, for you know  
It can give you true wealth without measure  
Would you even consider to go?

groß Hand an die Uhr geht so geschwind herum.“ Sammy zieht der Mop über die Boden und schnauft hart als er probiert es fertig kriegen. Er sieht auf die Anna. Sie war am ihr öligem, dreckigen Staub-Lumpen über die Fenster räubern. „Anna,“ kreischt der Sammy, „was bist du am tun?“

„Die Fenster sind auch staubig und dreckig,“ antwortete sie als sie noch harter reibt. Laute Streimen waren über das Glas.

„Ja, aber Anna, es ist schlimmer wann du so tust. Du machst sie streimig.“

„Dein Boden ist auch streimig,“ antwortete sie als sie anhält zu räubern.

„Anna, stopp!“ kreischt der Sammy als er gegen sie läuft.

„Was ist los?“ fragt der Andy als er in die Stubbe kommt zu springen.

„Siehe was die Anna getan hat! Jetzt müssen wir die Fenster alle buken!“

Anna schmeißt ihr Lumpen auf dem Boden und fängt an zu heulen.

„Anna,“ sagt der Sammy freundlich, „ich hab nicht gemeint für böse werden, aber . . .“

„Sammy, ich schmeiß dein Kuchen!“ kreischt der Andy.

Sammy läßt sein Mop-Stecken auf dem Boden fallen und springt gegen die Küche. „Ich hoffe er ist nicht verbrannt.“ Er reißt die Backer-Tür auf und sieht hinein. „Ach, er ist nur schön braun,“ sagt er. „Ich wunder ob er fertig ist.“

„Mäm steckt ein Toothpick in die Kuchen zu sehen ob sie fertig sind,“ sagt die Anna als sie die Tränen bukt mit ihre Hand. Dies läßt dunkle Streimen auf ihre Backen. Der Kuchen ist nicht hoch wie die Mäm ihre als sind,“ sagt die Anna weiter.

„Sie tut vielleicht das Nesät doppeln,“ sagt der Andy.

„Das ist was,“ antwortete der Sammy, gut zufrieden.

„Wann ich Frosting drauf tue dann wird er höher sein.“

„Wirst du Frosting machen?“ fragt der Andy.

„Ich weiß wie,“ antwortete der Sammy. „Ich hab schon g’macht für die Mäm. Wir müssen nur Butter schmelzen, ein Beffel voll Kocao ein rühren, bissel Vanilla, nur ein wenig Milch und dann es dick machen mit powdered Zucker. Es ist nicht hart.“

Sammy macht geschwind die Stubbe fertig, nun geht er mit Wasser und ein Lumpen für die Fenster wäschen. „Die Mäm tut nicht so,“ sagt die Anna. „Sie tut nur ein wenig Licht-Öl ins Wasser, denn es macht die Fenster schön, und sie nimmt alte Budgets für die Fenster abreiben.“

„Ach ich weiß das,“ antwortete Sammy. „Du brauchst mir es nicht sagen.“

Der Stubbe-Boden war noch nicht ganz trocken bis die Mäm und die Dan Lizzie die Tür hinein laufen. Sammy und Andy haben Wasser bereit für die Eier buken aber hatten noch nicht angefangen.

Die Anna kommt zu springen. „Mäm, guess mal was wir getan haben. Wir haben ein surprise für dich. Sammy hat . . .“

„Anna, still!“ kreischt Sam und Andy miteinander.

Aber Anna ging fort es wann sie es nicht hörte, „Sammy hat die Stubbe Boden aufgebukt und er hat ein Kuchen gebacken, und . . .“ Sie war bald aus dem.

Die Mäm und die Dan Lizzie lächelten gegen die Kinder. „Das ist ein surprise,“ sagt die Mäm, „Es laut als wann ihr hart geschafft hättet.“ Sie tut ihren Bonnet aus und nimmt die Lizzie ihren. Die Mäm sieht in die Stubbe. „Mei, mei, ich bin aber froh es der Boden sauber ist. Bis wir gegessen haben ist es andem trocken.“

„Mein Johnny will mich auch als surprise, aber es ist nicht mehr ein surprise,“ sagt die Lizzie, „denn er hat die Arbeit allezeit getan bis ich als heim kam. Er gleicht sehen wann die Arbeit fertig ist.“

„Es ist schön wann er so geneigt ist,“ antwortet die Maud Miller als sie ein weißer Schak auspellt. „Es ist hoch Zeit für das Mittag-Essen bereiten. Sammy geh du und hole Grumbeeren. Ich bin aber auch froh es ihr ein Kuchen gebacken habt.“

„Da ist der Kuchen,“ sagt die Anna. Sie kommt aus der Butry mit ein Kuchen-Pan.

„O, hat er schon Frosting?“ Sie sieht der Kuchen an und lächelt.

„Ja,“ antwortete die Anna, „und er ist gut. Ich habe die Schüssel ausgeschleckt.“

„Ich bin froh es er gut ist. Anna, du kannst der Tisch rüsten.“

„Ich kann auch helfen mit dem Essen,“ sagt die Lizzie als sie anfängt ihre Mermel aufwickeln.

Die drei Kinder waren alle excited wegen dem Kuchen und die Frosting. Am Tisch konnten sie bald nicht warten bis es Zeit war für der Kuchen herumlangen. Sammy sieht es der Kuchen gluttlich guckt, aber er war froh es seine Mutter nicht etwas gesagt hat dawege.

„Und meinst du es der Sammy hat der Kuchen gemacht?“ fragt der Dad als die Mäm der Kuchen zum Tisch brachte.

„Ja,“ antwortete die Anna, „und diese Frosting ist gut Sammy hat auch der Stubbe-Boden aufgebukt. Wir haben euch wollen surprise.“

„Wel, wel, ich glaub es die Kinder fleißig waren,“ antwortete er.

„Es wird mich als mehr surprise wann der Johnny nicht all die Arbeit getan hat bis ich und der Dan heim kommen,“ sagt die Dan Lizzie. „Johnny will als sehen wie viel er schaffen kann wenn wir als fort gehen, und er tut seine Arbeit recht.“

Immer der Johnny, immer der Johnny, denkt der Sammy. Er wünscht die Dan Lizzie wäre nicht mitkommen. Nachdem wann sie mein Kuchen eßt dann sagt sie wie der Johnny ein viel bessern machen kann.

Sammy wacht als sein Vater und die Dan Lizzie ein Stück Kuchen nehmen. Vater und die Anna nehmen mal ein Beiß an die gleiche Zeit. Die Anna ihr Hände flügen zu ihrem Maul und sie fängt an zu wimpzelen, „Es brennt! Der Kuchen brennt!“

Vater sieht Sammy an, dann steht er auf und geht geschwind die Tür hinaus. Bald grad kommt er wieder hinein. Der Kuchen war nimm in sein Maul.

„Was ist los?“ fragt die Mutter als sie ein glas Wasser zu die Anna gibt. „Trink dies,“ sagte sie.

Sammy sieht zu mit große Augen und weißt nicht was zu sagen. Er war sehr verdrossen weil niemand sagt es der Kuchen gut war.

„Ist der Kuchen nicht gut?“ fragt Andy. Er schiebt sein Stück über sein Teller und sieht es unvertraulich an.

Die Lizzie sitzt und hört zu. Sie wundert auch was los ist, und eßt nicht davon.

Sammy war bald in Tränen. Johnny kannte es wohl besser tun es ich, dachte er.

Die Mäm kriegt mal das Nesäten-Buch und sitzt neben Sammy. „Nun sage mir wie du es gemacht hast.“

„Ich habe getan wie es sagt. So viel Mehl, Fett, Soda, Nutmeg, Kloses, Cinnamon, und Black Pepper, und . . .“

„Black Pepper!“ sagen die Eltern miteinander.

Sammy grunzt seinen Kopf. „Es sagt so . . . B.P. . .“ Die Eltern und die Lizzie fingen an zu lachen. Dies meint Baking Powder, nicht Black Pepper,“ explaint die Mām zum Sammy.

Die Lizzie haltet an lachen, bis der Sammy innerlich böß war über sie. Ich weiß es der Johnny nichts Leßes tut, denkt er. Er ist zu perfect für etwas Leßes tun.

Die Lizzie lacht bis sie Augen-Wasser kriegt. „Der Johnny wird froh sein für dies hören,“ lachte sie.

Dies macht der Sammy recht böß. Er guckt gegen sein Teller und sieht die andere nicht an. Er wünscht sein Vater würde die Lizzie antworten. Fürwas muß sie der Johnny dies sagen? zankte er zu sich selber. Jetzt wird er lachen über mich auch.

„Johnny wird froh sein für dies hören,“ hält die Lizzie an. „Er hat mol ein Kuchen backen wollen für seine Groß-Mommy ihr Birthday. Ich hab gesagt er darf. Der Kuchen war recht schön, aber wo wir ihn essen wollten dann war er verdorben. Johnny hat Salz genommen platz von Zucker.“ Nun tut die Lizzie ihr Kopf zurück und tut als mehr lachen. Sammy sein Maul fällt uf. Der Johnny — ihr Johnny auch ein schlechter Kuchen gebacken! Sammy findet sich am lachen über was die Lizzie gesagt hat.

„Johnny hat bald geweint an die Zeit,“ sagt die Lizzie weiter, „aber jetzt lacht er über es. Es ist gut wann wir lachen können über unsere eigne Mistakes. Ich hab dem Johnny gesagt es ein Mistake wie dies ist kein Sünd. Wann es wäre dann wollten wir nicht lachen darüber.“

Sammy sieht die Lizzie an. Er war sorry es er böß war über sie. Es dünkt ihn er hätte die Lizzie niemals gekennt bis jetzt. Dann machte der Johnny auch Mistakes.

„Die ist recht,“ antwortete die Maud Miller. „Wir können lachen über solches aber nicht über die Kinder ihre Bosheit. Ich denk der Sammy hat ein extra Surprise gehabt für uns.“ Sie lächelt gegen ihr Bube, nun sieht sie der Vater an. „Dat, wir wollen fertig machen dann will ich die Lizzie mei Quilt weisen.“

Sammy fühlt besser.

Wo die zwei Weiber in die Stubbe waren, dann sagt der Vater zu die Buben, „Ihr habt hart geschafft. Wann ihr das Geschirr gewaschen habt und die Eier fertig gebuht, dann könntet ihr geh fischen bis es Zeit ist für die Küh holen.“

Sammy war fröhlich und ging geschwind an die Arbeit. „Dies ist die beste Surprise von alle, gel Andy?“

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

# Amish Attempts To Settle in Texas

By David Luthy

### 1. Two Trips to Texas

The first known visit by any Amish to the state of Texas occurred in December of 1893 when Pre. John "Hansi" Borntrager of Lagrange Co., Indiana traveled there by train. His brother Bish. Eli Borntrager and Isaac A. Borntrager accompanied him on his investigation trip through Texas. The railroad company gave the three men free round-trip tickets in hopes that they would find a location in Texas and start an Amish colony there along the railroad. The railroads in those days owned vast stretches of land beside their tracks and tried to induce people to settle there. They knew that any settlement near their tracks meant business for the trains, both passenger and freight.

The Borntragers spent six days looking at places in eastern Texas near the towns of Bowie, Wichita Falls, and Dundee. Then they traveled to Oklahoma to investigate land there. They returned to Indiana without

purchasing any land. Then in the fall of 1894 "Hansi" Borntrager led a second group through basically the same area, except this time they went further east in Texas to Galveston on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico and Chester 54 miles north of Galveston. As on the first trip, they returned home without having purchased any land.

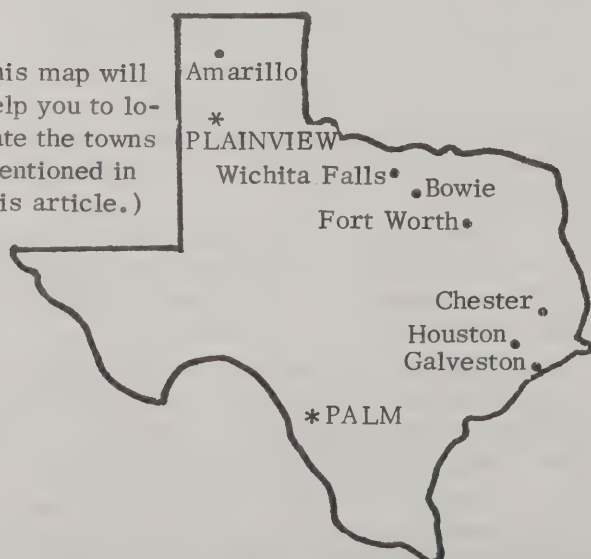
The Borntragers and others in the group never did buy any Texas soil. Some of the group moved to North Dakota, some to Mississippi, and "Hansi" remained in Indiana.

### 2. A Trip by Covered Wagon

Around 1880 some Amish from Mifflin County, Pennsylvania settled in Gosper County, Nebraska. One of the settlers was Jacob Yoder who was ordained in Nebraska. But because of dissention in the Nebraska church, Jake decided to move to Colorado. He pioneered in two different areas in that state, but both became extinct. In 1894 Jake wrote some friends back East and asked them if they would be interested in joining him in an entirely new area—Texas. After an exchange of letters, it was decided that Jake should go to Texas and the others from the East would join him in the area of Houston. So Jake Yoder hitched up his team to a covered wagon, placed his family and belongings inside, and set out for Houston, Texas. He instructed the post office in Colorado to forward any mail, which came after he left, to Fort Worth, Texas where he planned to stop on his way to Houston.

Leaving Colorado, the Yoders entered the section of Oklahoma known as the "Panhandle" because of its handle-like shape on the map. From there they entered northwestern Texas in its region which is known as the "Texas Panhandle." The territory through which the Yoders traveled was nearly all uninhabited except for the uncivilized Plains Indians who had only recently been subdued by the government soldiers. Some anxious moments were felt by the Yoders as large groups of Indians would gather as the covered wagon passed. But the Indians were merely curious as this lone covered

(This map will help you to locate the towns mentioned in this article.)



wagon passed through their territory. They did nothing more than stand and stare.

When the Jacob Yoder family finally arrived at their stopping place in Texas, at Fort Worth, they found a letter waiting for them. It was from the East and had been forwarded by the post office back in Colorado. Eagerly the letter was opened, but the news was discouraging for the Yoders who had traveled all this way across the hot dry plains to found a new settlement. The letter said that the families back East had given up their plans to move to Texas. There was no choice for the Yoders but to turn back. But where would they go? They really had no place in mind, but one thing was certain, they would have to give up their idea of founding an Amish church near Houston, Texas. So they turned back into Oklahoma and lived there nearly three years without seeing any Amish brethren. Then they heard of Amish settlers in Custer County, Oklahoma; they drove the distance of 100 miles with horses and wagon and settled there.

Thus in 1894 Texas was visited by two Amish preachers "Hansi" Borntreger and Jacob Yoder. "Hansi" only visited there on two investigation trips, never settling there. Jacob Yoder intended to settle in Texas and was actually inside the state before his plans were changed.

### 3. A 1907 BUDGET Advertisement

The century changed from the 1800's to the 1900's. No Amish were living in Texas. Then in 1907 an advertisement appeared in the May 9, 1907 issue of the BUDGET:

**A NEW  
AMISH COLONY  
—IN—  
TEXAS!**

We have the promise of a good many reliable families who are willing to move to this country by next spring. Some have bought land, others have leased enough to make them a good home. We are making all arrangements to have a large settlement there within the next year. This land is still cheap and we can sell you a good home all the way from 3 to 10 miles off the main line of the  
**ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD.**

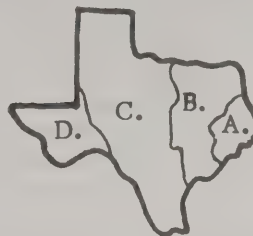
Never failing springs and streams. We guarantee you a well at a depth of from 5 to 25 feet. A remarkably nice climate. We can give you easy terms or sell it to you on the crop plan.

Write to me for particulars. Go with us to see this country. I can save you money. 47-50

**EZRA L. YODER,  
WEST BRANCH, IOWA**

The advertisement does not name any towns, so it is difficult to pinpoint the area exactly. But the general area is easily determined, for the ad mentions that the land for sale lies along the Rock Island Railroad. There is only one Rock Island track in all of Texas; it enters the state in the "Texas Panhandle" with its track running from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma to Amarillo, Texas—the distance within the Texas border being about 100 miles. So it is assumed that the land advertised in the 1907 BUDGET was along this hundred-mile stretch. It is unknown today whether any Amish ever purchased this Texas land and settled there or not. The advertisement seems to indicate so, but advertising can be deceptive.

Rainfall and other forms of moisture in Texas decrease from east to west.



- A. average of 56 inches
- B. average of 40 inches
- C. average of 24 inches
- D. average of 8 inches

### 4. The Plainview Settlement

Two years after the 1907 Texas land ad appeared in the BUDGET, some Amish did move to the "Texas Panhandle," but not along the 100 mile stretch which the Rock Island Railroad owned. They located about 65 miles south of there near the town of Plainview. Perhaps it was the 1907 BUDGET ad which sparked their interest in Texas, but at any rate they did not buy any of the Rock Island's land.

In the spring of 1909 Peter Stoll, Jr. (known as "Fat Pete") moved from Daviess County, Indiana to the "Texas Panhandle", locating about 7 miles northeast of Plainview. The following fall he was joined by his wife's brother, Isaac (Bud) Yoder, his wife's sister, the Hiram Liechtys, and his wife's parents, Isaac and Rosanna (Graber) Yoder—all from Daviess County, Indiana.

Mrs. Peter Stoll's parents, the Isaac Yoders or "Fetter Yoder" as he was called, were both originally from Europe, having been born in Alsace near the French border. They both spoke French as well as Pa. "Dutch." They had immigrated years earlier from Alsace to Daviess County and now were quite advanced in age to be moving to Texas; Isaac was 74 and his wife was 85. It is hard to imagine that such an elderly couple went on this pioneering venture, and Mrs. Yoder died in Texas less than ten months after arriving there. Her body was returned to Daviess County for burial.

About the same time the three Daviess County families arrived in Texas, the Joe Overholts also arrived. They came from the Amish settlement at Bucklin, Kansas and drove the distance of nearly 400 miles in two covered wagons. Four horses pulled each wagon; Mr. Overholt drove one team and a hired man, Charlie Brown, drove the other, for the Overholt children were too young to drive a team such a distance. They arrived at Plainview in good shape. Their household belongings and farm equipment arrived soon by rail. Noah Stutzman, a neighbor of Joe's in Kansas, accompanied the boxcar. The reason the Overholts didn't send their horses by rail and travel that way themselves was they wanted to take all eight horses to Texas and knew that the boxcar would have had no room for their horses and possessions both.

The Amish colony near Plainview now had five families. They all lived at Peter Stoll's place until they got located on their own property. Since all but the Overholts were related, it was like one big family. When these families moved onto their own properties, they were fairly spread out in an area of 7 to 12 miles northeast of Plainview.

Three other Amish families purchased land in the Plainview vicinity. They were the Jacob Liechtys of Daviess County, the Dan Wittmers of Pike County, Indiana (formerly of Daviess County), and the Simon Overholts from Bucklin, Kansas. It looked as if the settlement would grow. But these three families never moved onto the land they had purchased in Texas. They heard that the settlers there were disappointed in their crops. The rainfall was light and so were the crops. The situation did not improve during the second and third summer that the Amish lived in Texas. Joe Overholt became discouraged with the Texas climate; he had been the last to move to Texas but now was the first to move away. He moved to Missouri in 1912. That same year the "Bud" Yoders moved back to Daviess County; Hiram Liechty and widower Isaac Yoder moved to Ford

County, Kansas. That left the Peter Stolls as the only remaining family. They had been the first to settle at Plainview and now were the last to leave; they moved to Meade County, Kansas in February of 1913 where they attempted to start another Amish settlement.

The first Amish settlement in Texas, the Plainview group, was short-lived, but it was a serious attempt to found a settlement there. Two things stood in the way, though: the group had no resident minister, and the climate was too dry.

## 5. The Palm Settlement

Down in southwestern Texas the Cross S Ranch went up for sale in 1908. It was an extremely large scope of land as many Texas ranches are, measuring 20 miles by 15. This ranch lay 45 miles east of the Mexico border, spreading into two counties: Zavala and Dimmit. The ranch's owner appointed a Mr. Buckingham as real estate agent in charge of selling the land. Mr. Buckingham traveled into northern states in search of prospective buyers, bringing whole trainloads of Northerners to see the Texas land.

The climate where the Cross S Ranch lay was very dry. The rainfall was so sparse that the landscape was arid, dotted with cactus and mesquite. The mesquite is a thorny shrub which requires little water and grows to nearly 60 feet in height. This would certainly have seemed a wasteland to the Northerners, if Mr. Buckingham had not prepared a tract of the land to show them what could be done by irrigating. Mr. Buckingham knew that the seemingly desert land had potential. The soil was a rich gray loam. All that was needed was water; and there was plenty of that in the area, too—only it was underground.

Anyone glancing at a modern map of Texas will see that Dimmit County contains only six towns, three of whose names are associated with water: Big Wells, Carrizo Springs, and Valley Wells. So Mr. Buckingham was correct, the area abounded in water. The only difficulty was that it lay underground, and wells had to be drilled a thousand feet or more to reach it. But once the drilling struck water, the water never stopped flowing. The wells were artesian wells in which the water rose from its own pressure and needed no pumping. A few such wells could flood acres of land, forming small lakes whose water could be used for irrigating crops.

To prove his point, Mr. Buckingham had several wells drilled and land irrigated. The Northerners saw with their own eyes the lush vegetables being grown on the irrigated land and compared it with the cactus and mesquite growing over the rest of the landscape. It certainly was amazing the way the land could be changed from producing thorny plants to ones that could be eaten. Many Northerners purchased land. With a purchase of 10 acres, each buyer was given a free lot in the new town being built, Crystal City, two miles north of the Zavala-Dimmit county line. And the real estate agent promised a flowing well to provide water for irrigation purposes. The land sold for \$50 an acre.

Among those in the North who became interested in the Cross S Ranch were two Amishmen in Plain City, Ohio: Jonas S. Beachy and John J. Miller. They were not satisfied with certain conditions in the Plain City Amish church and wanted to move away. They heard of the Texas property and became interested. In the spring of 1910 Jonas Beachy, his wife, and the younger children arrived in Dimmit County, Texas. They settled seven miles southeast of Crystal City. There was no town near where they settled, only a railroad track and miles of arid, very level landscape. But the Beachys had seen what the Northerners around Crystal City had been able to do and hoped to do the same in the undeveloped area.

Soon another Amish family joined the Beachys. It was Daniel D. Yoders; his wife was one of John J. Miller's girls. Accompanying the Yoders was Sylvanus Miller, an unmarried brother of Mrs. Yoder's. Both Yoder and Miller moved to Texas from Ford County, Kansas to where they had moved earlier from Plain City, Ohio. Then in the fall Jonas I. Yoders arrived from Plain City;

Mrs. Yoder was one of Jonas Beachy's daughters. Late in that year the Beachys returned to Plain City to sell their property there.

Early in January of 1911 the Beachys returned to Texas, bringing with them three more families. John J. Miller was along this time, and his married son Samuel and family came too. The third family was Jonas Beachy's son in law, Christian Swartzentruber. The group was especially glad to see Christian as he was a minister, and they knew if their settlement was to last it needed a minister.

The country into which the Amish settled was an undeveloped wilderness abounding in deer, rabbits, coyotes, rattlesnakes, and stickers on all the plants. As one former resident said. "There were stickers everywhere, even on the toads—horned toads."

By the end of 1911 the six Amish families had built houses and barns along both sides of a half-mile long road which ran perpendicular to the railroad nearby. They called their little village "Beachy", after its first resident. It was quite an active neighborhood for there were nearly 40 children in the village's six homes. Of these, 15 were of school age. At first, school for the Beachy and Swartzentruber children was held at the Beachy's with their daughter Lizzie as teacher; the Miller and Yoder children attended school at the Miller's with one of their older daughters teaching. Later a public school building was put up and the children attended there, having a non-Amish teacher. On alternate Sundays the Amish used the public schoolhouse for church and Sunday school. Perhaps it was at the same time of the building of the school that the small general store and post office came to the village and the village's name was changed to "Palm."

The Amish chose to live in a village rather than to spread out because they intended to raise cash crops and did not need large acreage as they had in Ohio. Forty acres of cash crops was considered a good-sized farm. To make their Texas crops grow, the Amish settlers realized that they needed water. They had no experience in the technique of irrigation, but they were determined to learn. First of all they needed a well. An eight inch one was drilled which hit water at 1,300 feet. But the water refused to flow by its own power as the other artesian wells did in the area. The real estate agent had promised them a well, but had he promised that it would flow? Yes, he agreed to provide the group with a 40 horse diesel engine to pump the water. During times of heavy irrigation the settlers would have this pump operating day and night to keep the water in the reservoir at a usable level. The reservoir covered an acre of ground.

The settlers had confidence in the real estate agent and also in the land he had sold them. Soon they were raising onions, cabbage, cantaloupes, watermelons, cucumbers, maize, and sugar cane. The summer temperatures frequently reached the 90's, but the constant irrigating kept the crops from wilting, and the unfailing Gulf breezes cooled the settlers. Palm, Texas seemed an ideal place to live.

But the Amish settlers were in for a big disappointment. They had seen the wilderness transformed into acres of cash crops, but now where were they going to sell their produce? At first they thought this would be no problem since they lived so close to a railroad; they could ship their produce to Northern markets. They soon realized, though, that the trains didn't transport the produce for nothing, and if the Northern markets were well stocked, the price would be low. Perhaps the most disappointing letter the young Amish group received came in the fall of 1912 from a company in St. Louis, Missouri. The company had purchased a boxcar of onions from the group. The company said that the onions were very nice but that they had failed to bring enough on the market to cover the shipping and commission costs. Enclosed with the letter was a statement for a "balance due" rather than a check in payment for the carload of onions. The bewildered group wrote the company, "We have no money, but we do have more

onions." The "balance due" was dropped.

By the fall of 1913 the group was quite discouraged because of the uncertain returns from the cash crops they were raising. Three of the families moved away: Pre. Christian Swartzentruber to Norfolk, Virginia; Jonas Beachy and Jonas I. Yoder to Howard County, Indiana. The remaining three families stayed one year longer; in 1914 Daniel Yoder moved to Oregon, and John and Samuel Miller moved to Marshall County, Indiana. Thus ended the Amish village of Palm and another attempt by Amish to settle in Texas. As far as can be determined at this later date, financially the venture was a total loss for the six Amish farmers. One of Jonas Beachy's sons writes: "For my folks the venture was a total loss. They kept the land a few years, paying the taxes and then traded it for Mississippi delta land in southern Louisiana which they later also lost. As near as I am able to learn the others were about the same."

The settlement had not died out because of church problems as is the case sometimes with other extinct Amish settlements. One of Pre. Christian Swartzentruber's son (now an Amish bishop) writes: "We had trials and still got along peaceably." This is evidenced by the fact that the group was able to hold communion services. In the spring and again in the fall of 1911 Bishop Sam Bender of Oklahoma held communion for the group. In the summer of 1912 Bishop David Schlabach of Oregon did the same. In June of 1913 Sam Bender was there again to hold communion. At that time the membership was at its highest, 26. Six Amish youngfolks had been baptized in the fall of 1911 and four in June of 1913. The Amish church at Palm, Texas did not die out because of church problems, but for financial reasons. The people

couldn't make a living there due to the high cost of transporting their produce and the uncertain prices the produce would bring at the Northern markets. These Amish, unlike the ones 450 miles northwest of them at Plainview, had learned to conquer the climate by irrigating, but they still left the state for the same reason—they couldn't make a living there.

In 1949, thirty-five years after the Amish left Palm, Texas, one of Jonas Beachy's sons traveled to the area to see where he had lived as a child. He found: "only a few small buildings left of the whole village at this place. The well was not being used and the irrigation reservoir dry. The half-mile road that passed from the railroad north through the village is but a lane and not a soul living there. Back of the fences nature has restored the cactus and mesquite brush. Not far from this village spinach is being raised, called 'The Spinach Capital of the World.'"

In a recent (1971) letter from a former resident of the Plainview Amish settlement, it was stated that the land is heavily irrigated now and selling for up to \$1,000 an acre, for the land also contains natural gas and oil. It is doubtful if the land around Palm has increased so greatly in value unless oil was discovered there or people up North have taken a sudden tremendous liking for spinach.

(Author's note: Special thanks to Jonas J. Beachy, Enos Swartzentruber, and Harry Stoll without whose assistance this article would not have been possible.)

**NEXT MONTH: "Two More Attempts By Amish To Settle in Texas"**

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## CHILDREN'S SECTION

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### Freeman's Friends

By David Luthy

It was raining lazily Wednesday morning, a slow steady rain with no end in sight. Twelve-year-old Freeman Troyer stood in the milkhouse doorway and watched the stream of water trickle from the barn's downspout into the pool which had formed on the ground.

"I wish it weren't raining," thought Freeman. "Everybody will have to play indoors at school today. Even if it does stop raining by noon, the playground will be too muddy."

Freeman lifted his bucket from the strainer on top of the milkcan where he had rested it to make sure the final drops of milk left the bucket. Setting the empty bucket on the stand in the milkhouse, he hurried toward the house for breakfast. He jumped the puddles which had formed on the narrow walk between the barn and the house. "Maybe Dad will drive us to school," Freeman told himself. "Sure hope so. The rain is coming down slow but we'd get soaked by the time we walked to school."

Freeman's wish came true, for at the breakfast table Mr. Troyer offered to hitch up Mollie and drive the three children to school. It was still raining when the buggy pulled to a stop in front of the one-room school-house. The Troyer children scrambled off the buggy and ran for the open porch door.

"Oh, you went and splashed mud on my dress," said Freeman's sister who was running beside him.

"It's not my fault," answered Freeman. "It's the rain

Why didn't Freeman play all the time with the others at school? Well, because they weren't his friends.

that is making the mud, not me." As he spoke he glanced over the playground. There were different sized puddles standing everywhere. "No one will be allowed outside to play, that's for sure," complained Freeman to himself. "Maybe not tomorrow either."

Twice that morning Freeman's thoughts had wandered to the muddy playground and the fact that the pupils would have to play inside rather than outdoors. Freeman wasn't the only pupil thinking this. Many, if not all the others, were disappointed to have to stay indoors. They were tired of their winter captivity in the schoolhouse and relished each spring day for the opportunity to run about outdoors. Freeman, though, was disappointed for a different reason, a reason all his own. If he stayed indoors, he would want to read a book, and he knew his teacher Sarah Schmucker would tell him to put his book away and play with the others. But outside he could escape her watching eyes more easily on the large playground. There he could play with the lower graders or stand apart from the upper graders and watch as they played or join in if he felt like it. Why didn't Freeman play all the time with the others his own age, the upper graders? Well, because they weren't his friends.

Freeman reached the school's open porch door one step ahead of his sister. He took off his hat and shook some rain drops from it. "I'm sure glad Dad brought us.

It's raining harder now than when we left home." He hung his hat and coat on a hook and placed his lunch pail in its usual place. He opened the classroom door and went inside. "Might have known it," Freeman said as he entered. "There's John Chupp playing ping pong with Eli Miller. They're always having a good time together." Freeman didn't say "hello" to the boys, but headed in the opposite direction from the ping pong table. "They are having too good a time to say 'hello' to me," he thought. "I think I'll go up and get a library book and read awhile before school starts."

The classroom door opened. One of Freeman's classmates, Sam Bontrager, bounded in. "Hi, you guys. Who's winning?" he greeted them.

The ping pong players gave a hearty "hello" and chatted with Sam as they continued playing. Sam sat on the bench close by and watched every move of the rapid white ball. Soon other pupils had arrived and were gathered around the ping pong table.

Freeman sat at his desk reading a library book. From time to time he paused in his reading and listened to the activity of the pupils grouped around the ping pong table. "They sure sound like they're having a good time," thought Freeman. "They don't need me to have a good time."

Soon the classroom door opened and Sarah Schmucker walked in. "Good morning," she greeted her pupils. "I'm glad to see you all have found something to interest you on this rainy morning. I hope I'm not late," she said quickly glancing at the clock. "I had to wait on my ride this morning." Sarah removed her coat and bonnet and hung them in their usual place. She paused a second at the ping pong table to watch the activity and then went toward her desk. "Oh, there is Freeman sitting by himself reading again," she told herself, "I wish there was some way to get him to make up with the other pupils. I can't believe he enjoys being alone all the time. I wonder if his teacher at the school where he attended last year had the same problem with him?"

Sarah opened her bottom desk drawer and put her lunch inside. She took a songbook from the bookrack and thumbed through it, looking for a hymn for the opening period of school. As she glanced over the titles she tried to concentrate on what she was doing, but her mind was still thinking about Freeman. "If only there were a way to get Freeman to make some friends. I know it's nearly the end of the term, but he's got two more years at school. If only there were a way...Say I wonder, yes I wonder if..." Sarah's mind was working rapidly. "Yes, I think I'll try it right after the noon hour."

At noontime Freeman walked up to the library shelves. His hand was just pulling a book from the shelf when Sarah looked up from the papers she was checking and said, "Freeman, aren't you going to play ping pong with the others? If I didn't have these English tests to grade, I'd be back there by the table watching."

Freeman wanted to say, "They never ask me to play. They don't care if I'm there or not," but he said, "Oh, I guess I'll go back and watch." He slid the book back into its place and walked to the back of the room where most of the upper grade pupils were huddled around the ping pong table. John Chupp was playing Eli Miller. Both boys were very good at ping pong and the match was exciting. The small white ball whizzed back and forth across the net. Then John missed hitting it and Eli won the match.

"That was a close one," whistled Eli, the winner. "Now who wants to play me?"

"I do," said Sam Bontrager.

"So do I," said Melvin Yoder.

"Aw, let us girls play some," chided Susie Miller.

"Nobody ever asks me to play," thought Freeman.

"I know," spoke up Mary Lehman, an eighth grader. "Why don't we form two teams. It could sort of be like softball. Once a player either scores a point or misses, the next player steps up and takes his place."

"That sounds great," said Sam enthusiastically. "Who will be the captains and do the choosing?"

"Let John and Eli," suggested Mary, "since they were playing last."

After deciding who would get first choice, the two captains began choosing their teams. When Eli chose Freeman, Freeman said, "I...I don't know if I want to play or not. I sort of thought I'd watch a while."

"Aw, come on and play. You never help," said Eli. "You should join in and play sometimes."

Freeman wished he hadn't heard that remark. "Anybody knows that I'd join in if I was wanted," he told himself. "But they either ignore me or tell me what to do." Freeman said nothing though and reluctantly took his place in the line of Eli's team.

The game began. At first things went a little awkwardly for no one had ever played ping pong this way before, but soon the game was going smoothly. It was exciting to wait in line and wonder when your turn was coming. Some players would stay at the table longer than others, but no one had a turn for very long. Each pupil got many chances to play. Even Freeman found the game exciting and forgot momentarily that none of these pupils with whom he was playing were his friends.

No one was ready for the bell to ring when Sarah pulled the rope that swung the bell in the cupola on the schoolhouse roof. "You were really having a good time," commented Sarah to the pupils after they had reached their seats. "That's something I like more than about anything else to see—everybody joining in and playing well with one another."

Sarah sat down but her hand did not reach for a book as it usually did right after the noon period. Ordinarily she read to the pupils for ten minutes, but today she had something else in mind.

"How would you like it if I told about something I recently saw and heard instead of reading today?" Sarah asked the pupils.

"Oh, that sounds interesting," said Mary Lehman.

"Yes," chorused others. "Tell us about it."

"Now this is a true story," began Sarah. "And one from which we can all take a lesson. It happened about a year ago in the summer. One day I went to town to shop. I needed some things in the hardware store, so I was in there looking around when I overheard an interesting conversation between two men."

The children sat quietly waiting for their teacher to tell the story. Freeman liked stories, ones to read or to hear. He wondered what the two men in the store had said.

"I don't know the two men's names," continued Sarah, "but we will just call them Steve and Bill. Well, Steve came into the hardware store and was looking at some merchandise next to me when Bill came around the corner of the display rack.

"Well, hello, Bill," said Steve. "When did you get back from your vacation?"

"On Monday," answered Bill.

"And how was the weaner in Oregon? It's been pretty hot here while you were gone," said Steve.

"The days were just beautiful," said Bill. "The Pacific Ocean breezes kept the temperature from getting too hot."

"You traveled alone, didn't you," said Steve.

"Yes, since my wife passed away I usually travel alone, and it sure isn't much fun either, I mean the traveling part. You know I was on the plane six hours on the way back home and sat next to a man the whole way. And you know what? He didn't speak one word to me the entire six hours—just sat there and read or napped or looked out the window. Not a single word the whole six hours."

"My, that was something," agreed Steve. "Oh, I see my wife is ready to check out, so I've got to go. I'll be seeing you later."

Sarah stopped speaking for a few seconds, then she said, "Now what do you think of that?"

Mary Lehman was quick to respond. "I'd say Bill had a pretty boring plane ride."

"I agree with you," said Sarah. "Whose fault was it?"

"The man who didn't say a word for six hours," an-

swered Mary.

"Yes, but who was that man?" asked Sarah.

Mary looked puzzled. "Well, I don't know; you didn't say his name."

Sarah glanced at the eighth graders. "Do any of you see what I'm getting at?"

Slowly John raised his hand. "I think you want us to say that Bill didn't say anything either. That both men didn't talk for six hours."

"Exactly," smiled Sarah. "I have often wondered since I heard that conversation in the hardware store what the other man must have said about Bill when he reached home. He probably said, 'There was a man who sat next to me the whole six hours and never spoke a word.'"

The pupils laughed, for they saw the truth of what Sarah said.

"You see," explained Sarah, "Bill was blaming the man next to him for not starting the conversation, and Bill didn't start it either; so he was just as guilty. Some people are like that. They expect the other person to always take the first step. And when two such people get together as Bill and the other man did, the time is pretty boring."

"That's true with lots of things in life," continued Sarah. "Take for instance being friendly. If each of you would wait in the morning until the other says 'hello,' then there never would be any 'hellos.' Or if each of you waits until you are asked to help play a game, no games would ever get organized. If each pupil waits for the other to be friendly toward him before he's friendly in return, there would be no friends. There's a saying, 'The only way to have a friend is to be one.' Bill on the plane wasn't being friendly to the man next to him, so how could he expect the man to be friendly to him."

John Chupp raised his hand. "But what if you try to be friendly toward someone and he refuses to be friendly in return?"

"You continue being friendly," answered Sarah. "For you'll never make a friend out of him unless you are friendly toward him. You can't have a friend without being one."

Sarah finished speaking and then announced the fifth-grade reading class. The other pupils were soon busy working on their various assignments, that is except one—Freeman. He couldn't stop thinking about what the teacher had just said, "You can't have a friend without being one." I don't have any friends here at school, but it isn't my fault. Then a new thought came to him. "but...but am I friendly?"

Try as he would Freeman couldn't make his mind concentrate on the rows of arithmetic problems in his open workbook. It seemed that between working each problem his mind would return to the subject of friends. He thought of how he had often come to school and had seen the boys greet each other. "I always thought they didn't like me if they didn't say 'hello,'" thought Freeman, "but I didn't say 'hello' either. And sometimes they did say 'hello' the first weeks I came to this school; did I always expect them to take the first step?"

Freeman's mind traveled back to the opening weeks of school. He had been a new pupil. He had expected the boys to always say "hello" and to always invite him to join in the games. Sometimes they had but not always, and especially not the last few months. "But was I expecting them to do things I wasn't myself doing?" wondered Freeman as he toyed with the corners of his workbook pages. "I didn't think they were very friendly, but they probably didn't think I was either."

Freeman scratched at the edge of his workbook with his fingernail. "There aren't many days left this term, but I'm going to try and be friendly."

The next day when Freeman arrived at school some of the boys were already there and playing ping pong. Instead of walking in the opposite direction and curling up all alone with a library book, Freeman walked over to the table. "Good morning," greeted Freeman. He waited tensely.

"Good morning," said the boys.

"You want to have a turn?" asked Eli Miller.

"Yes," said Freeman.

"Well, Sam asked to play the winner, but then you can play the winner of that match."

"Oh, let Freeman play first," said Sam. "He doesn't play very often, and I had one turn already this morning."

So Freeman took his turn at the ping pong table. Eli beat him fairly easily, but still Freeman enjoyed the game. While the boys had been playing some of the on-lookers had been talking about rabbits.

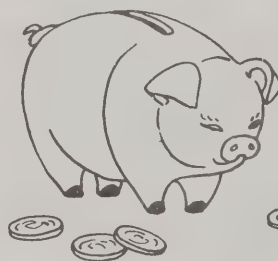
"You should come over and see mine sometime," suggested Freeman to Sam. "One just had six little ones last Sunday."

"I heard you raise rabbits," said Sam. "I wondered if you'd ever ask any of us over to see them. Most of us have rabbits too."

"That's something," thought Freeman. "Did they really want to see my rabbits and were waiting for me to invite them over? Here I thought they didn't want to visit me." Then he said out loud, "Why don't you come over tonight?"

After that, Freeman thought the other boys were much more friendly toward him—and the other boys felt the same way about Freeman, too. So that is how Freeman made some friends—by being one. ■■

## Junior Storytime



# Noah and His Nickels

By Martha Helmuth

"**M**om," called seven-year-old Noah excitedly as he opened the door. "Hey, Mom, where are you?"

"I'm out here on the porch," answered Mother. "What's all the excitement about?"

"Oh, there you are," he added when he saw her. He held out his hand in which he was clutching something tightly. "Guess what I have."

"Oh, I don't know," began his mother. "Let's see, didn't you just come back from Lizzie and Mary's?"

"Yep," he answered, his face beaming, "and they gave me something."

"Then I guess you have a penny or a nickel," his mother answered.

"That's right," answered Noah happily. "It's a shiny new nickel." He held it out for his mother to see.

"Well, that's nice," Mother said. "Did you tell them thank you?"

"Sure," answered Noah, "and Mary said if I can come over tomorrow afternoon I could help her plant some flower beds. Do you think she'll give me a nickel then?"

"I don't know," answered Mother, "but you must not expect pay every time you help them a little." She looked at Noah thoughtfully. "Go put your nickel away and then go help Father with the chores."

Mother watched Noah's chubby hand as it dropped his nickel into his piggy bank. For some time he had been running errands and doing small jobs for Mary and Lizzie, two elderly women who lived across the road in a small house. Both of the women had arthritis so they were glad for Noah's help. One of his jobs was to get their

## FRIENDS

It's a funny thing but true:

The folks you don't like, don't like you.

I don't know why this should be so,

But just the same I always know

That when I'm sour, friends are few;

When I'm friendly, folks are too.

And when I change my tune and smile,

I find 'twas catching all the while.

For it's a funny thing but true:

The folks you like, they sure like you!

garbage bucket several times a week and empty it, giving the garbage to his father's pigs as Lizzie and Mary had no dogs nor pigs to feed it to. Sometimes they had other small jobs for him, too. Not every time, but once in a while, they would give Noah a few pennies or a nickel when he helped them.

That evening, as soon as Father and the boys came in from the chores, Noah took his piggy bank and shook it as hard as he could shake it. Finally he was able to shake a quarter, three pennies, and the nickel from his bank.

"Dad, see my shiny nickel," he said as he held it out for his father to see.

"I see," smiled Father. "What are you going to do with it this time?"

"I'm going to put it in my bank," returned Noah. "Maybe if I help Lizzie and Mary often this summer, it will be full by next fall."

"Huh," laughed Noah's brother Henry. "Then we'll have to tell the grocery truck driver not to stop here any more. That bank will never get full as long as you keep buying candy and ice cream bars from him."

Noah silently played with his coins as he remembered the good things he could buy from Jack, the grocery truck driver. He hated to part with that shiny nickel, but he knew that when the grocery truck came he would be hungry for some of Jack's good things.

During the next few days, Noah played with his piggy bank and the coins several times a day, dreaming of the time when his bank would be full, but at the same time his mouth watered for some of those ice cream bars he knew he could get each Wednesday when the grocery truck came.

The first Wednesday after he had his new nickel, he was helping his father in the field and didn't find out when the grocery truck was there. The next day was his birthday and much to his delight, when the mailman went, there was a birthday card for him from his Uncle Noah. As soon as he picked it up, he knew there was something in the envelope besides just a birthday greeting. He squealed with delight when he saw it also contained a quarter.

"Mom, look what Uncle Noah sent me," he said excitedly. "A quarter. I'm rich!"

Once more the game of dropping his coins into the bank and then shaking them out and counting them began. But the more Noah thought about those ice cream bars Jack had in his truck, the hungrier he became for them. The next time when Jack came with his grocery truck, Noah was there too. Before Jack could get out of his truck, Noah was there with his quarter. Soon he had his ice cream bar and was eating happily. He had given Jack one of his quarters and Jack had given him a nickel and a dime as change. He looked at his change. "I had one coin and now I have two coins," he smiled to himself. "That's more fun than having just one coin." But in the back of his mind he knew that he actually had less money even if he had more coins.

"Noah," began Mother as soon as the grocery truck had left. "You should save your money for something

that you really want and can enjoy longer than your ice cream bars. Ice cream tastes good, but lasts only a few minutes. Why don't you save your money so you can buy something that will last longer?"

"I enjoy my ice cream," Noah told his mother.

"Yes, but sometime you may want to buy something that costs more money and which you could enjoy a long time," Mother explained, "but you won't be able to buy it because you spent your money on sweets."

It was hard for Noah to imagine that there might be something he wanted more than he wanted the ice cream bars; and besides, didn't he still have a quarter, two nickels, a dime and some pennies in his bank? And maybe tonight when he emptied the garbage pail for Lizzie and Mary they would give him another nickel.

Thus as the weeks went by, Noah bought more good things to eat, each time spending more of his money. After his quarters were both gone, he was tempted to spend his smaller coins too. His piggy bank stayed pretty thin.

"Noah," called Father several weeks later. "I want you to go over to Abe Millers and ask him if I could borrow his stapler today. He told me I can use his whenever I am ready to fix the curtains on our buggy."

"May I stay and play with Perry a while before I come home?" Noah asked.

"No, you'd better just hurry home," Father answered. "I want to get the buggy fixed this afternoon yet."

"Okay," answered Noah. Then he remembered that Jack would come with his grocery truck again and if he didn't stay too long, maybe he could be back in time to buy some candy.

When he arrived at Abe Millers, Perry, who was in the same grade in school as Noah, was out in the yard playing with a new ball and bat.

"Hi, Noah," called Perry. "Are you going to play ball with me?"

"Hi," returned Noah as he walked up to Perry. "Say, Perry, where did you get your new bat?"

"I bought it at the dime store yesterday when I went to Brownsville with Dad," explained Perry. "See, the ball and bat came together."

He held up the plastic bat for Noah to see. It was a small bat, just the right size for seven-year-old boys. Noah took the bat and swung it several times. "Hmmm. I wish I could go to Brownsville too. How much did it cost?"

"I paid 89c for the two," answered Perry.

"89c?" asked Noah in surprise. "Where did you get that much money?"

"Oh, grandmother gave me a quarter for my birthday last winter," Perry answered, "and Aunt Emma gave me some when she was here on a visit. I don't know just where I got it all but I saved it until I had enough to buy this."

Noah looked longingly at the ball and bat, wishing he had enough money to buy a set like that too. Soon he was on his way home, his mind in deep thought.

As soon as he had given the stapler to his father, he got his piggy bank and once more shook all the coins out of it. All he had were three nickels and two pennies. He studied them a moment. "Five, ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen," he counted slowly as he picked up the nickels and then the pennies. It would take a long time to save up enough money to buy a ball and bat like Perry's. Slowly he dropped the coins back into the bank. He thought of the ice cream bars he had bought. They had lasted only a few minutes and Perry's ball and bat would last all summer and maybe even next summer. And to think that at one time he would have had almost enough money to buy a set like that too. He made up his mind he would still save up his money until he could buy such a set. But how long would it take? All summer and maybe next winter? And all that time he could have been enjoying a ball and bat if he hadn't spent his money for things that lasted only a few minutes.

## JUSTICE FOR ALL

Now that Joshua had divided the land among the different tribes, all the land had rest for a time from driving out the enemy nations.

In those times there were no policemen or prisons to punish people who did harm to others. So when God gave the law to Moses, he had given special instructions so that everyone would be used justly. If someone killed his neighbor's cow on purpose, he had to give him another cow that was just as good, or else pay what the cow was worth. If a man became angry and struck another man in the face, knocking out some of his teeth, then the angry man should have the same number of teeth knocked out of his mouth as a punishment. If a man poked out his neighbor's eye, the friends of this neighbor were to see that the man was used in the same way—they were to catch him and poke out his eye as a just and fair punishment. If a man killed someone, he was to be killed by the dead man's relatives. This was the law of justice—eye for eye and a tooth for a tooth. Everyone was to be treated in return as he had treated others.

But it sometimes happened that people hurt each other by accident. Maybe a man would be chopping wood in the forest and his ax head flew off and killed another man. He had not meant to kill the man at all, but he knew that according to the law the dead man's relatives could come and kill him for what he had done. Of course, this was not justice; it was not fair, since the poor man had not intended to kill the other; he had not done so on purpose at all.

God did not want anyone to be punished unfairly like this, so now he spoke to Joshua, saying, "Choose cities of refuge throughout the land—cities where such people can run into and be safe if they hurt or kill someone else by accident."

So Joshua chose six cities of refuge at places where they would be spaced evenly through the land. Now if someone killed a man by accident, he could run quickly to the nearest city of refuge, and the keeper would be standing at the gate to let him in. The keeper would let the running man inside, but would close the gate quickly behind him, so no one could follow him inside to harm him. Then when the dead man's relatives came to kill

him, the keeper would give him a fair trial. If it was found to have been an accident, the man could stay safely inside the city. But if it was found that he had killed the man on purpose, the keeper would not protect him. In this way there was justice for all.

By now Joshua was an old man. He called together the elders of Israel and said to them, "I'm an old man, and ready to die. Now you have seen what the Lord your God did to all these heathen nations, how he fought for you and drove them out. There are still a few nations left in the land, each tribe shall drive out the people from their part and then the whole land will be free. God will help you if you are faithful to him. He will give you strength so that just one of you can chase a thousand of them. But if you make friends with these ungodly nations and learn their ways, then you can know for certain that God won't drive them out. They will stay right here in the land and will always cause you a lot of trouble."

The elders listened carefully what Joshua was telling them. They knew it was indeed true that God had helped them wonderfully in the past. Joshua reminded them how not one good thing had failed to come to pass that God had promised-- he had led them into the promised land that was rich with good food.

"But," Joshua told them earnestly, "remember that just as all the good things have come to pass that God promised, so will the bad things come to pass that he promised if you disobey him. If you turn to false gods he will destroy you out of this land which he has given you."

Joshua talked for a long time, telling the elders and the people how they should be careful to serve God and keep themselves away from the idols of heathen nations. He reminded them how God would reward them if they obeyed him, and how he would punish them if they disobeyed him. He said, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, whether the true God in heaven, or the idols of the land. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

The people loved Joshua and they were inspired by his courage and faith. They knew that the things he had told them were indeed so. "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord to serve other gods," they cried. "For it was the Lord God that brought our fathers up out of Egypt, therefore he will be our God, too."

So all the people made a solemn promise there with Joshua to remain faithful to God and serve him only. Then Joshua wrote down all the words they had said, and took a great stone and set it up under a oak tree as a reminder of their promise. After this Joshua let the people go home.

Not long afterwards, Joshua died, being a hundred and ten years old. The people came and buried him on the north side of a hill. They also buried the bones of Joseph nearby, the bones that they had carried with them for forty years as they sought the promised land. -E. S.

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## LOT OF THE PREACHERS WIFE

Katie Stoltzfus turned over in bed and looked at the luminous face of the alarm clock. Two-thirty, it said. Had she only been dreaming? Somehow she was still expecting to wake up one morning and find it wasn't so. But no, Dan was sleeping peacefully at her side. Dan, her husband was the new preacher and tomorrow he would have to get up and preach his first sermon. And she—Katie Stoltzfus, - was a preacher's wife.

Once again the tears started rolling. It just couldn't be true, no, it couldn't be, and yet it was. Dan, her husband, so sincere and so true, who had always been more on the quiet side and would sooner listen to others than to talk himself. She dried her tears on the cover and prayed

silently. She mustn't waken Dan. He needed his sleep. Although he hadn't slept well the first few nights, he seemed now to have accepted it calmly. But she had never been able to sleep right if something bothered her and now it seemed she hadn't slept more than a few hours a night for a long time.

Perhaps it would not have been such a shock, Katie thought to herself, if she had been expecting it. But she had never considered it seriously that they might be in the lot. Of course they knew when they had moved here that a new preacher would have to be made but she'd always thought of Emanuel and Sarah or Amos and Savilla. Dan had picked those two couples and they had

both been in the lot. Oh, why couldn't it have been one of them? Sarah or Savilla would have fitted so much better to be a preacher's wife.

She took a deep breath and looked at the alarm clock again. It showed 3:15. She'd have to try to get some sleep. She turned over in bed but in spite of all she could do, sleep just wouldn't come. Her mind kept going over the events of the past days. She thought of what the bishop had told them, God would help them if they would put their trust in Him. He would not lay upon them more than they could carry. She turned over again and almost fell asleep. Yet it seemed her muscles were tense.

She looked at the alarm clock again. This time it said four o'clock. She would have to give it up, for sleep would not come. Quietly she got out of bed and reached for her clothes in the dark. Now where was her apron? Her fingers felt around until at last she found it on a chair. She must have missed it when she got her dress. Quietly she tip-toed to the door and opened and closed it quietly. Then she got a coat and put it on, and opened the draft of the warm morning heater. When she had found a match, she lighted the Coleman lamp, but what should she do at this hour of the morning? It was too early to start breakfast and she didn't like to go out to the barn alone. It was not worth starting to sew for after breakfast there would be the Saturday cleaning to do. Yesterday she had baked two cakes but one of them had flopped. However, they would still be able to eat it themselves. They'd have one for company for that was one thing they had to get used to, having visitors drop in at any time.

There was going to be another minister coming and she wondered who it would be. Of course they'd want to visit them and maybe it would do them good. At one time all the ministers had been in the place where she and Dan were now.

She sighed as she went to the pantry to get a crock of milk. "I will skim it off and whip it with strawberry jello," she told herself. She got a kettle for the carmel pudding and was just coming out of the pantry with the butter and brown sugar when she heard the bedroom door was squeaking.

"Good morning," Dan said with a smile. "Up so early?"

"Well, no not really," she answered, "that is, I haven't done much yet. I just thought I would make some eats for the weekend while the children are still in bed. Do you want me to help you with the chores?"

"I think I can make out," he said, "for I know you are tired."

"I can come out later when the carmel pudding is done," Katie gave him a grateful look and sighed as she fidgeted with the spatula.

Katie went to the door to watch Dan go out the walks in the soft light of dawn. Dan, her Dan, a preacher? No, it couldn't really be. The sky was a faint pink in the east. A few stars were still glowing near the horizon in the west.

She turned and picked up her spatula again. She better watch what she was doing or it would burn for her. She turned the burner lower. Now it was nearly done.

Ten months old James started whimpering in his bed. She turned the burner off and went to pick him up. He reached for her with his round chubby fingers and crowed, "Maem- Maem." Her heart warmed for he had just learned to say it. All the other children had said "Dat" first. She reached for a diaper as she took out the pins, "What's wrong here? I- yi-yi."

She put his shoes on and watched as he held himself and walked along the couch. He could walk if only he knew it. He was still so young and innocent and didn't know anything of cares and troubles in this world.

She sighed again as she walked to the bedroom and got out her dark blue dress. She had put a facing in the hem and let it down. But she couldn't do that with her black dress as it had shrunk too much already. And what about

her rose colored one, surely that one would be too bright now and the light blue and lavender were too light. And what about the material for the lovely peacock dress she had intended to make for herself? She had told her mother she would give it for her sister Lucy. Lucy could have the rose colored dress, too, and maybe she would dye the other two.

Katie thought of the new covering which Mom had made for her when she had been there on Thursday. Yesterday she had fitted it on and asked Dan if he thought it would pass. She took a deep breath as she thought of what his answer had been, "Well, at least it's bigger than your other one."

Katie's thoughts went back to when Dan had mentioned something to her about changing her clothes, now that she was older. She put her head into her hands with shame as she thought of the answer she had given him, "Just look at Rachel Lapp, she's at least three years older than I am and she hasn't changed her clothes at all. I'm not going to dress like an old Grandma until I am an old Grandma!"

A sob escaped her lips and tears rolled down her cheeks as she realized how unconcerned she had always been. Sarah was her age, too, and Savilla was younger. Why hadn't she patterned after them instead of just looking at Rachel Lapp.

Katie dried her eyes, she knew she would have to make herself busy and get breakfast for soon Dan would be coming in.

It was toward noon when Dan brought in the mail. "Here's a card from Monroe Bylers," he said.

"Oh, I was just wondering who would come," Katie said as she wiped her hands and reached for the card. Then she read: "Dear Brother and Sister in the Faith. If the Lord so wills, we will be at church on Sunday and will come to your place for supper and overnight if you think you can take us to the bus on Monday morning. You are remembered in our prayers. Love, Monroe and Mary Byler."

Katie sighed, she was glad it was someone they knew so well. Monroe had been ordained a little over three years. It had gone hard for Monroe at first but he had really improved in the last year or so. Mom had said Mary had taken it so hard too, and she remembered hearing that she had trouble with her nerves for awhile. Well, Mary had a lot to change. Katie thought to herself, just as much, or maybe more than she had. Was that perhaps part of Mary's trouble, that she'd had so much to change? She remembered that Aunt Anna had seemed to think so and probably she knew what she was talking about, for she was a deacon's wife.

Katie hung her head as she thought of what Aunt Anna had said about Mary, "If she hadn't tried to dress like the young girls, before, she wouldn't have such a big change to make."

Katie thought back over her own life and her heart was filled with regret. "I never tried to dress like some of the girls do," she told herself, "but now I see it would have been much better to dress like the more modest women instead of trying to keep up with those who want to go as far as they can. It would make it so much easier for me now, and besides, if it had never been my lot to be a preacher's wife, it would still have been much better to dress like that." ■■

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#### SIMPLICITY

Try to enjoy the simple things  
That modest living always brings;  
A child unused to finding fault  
Once thanked the Lord that he had salt.  
Salt, with potatoes was his meal;  
Simple living can reveal  
Deep-rooted fineness from which springs  
Life's loveliest and sweetest things.    Family Lite

## TO THE UNKNOWN DAUGHTER .....

I don't know whose daughter you are, but you are one of God's creatures as well as I am, hence a sister whom I love. It has been several months since I saw you there in the hospital lobby. I never met you before or since, but your face keeps coming back to me. A pleasing face, not one to win a beauty contest perhaps, but one that anyone could love. Looking at your face, I would guess you come from a good family.

My grown son was with me and we were sitting on a seat across from where you sat. I wanted to talk to you, but I am the bashful kind, not apt to start a conversation with strangers. Anyway, it's too late now, the opportunity is gone.

I can't forget the picture you made. When you walked in, I saw your skirt was short and it wasn't tight at all. I think perhaps it might have been just as well if it had been tighter. You swung your leg up high, resting your calf on the knee of the opposite leg. It seems to me the devil himself could not devise a

better way to make a man commit adultery in his heart, which is enough to keep him out of heaven.

While you sat there, I suffered intensely. I know now I should have spoken to you, even with all those people about, but I missed my chance.

Don't you have a mother? Or doesn't she care either if you are responsible for sending boys to hell where they will suffer forever (as well as yourself)? This is a strong statement but we can not ignore the truth just because it is terrible to think about. I can't believe you didn't know how you looked. There are many others just like you in the world today and you must have seen for yourself already. Does that in any way make it better just because many others are doing it?

There you sat for a whole hour or more in a position inexcusable for anyone except a small child. What made it all the more agonizing was the fact that you had a prayer covering on your head.

-A Distressed Mother.

### A LETTER OF APPRECIATION

May we take this way to thank the many kind friends who sent letters, cards and words of encouragement to our blind Grandma (see A Day with Grandma, Jan. issue). Mail came from many states, also Canada. She received around 100 pieces so far. This was a great pastime for her. Many questions were asked concerning her life. We hope the F. L. readers will take this as an answer to the many nice letters which were sent.

Grandma will be 73 years old if she lives till April 6. Her husband, Eli, died on Sept. 27, 1964, and her youngest son, Elmer, died on Feb. 5th, 1965, at the age of 35. There are two sons and three daughters, all married. She has 12 grandchildren, 4 boys and 8 girls.

Yes, she was the daughter of Jacob Burkholders, who lived to be 99 and 100 years old. They died about nine years ago. Most of Grandma's brothers and sisters are still living. She belongs to the Old Order Amish church.

She does her own cooking. When groceries are brought from town she puts them away herself so she will know where everything is. She is blessed with a keen memory. She has been blind about five years.

Some thought the author of the article was a young girl so I'd better identify myself. I am a daughter-in-law, Alvin's wife. But she is Grandma to all of us. A special note of appreciation should go to the children who wrote to her. I believe the youngest was 11 years old. I hope you keep on bringing cheer to other elderly people to cheer them when they have lonely days.

May God bless each and everyone who brought "sunshine" into Grandma's dark world.

-Mrs. Alvin Burkholder, Nappanee, Ind.

### VENUS..... (Con't from back cover)

its temperature. How can they be assumed to be correct in their estimations on the other planets or the stars which are much further away?

If drawn to a scale and Venus would be 100 feet away from the earth, the farthest planet would be about 3 miles. On the same scale, the nearest true star would be about 10,000 miles away. (The moon incidentally would be less than a foot away from the earth by this scale.) If scientists can not even determine the temperature of an object 100 feet away, what can they know about one 10,000 miles away?

To take this one step further, how would they ever be able to determine the age of a star if they can not even determine its temperature? Who is going to believe it when they say the solar system is one, two, or three billion years old?

How refreshingly different is the fact that through all these years, God's Word remains the same and has never been proven untrue. The Bible tells us that God created the earth, the sun, and the moon and the stars and set them all in motion. During all these years, they have kept their walk, each one as it was ordained by the Creator. When we see the stars and the bright planets, we know that they were all created for our benefit and we can enjoy them and praise the One who created them.

During the first half of May, Venus is at its brightest and is fifty times brighter than any other star in the skies. It is so bright that it can be seen in the daytime if you know where to look, and at night it actually casts a shadow. With a telescope or a good pair of binoculars, you can see that at present it is crescent and looks like the moon does when one fourth of its area is illuminated.

During the last part of May, Venus becomes dimmer and dimmer and finally disappears altogether, as it passes between the earth and the sun on June 17th. Then it swings to the other side of the sun and can be seen as a morning star for the rest of the year.

The man who removed the mountain began by carrying away small stones.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

James, where John had had "had", had had "had had". "Had had" had had the publisher's approval.

That, that is, is. That, that is not, is not. Is not that it? It is.

May, 1972



### MOTHER

As I look upon the days gone past  
I think of Mother dear;  
The many things she did for me  
Make me long that she were here.  
It was Mother knelt beside my bed,  
And taught me how to pray;  
She read to me the Scripture  
And taught me the Gospel way,

Oh, there's no one like a Mother,  
None so tender kind and true.  
When in trials or in sickness  
She will always stand by you.  
There's no substitute for Mother,  
I don't care what people say,  
There's no one just like a Mother  
That can dry the tears away.

So always be kind to Mother  
For she is your best friend:  
Though all the world forsake you,  
On Mother you can depend.  
Remember that hasty and bitter word  
To Mother whom you love best  
Will cause you the deepest sorrow.  
When she is laid to rest.

Let Mother see your loving smile  
And give her words of cheer;  
Too late when in her coffin,  
Then your voice she cannot hear.  
So while you have your mother  
Show your gratitude and love  
By obeying all her counsel  
Ere she's called to Heaven above.

Oh, it's hard to part with loved ones—  
First one and then the other;  
But it cuts our very heart strings  
When we say good bye to Mother.  
When I reach my home up yonder  
Then two faces I would see;  
I want first to meet my Saviour  
Then have Mother come to me.  
Sent in by Mrs. Alvin J. Kauffman, Ill.

The mild winter days seemed to tell us that spring is here already. A few early flowers had begun pushing out through the ground long before they were due. Spring means sitting out on the porch again. Mother still has an old fashioned porch—one you can sit on and feel you are on the outside. I don't know when the craze started to have boxed-in porches. They are nice when someone needs the extra rooms, but not so nice when someone prefers the out-of-doors.

It is rather disturbing when an error occurs in a recipe, but there are some recipes which look a little unusual—yet are correct. The Prize Winning Cookie recipe for one. "Drop" was the only direction given for making them. One father wondered about this and thought it rather amusing. Another father wondered about the great amount of baking powder and soda used. The recipe happens to be correct—and good.

It was also a father who wrote in to remind me of the overly large amount of salt that was asked for in the sausage recipe. One thing I did discover—that men also read the recipe section!

A friend from Missouri wrote that their neighbor puts Tanglefoot around the trunks of the apple trees early in the spring. This causes the trees to produce apples with few worms and no spraying is needed. Tanglefoot can be ordered from nursery catalogs.

Trees make nice and useful gifts for friends.

A commercial fruit grower advised pouring a peck of small potatoes into the hole before planting a tree. First cover the potatoes lightly with soil, then set in the tree. The potatoes will keep the tree roots damp in dry weather, and will take up excessive moisture should the weather be wet. These potatoes will tend to grow but should be left undisturbed.

Do not throw away old generators, but soak them in vinegar overnight. The next day blow them out with an air hose (tire pump). The generator may not be worn out, but merely full of dirt.

A reader from Pennsylvania would like to see prayers for small children printed. Especially bedtime prayers. She would like to have some in English and some in Pennsylvania Dutch.

From Mrs. R. Borntrager comes the following:

"Blessed Jesus, meek and mild,  
Stoop to hear a little child.  
At thy feet I come to pray;  
Saviour, cast me not away."

"In my childhood may I be  
Gentle, meek, and pure like Thee.  
Help me every sin to leave  
Lest Thy loving heart I grieve."

"Tender Jesus, Thou didst call  
To Thy arms the children small.  
Lo! I come and humbly pray—  
Saviour, cast me not away!"

We wish the friend who sent in the request for the Dutch Christmas song, "Tonnan Balm" and the poem "That's the Way for Billy and Me," would send in her name and address. Do any of the readers have this song and poem?

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If the children do not like asparagus, try the following: Cook asparagus stems until soft. Remove from water. Then make a thickening for the asparagus water. (This is also good made with whole wheat flour.) Salt and pepper to taste. Put asparagus and large broken pieces of toast in dish. Pour the hot sauce over this and serve. Diced hardboiled eggs may be added.

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Potato Bread

1 1/2 qts. lukewarm water    1/2 cup shortening  
1 cup potatoes (mashed)    3 tablespoons salt  
   1 pkg. yeast

Mix water and yeast. Let stand 15 minutes. Put all other ingredients together except flour. Let stand 30 minutes. Then work in enough flour so you can handle the dough. Let rise 1 hour then work down. Let rise another hour and work down again. The third hour form into loaves and let rise, then bake.

-Miss Lydia Mae Bontrager, Haven, Kansas

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Eagle Brand Dessert

Put a can of Eagle Brand milk in your teakettle and boil it for 3 1/2 hours. Set it where it will get cold. When cold open both ends. Push contents out and slice. Put each slice on top of Dole pineapple slices. Add a spoonful of whipped cream. Garnish with red maraschino cherry.

This is a handy dessert. You can boil as many as you wish and set on your pantry shelf for unexpected company.

-Mrs. Bill R. Burkholder, Spartansburg, Pa.

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Pineapple Honey

At this time of year people may run out of jams and jellies. This may be the answer to your problem. It makes about 1 gallon.

6 lbs. sugar  
5 lbs. light corn syrup  
1 large can (or quart) of crushed pineapple

Mix well and bring to a boil. There's no need to boil longer.

-Mrs. Henry Helmuth, Nappanee, Ind.

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Streusel (or Peanut Butter) Pie

Bake 2 pie shells. Take 2/3 cup peanut butter and mix with 1 1/2 cup powdered sugar until mealy. Sprinkle 2/3 in the pie shells then combine the following.

2/3 cup flour  
1 cup white sugar  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
4 cups milk  
6 egg yolks

Cook, then add 1/4 cup butter, and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Let cool. Pour into shells, over peanut butter mixture. Beat 6 egg whites until stiff. Beat 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar and 1 cup white sugar mixed with 2 teaspoons cornstarch. Beat until stiff and put on pies. Sprinkle remaining peanut butter mixture on top. Brown in oven.

-Mrs. Eli D. A. Yoder, Millersburg, Ohio

My Own Apple Dessert

Snitz apples, wash and slice to make 4 quarts. Put in a large kettle. Add 1 cup raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 1/2 cup sugar, and enough water to almost cover the fruit. Bring to a boil.

Take 1 heaping tablespoon cornstarch. Thicken with a little water. Add to fruit, then boil until it thickens. Cool. Slice 5 or 6 bananas and add to cooled mixture. This is best with solid cooking apples.

-Edith M. Brubacker, Hinkletown, Pa.

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A DIME'S WORTH OF SOMETHING

I paid a dime for a package of seeds.  
The clerk tossed them out with a flip.  
"We have them assorted to every man's needs,"  
He said with a smile on his lip—  
"Pansies, poppies, asters, and peas;  
Ten cents a package, now pick as you please."

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store,  
And dimes are the things that he needs.  
And I've been to buy them in stores before,  
And thought of them merely as seeds.  
But it flashed through my mind as I took them this time:  
"You've purchased a miracle here for a dime!"

"You've a dime's worth of power, which no man can create;  
You've a dime's worth of life in your hands.  
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,  
Which the wisest cannot understand.  
In this bright little package— now isn't it odd?  
You've a dime's worth of something known only to God!"  
(Author Unknown)

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Some Mothers Write

Awhile back my two young boys were right off to bed as soon as supper was over. I thought, O.K., I'll leave you off this time. Maybe you are tired. Just as we were done with the dishes, they both came downstairs again. I asked, "What do you want?"

"We forgot there is one game we wanted to play yet," they said.

They didn't get off that easy, for off to bed they went. The next eve they didn't try anything like that.

-E. Y., Pa.

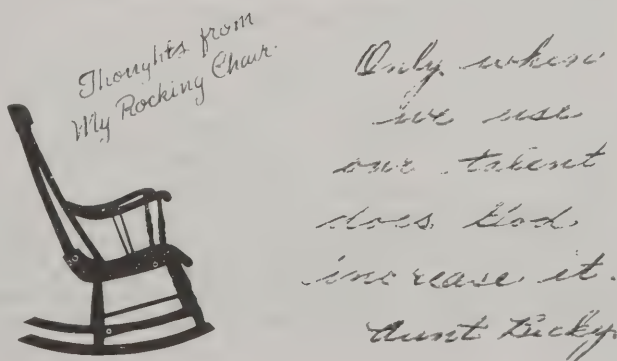
The three-year-old wondered who I was writing to.

"Aunt Becky," I answered.

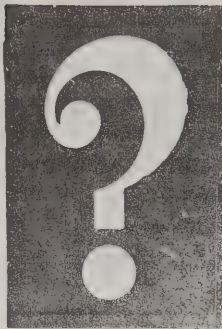
Then she said brightly, "Mir vella epis mit schicka fah ihr kinah. ( We want to send something along for her children. )"

-Pennsylvania

=====



Deadline  
for answers  
May 31<sup>st</sup>.



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Does ANYONE know how, when or where the practice of bedcourtship and the use of tobacco ever came to be accepted in some of our communities of plain peoples? There are several old ordnungsbrieft of a hundred or more years ago where these things are strictly forbidden. Some of our old bishops have also stated that this is true. How then, could something like this ever come to be accepted in a plain and non-conformed church?

-SICK AND TIRED OF IT ALL, Ohio

??

COOKIES AND PRETZELS IN CHURCH

I grew up in a community where eats were passed out to the children and not only to the small ones. Later we lived where the mothers took along what they wanted for the smaller ones. We lived a few miles to one side so we usually had to leave earlier on Sunday morning for church than the most of them. I found that having a warm cooked cereal for the children's breakfast was the best. When they were old enough that they could understand, I'd tell them in the morning they don't need to eat in time of services. Fixing a small bag with crackers, cheerios and raisins or a few slices of apple, I would leave it on the buggy so they could eat as soon as the services were over. If members weren't dismissed right away, it helped keep the children quiet and out of trouble.

- A Grandmother

In our church we don't set out food for smaller children. I have learned that it is a good idea to take a small plastic jar of drinking water along with the other baby supplies. I also like to take a little eats like pretzels, cookies, raisins or dry cereals, just enough for the good of the child's hunger, and then letting the container be a toy for the child. If the child knows he can't have any more until he gets home he will be more contented than if he could go and get some more all the time.

When I was a little girl, I complained about getting tired sitting in church so long and our hired girl told me to listen very close to what the minister is saying and it will not seem so long.

-Pennsylvania Grandmother.

We have cookies and pretzels in our church and I am glad for them. The children aren't up long enough in the morning to eat a good breakfast and what child doesn't get restless when he gets hungry? If you still have a diaper bag a container with water or milk will help a lot.

As they get older, they can get it themselves, but I guess then they'd be old enough to do without. As for going to the restroom, there aren't many children that can sit through a whole church service without going out once, especially not at the age when they still need cookies or pretzels.

-One who enjoys Church Services, Indiana.

I've been taking nuts (shelled) along for my children. Smaller ones even get a banana in private, maybe while I put the baby to sleep. If we want to treat the children, why not set the cookies and pretzels out after dinner? Some children start eating soon as church begins and don't know how to sit still. I find that a writing pad or any little favorite toy in their pocket does more good than a whole basket full of different ones.

-E.M., Wayne Co.

Here in our church it used to be the practice to hand around the half moon pies followed by a glass of water for the small children (2 to 3 yr. old and under) while the Lob Lied was being sung. By the time the song was ended the children were finished, the ministers were back and everyone was or at least, should have been, ready to settle down and listen to the sermon. Later perhaps between the sermons, the parents would take their youngsters out if necessary. It does make a little extra commotion but I would much rather see that than not, taking their children along to church for fear they will make a little commotion. This practice is dropped now and pies are handed around while the first minister is preaching. I must say, as a minister, I find it is at time distracting or disturbing and I would sooner see it the way it was. But I believe the purpose is well meant as some families have from 6 to 10 miles to go. In order to get there in time, the children have to be taken out of bed and gotten ready very early. Nature (or God) has taught them to cry when they were hungry when babies and a two or three year old hasn't outgrown this yet. A cookie or moon pie should satisfy them until noon lunch. To be eating continually isn't necessary. If we're not careful, we'll teach the child that to go to church is to go to eat and play instead of teaching them reverence even though they don't understand the sermon. However, I believe they do understand more of it than we often give them credit for, especially if they're taught at home. I think this will also help to teach them reverence and respect for the sermon when they are older. I've seen children with maybe a nail and a little piece of yarn more contented and quiet than children with a whole bag full of playthings and eats.

-Ezra Kanagy, Pa.

I can well remember when I was at the pretzel eating stage. Not pretzels at that time, but cookies and crackers. I really think it is more of a habit than a necessity. In the Mennonite church and other church services, you do not see anything like this being passed around, but they do not leave home at 7:30 A.M. and the church services do not last as long.

-Florida.

With one child on my lap and a few beside me, it seems to me the cookies and pretzels come around at just the right time to help me with the little ones. I do not give them second helpings. As for water, I have a small tupperware glass with a lid in the diaper bag and they all get a drink once.

-Indiana Mother.

I agree with the woman who wrote about having  
Family Lite

**pretzels and cookies for the children in church.** In some places they have so many different kinds of cookies, you don't know which kind to take. It don't take me long to decide 'cause I don't take any.

In our church the people who have church, make pie for the preachers yet besides all the other stuff and sometimes cookies yet. I think it's over-done to have such a big meal in church. Maybe they think they have to do this to get some people to come to church regularly. Some people go to church but have something else going on in the afternoon and have to leave before the services are out. And some people have to hurry and get the lunch ready and miss part of the sermon. Why can't everyone stay and visit awhile?

**-A Wayne County Mother.**

**With most children,** I feel it is just a habit and only makes them more restless. In the community where we used to live this practice was discontinued during our stay there and I must say it was a great improvement. It is hard to teach a child reverence when it is munching on cookies, crackers and pretzels, and playing with all kinds of toys and scampering from Mother to Daddy and vice versa. Yes, I am a firm believer in keeping up the standards and faith of our forefathers. The teachings of my parents become dearer to me as the years roll by. One of the things that stand out to me is the fact that both Dad and Mother admitted they are weak and fail in many ways. I am sure they wouldn't want us to continue in the mistakes that they made. If mankind would always keep following the ways of their parents from generation to generation, without looking to the Perfect Pattern, then we would be like the young carpenter who was putting up a large building. Measuring off the exact dimensions for the rafters, he cut out the first rafter and used it as a pattern for the second rafter. Then he used the second rafter to make the third and so on. When the building was done what do you think the roof looked like? The same thing is happening to us if we do not keep our eyes on the Master Pattern, Christ. Let us do as Paul writes, to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. To do this we should compare our traditions and standards handed down to us with the Perfect Pattern and prove all things thereby.

**-Concerned Dad from Missouri.**

**I have found that sliced apples** in a plastic bag are much better than something dry like cereal or pretzels. I also try to take a baby food jar of cold milk or fruit juice as some of mine wanted a "drink" just as a chance to take a walk. Restless children do make it hard to keep the mind on the sermon. I know of parents who go to church so early that they often sit a long time before the singing starts. Some of their children have to be eating or taken out even before church starts.

**-Pennsylvania.**

**I have never realized** that passing the cookies caused any problems. A number of women in our district take our own jar of water and thus eliminating the running to and fro. The little ones are taken to the bathroom just before the services start and there is little "walking out".

I think it depends on how you train your child to behave in church. There is a nice medium to be reached in such conditions, cookies once, water once, and if really necessary, a trip outside.

**-Hiram, Ohio.**

**I think the little ones** are better satisfied by having something to eat if they are hungry than to have all those toys to play with. But I'd want something to drink, too after one of those dry cookies, so I take water along. I don't have to get up and go out about that.

**-Ligonier, Indiana.**

**We used to live in a community** where crackers and cookies were set out but we now live where nothing like that is set out and there is a lot less confusion. Some of the parents bring along something that isn't salty, like raisins or cheerios. I think the parents are at fault a lot of the time for the confusion. You'd think it must be very annoying to the preachers to stand there and be preaching the Word of God and the people not listening to what is being said. We should all do our part to make church services a blessed and holy gathering.

**-Deleware.**

**We don't have this in our church** but the mothers take along something for the children if they need it. It seems to me this would be less commotion. Sometimes it is hard to change something in a church even if it isn't good, but we could try to be a good example for there will be problems as long as we live. Let us try to do good.

**-Millmont, Pennsylvania**

**Far too often,** it is the children who have the most to keep them quiet, are the ones who make the most commotion. The Bible says if any man hunger, let him eat at home. I think far too often the children do not especially want it until they see something to ask for. When would be a better time than when they are young to learn to keep and sit quiet? This would be better than to go to eat, look at books or play with toys.

**-Port Trevorton, Pa.**

**I am fully agreed** that eating crackers and pretzels is a fine source of "unruh." We were used to having them passed through the room but my parents could never feel that is was a good thing and I don't either. I have seen the difference and I know that the less a child has to eat and to play with, the quieter and better satisfied he will be.

**-R., Missouri.**

**I agree wholeheartedly** with the mother from Ohio. It is much overdone these days, not only pretzels, but all kinds of candies and then they get up and go get water. However, I have nothing against taking something along for smaller children for I think they do get hungry. I do this myself but I also take a small jar of water along and then I don't have to get up and squeeze through people and benches to reach the water pail. I have found our children are "braf-er" with but little to eat.

**-Ohio Mother.**

**It seems children do get hungry** just sitting so long. Sometimes, I get hungry, too. They have an early breakfast and then lunch is later than usual. I see no harm in taking something along for the children. I try to make sure the children go to the "restroom" before services start. When I go to put the baby to bed, I ask them if they have to go out, so they rarely go out more than once.

**-Mother of Five, Ohio.**

**I think there are things in our churches** to be more concerned about than eating pretzels and that is "hoch-mut". I wish something could be done about those short dresses and stylish caps. The way some little children are dressed it makes you wonder how these parents want them to look when they grow up.

Our children eat pretzels in church but they sit quieter than they do with playthings. I think a lot of children

behave in church the way they do at home.

-A Concerned Mother, Ohio.

I have been burdened that we do not show the reverence we ought to in our churches. As was mentioned, we set out food which tempts children. Thus they have their minds on the food instead of on the preaching. I have also wondered about this when I hear dishes rattling before the services are dismissed or perhaps even while prayer is being offered. Some may say this is only the last part of the services, but isn't God just as holy at noon as He is in the morning?

-Kansas.

What about the 10-12 year olds who have a couple packs of lifesavers or even chewing gum? As soon as a mother's two or three year olds starts getting restless, out comes one of your neighbor's girls with a piece of candy. When that's gone, the child wants more, and if she doesn't get it, who's restless? I wish people would quit handing out candy and gum. The less of these things in a church, the better off the children will be.

-W.M., Indiana.

In our church we, too have cookies, crackers and pretzels. I must admit it sometimes makes the children restless. But why take away the pretzels from the children as long as some of the men have to go outside in time of church to do other things? They can understand what the preachers are saying so why wouldn't the children get restless when they can understand very little? Why don't the men leave their "white pretzels" at home and then maybe we can omit the real pretzels, too, sometime and have a quieter church which would be a real blessing to the preachers and everyone in the churchrooms.

-A Mother, LaGrange, Indiana.

In our church the children just get cookies and pretzels when they are passed. I think it's not necessary to get second helpings. I also feel what makes a lot of children restless is when older children tease them and try to tell them how to play with their toys.

-Indiana Mother.

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## VAIN WORDS

### DEAR ONE FOR PURE SPEECH:

In regards to your question about vain words, let me tell you an experience I had while working for a contractor. Most of the crew were plain people but a few were not. This one boy, we shall call him Smith, had a habit of using vain words. There was one man in the crew we shall call him Weaver, that tried to straighten him up and would tell him we can do without that kind of talk.

As time went on this Weaver's son started working with the crew and this boy's language was a lot worse than Smith's. This of course made Smith angry because Weaver used to admonish him, but never said a word when his own son was using this kind of language.

But one of the other men in the crew didn't say anything, but neither did he laugh at Smith's jokes. He looked sad and hurt and this was a punishment for Smith and he didn't use that kind of language when this man was around.

You said you hire a man from town to take you to the doctor. Wouldn't it be possible to quit hiring this man and hitch up in the carriage and go? Then you wouldn't have

to listen to him. As for the feed man, you could tell him in a nice way that you do not like to hear this kind of language. Then if it continues, you could get your feed somewhere else. But at the same time make sure no vain words are used in your home.

-E.S., Pennsylvania.

It always bothers me to hear people using swear words. There was a cattle dealer that stopped at our house quite often in our first years of farming. He was one of the worst to swear. One day I just couldn't keep quiet about it so I told him our boys don't learn swear words from their daddy and they don't need to learn them from him.

I thought it might make him angry, but instead, he seemed to respect me for it and said he knows he shouldn't talk like that. After that when he came, I thought he tried to be more careful.

-A. Fisher, Pennsylvania.

I can feel for the mother that wrote about it. Some years ago some boys pulled into our drive as they were having trouble with their car. My husband helped them to get the car started again. As it was a warm evening I also walked over to see what the trouble was. The driver seemed somewhat excited and with almost every sentence he used the name of the Lord in vain. I felt very sorry for him and thought something should be said to him. But I didn't have the chance as he didn't seem to realize I was listening so I did not say anything. But after all these years, I often think of this and wonder if ever anybody said anything to this young boy that it is wrong to use the name of the Lord in vain. At times I still feel guilty that I didn't say anything to him.

-Pennsylvania Mother.

I don't think it would hurt to say something to people about using vain words, especially around children. We are responsible for our children's behavior and if our children pick up such words by hearing other people using them and we don't do anything about it, then I think we are in the wrong. It might help to say something if said in a right way. It might be worth a try and if he doesn't quit altogether, it might still make him think about what he is doing.

-A.C., Delaware.

If we have people we are well acquainted with who use profane language while they are in our home or property we may have the right to remind them in a kind way but we must be careful that we are not trying to make corrections on the other person and maybe using by-words which are almost as bad ourselves. Sometimes we need to say only a few words to make someone think of what they are doing.

A few years ago I went to my neighbor's place and when I got there he was taking the corn head off his harvester and was putting the hay pick-up head on. He was having quite a bit of trouble so he asked if I would help him a little. One bolt just wouldn't come so finally he let out one big swear word at the piece of machinery.

I just said in a quiet way, "Oh, I thought this is a pick-up for a harvester."

The words came to my mind and were spoken before I realized it but he took them in with a smile and a blush on his face. It was easy to see that at this particular moment, God's message had gone through to the heart, so there was no need to say more. If he wouldn't have accepted these few words then a lengthy explanation wouldn't have helped either.

-Wallenstein, Ontario

I, too, am one for pure speech for I know that children pick up unnecessary words very easily. I once had a Catholic friend whose religion might have put some plain people to shame. At one time she was dealing with a man whose every other word was a swear word or taking the name of the Lord in vain. All at once she remarked, "That's my very good friend you're talking about like that and I do wish you'd be more careful." It's something to think about.

-Mrs. J.J.M., Jr. Burton, Ohio

I notice you asked about English people, when they use the Lord's name in vain. I presume you mean worldly people, for it is just as bad for Christians, if they do it in English, German or Pennsylvania Dutch. God understands and hears it all.

I remember having a neighbor who could not understand the Pennsylvania Dutch. One day we went to thresh at his place and when the thresher came down the road and got too far out on the side of the road and upset his threshing machine. As we were trying to set it up a man who speaks Pennsylvania Dutch came down the road and when the English neighbor saw him coming, he said to me, "There comes so and so. Now when he comes down here he is going to say 'Oh, Gott im Himmel! What does that mean?'"

I had to tell him it means "God in Heaven" and then he said, "That's just what I thought it means."

I remember when I was young I worked for my brother-in-law and he had hired a man to come fix his windmill. While he was up there fixing it, we stood down below, watching and tying things on a rope which he needed. Suddenly something went wrong and he got mad and started cursing. My brother-in-law knew if he would say something now, it would make him worse so he let it go until he came down. By that time he was cooled off. Then the man said to my brother-in-law, "I am sorry I cursed like that, but when I get mad, I can't help it."

I know of a Mennonite family who were the only plain people in their neighborhood. Some of the neighbors had a habit of cursing. One day they were threshing at his place and something broke on the thresh machine. While the thresher was fixing it, some of the neighbors stood together talking. The Mennonite man had a son who walked up to them and listened to them and also talked.

The next morning this son related to the family how the men cursed when they were standing around the threshing machine. The father said, "I didn't hear them curse when I talked with them."

The son answered, "Yes, but when you came close, they quit."

I think sometimes our actions speak louder than our words. I think we must depend on the Holy Spirit and if we use Scripture verse, we must do it in a kind and loving way.

-Martin Troyer, Indiana

I think it is a very good question. In my teen age years, I, with others my age, formed the habit of using bad language. I heard many sermons admonishing us but it seemed that once the habit was formed it was very hard to quit.

One day I was hauling bundles and was loading my wagon and the horses started up without my command and I almost fell off the wagon. Before I knew it, I had used some very bad language. The man that was pitching up the bundles was a non-Christian, and he called my attention to the bad words I had used. He said, "You call yourself a Christian and yet you use such words!"

I think that rebuke I got from the non-Christian did me more good to get rid of the habit than anything else I had ever heard before.

Therefore it is my opinion that we might be able to do more good than we think by calling a person's attention to the use of bad language.

May, 1972

-J. Y., Kansas

I don't like to hear such talk either. I often must think of David, he lived with the wicked. In Psalms 39:1, we read, "I said I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue. I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is beofre me."

For me, I think it would be just as good to let them have their way. But we should try with God's help and through prayers to keep ourselves pure in speech and be a good example to our children and grandchildren. James 3:8, "For the tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison." But we are all human.

-A Deacon from Indiana.

"A Word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. "If and when we do this, we should do it out of love and in a humble spirit. We might ask them if they realize what they have said. However, sometimes it works out the best and does the most good if we work on our end of things.

Years ago when we raised baby chicks, they told us to thoroughly clean and disinfect the brooder house and move it out to a clean place. This worked all right to a certain extent but you could never know when a sparrow or something would bring in unexpected trouble.

Now they take a different approach and give antibiotics and medicines in the drinking water to combat the disease or keep it down. The same thing holds true with our children. We can hardly expect to live in this world and not have them subjected, sooner or later to more or less evil influences. Therefore it is necessary that we continually teach our children against these things and correct them and keep on teaching and correcting. One of the most effective ways is to be a good example ourselves for sometimes little things speak louder than words.

In raising chicks, some people put their little chicks on the old litter of a previous batch, but this is hardly to be recommended. We ought to avoid all unnecessary contamination but at the same time we should also be giving them something to work against the disease.

The more we place the blame for our problems on others, the more hopeless our case becomes. The more willing we are to look to God for help and be corrected ourselves, and do what we ourselves can do, the better are the chances to find a solution to our problems.

-E.E.G., Middlebury, Indiana.

Seeds and Flowers

A gentle word, dropped here and there,  
Is very like a little seed  
That grows into a flower fair,  
For those whose troubled hearts may bleed.

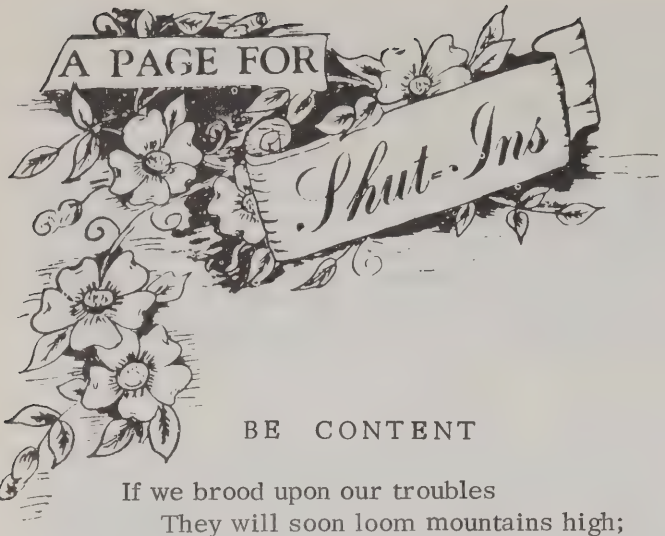
A gentle, thoughtful little word,  
May slip into some heart and bring  
The help that heals, and like a bird  
That aching heart may learn to sing.

Oh, what a garden life must be  
If every day such seeds were sown!  
And oh, the happiness when we  
Could claim the flower as our own.

-Mary Tate

-Submitted by E.J.B., Leonardtown, Maryland

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BE CONTENT

If we brood upon our troubles  
They will soon loom mountains high;  
Completely fill our line in vision  
And obscure the sunny skies.

When I think of the lame and crippled  
And the blind who never see,  
The deaf and dumb, and the prisoners  
Who have lost sweet liberties.

The shutin, the sick, the helpless,  
Feeble, and gaunt from pain,  
I am despondent no longer,  
Never again I will complain  
"I have learned to be content."  
-Sent in by Mrs. Christian Frey, Wallenstein, Ont

LITTLE KENNETH

Little Kenneth was a kind hearted little boy. He seemed to be a healthy child until six months before his fourth birthday. Twenty days after his birthday he died of cancer.

In the spring of 1970, Kenneth started to run a fever. The doctor thought he was getting measles, but the measles didn't come and Kenneth got worse. He could hardly breathe anymore. The parents took him to the hospital at Ephrata. There they sent him to Lancaster, and then to Philadelphia, where they operated. Afterwards he seemed fully recovered. He ran and played and wanted grandpa to help him chin on the swing bar. But soon he had a relapse and after that was often in and out of the hospital.

Grandmother loved to babysit for Kenneth and also for his little sister and brothers. She tried to spend as much time with Kenneth as she could when he was home. One day when she was there the little one-year-old was sitting on the floor playing and talking his baby talk. Kenneth asked, "Grandma, does Jesus hear Richard talk?"

"Yes, He does," she answered, "and He understands him, too, and we don't."

One even at twilight Kenneth asked his mother, "Ma-ma, do you think Jesus is sleeping already?" It seemed he had Jesus often on his mind.

Kenneth could not eat very much but he got hungry for some unusual things. His daddy would go to the store and get it—if at all possible—for he knew he couldn't give Kenneth anything to eat very long anymore. His last wish was for a glass of soft drink and his mother was very glad she happened to have it on hand.

The day before he passed away Grandmother was sitting with him. He wanted her to read to him. He had little Bible stories which his mother often read to him. He said, "Read me the one where Jesus cares for a sick child." This was his favorite.

While Grandmother was reading, he fell asleep. With eyes closed he started talking. Oh, how she wished she could understand what he was saying. He had such a pleasant smile, which she had not seen on his face for quite a while.

Though very sick, Kenneth did not cry very much. Sometimes when the doctors and nurses worked on him, he had to cry. Then he would say, "Mama, wipe my tears," and then he could stop crying, because his mother wiped his tears. At the funeral the Bishop spoke of Revelations 21:4—"and God shall wipe away all tears." This was quite unusual, Kenneth had chosen his own text.

(Some friends sent the following poem for the parents' consolation. The last two lines is the only thing which helps me over the moments of grief.)

Dear little son, your life is o'er;  
We know your pains were very sore;  
In heaven there is an open door  
Where you need suffer never more.

The years you spend with us were few;  
How much we still think of you;  
God's will is best, you now can rest  
In joy and peace and happiness.

'Tis many a storm you need not face  
Along this rough and toilsome race;  
A glorious thought you safe will be  
Till we meet again in eternity.

-By the Grandmother Eva Weaver

Notes from the readers---

I appreciated the letter to those who lie on beds of affliction (March issue). It often appears those that are afflicted seem to be specially gifted people. Or in other words, those that least deserved such trials. Or could it be that the affliction has only brought out the special talent in an otherwise general-run person. I'm not referring just to personal sickness but in the different ways people get tested.

The jewels that shine the brightest are the ones that are broken and polished the hardest. So it's comforting when we must stand by and see another suffer, to think when "the jewels" are gathered on that last day these long suffering ones will shine the brightest.-Pennsylvania

May I suggest something that handicapped people could make? "Quiet books," for little children to take along to church like the one suggested on page 33 of the January issue of FL. Buckles, and hooks and eyes can also be used. In the book I made, I used felt for the coat, purse, shoe, etc. The book should be about 7" x 8" (finished size). Cut 2 pieces of muslin 14 1/2 x 8 1/2". When all done, sew the 2 pieces together down the center.

-Mrs. Lester Helmuth, Indiana

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Family Lite



## Away From The Rush

I don't know why the older folks  
Just keep a-rushin' so;  
It makes a feller tired  
To hear them yellin', "Joe,  
Now you go dry those dishes  
And you haven't brought in wood!  
Why are you alles pokin'  
And not doin' as you should?"

Now I believe in workin'  
Fer a feller's got to eat  
And there's got to be some cleanin'  
To make a house look neat.  
But to me there is a limit  
And there ain't no need fer show;  
This causes all the fussin'  
And takes joy from life, you know.

Why, there's hardly time fer fishin'  
Or ta rest a little mite;  
They calls me lazybones or somethin'  
If I sneak from out their sight.  
But my Fido is a-waitin'  
And I think my work is done  
And the fish they are a-bitin'  
So fer once I'll have some fun.

# VENUS

## AND THE AGE

### OF THE EARTH



The Planet Venus as seen from the earth

Have you ever wondered what the scientists have to go by when they claim to be able to tell all about the sun and the many stars in the skies? Most people accept their word as fact when they attempt to tell the size, the temperature and the age of nearly any object in the universe. Just how accurate are their figures? Can they be depended on? Some very interesting facts have recently been brought out by the story of the planet, Venus.

Any evening in May, if you will step out after dark and look in the west, you will see a very bright star. This is the planet Venus which is the brightest object in the skies with the exception of the sun and the moon. It is also the nearest to the earth of all the planets. We would naturally expect that if astronomers are able to determine anything accurately about any of the stars or planets, then they would be able to tell a lot about Venus. Let's go back in history and see what they believed about this planet in the past.

When the ancient astronomers saw a real bright object in the evening skies, they called it Phosphorus. Later it disappeared and after some time a similar star appeared in the morning skies. This one they called Hesperus. They had no way of knowing that it was actually the same one. Finally they did discover this fact and

since it was the most beautiful of the stars, they named it Venus after the Roman goddess of beauty.

Later, in 1610 when Galileo invented his telescope, he turned it toward Venus and saw that it has phases like the moon. First it is crescent, then half and then like the full moon. After this it begins to diminish again.

After a number of years, astronomers learned much more about the stars and planets. They were able to tell not only how far away they are and what elements are found on them but how hot or cold they are and also finally undertook to determine their age.

But to get back to our story about the planet Venus. An encyclopedia published during the '50s has this to say: "The temperature on the dark side of Venus has been measured at about 9 degrees below zero fahrenheit. The side which is turned toward the sun is 120 to 140 degrees fahrenheit, which is not excessively hot, judged by the heat of the deserts on our own earth."

According to the books on astronomy published ten years ago, Venus was surrounded by a dense layer of clouds which kept the sunlight from heating up the planet. Since the planet is nearer to the sun than the earth, it takes less days to circle the sun. They knew at that time that it takes 225 earth days for Venus to make one circle around the sun. It was believed that the planet turns on its axis once every 30 days. Some scientists believed there was water on Venus, and probably some ice.

In other words, astronomers believed ten years ago that they had learned about all there was to learn about Venus. Some of them, including the well known astronomer, Simon Newcombe, yearned for the time when man would reach Venus and probably find some form of life on the planet.

But then things began to change fast. The United States and Russia both sent rockets very close to Venus. They say they have even landed instruments on it by parachute. They expected to prove what they had already learned by their observations from the earth. But it just didn't turn out that way.

What do the books say about Venus now? They say it is very hot, hotter than any of the other planets. The temperature on the dark side is 600 degrees, which is hot enough to melt aluminum. On the sunlit side, the temperature is over 900 degrees, which is hot enough to turn a silver dollar into liquid.

They say it is true that Venus is surrounded by a thick layer of clouds. But instead of keeping it cool as they had supposed (was this why they got the low temperature readings?) the clouds let the heat in but keep it from escaping, something like a greenhouse. Instead of turning on its axis every 30 days, they now say it turns only once every 243 days.


Which shall we believe, what the scientists are saying now or what they said ten years ago? The truth is that we have no way of knowing if either one is correct. Venus is the nearest to the earth of all the planets and yet the scientists were completely wrong on their estimations of

(don't on page 10)

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# F A M LIFE L Y

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JUNE, 1972



# letters to the editors



## TOBACCO- A DARK LIGHT

I liked the article "Tobacco, A Dark Light" in the April issue of Family Life. It sets a person to thinking and makes one wonder if there wouldn't be a much greater blessing in raising food crops to feed our fellow man.

This plant does have value, though. Properly prepared, it may serve as an insecticide and disinfectant. But using it only in this way would probably bring the raising of it to a bare minimum. I also agree that a cigar, cigarette or pipe does not look well with plain clothes.

- Also an Old Order Mennonite, Lancaster Co.

Yes, we feel it truly is a dark light but what shall we do? We live on a rented dairy farm but we have to raise acres and acres of that stuff. Instead of using our valuable land for growing corn, we raise tobacco and then have to go and buy corn for our cows. But that's the only way we can rent the farm.

I hope and pray that someday we may have a farm of our own and then we won't have to handle tobacco all year round. Quite often it is necessary that I help my husband and then we have to get hired help to stay with the children. I would prefer to take care of the children myself but it does not seem right to ask the hired girls to work in the field.

There are some parents who farm lots of tobacco but they promise their children a lot of money if they do not smoke until they are 21. Why? They are concerned about their children's health but apparently not of others. I once heard a doctor remark, "It's terrible how we have to butcher up people because of tobacco." It doesn't sound very nice to have to talk about human beings like that.

And when they get together it seems they talk mostly about tobacco, how much it brought this year compared to other years or some one else's tobacco.

-From The Same Faith, Lancaster Co.

A few words of thanks to the author of the article about the dark light. We need more such articles. Today after church a lot of the men were smoking and it always hurts me to see professing Christians mis-using tobacco. To me it is a dirty weed which should be taken care of the same as Redroot and thistle. If Marijuana were legalized, would it also be a good cash crop? Just think of how much more pleasant it would be at weddings or other gatherings if it weren't for that filthy smoke floating around.

-Lancaster County.

Dad was talking to a man the other day when a horse drawn load of tobacco came down the road and drove into the lane of a nearby farm. The man looked at it and remarked to Dad, "There goes a load of cancer."

-Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

A very good article. The reason I don't farm tobacco is because I think it is wrong and my father also thinks so. Some say we have a good reason not to farm it since we have a dairy. I used tobacco when I was still single but when I got married, I quit for my conscience told me it was wrong. I hope everybody stops and thinks about the article before they put out this year's crop.

-Marvin N. Leid, RR 2, Fleetwood, Pa.

When I read the article, "A Dark Light" I had to think how true every word of it is. An incident happened to me some time ago when I was going to a sale with my neighbor and his son-in-law, who is from the city, was taking us. As we were driving along he turned and asked me if I care if he smokes in the car. I said it doesn't bother me too much so he got out his pack of cigarettes and then turned around and asked if I want one. I said, "No thanks, I don't smoke."

He answered, "I didn't think so."

What would have been his thoughts about our way of life if I had taken a cigarette and smoked it? I believe our simple way of life would not have meant anything to him if I had smoked the same as he did.

I used to farm tobacco and used it, too, but I quit because I couldn't do it with a clear conscience. Tobacco contains nicotine and the dictionary says nicotine is a poisonous oil used in making insecticides. Any poison we take into our bodies is not pure but the Bible tells us we ought to keep our bodies pure so they can be a "temple of God." If it is not this then it is a "habitation of Satan."

I wish everyone could read a little booklet which was written a long time ago entitled "The Heart of Man" (Das Herz Des Menschen) (Available from Pathway, in English for 50c and German 35c). It tells and shows what can be in the heart of a person.

Some people say our fathers and grandfathers farmed it and used it. But the Bible tells us that if a man puts his hand to the plow and looks back, he is not fit for the Kingdom of God. If we today know that tobacco is harmful then we ought to quit using and farming it.

Since I have quit using and farming it I have a free conscience in this matter but I still have many shortcomings in other ways.

- Old Order Mennonite, Pennsylvania.

## A BUGGY ON THE HIGHWAYS

My opinion about the buggy on the highways (See April issue). I have two tail lights plus a flasher light in the middle. Some people have two flashers. Some people don't like to use the emblem in the daytime because it is rather bright. I use my emblem from sundown until sun up also when it is foggy or snow storm, etc. It is also permitted to have the silver reflective tape. But with all this, we ought to pray and look up for help. It has been said that about 80 percent of accidents are caused by drunken drivers and they are liable to crash into a buggy regardless.

-Geauga County, Ohio.

An officer said to our bishop that we can live in peace with each other better and not anger others if we pull off to the side of the road if there is room and let traffic pass, especially on turns and hills. Also to stop at the stop signs as the law requires. This would be practicing the Golden Rule.

-A.B.M., Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

Thanks for the article about the buggy on the highways. I feel it is good advice to stay off the highway with a buggy especially at night and when we have no

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But wouldn't it be good advice for the cars also? I feel there is more unnecessary driving with cars on the road than there is with buggies. I feel it is not the buggy that brings the danger on the road, but the fast moving cars. We just hear about every day of car accidents killing people where there is no buggy involved. When a buggy gets hit, once in a while, you hear the people moan and say, they would not want to drive in a buggy and that they just shouldn't have been on the highway.

-New Holland, Pa.

#### WALDENSIANS BAPTISED INFANTS

The article in the April issue on the Waldensians was interesting and well written. However, the author states the Waldensians practiced baptism upon confession of faith. This contradicts what Dietrich Philip wrote (page 32) that Luther rejected and criticized the baptizing of children by the Waldensians, because they did not, as Luther did, profess to baptize them on their own faith (glauben) J.P.B., Hutchinson, Kansas

EDITOR'S NOTE- We have also checked other sources, and although some Waldensians may have baptized on confession of faith, apparently the church as a whole did not take that stand.

#### SUNDAY NOT THE SABBATH

I was especially glad for the article in January issue "Sabbath or Sunday." I have recently learned to know a Seventh Day Adventist lady and I want to give her this article to read.

However, I noticed that in the April issue on page 8 the word Sabbath was used. Now that doesn't bother me for I know you meant Sunday, but wouldn't it be better to say Sunday when we mean Sunday. Now I don't feel that I should give this lady the April issue. I thought I would just mention this as I know you wouldn't want to give any occasion for error or misunderstanding.

-Mrs. H. E., Florida.

EDITOR'S NOTE- You are correct in assuming that the meaning was intended to be Sunday instead of Sabbath. During the last century, this word has been used to denote the first day of the week or the Lord's Day. It is sometimes referred to as the Christian Sabbath as opposed to the Jewish Sabbath. We agree that it might better be called by its proper name, Sunday, instead of Sabbath.

#### A TENTH TO GO?

What the Apostle Paul wrote to the Corinthians, was meant for the Christian churches, (1 Cor. 16:2) "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God has prospered him."

Shouldn't we of the plain churches be more encouraged to do this?

-Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

A promise to the obedient and a curse to the disobedient may be found in Malachi 3:8-12. Some will say this is one of the rigorous laws binding upon the Hebrews, but the words found in Acts 20:35 "It is better to give than to receive" are not appreciated by those who have a selfish nature. To give tithe may not be required, but the Record Books in Heaven will some day be opened and out of them we are judged.

The early Christians gave all with gladness and see what happened. But the sad story of Ananias and Saphira has left a stain in the pages of God's word. No Christian can close his ears or heart to the call of the needy. If we look around, we find the need is great. But this is love in action.

We must take the money for our "gifts and offerings" out of the whole increase and not wait until the personal bills are all paid and maybe very little left over to give back to God what really belongs to Him to begin with. As June, 1972

one day of the week belongs to God, just so one tenth (not less) belongs to Him also.

-R.O.S., Maryland.

Before I was married, we always gave 10 percent of our earnings. I also took 10 percent out of my allowance. Now my husband and I still do and we think we receive a wonderful blessing from it. If we give to the needy, God can give it back to us in full measure. I believe one tenth of all our earnings belongs to the Lord.

-Berne, Indiana

Mal. 3:8-10 teaches us to give tithes and offerings. I understand from this everyone should be giving one tenth of their income. Only what is over a tenth would be considered an offering. We need to be good stewards of all the things the Lord blesses us with.

-C. S., Maryland.

I do not think anyone in our community is giving a tenth of his income because most people have a tremendous income and tremendous expense. By the time one pays his taxes and interest, his profit is often only a tenth of his income. It seems in our day the church has no need for a great amount of alms unless they would send it overseas. I'm afraid money is taken for granted by the younger generation, the poor people live like rich people and the rich people live like poor people.

Another reason the need for alms is not so great is because of the so-called insurance plans or Amish Aid society and there is also in some places, liability insurance. Of course they say it's to protect the other person but ends up taking care of your own pocket book. And some employees have hospitalization insurance which is taken off the pay check by the employer.

I think one way to help people is to loan them money if they need it to buy a farm or get started farming. I started farming eight years ago and borrowed money from a few different people. I also asked some people who did not want to loan any out. One man said he would let me have some but has his tied up in time certificates and can not get it out until so and so a time. It seems to me if a person were concerned about helping out church members, he would not put his money in on such certificates.

One elderly man I asked said, "Oh, we are old people, we have our money in a loan where it is safe and we get 6 percent interest. You would hardly want to pay that much."

I was shocked at that answer for he was a respected man in the community. But there are people who are glad to help in any way they can for which I am thankful and I also hope I can sometime help needy people, if it is God's will.

- Pennsylvania.

We were surprised to see the subject of tithing discussed so openly as I always felt that giving alms with an humble spirit is just as important as who gives how much. Is this not what is meant by not letting the left hand know what the right hand does?

About using one's money wisely has also been discussed in this magazine. If one has enough for necessary items such as food and clothing and to help others, then should we complain about the high cost of living? Could we not make a sacrifice and do without the extra expenses in trying to make life easier and more pleasant? If we can have the blessing of the Lord, we ought to consider ourselves rich.

-Leola Pa.

NOTICE For additional thoughts on tithing see Across The Desk, this issue.

#### CHANCE FOR CONTINUAL FRICTION

After reading "In-Laws, the Blessings and Problems" the thought came to me, "Now isn't that the way it

should be but it isn't always the case."

The older folks have an advantage, they have had time to develop and polish their character. They have raised their family, and now they want a quieter, slower pace.

Of course they don't expect the younger folks to do the things for them which they can do for themselves. On the other hand, we should not impose on our grandparents, just to keep from hiring extra help.

When two families live so close together there is a chance for continual friction. It's not enough for only one set to make adjustments. Perfect harmony involves the efforts of all concerned,- the self-will of either one can spoil the peace.

-Pennsylvania.

### GOD IS IN THE STORM

I would like to comment on "We Prayed through the Storm" April issue. I feel it is all God's doings whether he destroys or whether He doesn't, I would take it as a warning, not only to those who suffer misfortune but to all of us to show us how suddenly something can happen. I do not think we should fuss over material things, if everyone is safe.

Several years ago a tornado went through our community and my sister and family were in the middle of it. They were having family devotions and did not notice a storm approaching. Their one-year old daughter had been in her crib when they noticed the walls starting to tremble.

Her husband grabbed the little girl and they wanted to start for the basement but it was too late. A wall fell over the living room stove with my sister underneath protecting her of debris and bricks for it was a brick house. Her husband and the little girl went out with the wind on top of the bricks with only a few scratches.

To think that the barn and other buildings were flattened. We must thank the Lord for sparing their lives even though they lost nearly everything else.

I don't believe Satan has his hands in such storms.

-Mrs. J. S., Indiana

### BENNIE SEES THE BAD

"Bennie's Report Card" in the April issue was exceptionally good. Are we not all inclined to feel like Bennie at times? We think people should see our good points better than our bad. But do we see other's good points better than their bad? How true are the words, "whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

-Delaware.

### MONDAY'S WASH DAY

Recently I read a clipping which said that about three hundred years ago the homes in London, England were supplied with fresh water on only two days a week. One of these days was Monday which has been wash day ever since.

-Mrs. Alvin Fisher, Salisbury, Pennsylvania.

I read with interest the article about trying to out-do your neighbor on washday. It doesn't appear so harmful or wrong, if not taken too far, but then again I have to think of what the Scripture says about something like this. There may be something here we have overlooked. In Galatians 5,19 included in the list of the works of the flesh is the word "emulations". If we look in the dictionary we find that this means the desire to excel or ambition to exceed perhaps bordering on envy. I suppose we would say in our language "to out-do the Jones", or "I'll show him for he can't do that to me." Of course there are many other ways we can fall into the sin of emulations but I would like to point out how serious it is. In the last part of verse 21 it reads, "They that do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."

The devil is shrewd and clever and uses many different

tools. Perhaps the one winning the race may easily fall into pride. It makes him no difference whether he catches us early in life or later in life, just so he catches us. If it bothers us when our neighbor is in the lead in any way, we would be better off if there were a woods or a hill between every farm. The Bible tells us "Thy Word is settled forever in Heaven". It doesn't move so we can have our own way.

-I.J.H., South Carolina.

### PRAYING WITH A COVERING

Thank you for the articles on wearing a covering at night. We are in our forties and have young people and also a smaller one. I am ashamed to admit I have often felt convicted to wear a covering at night as often as soon as I am awake I find myself praying. I have at times pulled the covering over my head as a substitute. Now that I have read those comments, I have made myself some night prayer coverings. If **Family Life** would not have helped me in any other way, (which of course it has) it would still have been well worth the printing. It helps so much to read of how others feel.

Just today I caught myself again as I came in from hanging out wash. In the short time while changing my coverings, I thanked God for the beautiful washday and sure enough, my head was bare.

-A Mother, Elora, Ontario.

### MATERIAL ITEMS NOT RICHES

Although I am not of the Amish faith, I enjoy the Pathway magazines. In the April issue of **Family Life** was an article entitled "I Am Rich." It is so good to know that there are still people around who realize that material items don't make a person rich.

It does a person good to know that there are still people who can remain close to God and to nature at a time when society is so disorganized. There are many people today who wish they could do the same.

-Morristown, New Jersey.

### FISHING AGAINST MY WIFE'S WISHING

In a recent issue was an article about hunting for sport and there was also something about fishing just for the sport of it. Here is a poem I made about an experience I had which took away some of my fever. I don't believe the Bible gives us room to go hunting or fishing for sport. It would be different if it were for a living.

September fourth- when we went north  
In nineteen fifty three.  
We went fishing - 'gainst my wife's wishing  
Up on Lake Erie

We were having fun - till the fishing was done  
The wind was blowing free  
And it got rough - and fishing was tough  
Up on Lake Erie.

The waves were high-they went rolling by  
And it got worse you see,  
They were fourteen feet- from base to peak  
Up on Lake Erie.

Then our hearts flopped- the motor stopped  
And we were drifting free,  
We were hustling-while the wind was bustling  
Up on Lake Erie.

The anchor went down- and sank in the ground  
And held our boat at sea,  
We were glad once more- when we reached shore  
Up on Lake Erie

Now we thank God - we're on dry sod  
Our hearts are beating free.  
I'll never go fishing- 'gainst my wife's wishing  
Up on Lake Erie.

-Delaware

Family Life

# WORLD WIDE WINDOW



## THE NON-RESISTANT LOOK

Members of the Canadian Armed Forces may now wear beards according to an article in the Royal Canadian Legion magazine. The article says that orders from the Commanding Officer stipulates that side whiskers or full beards may be worn as well as mustaches alone.

According to the article, sideburns trace back to an American Civil War general named Burnside who is credited with making the squared off, lobe length whiskers popular with his union soldiers.

The article goes on to say that one Civil War fashion is not permitted in the Canadian Armed Forces. It is the beard with the mustache removed. This is sometimes called the Abraham Lincoln look. The reason it is

prohibited is because this is the style which is worn by certain groups of non-resistant plain people.

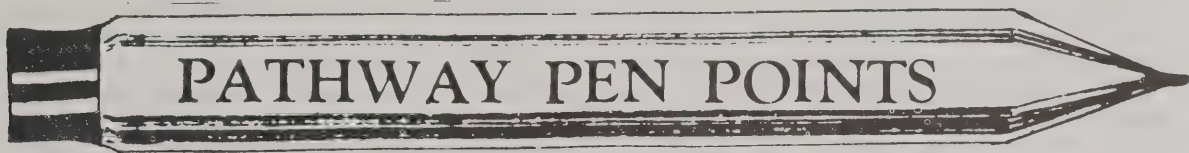
## COLD CAN CRACK YOUR TEETH

University of Utah scientists say that chewing on ice or drinking hot coffee with ice cream can make your teeth crack. It is a well known fact that heat causes material to expand while cold makes it contract or pull together. It has been found that the outside layer of enamel contracts faster than the inner portion of the tooth.

When teeth are heated by drinking something hot, and then suddenly cooled by eating ice cream or drinking an iced drink, the outside layer of enamel contracts faster than the inner part, and can eventually cause a crack in the enamel.

The finding may also help to explain why heat and cold cause dental pain. When the enamel contracts, it squeezes the inner portion of the tooth together pressing it against the sensitive nerve.

The investigators say the enamel is not damaged when the tooth is heated as in drinking something hot. But when the surface is subjected to a sudden temperature drop, is when the damage is done. There is also evidence to indicate that repeating the procedure a number of times weakens the tooth making it more liable to crack.



## KEEP THE BIBLE UNCOVERED

When I was young, I worked for a kind elderly couple. One Sunday afternoon I went away with some young folks but before I left I happened to lay some of my belongings on top of the large family Bible.

On Monday I missed the article, nor did it show up on Tuesday or Wednesday. On Wednesday this well meaning Grandpa said to me, "Did you miss something?"

"Yes, I did," I said, "and I just wondered where it got to. Do you know where it is?"

"Well, I found it on top of the family Bible," he said in his well-meaning way, "so I hid it. I thought it might teach you to always keep the Bible clear. No matter what it is, do not pile it on the Bible."

This went deep into my young heart and later on I told it to our children. Now at times I can hear the children say that someone laid something on top of the Bible, as they check up on each other.

We ought to try to be like the Christian grandfather and sow the seed hoping that some of it will fall on good ground, and bring forth fruit. The Bible is our shield and our guide, it is the bread of life, and above all, it is the Word of God. Let's keep it handy so we can read it often and above all see that it's not covered up with the material things of this life.

- Once a Maud, now a Mother, Ontario.

## NO RESTRICTIONS or THE COST OF KEEPING THE PEACE

The other morning while we stopped at a small country store to do some business, the school bus stopped to pick up the boys and girls who gather there. As we saw the boys and girls going on the bus, we were shocked by the way the girls were dressed. Of the eight girls in the group, four were wearing mini-skirts and the other four had on shorts. It looked like they were going to the beach instead of to a public school.

The next day I was talking to a man in the community and the conversation turned to taxes and schools. He said

he is on the school board so I asked him if they have any restrictions on how the pupils dressed in their school.

"No, we don't," he answered, "we did have until this year, but the parents were complaining all the time that the school board is too strict, so in order to keep the peace we took off all restrictions. Now they can dress just how they want to."

I explained to him that this is one reason why we as Christians can not send our children to the public schools anymore. This man does not profess to be a Christian so his answer rather surprised me. He said, "I believe you are doing the right thing."

-A. Y., Missouri.

## LIFE WITHOUT MOTHER

I have heard it said that where a mother is called away, it leaves an empty place in each of the children's heart for a lifetime. Until recently, I have never had a first hand look at life in a home where one of the parents was missing. The family had just moved not too long before and we stopped in to visit them. We helped the girls with a few problems that are easy for a mother but they seemed to be very difficult for the girls even though some of them were grown. We discussed with a grown boy some of the after effects of an accident which he had had, which had almost proved fatal. They enjoyed talking to us about some of the differences in their new school.

Only then did it dawn on me how it must be in such a home. Their mother will not return from the hospital in a few days or weeks. They know they will never see her again in this world but I believe they are looking forward to seeing her again when this life's work is ended.

When I came home and entered my kitchen, the contrast caused me a heartache for the motherless. But it also brought me a concern for those who have a mother living. If they could only see how important it is that we should not cause our parents grief if we can help it in this life.

If we could realize what life is like without the parents,

then maybe we could understand better the admonitions found in Proverbs 6:20; "My son, keep thy father's commandment and forsake not the law of thy mother."

-A.H.W., Pennsylvania.

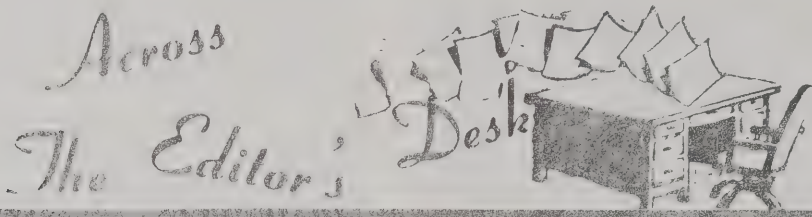
### THE ROOTS OF THE DANDELION

Springtime is here again, the time when nature exchanges her brown dress for one of a bright green hue. One of the remarkable things of nature is the dandelion. Pick a handful of it and in a short time it will wither. When severed from the roots, it has no strength left. But with the roots it is a different matter. Dandelion has been known to push up through hard-surfaced roads.

How like the natural man the dandelion plant is! If one merely tries to "reform" or make an outward change, it is like plucking the leaves from the dandelion. They soon wither but the roots (the sinful nature) is still there and though we cover it up (clothes, good talk, etc) it eventually pushes through again.

What we need is an inward change through the power of God, a rooting out of the evil and a daily renewing through the Holy Spirit to keep the roots down and keep new ones from growing, for the human body is fertile soil for the spiritual dandelion plant.

-John B. Martin, Pennsylvania



The subject of the tithe which was brought up by one of our readers some time ago is something which we do not hear much about among our plain churches. It is true that under the old Covenant a tenth of the increase was required to be given to the Lord, and under the new, this should not be less. Why, then do we not hear more about it?

There may be several reasons. First of all, the old law was to be kept according to the letter, but the new Covenant is spiritual. Under the law of Moses, the Hebrews gave one tenth of their increase, but under the New Testament, we are to give according to the need and may at times take 100 percent or more of the increase.

Some people apparently get the words **income** and **increase** confused. Some steadfastly maintain that today we are to give as tithes one tenth of our gross income. As one of the readers points out, the way many of our farmers operate today, their operating expenses may be 90 percent of their income which would leave nothing for living expenses. We should consider how the Israelites lived, how they tended their acre and their flocks, and had very little expenses. What they sold was practically all profit and was therefore termed the "increase" of their flocks.

On the other hand, there are persons who feel they need to give only one-tenth of their profits after their living expenses have been taken out. This would obviously not be right either since some people manage to live up their entire profits.

It should also be borne in mind that among the Israelites, the tithe went to the priests, who also performed the offices of civil government. Now with the separation of church and state, the church no longer performs these duties, but we are still bound to help pay for the expenses of the government. Today a major part of our tax money goes for road maintenance, for operating the public schools, and for national defence. These duties were all taken care of by the church under the old law and were actually paid for by the tithe.

Another area in which the plain people will need to spend money is in meeting the needs of their own people because they can not go along with the ways of this world. A good example of this is our parochial schools. Each year, more and more schools are being operated, all supported by the money of the individual members. Were it not for conscience's sake, our school children could be educated in the public schools with but very little extra expense to ourselves. Surely this is a worthy use for tithe money, if we want to call it that.

In other areas of our every day lives, we are constantly

paying more and more for conscience's sake. Although we help pay taxes to provide them, we do not take subsidies and other free government handouts. Medical schemes are largely financed at public expense (Members do pay a small annual fee) and perhaps soon to follow may be dental schemes, and each year something new. But it all adds up to the same thing. If we want to take our stand and not become hopelessly involved in government schemes, then we must be willing to foot the bill and each year it is becoming greater.

Another reader has suggested a great need exists in getting our young people started in farming and buying their own farms. With the constant trend to larger and larger farms and more and more machinery, the time may come when the church must take an active hand in providing help for many of the young couples starting up each year.

Of course the normal and the ideal way would be to do it as the plain churches generally do, on a person to person basis instead of setting up an organization to take care of the problem. But however it is done it is going to take more and more money, and more and more of somebody's time. Whether it is called "tithing" or not is of no importance. The main thing is to fill the needs which arise.

Enclosed in this issue is a copy of the Handicap Catalog. In it you will find the names and addresses of sixty some handicapped persons and what they have to offer. These persons are from more than twenty different communities.

Sometime ago we received a letter from a friend who said, "It seems others patronize the handicaps more than our own people do. But the sad part of the story is, that so many of our people fall for every quack or high pressure salesman that comes along and give them money and then lose it."

We do not know if that is true or not but we believe it is true that we could profitably patronize the handicaps in our own communities more than we do. And if we go visiting, it might be a good idea to take the catalog along and hunt up the handicaps in the community where we are going. The catalog can be detached from **Family Life** as it is stapled separately.

If there are any handicaps in your community who have merchandise to sell or services to offer, then send us their name and address and maybe if another catalog is made next year, they can be included.

We would like to add that this catalog is being printed and distributed strictly as a service to our readers and

the handicaps. We do not necessarily recommend the products which are being sold. We would suggest however, that if you are buying these particular types of products which are advertised in the catalog that you buy them from the handicaps wherever possible. ■■

### FOLLOWING THE FORMULA

By Samuel Hertzler

**A** certain formula, if followed, can be depended upon to bring certain results. If the formula we use is good, then we get good results. If it is poor then we get poor results. The things which are mentioned in this article may not all be classed as formulas, but they tend to show that a certain set of conditions usually bring on the same results.

When we plant a field of corn, we do not plant it into an unplowed, unprepared field. We meet certain standards before the field is planted, as to the condition of the field and the time of year before we can expect a good crop. We know that a certain set of conditions are needed in order to get the desired results.

If we read the history of the world, we find that nations rise and come to great power. Then they decline and pass out of the picture as far as powerful nations are concerned.

Why does not a nation rise and continue to prosper for century after century without falling into decline? The nations seem to follow a certain pattern, first they decline through inward corruption and a decay of morals. Then they are conquered by armies of other nations. Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. Proverbs 16:18. This seems to be a formula which if followed will always bring disgrace and disaster.

In some of our churches there is considerable disobedience to church regulations, especially among the younger generation. The cause is not so strange and mysterious as it may seem. It is the results of a formula which is being used in bringing up the children. If the young folks are allowed to go where they like and do as they please, the results will be accordingly. Customs which have been tolerated for generations finally become accepted as the normal thing and are hard to change. A wringing of hands and deploring the conditions will not change the situation. Unless the formula is changed, no improvement can be expected.

Conditions in some churches have reached the point where honest people are confused and hardly know what to expect. Sometime ago a friend wrote a letter and said, "A person hardly knows what to believe anymore."

There is a certain formula, if followed, will clear up such conditions. The formula calls for putting on the whole armor of God. Eph. 6:14-18. Among the many things which might be mentioned, are Love your enemies, bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. Resist not evil but whomsoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome by evil but overcome evil with good.

Even as God is more powerful than Satan, so is the power of good stronger than the power of evil. We must abstain from all appearances of evil. In everything give thanks. Therefore take no thought, saying, "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.

If a person lives up to the formula, doubts will vanish. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." John 7:17.

### LEARNING TO BE MODERATE

**S**ince we all have the tendency to go to extremes, one way or the other, it is an important lesson to learn in our youth to be moderate. To learn how to go far enough but to keep from going too far is an essential part of our knowledge. I would like to mention a few things in which we should give good attention to in being moderate.

**Learn to be moderate in eating.** Children who are in good health usually have keen appetites and are in danger of eating just to gratify their taste. They often seem to care for nothing but to eat and wherever they go their chief concern is to find something to devour.

They eat much and very fast at the table and would if allowed, always have something in their pockets to put into their mouths at school as well as at home. Gluttony is a shameful habit. Learn to control your appetite. Eat as much as you really need but eat at proper times and in a proper manner.

Think of your head and your heart more than of your stomach. Remember that you may ruin the former by indulging in the latter. We never have to repent of having eaten too little.

**Be moderate in sleeping.** Do not acquire the habit of lying in bed late in the morning or of lounging about during the day. If you are tempted to do this think of how indolent a practice it really is and how much time you will be robbing yourself of every year. By indulging in this practice you will unfit yourself both for study and for more vigorous bodily exercise.

**Be moderate in talking.** Young people often like to hear their own voices but they should consider what they are doing. By noticing other people they can see that those who talk much generally utter a great deal of nonsense. Talk when there is something that needs to be said but it is not necessary to tell all you know. Be neither too silent nor too talkative.

**Be moderate in playing.** Otherwise you may become rude or neglect your studies or your work. There is also a danger of acquiring too great a fondness for amusements, which will give you a distaste for more sober and more necessary employments. Playing is for recreation and no one has a right to play who does not first do something that requires this kind of refreshment.

If you have finished your work then play often but be moderate in the amount of time you spend in this fashion. Also be careful to see that you engage in the proper amusements. When you play, be careful you are not rude to other persons, but always play fairly whether it is with your playmates or with older persons.

-Selected by I.B.Z.-Christiana, Pa.

#### TOO BUSY

Too busy to read a chapter a day,  
Too busy- much too busy to pray.  
Too busy to think of our wasted past  
In this daily race which will not last.  
Too busy to speak a word of cheer  
To the heartbroken friend who stands near.  
Too busy gathering dollars and dimes  
But for worthwhile things we haven't time.  
The Devil keeps whispering, "Grab your share!  
Why waste in many hours of prayer?"  
Too busy to heed the orphan's cry  
And with a glimpse we hurry by.  
Some day we'll lift our voice to the sky  
For none of us is too busy to die.  
Perhaps when we reach the pearly white throne  
God will be too busy to call us His own.  
So let's calm down to a slower pace  
And get ready to meet Jesus face to face.

is found in the southern states from North Carolina to Texas. It is recognized by its bright red, black and yellow rings around the body. It is a burrower and spends its time in the ground or under logs.

How can poisonous snakes be recognized from the dozens of different kinds of harmless ones? Unfortunately it is not always possible to do so without getting too close to the snake for comfort. Many of the common snakes resemble the poisonous ones. There are harmless ones which have diamond back splotches much like the rattlesnakes. Some water snakes look much like the moccasins and some brownish colored snakes resemble the copperheads. Several species of harmless snakes have rings of red, black, and yellow around their bodies, but only the coral snake has the warning colors of red and yellow (think of a traffic light) touching each other. In the harmless snakes there is black between the red and yellow colors.

Rattlesnakes, copperheads and water moccasins are all three from the family which is called pit vipers. They can be identified by their bulldog shaped nose and also by a deep pit on each side of the head between the eye and nostril. The rattlesnake can be recognized by its rattles on the end of the tail. It is not true that it always rattles before striking, although it usually does. Neither is it true that you can tell the age of a rattlesnake by the number of its rattles. When it sheds its skin, some of the smaller rattles at the end break off.

A snake must coil itself before it can strike. Then it lashes out like a steel spring unhooked. Ordinarily, it cannot strike farther than 1/3 of its own length. Thus a five foot snake is able to reach no more than two feet away. It does not take a snake very long to coil itself and get ready to strike. A snake is not able to stand upright, as it is sometimes pictured, for nearly the full length of its body.

Poisonous snakes have fangs which are hollow and a tube leads to a sac of venom at the top of the head. When it strikes, there are muscles which press against the sac of poison and force it by means of the tube through the fangs into the flesh of the victim. It works much like a syringe. A full grown rattlesnake may have fangs an inch long and inject 140 milligrams of poison (about an eighth of a cc) into the body, which is enough to kill a man. The fangs of the coral snake are only a quarter inch long but since its poison is much more powerful, only 5 milligrams can be fatal.

The poison from different snakes works in different ways. The poison of copperheads, rattlesnakes and water moccasins attacks the capillaries, (small blood vessels) and causes internal bleeding in the muscles. The poison of the coral snake attacks the nervous system, paralyzing the breathing muscles and brings on death from suffocation.

If you are bitten by a snake there are four things which will help you determine whether it was poisonous.

1. Puncture marks. Poisonous snakes have two fangs with which they inject the venom and the fang marks can easily be seen. Non poisonous snakes can scratch but it resembles the marks you get from walking through a blackberry patch.
2. Sharp burning pain (usually but not always).
3. Swelling of the surrounding area.
4. Discoloration, a bluish or red color.

If there is evidence that you have been bitten by a poi-

sonous snake, there are four things you can do:

1. Remain calm and apply a tourniquet between the bite and your heart. A handkerchief will do, or the sleeve of a shirt. Twist it tight with a stick but not so tight that you can not put your finger underneath. Loosen it every ten minutes for a minute. If the hand or foot becomes numb, it is too tight.
2. Make a cut through each fang mark a quarter inch in length and not more than an eighth inch deep. Suck out the blood and poison and spit it out. If you swallow some it will do no harm for it will be quickly neutralized by the stomach.
3. Get to a doctor or a hospital as quick as you can, with a minimum of effort. If you are alone and have no way of transportation, give yourself first aid and then take your time to walk for help. Do not run.
4. You may drink water if it is available but do not drink coffee or alcoholic beverages.

As in anything else, prevention is much better than the cure. But in no case is there justification for panic. If snakeproof boots were worn, about four-fifth of all snakebite would never happen. Precaution should be taken if walking through snake infested area especially after dark during the summer. Do not play with poisonous snakes for even after it is cut off, the head can deliver a dose of poison.

When all is said and done, the fact remains that many people are needlessly alarmed over the danger of snakes.

According to a recent study on the subject, North Carolina has the highest snakebite incidence of any state in the U. S. The rate for that state is 19 cases of snakebite for every 100,000 population. But according to the records, only 3 persons died of snakebites during a period of nine years. The automobile accident rate for that state is one person killed out of each 3,000 every year. This would make the chances for being killed in an auto accident about 5,000 times as great as for being killed by a poisonous snake. Either we ought to be less alarmed about snakes, or we should be more alarmed by the dangers of the highway.

However, if you still insist on getting away from all poisonous snakes, you will be glad to learn that it can be done. If you move to Hawaii, Alaska or Maine you will not need to worry about snakebite. There are no poisonous snakes native to these three states. ■■

#### AHOLD OF PAPA'S HAND

A little girl about six years old was very fond of going to her father's sawmill and walking home with him at the close of each day. One evening she came running to him saying, "I've come to 'scort you home!"

As he took hold of her hand and started for home, she said, "Let's play I am a blind girl. You must take hold of my hand and tell me when to go and when to stop."

So the merry blue eyes were tightly closed and her father led her along. When they reached home she threw her arms around him and said, "Wasn't that nice? And I never slipped once!"

"But weren't you afraid to walk along in the dark?" her mother asked.

A look of trusting love lighted her face as she replied, "Oh, no, Mamma, I had tight hold of Papa's hand and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

This is a beautiful illustration of what faith in God is, and of the trust and comfort it gives. - Selected.

# THE LOST GLASSES

It was a nice sunny Monday in September. When the children came home from school they changed their clothes and I told our eight-year old, "Anna, you go out to the washline and bring in the clothes. Then I can fold them while I watch the pies."

I was getting ready for the silo fillers who were to come the next day. Soon she came in carrying a big load of wash. Then she went after another load but it seemed like a long time before she brought in the second load. I wondered what was keeping her. I couldn't see the washline from my cellar kitchen window.

The next morning we were all in a hurry. The silo fillers came early. Lunch baskets had to be packed and I had to start getting things ready for dinner. As I rushed around, I said, "Girls, are you ready for school? It's time you should go."

Erma, our first grader was ready and waiting but Anna replied, "But Mom, I can't find my glasses!"

"Aren't they on the table? You always keep them there when you're not wearing them" I said.

"But I've looked everywhere and I can't find them."

Then the search began. Under the couch, upstairs, downstairs and in the cellar. Finally I ran to the barn to see if she had taken them off to milk the evening before but no glasses were found. We hunted for half an hour and then I told them they must start for school or they would be tardy. I felt sorry for her even if I didn't show it for I knew she needed them badly in school.

After dinner the silo fillers left. My mother-in-law and I were doing the dishes when my husband came in. "Have you found the glasses?" he asked.

"No," I answered.

"Well, I will hunt for them now," he said.

"Oh, but we've looked everywhere already," I told him.

I heard his big steps going upstairs, into the kitchen, livingroom, and bedroom. I heard drawers being opened and closed and things being shoved around. Finally he came down into the cellar kitchen and said, "Have you gone through the basket of dirty wash?"

"Yes, I've looked everywhere," I assured him.

Next I saw him walking around in the yard, looking on the fence, and on the porches.

That evening Anna came home with a headache and she looked rather sad as she asked, "Haven't you found my glasses?"

"No, can't you remember where you put them?"

She shook her head. "I don't know where they are, Mom, but we've got to find them."

"Don't worry, Anna," I tried to comfort her, "this is not the worst thing that could happen. You can wear your old ones until we find the others."

"But, Mom, they are so small," she exclaimed, almost in tears, "they are so tight, they hurt my ears. We must find my glasses!"

"Well, don't get impatient, we'll probably find them yet," I answered, but my words sounded rather weak. I didn't have much faith that the glasses could be found anymore. We were still trying to pay for a farm and losing glasses was quite a loss. I tried to tell myself that things could be worse.

The next morning the rush was on again. The man who operates the tractor and silo filler came at a little after 6 o'clock. I helped my husband chore all I could while he helped the man refill a load of ensilage and then to lower the pipes. My husband had to haul them to the neighbors and then help fill their silo that day.

Before he left, it started to rain. "Well, Mom, he said coming into the house," It looks as though you will have to take the children to school with the buggy."

Hurridly, I got the children ready for school, put on a clean apron and my bonnet. I slipped into my everyday denim coat for I thought hardly anyone will see me. I June, 1972

hitched up and off we went. Then the rain really started coming down. We had a little more than a mile to go.

"I'll never, never find my glasses," Anna moaned.

"Didn't I tell you this is not the worst thing that could have happened?" I rebuked her. "We still have lots to be thankful for. Maybe this will teach you to be more careful next time."

"Maybe it isn't the worst thing," she answered, "but it's bad enough."

I didn't say anything but kept my eyes on the road. We had passed the crossroads and started down a steep hill. All of a sudden the back-hold part of the harness came up over the thigh of the horse. I knew right away something was wrong, but then everything happened so quickly. The buggy rammed into the back of the horse's legs, and he kicked up against the crosspiece with both feet. Once, and then again and again. I couldn't see how he could do this for we were going at a tremendous rate of speed. The buggy flew from one side of the road to the other. I put my foot on the dash and pulled on the reins as hard as I could.

Above all the excitement and the banging of hoofs against the dashboard, I heard the screaming of my little girls. Something passed us. I couldn't see whether it was a car or a truck. Wildly and out of control the horse ran down the road.

As we neared the blacksmith shop a truck came from behind and passed, just missing us. As we came in front of the shop, the horse didn't slow down. Desperately I jerked hard on the reins. At high speed, the horse turned in at the shop, throwing the buggy against the white board fence. Suddenly everything stopped. In an instant we were off the buggy, and several people came out of the blacksmith shop to help us. There was very little damage, but the horse was nervous and kicked at the men and threw himself on the ground, breaking the shafts.

I could hardly talk and I was panting as if I had been running. My legs were shaking and my arms were stiff and sore. A kind man took me home and the girls went on to school. It was nearly nine o'clock when I got home and the breakfast dishes weren't done yet and the floors were not swept. I worked in a daze.

That evening two sober little girls came home from school. They were soon talking about the runaway horse. "Oh, Mom" Anna exclaimed, "I was so afraid this morning, I forgot all about my glasses."

"I told you there were worse things than losing your glasses, didn't I?"

Anna nodded her head.

"We ought to thank God for taking care of us when we had the runaway," I went on as the girls listened wide-eyed. "We should always thank Him and not grumble about things we don't have."

Anna was in deep thought. "I don't want to grumble anymore about my glasses," she said.

My husband thought it best to wait awhile before ordering new glasses for Anna. "Sometimes things like that show up after awhile when a person quits looking for them," he said.

"You mean they come walking by?" I chuckled. I didn't have much faith in what he had said.

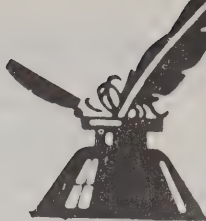
The next Tuesday I hung up some wash and then returned to the cellar for another batch. As I was hanging them up, I reached into my clothes pin bag. I thought I saw something sticking up through the clothes pins. I pulled on the object. The lost glasses! I could hardly believe my eyes. In the clothes pin bag. All day I kept wondering why they were there.

That evening when the girls came home, I told them, "Look what's on the table."

"My glasses!" exclaimed Anna, all smiles.

"Tell me," I said, "how did your glasses get into the clothes pin bag?"

Her face lighted up. "Now I remember. When I was taking the wash down last Monday I tried to stand on my head. I took the glasses off and put them in the bag so I wouldn't bend them."



- By Elmo Stoll

## MORE THAN DISCIPLINE

Ada was having a hard time in school, that was plain to everyone. She was one teacher that just wasn't going to last to the end of the term. The school board met to decide what to do about the problem.

"Ada has been too easy with the children," one of the men on the board said. "She wanted to be good to the children and she just let them have their own way."

The other two men nodded. "But it sure isn't working out. Guess she thought if she'd let the children have their own way, they'd like her."

"But they're just running over her," the third man said. "The children are treating her terribly, and making her job miserable."

"She just can't go on," said the first. "She's going to have a nervous breakdown before the end of the term, if we don't find someone to take her job over."

"What our school needs is a teacher with discipline; one that will show those rough-neck seventh grade boys who's boss."

The three men were agreed, so they set out to find a man who could straighten up the children in school.

They felt pleased when Jake consented to teach. He was a man for the job, strong and husky, and not the type to put up with any nonsense from anyone.

So Jake stepped into the school room in mid-term, knowing that he had to lay down the law and be strict and stern. The school board had given him clear instructions, and assured him they would stand behind him. Whatever he did, he wasn't to make the mistake Ada made, and try to get on the good side of the pupils by just letting them have their own way.

Jake glanced over the school room. He was glad there weren't any boys in the eight grade, just two girls. But the seventh grade, that was the grade that had the reputation—four boys and all of them used to having their own way or else. "Well," Jake thought to himself. "It'll just have to be 'or else' because I'm not putting up with a lot of nonsense."

Some of the boys had scowls on their faces, almost as if they had heard Jake's thoughts. They looked rebellious and mean. They were just waiting to try out this new teacher.

Jake decided to make his position plain from the start. He carried a heavy strap to the front of the room and hung it on a hook in plain sight. There was a long silence as all the pupils looked at the strap, then at the new teacher, then at each other.

But even so, with this warning, things didn't go as smoothly as Jake had expected they would. He had to whip all the bigger boys before the first two days were past, and he flogged some of them the third time before the week was out. He lay it on a little harder each time, and he made it plain that there was plenty more coming if they didn't straighten up. Gradually the boys began to realize that here was someone stronger than they were, and who meant what he said. So they began to think twice before they openly disobeyed him, or defied his authority.

But the boys still scowled. They went just as far as they could get by with. They didn't like Jake. None of the pupils did. And they showed it in little ways. They didn't respect him. They obeyed him only because they had to.

Jake thought maybe he wasn't strict enough, so he

clamped down some more, but the situation didn't get better. There was a tense atmosphere in the school all the time, as though the air were charged and might explode at the slightest spark. Jake began to sense as the weeks went on that he was a failure, and he could hardly wait for the term to end. But why had he failed, that was more than he could figure out. Hadn't he been strict enough, or had he been too strict?

The school board was divided in their opinion this time. So were the parents. Some felt that Jake should have used the strap a lot more yet, and forced those rebellious boys to give up. Their stubborn wills just weren't broken. Others said he was too strict, that he ruled the school like a dictator; no wonder the pupils didn't like him. But then someone pointed out that being lenient with them hadn't been a success either; Ada had tried that at the beginning of the term. So it went, back and forth, and no agreement could be reached about finding a solution to the school problem.

The summer passed and it was time for the next term to begin. The school board had a hard job finding a teacher, and at last they had to settle for a girl named Nancy. She was willing to try it, but no one had much hope that she would survive the first two weeks. None of the trouble makers had graduated the year before. Those seventh grade boys were still in school, only a little older and a little meaner. A little more determined to get the best of the new teacher.

That first day of school the boys didn't try very hard to hide their disdain when they saw Nancy. That little whisp of a girl a teacher? Ha, would they ever have an easy time. She wouldn't last out the week.

But surprisingly enough, when the term ended, little Nancy was still teaching. The funniest thing was, those tough boys had long ago stopped even trying to get the best of her. They actually liked her for a teacher. They respected her and tried to please her. The atmosphere in the school had slowly changed until it was completely different. Now when the pupils put their heads together in whispered secrets, they were not scowling and plotting some mischief. More likely it was some surprise for teacher's birthday.

How did Nancy do it? Did she let the pupils all have their own way? No, she was plenty strict, she had her rules and she enforced them, too. But somehow she did more than that. Instead of fighting against the pupils, she worked to win their confidence so they would un-

## MY FRIEND

I've found a Friend whose equal

This world has never known,  
And for His loss no treasure  
Of earth could e'er atone.

He bids me bring my burdens,  
However, great or small,  
To Him in full assurance  
That He will bear them all.

I've found a Friend whose equal  
This world has never known,  
Whose Blood for my transgressions  
So freely doth atone.  
He bids me come for cleansing  
To His dear pierced side,  
Where e'en for me there floweth  
The precious crimson tide.

I've found a Friend whose equal  
This world has never known;  
He understands my trials,  
And counts them as His own.  
He comforts me in sorrow,  
He cheers me when oppressed,  
He takes my griefs and burdens,  
And gives me peace and rest.

derstand she was a friend who was on their side, trying to help them. It was their school, all of them together. A feeling of oneness began to develop, a feeling of working together.

Nancy tried to be fair with all of them and use them alike. When she was disappointed in them, she told them so. When they did well, she praised them. When she made a mistake, she apologized. When she was wrong, she admitted it. When the pupils disobeyed, she punished them. But somehow she made it so plain that she did it because she was trying to help them, because that was the only way a school could go on, the only way it could be pleasant and enjoyable for all of them. She wasn't against them. What hurt them hurt her. When they were pleased, she was glad for them. She had time to listen when they had something to tell. She took an interest in them. She didn't just teach with the whip and the yardstick, but with her heart.

She made school interesting and fun, and yet she insisted that they work hard, too. By the end of the term, the pupils of her school had had more fun than they had ever had before in school. But they had also buckled down and worked harder and learned more than they ever had before.

But this article wasn't supposed to be about schools, at least not just about schools. For the problems Ada and Jake and Nancy had in this school are problems which come up in other places, too—problems of establishing feelings of respect, love, cooperation, and confidence. These problems are present wherever people live, learn, work, or worship together. It is not only pupils and their teachers who need to learn to use authority wisely and submit to it willingly. That is a challenge open to all of us at whatever age, at home, in the community, and in the church.

Just as some teachers fail to develop a good relationship with their pupils, so parents have this problem with their children and ministers with members. Visitors can step into some homes and soon notice that the parents let the children run at will, they have few restrictions or rules, and the ones they do have aren't enforced. The children are unruly and ill-mannered, they tell the parents what to do instead of the parents them. Other parents, realizing this isn't much of a success, clamp down on their children and are extremely strict; yet like Jake, the school teacher with the

handy strap, this alone doesn't prove out to be enough. A friend was once telling me about his experience working in a certain home as a hired man. In describing the behaviour of the children, he said, "They listen perfectly when the father is there. When he says something, they really jump. They are model children in his presence. But just as soon as he has his back turned, they are into everything he told them to stay away from—they seemed to be possessed with a drive to do everything they shouldn't to make up for lost time. I can't explain it, but there is something wrong with that father's relationship with his children."

It would seem in this case, that part of the the father's problem was the same problem Jake, the strict school teacher, had. The children obeyed only out of fear, they lacked the feeling of love and respect that should have been there. A visitor stepping into some homes will sense before long a bond of closeness and love that ties them together; other families seem to be merely a group of individuals staying in the same house. They lack that closeness and understanding that should make it easy for them to share personal problems and confide in each other.

In the world today there is a lot of talk about a generation gap—about a failure in communicating between parents and their children, between older people and young people. Unfortunately this gap isn't confined just to the world—there are too many gaps among us, in our homes, schools, and churches.

There must be discipline wherever there is to be order. Discipline and love are not opposites. They go together. At least they should. A home without discipline is a poor home indeed. Yet a home with only discipline is also a poor home. We need more than discipline. We need a deep concern and love for our children that will flavor all our actions, a tenderness and care that will add depth and meaning and closeness and understanding to our relationship. We want to be more than policemen who maintain order. Whether parents, teachers, or ministers, we need to be the kind who build up an atmosphere of oneness, a relationship of respect and love so that those under our authority will understand why they should obey, and will want to obey out of love and not just because they have to. Such a relationship cannot be built alone by a strap hanging at the front of the room, no matter how heavy it is. ■■

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# FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

## READY AND WAITING

Don Pedro's bus jolted like an empty wheelbarrow over the wash-boardy road. I nestled down to try to sleep. It would be two hours till dawn, and another two till we reached the city. If these Honduras roads were only smoother, and these foreign-made buses a bit roomier, a man could sleep better.

Don Pedro blew the horn. He blew it long and hard, a wheezy kind of whistle that sounded a little like a steam locomotive. I paid no attention. He was always blowing the horn.

The rattly bus braked to a stop. Must be this time the horn had been blown for a reason. Where had we stopped? I peered into the darkness and could make out the form of a house set back from the road. Evidently, the

bus driver was expecting a passenger here, the arrangements probably having been made the night before as the bus passed on the way home from the city. He tooted his horn again.

There was no light, no dog barking, no indication that the house was occupied. The bus boy took his flashlight and headed for the house. He whistled. Then he banged on the door. An answering shout from within gave proof that the would-be passengers had heard. The boy returned to the bus and sat down.

Everybody waited. Five minutes. Ten minutes. Fifteen. I was getting impatient. I didn't want the bus to get to Tegucigalpa late. What could be taking so long? But no one else on the bus was upset. A few were dozing. Others were chattering away. The driver was leisurely

smoking a cigarette

At last the door of the house opened and a lad emerged, carrying a torch. Two smaller children followed. Then came the man of the house carrying a pack, and last of all a woman with a smaller bundle and a baby. The whole family was going along. No wonder it had taken fifteen minutes to get ready.

Now the man returned to the house, and the bus boy went with him. They were back in a minute with the family bed. The bundles and the bed were hoisted up to the top of the bus, everybody scrambled aboard, and we were once more bumpily on our way.

The family was moving! I could not help marveling how simple the procedure was. What Amish family could move as easily? Sleeping until the bus came along blowing its horn. How else? There was no alarm clock. Then jumping up, getting dressed, and packing all their belongings out the door, even the bed they had been sleeping in a quarter of an hour earlier. My impatience melted away, and was replaced by admiration. Getting loaded to move in fifteen minutes wasn't bad.

Still, they might just as well have been awake and ready and waiting, even if it had cost a little sleep. Being from the north, I couldn't help feeling that way.

As we bounced along, my thoughts went strangely back to another night, a night I had read about in the Bible just recently, when the children of Israel had made their hurried departure from Egypt. The Israelites had been told in the evening that this was the night they would leave. But they did not go calmly to bed and wait for a shout to wake them. Instead, they followed the command of the Lord and got everything ready that was possible to get ready.

That was the night the grim death angel passed from house to house, slaying the firstborn wherever there was no blood on the doorpost. The blood of the Passover lamb was the sign that those within were God's people.

What did the Israelites do that tense night? The Bible tells us how they were to eat the Passover lamb. "And thus ye shall eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand." They were to be standing ready, fully clothed and fully prepared for departure. Nothing must delay them when the call came to leave.

Their staffs in their hands? Wasn't this going to the

extreme? By man's reasoning, it might seem so. Why, it couldn't possibly take very long for a man to slip into his sandals and grab the staff at his side. What difference could a half minute make?

And yet a command is a command, and the Israelites had been ordered to be as ready as it was possible to become. There was to be no last-minute rushing, pulling on clothes and gathering up belongings. When the signal came, all six hundred thousand Israelites with their wives and children were to be at attention, ready to move instantly as one body.

### DEATH AT TEN-THIRTY

I am sure there is a spiritual lesson for us in the story of the exodus from Egypt. What better description could be written of a Christian than that he has his loins girded (with truth. Eph. 6:14), his feet shod (with the gospel of peace), and his staff in his hand, ready to go wherever, and to do whatever, the Lord commands.

The true Christian is awake and waiting for His Lord to come again. His house is in order and nothing is postponed for tomorrow. He is ready and waiting, a pilgrim for God.

But so many people, it seems, are not like this. In their spiritual lives they are more like the family who waited to get ready till the bus came. Many young people, especially, plan to eventually live for God, but first they want to have a so-called good time. "Religion is all right when you're ready to die," they reason, "but we haven't got time for it just yet."

Thus, there is a postponing till some later day. Salvation can wait till the eleventh hour. Did not Jesus himself say that those laborers who worked only one hour got the same wages as those who worked all day?

There is many a sad story of men and women who wanted to wait till later, and then didn't live that long. As someone has noted, many people who wait till the eleventh hour to serve God, die at ten-thirty.

Did you know that Abraham Lincoln wrote a very important letter the day before he died? President Lincoln was a church-goer, but he was not a member. He attended services, but he had never been baptized nor had he made a public confession of faith in Jesus Christ.

It seems that Lincoln was under deep conviction for several months before his death. At last he sat down at his desk, and on April 13, 1865, he wrote a letter to the minister of the church he had been attending, asking that he might be taken in as a member there the following Sunday, April 18, at which time he hoped to make a public profession of his faith.

The next day, April 14, Lincoln was shot by an assassin.

### The bridegroom cometh

Jesus once told a parable of ten virgins who went forth to meet their bridegroom. Five of them were wise and five were foolish. The parable is well-known and the meaning quite clear, yet we may never have noticed just how the wise virgins were different from the foolish ones.

When the bridegroom came at midnight, the wise virgins were ready and waiting. The foolish ones had to first rush off to the marketplace to buy oil for their lamps, and sure enough, when they got back they were too late. The doors were shut. The Bible says simply, "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut."

As the virgins of the parable, Christians are waiting for the Bridegroom, Jesus Christ. When is Jesus returning? No man knows the day and hour; God alone knows (Matt. 24:36). Paul writes to the Thessalonians, "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." Surely this means that many people will be surprised, caught napping, off guard. Like the five foolish virgins, they will not be ready.

If Jesus will return as a thief in the night, does this suggest that Christians, too, will be taken by surprise

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when Christ appears? Not at all. The five wise virgins were not caught off guard. They were ready and waiting for the bridegroom. The same is true of Christians. Paul continues, "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief."

Christ's coming will not be unexpected to Christians. They are even now looking forward to that day, which may not be far distant, comforting each other and rejoicing because Christ is coming again. (I Thess. 4:18). Christians will be ready when he comes.

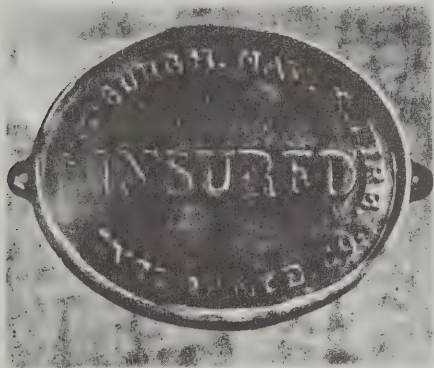
Because life is so uncertain, and the day of the Lord is unknown to us, do we therefore have an excuse for not getting ready for our departure from this earth? No, the uncertainty is an added reason for being always ready, always in a condition to leave at once. We need to be as ready as we possibly can be, just as the Israelites were fully ready to leave when the word came from Moses and Aaron. We need to experience salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ, even as they were saved from death by the sprinkled blood of the Passover Lamb.

The five foolish virgins were not ready when the bridegroom came. They had neglected to make the necessary preparation. We might say they were waiting, but they were not ready.

In much the same way the family that wanted to move at three o'clock in the morning wasn't really ready when Don Pedro's bus came. Things worked out all right for them, for the bus waited till they were ready. It worked well, yet the same program -- the same planning -- in a spiritual sense, has no hope and no promise whatever. When the death angel comes, he does not wait till a man packs his bag. When Jesus appears in the clouds, it will be as suddenly as lightning across the sky, and there will be no time to get ready.

One day long ago, as the disciples sat with Jesus upon the Mount of Olives, they were curious about the end of the world and what it would be like. Jesus warned them (and us) of many things, but perhaps none is more important than this: "Therefore be ye also ready." ■■

# Whom Do We Trust:



# GOD or Insurance?

—Monroe D. Hochstetler

Out on the dark, swelling waters of the sea of Galilee, the disciples were frightened as their ship was tossed by the waves. But then Jesus came to them, walking on the water. He came with the comforting words, "It is I; be not afraid."

Peter cried out, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water."

Jesus replied, simply, "Come."

Peter, trusting the Master completely, stepped down from the ship and started for Jesus. All went well while he trusted. He stepped lightly over the waves.

But then, shaken suddenly by the danger he was in, Peter's faith failed. The waves were huge, and would surely roll him over. Peter glanced about in fear, and then he began to sink. "Lord, save me," he called, panic-stricken.

Immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, saying, "O thou of little faith, why did you doubt?"

What a lesson there is for us in Peter's experience! The trials are many and the dangers great as we walk upon the sea of life. The winds and the waves may frighten us greatly. But rather than turn our eyes away from Jesus, as Peter did, we must keep looking to Him for care and deliverance.

Jesus still speaks to us as he did to the disciples, "Be of  
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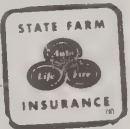
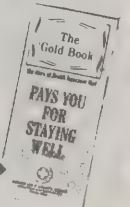
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good cheer; it is I." Indeed, he can well say, "I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I was with the Father in heaven, and came down to earth on purpose to save you and protect you. To me is given all power in heaven and on earth. In me you may trust and rest your minds. Be of good cheer and bring your cares to me. I will help you in a way that is pleasing to the Father, for he knows what is best for you. Does it look dangerous, do you fear you will come to want? Are you afraid your loved ones will not be cared for if I call you home? Be not afraid. I care for the birds, clothe the lilies, and the grass of the field. Trust in me and do not fear."

To trust alone in God and in His atonement through the suffering and death of Jesus Christ on the cross -- that should be our heart's desire. Yet unfortunately it is the nature of man to trust only that which can be clearly felt and seen. Man wants to do things the human way. He wants to be his own saviour. Or he relies on his good works for salvation. All this is trusting in man rather than exercising faith in God.

In today's world, insurance policies are taken for granted as a part of life. This is not surprising for the world does not have faith and does not trust God. They do not have the living God of heaven and earth to rely on for their protection. They do not believe that God will do what He says in the Bible.

Is insurance, then, limited to non-religious people? Sadly, the answer is no. Protestants and Catholics alike consider it no sin to protect their belongings, and even their lives, through insurance. I have a letter written by a person who teaches the Bible over the radio to thousands of people. He states that he believes in caring for his own as written in 1 Tim. 5:8. What he means is that he believes in having life insurance, for that was the question he was answering.

Many people would be afraid to live without insurance. They insure everything they have from small items to their very lives. Let us briefly study the Scriptures and the writings of our forefathers to see what they say about insurance.

### God's Ways are Different

We all know the story of David and Goliath. The shepherd lad walked forth with confidence against the heavily-armed giant. King Saul had tried to discourage him, but David would not be put off.

"The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine," said David.

And so Saul said to David, "Go, and the Lord be with

thee."

David's plan was simply to trust God and go out against the giant. In 2 Cor. 10 we find these words written, "For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh. For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

The people of this world insure themselves in large companies for protection against loss of property. This may be all right for those who do not know God. But God promises in His Word that He will care for His children (in His own way), but the world naturally does not believe this.

People who have come to the knowledge of truth, and are enlightened to God's will, have their thoughts on an entirely different level for they strive to bring every thought to the obedience of Christ. The Christian's warfare is spiritual, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of worldly reasoning. God will care for His own in His own way, a way the world does not know.

The fight between David and Goliath was a fight between God and Satan. So it is yet in our day with Satan going about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. The Christian is to resist him steadfast in the faith.

To outward appearances, the battle between David and Goliath was no fair match at all. Goliath was a trained warrior from his youth, a tall and strong giant known for his great deeds and strength. The Israelites were all afraid of him, even King Saul.

But David had been trained in the school of God. He had spent many hours meditating while herding sheep. He trusted in a God who had already delivered him from a lion and a bear. He knew God could deliver the giant into his hands, also.

To outward appearances and human reasoning, it is not safe to live in the world without insurance of some kind. There is such a rush, and so many accidents, and danger everywhere.

But the true Christian who is trained in the school of God is more than a match for this hurrying world, just as David was more than a match for Goliath. Not that the Christian will not have losses. Yes, fires, storms, sickness, and other losses. But in all the trials that God lets come, there is a spirit that is completely given up to God's will.

Serving God brings far greater rewards than anything the world can offer. It brings a changed life, but with it is a "gelassenheit" or a yieldedness, a calm and joyful resignation of the soul to God. There is a perfect rest, a quietness of heart and a deep joy of the soul which has peace even when there is trouble, suffering and rejection. Jesus said, "In the world you shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

This is something the world cannot give. The insurance companies promise a bright future -- "Build for the future with confidence! Keep that prosperous farm in the family." But what is all this compared to the peace of God in the heart, to have a heart free from anxious thoughts, resting in the sure promises of God.

### Lawsuits and Liability

The world comes with the promise, "I will take care of you. If you buy insurance, I will supply you in time of need."

God says, "Cast all your cares upon me, I will care for you." 1 Peter 5:7.

— "Delight thyself also in me and I will give you the desires of your heart, commit your ways to me, trust in me and I will bring it to pass." Psalms 37:4,5.

— "Put not your trust in man in whom there is no help, for I preserve the stranger, relieve the fatherless and widow." Psalms 146:3,9.

— "It is better to trust in me than to put confidence in man." Psalms 118:8.

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whom should we trust?

David didn't mind the scorn of the uncircumcised Philistine, for he knew God was on his side. David realized that God did not save with the sword. He depended on God and won the victory. God will not let anyone down who puts his full trust in Him.

The Christian doesn't need to depend on insurance. He realizes that the battle is the Lord's, that God has no need for methods of this world to bring about His will.

Goliath had on his steel armor and helmet plus a shield and spear. This was his protection. David had no need for an armor of steel. He took off Saul's armor when it was put on him, saying, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them."

David had a greater armor than Saul's; he was protected by the armor of God. The Christian has this same armor today, an armor that may appear foolish to the world. It consists of truth about the loins, a breastplate of righteousness, the feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit.

Some may say, "But liability insurance is different from other insurance. It is to protect the other person."

Is it really for the other person's benefit? Could there be a motive of self-protection involved after all?

If there were an accident between a believer and an unbeliever, and it is the believer's fault, then the believer is duty-bound to make settlement. If he had insurance, the company makes settlement in his place. Doesn't this show who is protected? Others say, "The reason we have liability insurance is so we won't be sued." With these words they admit it is for self-protection.

Some may say, "We have to carry insurance on our cars. The law requires it. Is there anything in the law, or in the Scriptures, that says we have to have cars? See the booklet, "Are All Things Lawful?" (available from Pathway Bookstore, LaGrange, Indiana.)

Some people have remarked, "But we might be sued for all we are worth." Does a person who has insurance so he will not be sued still have faith in the living God as far as this point is concerned? The all-powerful, all-knowing God who made man, gave him all that he has in this world, and can easily take it away from him, yes, even if there is insurance. Truly such a God will care for those who put their trust in Him.

In Matthew 5:40 Jesus gives us instructions what to do if we are sued at law, "And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." What a wonderful testimony for Christ, if the Christian does not resist if he is sued at the law.

Christians are clearly not to sue someone else, or use force. Are we guiltless if we have insurance, and our company sues the other company to make settlement?

In *Martyrs Mirror*, page 1117, we find, "Christians are forbidden to sue for their rights at law."

See how our forefathers were so severely tortured, driven from their homes, and many of them killed. Often they lost all their material possessions. No doubt this was a heavy cross to bear, but through the great love they had for the Saviour, they rejoiced. In Hebrews 10, the writer commends those who cheerfully submitted to the seizure of their property, "knowing that they had a better and more lasting heavenly one." (Williams translation).

This, then, is the relationship a Christian must have toward his earthly property. It is a Christian virtue that can be obtained only through the grace of God. Many examples are given us in the Bible and in the writings of our Anabaptist forefathers of how Christians suffered patiently the spoiling of their goods, as well as being tortured and put to death for their faith. Let us honestly and prayerfully consider what our relationship is to our earthly goods, particularly if we have insurance for protection against their loss.

#### Take No Thought For Your Life

In the sixth chapter of Matthew we read, "Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than raiment?"

June, 1972

We do not understand these words to mean that we should not fill our barns, granaries, and cellars with feed for animals and food for our families. God wants us to sow seeds and harvest the crops that he had blessed, also to fill our jars with vegetables and fruits so we have food to eat.

What then is meant by, "Take no thought for your life." Williams' translation says, "Stop worrying about your life." Weymouth has translated it, "Be not anxious of your life."

We believe that to have a written and paid agreement with worldly people that they will pay certain losses which may come to us in the future, is unnecessarily and unscripturally taking thought for our lives. Why not commit ourselves and our belongings completely to God's hands and surrender to his will whatever it may be.

In the *Christenpflicht* prayerbook, in the first morning prayer, are words something like these, "We commit ourselves, O holy Father, with body and soul and all our family and belongings into your hands; lead and guide our works, O God, according to your divine will."

Have we given serious thoughts to these words? Can we pray them honestly, sincerely, and in truth, and at the same time depend on liability insurance, or other forms of insurance, for help at a time when we are called to pay the other person's damage? With these words we are asking God to let come to our lives whatever pleased His holy will. Why shouldn't we show with our actions that we mean what we pray.

What would we, as parents, think if our children told us, "Yes, we want you to take care of us as you think best," and then we would learn that they had drawn up a written agreement with a neighbor for help, if at any time we should let them down. Would we feel assured our children have full confidence in us to do for them what is best for their welfare?

Our heavenly Father does everything for our eternal good. We cannot always understand why things come as they do. Maybe we will understand it better by and by.

Jesus says further, "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly father feeds them. Are ye not much better than they?"

Notice the birds singing happily, free of the cares and worries of life. Yet not a bird falls to the earth without God knowing it. We are more than the birds, so God will surely care for us too if we put our confidence in him. "There shall not a hair of your head perish." Luke 21:18. What an all-wise God rules the universe!

In verse 31 of the same chapter of Luke, Christ says, "Therefore take no thought, saying what shall we eat? or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Menno Simons reproved certain professing Christians for still attending the services of the state church. Their reason was that if they did not attend once in a while, the priests might come and take away their material goods. Then they would have nothing with which to support their families.

Menno wrote, "All that say they do this for the sake of their wives and children and for the benefit of the poor may know that they love their wives and children more than God. They minimize the arm and power of God, and lie unto the Lord."

Would it not be much the same with people who pattern after the method of the world, and use insurance so they will not lose their possessions? God had no need of the world's way of doing things. He has a way of taking care of His own. We can depend on God to do as He says, yea, we must depend on it, or we have not the faith that brings victory. To have faith is to trust in God.

We would like to quote several passages from *Martyrs Mirror*.

In the preface, Van Braght writes, "Surely no man in this world can derive advantage from the abundance of his temporal possessions over and above the necessities of life. Why then the manifold anxieties and cares to provide for the future in regard to the things which

concern the body, since nature is so soon separated by death from all this."

Lenaert Plovier, imprisoned for the testimony of Jesus, wrote to his wife, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all that you need shall be added unto you. Therefore do your best herein, my dear Maeyken; this is my request of you."

Another prisoner, Christiaan Rijcken, advised his wife, "It oppresses me so much when I think of you and the children, and the tears often flow from my eyes because I have had to leave you under so great a burden and with little temporal substance. But, my love, when I think that we must leave each other for the Lord's sake or we cannot be worthy of him, I hope the Lord will care for you because it is written, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness and all that ye need shall be added unto you.' And Peter says, 'Cast all your cares upon the Lord, for he careth for you.' Thus, my dear wife, since the Scriptures comfort me that we have a such a good provider, I hope he will provide you and me and our children with all that we need."

Can we imagine the Anabaptists wanting insurance in their day, seeing how they were minded about their earthly goods? Rather, they would have given up all they had before they knowingly sinned against the Lord. They were willing to suffer for the testimony of Jesus.

In those days our forefathers were inhumanly tortured, their bodies stretched on the rack, their legs broken in the boot, their fingers cut off, tongues cut out. They were left in filthy dungeons for years with no company but the vermin, they were buried alive, stoned, crucified, drowned, beheaded, left in the cold to freeze. They were hung up by one hand and a weight hung on a foot, molten lead was poured down their throats. Yes, they were tortured and killed in the most inhuman ways ungodly minds could devise.

Times have changed indeed. Nowadays people say they are afraid they will be sued for all they are worth. They don't want to lose all that they have worked so hard to get. It's too dangerous to be without insurance. People of the world are so unjust, they will take advantage and sue for more than they should.

Yes, times have changed! But-God is the same. Faith

in Jesus makes people to be minded the same as it used to -- new-born creatures in Christ Jesus, seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, interested in the heavenly riches, trusting in the protection and keeping power of the almighty God, obeying the Gospel, ever seeking to have a church without spot or wrinkle, holy and without blemish.

IN HIS BOOK, *Fifty Years in the Mennonite Church*, Daniel Kauffman writes, "When it comes to the test many people who profess faith in God fall short in bearing the test of faith. For instance, God has promised his people, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and further, 'I will preserve them alive; let thy widows trust in me.' God's promises are so numerous and emphatic that no one should hesitate for one moment to take him at his word. Yet there are thousands of professing Christians who do not feel safe or at ease without having life and property insured in some worldly company. The reason why God is not more glorified in our lives as He should be is that we do not trust Him as we should, thus fail to give Him a chance to make His word good in us."

Is not this a wonderful God of whom it is written? Shall we not trust in Him? If He could keep Noah and his family when all the rest were drowned, if He could feed manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness, if He could send a raven to feed Elija, if He could replenish the widow's oil, and feed five thousand with a few loaves and fishes -- surely, if He could do all these things, shall we not trust in Him?

Menno Simons challenges us with these words, "If you believe the strong and resourceful God who nourished Israel forty years with bread from heaven and with water from the rock, and kept their clothes and shoes from wearing out, will not forsake you in your distress but will provide for you by His grace, this is a sure sign that you have the word of the Lord. But if you are so driven by care that you neglect the kingdom of God and His righteousness, seek temporal more than eternal things and are so anxious as if God had more concern for the flowers and fowls than for you and your children, then boast not, for you do not believe the promise and the word of God."

"There hath not failed one word of the promises of God." 1 Kings 8:5. ■■

# THIRTY SEVEN YEARS AGO

—Author's name withheld

It was just another cold winter morning for John and his wife, Mary. He was under doctor's orders to take things easy for awhile so they usually got up late. This Monday morning was no exception.

Mary was getting breakfast when her husband awoke, so he got up and dressed. Then he went to the barn and fed old Barney. By this time his breakfast was ready and on the table, eggs, toast and oatmeal.

About half way through the meal, Mary looked at John and asked in her quiet way, "Do you remember what we were doing thirty-seven years ago?"

"No, why?" John answered absent-mindedly and then it dawned on him. "Hmnn, that's right, this is the thirty-seventh, isn't it?"

Little more was said about it, but their thoughts went back to that cold wintry day - a wedding at the old homestead upon the hill.

Thirty-seven years did not seem long to John and Mary now for both of them were nearing sixty. As the day went on the memories kept on coming back and seem to "flood their souls" with many small details of that one day. It seemed the more they thought about it, still the plainer it became until they could almost see their families, uncles, aunts and other friends who had long since passed on.

Just why this anniversary date, odd numbered though it was, still seemed so different was so hard to understand but so it was. Each year before they had given it only a passing thought, just one more mile-stone passed along the way to life's old age. Of course these days, they seemed to roll around so fast and faster as the number of the anniversary grew higher but none of them had hit as hard as this one. Was it because it took this long to realize that they were really getting aged, growing old and useless?

Except for noting that the weather on that wedding day had been much like today, yet with more cold and snow, they kept their thoughts much to themselves. Since this was Monday, washday for his wife, John did not have so much to do. He fed his birds, and sat and watched them, and seemed to lose himself in thoughts of other days, - recalling things out of a misty past.

On Monday of that week so long ago the furniture was relocated and long tables were set up. Farm machinery in the shed and on the hayloft floor was moved around to make more room for horses. Then a group of relatives on Wednesday came to do the final work in getting ready all the eats. Before daylight that morning, thirty fat and squawking hens, Rhode Island Reds, were rudely pulled down from their roosts and stuck in crates. Now in spite of all their loud protests and flutterings, their heads came off and they were plucked and gotten ready for the morrow. It was a busy day for everyone, with all the minor jobs to be attended to like running over all the neighborhood for dishes and so forth. By eight that evening everything was ready.

Those were the thoughts John had this morning as he sat and watched his birds so busy feeding on the porch. He thought it funny how such little things stood out. It seemed upon that wedding morning, the whole household had awakened and gotten up at the same time and in a jiffy did the milking and how soon their breakfast was prepared.

That morning someone had remarked that these two persons, now the object of this work and whirl, would be waited upon and fussed over, but that the next day they'd be back on other folks's level once again.

How everyone was worried lest the "hustlers" would be late in coming to transport the bride and groom and their attendants to the wedding church.

John now recalled the race of getting ready and, of course, the boys were ready first. Then the ride to Mary's uncles place a mile on down the road to where the wedding church would be. Meanwhile the buggy wheels were creaking their cold tune, and everyone was worried about not being first as if this were the most important thing. How funny, now John thought that such things all seemed trivial and far more serious worries he and Mary had to face in all these intervening years.

Then John remembered how so thrilled he was to see his older brother sitting there as soon as he came down from the "Abrath." This brother lived in a far distant state and they had not as much as seen each other for the three last years. How good it seemed to John to see his brother on this day.

John thought of how his favorite bishop (too, his uncle) said that day, "Some marriages last for just a year or even less before death takes one or the other. Some may live together five, or ten or maybe fifty years or sixty. Each must bend and put forth efforts and must strive to have a peaceful marriage for we do not know how soon we may be left alone."

By half past twelve the group was on its way. Yes, John could now think back and see the crowd that followed, bobsleds, sleighs and buggies (no taxis). John could see them plain as yesterday but now he let himself sink deeper in the past. In that crowd who hurried to unhitch their rigs to be on time for dinner, how many still were left today? Many now had passed away and thus fulfilled the bishop's statement, "This wedding feast lasts but a day. But there is one to come, to which we are invited which will last eternally."

The birds were chattering and flitting on the porch but John hardly noticed them. The Maytag pattered in the basement, Mary sang a song. John got up and walked around and looked for something to do to break and trance that he had fallen into. He wrote a letter to a friend, then walked out to the barn but still his mind refused to leave that day of long ago. He still recalled how a waitress brought a dish of gravy, which was terribly strong in salt and of all the commotion that it caused.

With dinner past, his father-in-law brought in the *Ausbunds* and passed them around, giving one to John and Mary and their "nava-huckers," too. Trying to look stern, yet not succeeding altogether, he then told them to join in and help and quit their talking for awhile. They did.

The old house rang with the beautiful tunes of *hochzeit* hymns for the next few hours. Isn't it wonderful, John thought, that these old songs which form the oldest June, 1972

hymnal in the world, are still sung just the same as what they were in his young days. Our wedding customs and our habits, for that matter, do they really change from one generation to another? Overall, there is but little change. What really changes is the guest list. This thought once more brought back some pleasant memories.

The singing dwindled off toward evening, now the visiting really started. Weddings, John surmised are excellent places for old friends to meet in friendly visits. The weddings of today are different, though they still do visit and recall old incidents and happenings, but it's the "they" that's made the biggest change.

"They" are no more those uncles, aunts and neighbours of our younger days. Let's see, John mused, how many of our uncles and the aunts who came that day are living still. All were there, e'en though they had to come from different neighborhoods. They totaled half a hundred, counting those who were "by marriage." Today but five remain, the rest along with parents, brothers, sisters, and with many neighbors have now answered the last call to the great Wedding Feast.

After supper, there was singing and more visiting, and finally, one by one the guests bundled up and left. A few stayed for the midnight snack, reluctant to start on the cold ride home. But by and by the house was quieted down, the wedding day was over.

John brought himself back to the present. In the afternoon, he decided to go to the sale to pass the time. One of the first of all the people at the sale, he met his brother-in-law. John said, "Do you recall what you were doing thirty-seven years ago?"

He thought a moment, then he answered, "Yes, for I was nava hucker at a wedding. Doesn't seem that long, does it?"

They chatted for awhile of incidents of days gone by and visited with others. Finally John untied old Barney from the hitching pole and headed homeward. His mind was once more deep in memories.

For at the sale, he also met a number of his cousins, his own age who then had been along with the "young folks," upon that wedding day. Just to see those grey-haired men and think back over those short years was a story in itself. It brought back memories of carefree days before they had the responsibilities of caring for a family. Everything since then had undergone a change, both in the churches and the world.

On his way home, John passed the school house where he got the first years of his schooling. Close by the flooded, frozen lowlands, where he used to skate, the children still were skating. Another generation, yes, had come but they could still enjoy themselves as well as did the boys fifty years ago. There, too, was that steep hill they used to glide down on their sleds. John mused he really wouldn't mind to take the ride down, but how would he ever get back up on these old shaky legs?

His train of thoughts went on and brought back to his mind how he had heard it said that people resemble leaves of a tree. In the spring the buds sprout and slowly break out into leaves. They grow and after a short season giving shade and shelter, they just as slowly start to change their color and take on an old and worn out appearance. Then in due time, they will completely change and fall and return back to mother earth. Next spring another generation, a whole new crop of leaves will then appear to follow the same pattern and so on. John mused, that they, and all their cousins, brothers-in-law, and all the young folks of that wedding day are now in autumn, or the color changing time of life. Yes, then they all were frisky, full of life, but now, like the gray mare, — well come on Barney, Mom is looking for us now.

Mary had their supper ready, chicken, done with "shake and bake," along with gravy and the mashed potatoes. John really wasn't hungry, but he couldn't bear to hurt the feelings of his wife and so he sat down at the table in pretense of relishing the meal. Talk at the table hinged around the sale, and there was very little said about this special day.

Some of the children had sent anniversary cards to let their parents know that they had thought about it. John took a look at these as he settled down for the evening.

He looked at other mail, then got a book and read awhile, and then he got his diary to write down the things that he had done that day. Then he got up and hunted out his diary of thirty seven years ago and noted several entries. Monday, January 28- Mary and I went to town to get our wedding stuff. Spent \$15.00 (Ouch). Tuesday, January 29- Got ready for the wedding. Cut some wood and set up wedding tables. Cold. Wednesday, January 30th- three men and six women here to help get ready. Thursday, January 31- Mary and I were married by Uncle Jake at 12:00 noon.

The next few weeks this diary told how they had gotten furniture and started keeping house. John laid aside the diary, for once his thoughts got started on their first few years of marriage it always took the same worn path of memories. For a few years their table, it was set for two, but gradually it grew until around it gathered seven people to eat and talk.

Then suddenly, it seemed and long before they had anticipated it, the family circle started getting smaller and so quiet. Many many times in recent years, he wondered, where they really went, those golden years.

Now for the past seven years, although it really seemed much longer, John and Mary's table once again was back to two. No, John did not require a diary to recall those days with such a family circle. Little incidents, a hundred crossed his mind at times. For instance, like the day their oldest child had gone away to school and came back all excited telling all the things he learned already. During the war, the children thought all airplanes flying low were German bombers bent on killing anyone who happened to be in their path. When the canary died they put him into a matchbox, held a funeral service and marked his grave with a small wooden cross (all the time Dad and Mom were peeking out the window.)

There were many other things on which to reminisce, he did not need the diary to remind him of these things. His diary actually only told him of some main events, the weather, and his work, and so forth. Those little things of which he liked to think weren't written down on black

and white but were a part of his memory.

John often wondered if the other folks his age were also feeling old and useless, like a fence post, worn out and broken off, and tossed aside. Was he alone when he allowed his thoughts to stray into such fields?

Then John looked on the wall once more as many times he had since Christmas to the Family Tree, a gift from one of the children and her husband. This time he got a new insight, which he had never realized before. For on the tree were five large branches, and small ones thirty-two. One small branch was broken off, the rest apparently were growing strong and healthy.

As he sat and studied, looking at the tree, John suddenly had a guilty feeling. Is it right to feel so sorry for yourself just 'cause you're growing old? No, he told himself, he really didn't mean it that way. Though at times he had felt so useless, now he realized that it was really nothing else but self-pity. "Shame on you," John told himself, "you should be counting all your blessings. Now, that is better, see upon the wall that Family Tree, and on the trunks our names, and on the branches all the children and grandchildren. Blessings are right here, enough to chase away all self-pity and the thoughts of uselessness."

John meditated further, from that wedding long ago in such short time, sprang forth this Family Tree. Instead of feeling sorry for himself, he now felt thankful to the giver of all good, for all the things that He had done for them the past thirty-seven years.

A heavy load now seemed to lift from John, for the first time that day, he mood was lighter. He got up and stretched himself and quietly went to bed.

But sleep did not come easily, he wanted to enjoy his new-found peace of mind. He wondered if the other grandpas and grandmas enjoy those little branches of their family trees as much as he and Mary did.

And what about the ones who never have a Family Tree. They surely must be missing out on some of life's most cherished experiences. Take for instance when the children come a running with a book and scramble to be first upon their laps to look at pictures.

The next thing that John knew he heard his wife was shaking down the grates of their warm morning stove. The birds were twittering for their feed. It had been a short night. ■■

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## Editorielles —

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Sei getren bis an das Ende,  
Damit keine Qual und Noth  
Dich von deinem Jesu wende;  
Sei Ihm tren bis in den Tod.  
Ach! das Leiden dieser Zeit  
Ist nicht wert der Herrlichkeit,  
Die dein Jesus dir will geben,  
Dort in seinem Freudenleben.

Sei getren in deinem Glauben;  
Laß dir dessen festen Grund  
Ja nicht aus dem Herzen rauben;  
Halte treulich deinen Bund.  
Den dein Herz durchs Wasser-Bad  
Fest mit Gott geschlossen hat:  
Dann wie oft geht der verloren,  
Der ihm trenlos hat geschworen.

Sei getren in deiner Liebe  
Gegen Gott, der dich geliebet;  
Auch die Lieb am Nächsten übe  
Wenn er dich gleich oft betrübt.

Denke wie dein Heiland tat,  
Als Er für die Feinde bat.  
Du mußt, soll dir Gott vergeben,  
Auch verzeihn und liebe reich leben.

Sei getren in deinem Leiden,  
Und laß dich kein Ungemach,  
Keine Noth von Jesu scheiden,  
Murre nicht in Weh und Ach:  
Dann du machest deine Schuld  
Größer durch die Ungeduld.  
Selig ist, wer willig träget,  
Was sein Gott ihm anferleget.

Hat dich Kreuz und Noth betroffen,  
Und Gott hilft nicht alsofort;  
Bleibe tren in deinem Hoffen,  
Traue fest auf Gottes Wort.  
Hoff auf Jesum festiglich,  
Sein Herz bricht Ihm gegen dich,  
Seine Hilf ist schon vorhanden:  
Hoffnung machet nie zu Schanden.

# "HANDICAP"

## CATALOG

1972

### A Grain of Wheat

I hold upon an open palm  
A grain of wheat so very small  
That if alone it chanced to fall  
Upon the ground  
Could scarce be found;  
Yet in its yellow husk reposes  
The "staff of life" which God encloses  
In this frail form prehaps to teach  
A lesson that will surely reach  
Alike the great and lowly;  
That unto all created things  
Existence on the broad earth brings  
A mission high and holy.

Another lesson, too, it gives:  
Of little use one grain of wheat  
For either man or beast to eat,  
Although its heart  
May form a part  
Of wholesome bread baked from the flour  
To which it gave its vital power;  
Of little use until, at length,  
It joined to other grains its strength  
For mutual help and good.  
So human lives, to be well spent,  
Must labor for man's betterment  
In common brotherhood.

This catalog is printed in the interest of the handicaps of the plain churches. It is intended to be for the benefit of those who must rely on the sales of their handcraft and other products for an income. Most of our people are interested in helping our handicaps in finding their place in society and becoming self-reliant. We are glad that so many people are anxious to do what they can in helping the handicaps establish their own business and making their own living.

Along with each ad in this catalog you will find the directions to the handicap's home. We would suggest that you take this catalog along while traveling and remember the handicaps in each community as you pass through. Your visit may be just as much appreciated as your trade. In this way you are helping the handicaps to help themselves.

Pathway Publishers  
R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario

#### KING FOOD AND VEGETABLE CUTTER \$16.00 at the home.

Location: 2 miles east of Applecreek on Route 94A. 1 mile south of 250 or 3 miles south of Route 30.

Handicap: Rheumatoid arthritis. Get attacks that he's laid up a week at a time, then uses crutches to walk and can't work. Should not work even if able to walk.

Married to Mary J. Miller.

JACOB A. MILLER  
Route 1 Box 3-A  
Applecreek, Ohio 44606

FARM SEEDS, FERTILIZER, LIME.  
ADVERTISING MERCHANDISE such as pens, pencils, thermometers, rain gauges, calendars, and a variety of other things for business places. Prices vary from about 10¢ to \$2. or \$3. each, depending on the merchandise and the quality and quantity.

Location: 3 miles south of Fredericksburg, on County Road 214.

Handicap: Crippled since birth. Can walk but it's hard to keep balance. Lost one eye in a cataract operation. Married to Amanda J. Yoder. No children.

WYMAN J. COBLENTZ  
Route 1 Box 62  
Fredericksburg, Ohio 44627

WATCH & CLOCK REPAIRS. In business since 1958.

SWISS POCKET WATCHES—17 jewel, shockproof. \$20.00.

WALL CLOCKS—New production old fashion, such as school room clocks, Big Regulator, and steeple clocks.

CLOCKS with a 31 day movement, yet they have the appearance of the clocks that were made back in the 1800's. They strike single on the hour and half hour.

Prices range from \$60. to \$80. at present. Write for more information.

KING VEGETABLE CUTTERS with vacu-loc base—\$15.00.

Location: 3 1/2 miles south of Kidron, on Wayne County Road 52. First place south of Wayne County Road 2.

Handicap: Had polio in 1952. Has deformed crooked humped back. Is married and has 2 children.

MENNO L. HERSHBERGER  
Route 2  
Applecreek, Ohio 44606

GROCERIES in bulk. All prices per pound.

Cashews... 59¢	Jello... 42¢
Chips... 60¢	Macaroni... 23¢
(butterscotch & choc.)	Pecans... \$1.67
Clear Jell... 25¢	Prunes... 50¢
Coconut... 50¢	Raisins... 32¢
Corn starch... 16¢	Soda... 20¢
Cream-o-tartar... \$1.00	Walnuts... \$1.00
Dates... 35¢	Yeast... \$1.00
Donut mix... 20¢	

Inn Maid Noodles... 70¢  
Flour... Sugar... Spices, etc.

Location: 2 miles southeast of Mt. Hope on Twp. Road No. 210.

Handicap: Polio. Wears a brace, a built up shoe and uses crutches. Back is very crooked. Spine is S-shaped. Does not have much pain and thankful for this.

ALMA L. HERSHBERGER  
Route 5 Box 114  
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

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BROOMMAKING house brooms...\$1.85  
warehouse brooms...\$2.25.

Location: Turn north from State Road 557 at Farmerstown Cheese Factory onto Route 114. Fourth home on the right side-one mile north of the Cheese factory.

Handicap: Almost blind from birth. Attended Ohio State School for the Blind until 16 years of age. Learned to read and write Braille. Spent 6 months in 1970 at Zanesville, Ohio's Goodwill Industries to learn to make brooms. 35 years old.

SYLVANUS E. HERSHBERGER  
Route 1 Box 217  
Sugarcreek, Ohio 44681

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GREETING CARDS & STATIONARY...90¢ to \$1.50.

WALLEYE LURES (nightcrawler harness) Proven to be effective. 3 single hooks, or treble hooks...\$.70 plus postage.

Location: First farm south of Dougherty Cheese on State Road 557. One mile north of Charm.

Handicap: Epileptic

FANNIE D. MILLER  
Route 4 Box 90  
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

SPORTING GOODS - planning to put up a store called Mast's Houseware Supply.

Location: 2 miles south of Mt. Hope, 2 1/2 miles north of Bunker Hill on County Road 77  
Handicap: Injured at birth. Is married and has two children.

HENRY C. MAST  
Route 5 Box 151  
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

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EMBROIDERY - takes orders to embroider quilts and other things.

STATE BIRD AND FLOWER QUILT

109 x 98 finished. Embroidered on white broadcloth with light green strips in between.

Location: 1 mile south of Route 30 on Route 94-A. At the first crossroad turn right.

The first farm on the right.

Handicap: Epilepsy

LIZZIE M. TROYER  
Route 2 Box 380  
Orrville, Ohio 44667

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DISHES, GIFT ITEMS—tumblers, cups, plates, veg., etc.

STAINLESS COOKWARE—mixing bowls, pails, canners, 5 qt. teakettles, etc.

TOYS, BABY GIFT ITEMS. Come in and see. No mail orders.

QUILTS made to order, or bring or send your own top.

Location: First farm southeast of Farmerstown. On state Road 557.

Gift shop in basement of small house.

Handicap: Polio. Wears braces and walks with Canadian crutches.

SUSIE MILLER  
Route 1 Box 56  
Baltic, Ohio 43804

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WATCHES AND CLOCKS New and used. Sales and SERVICE. 17 jewel watches from \$15. up. Mantel clocks \$48. up. Battery clocks \$12. up.

HILCOA PRODUCTS—COLEMAN APPLIANCES—SPRUNGER WOODWORKING TOOLS. Write for prices and literature.

Location: Between Trail and Walnutcreek off of State Road. 515 on County Road 172. First home on right hand side.

Handicap: Polio. All work done on wheelchair. Is self dependent.

ELI C. WENGERD  
Route 5 Box 34X  
Millersburg, Ohio 44654

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WOODWORKING made to order furniture, and trophy bases.

Location: Between Walnutcreek and Farmerstown, on County Road 114 and 70.

Handicap: Had polio in June 1952. Is confined to wheelchair.

JACOB E. MILLER  
Route 2 Box 54  
Sugarcreek, Ohio 44681

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CROCHETING—booties...\$1.25, bibs...  
80¢ baby caps...\$1.20.

PROPELLER BEADS...90¢ each, nylon  
string strung. All items postpaid.  
Location: 2 1/2 miles east of Middlefield  
on Route 87 to Hayes Corner, then 1/2  
mile south.

Handicap: Rheumatic fever and poly  
Arthritis.

FANNIE D. MILLER  
Route 2 15267 Hayes Road  
Middlefield, Ohio 44062

GREETINGS Radiant roses in natural  
colors, coated with a rich, glossy finish.  
All birthday, all get-well, or all-occasion  
...\$1.50. Bible verse, assorted...16 in  
box for \$1.25. LUSTROUS greetings All  
kinds, including Cheer and Hello, with Bi-  
ble verse...\$1.00 Christian Faith greet-  
ings with Bible verse, all kinds including  
All Friendship...15 cards for \$1.25.  
Christian correspondence notes...18 cards  
with Bible verse for \$1.00. Sympathy  
cards with Bible verse 12 cards for \$1.00  
Reverent sympathy...\$1.25 Baby congrat-  
ulations...12 cards for \$1.00 Choose-A-  
Note correspondence Kit with all-occasion  
captions—birthday, get-well, etc. with 20  
envelopes... \$1.25

PARADIES GARTLEIN gebethbuch...\$1.50  
KINDER LIEDER...30¢

PERFECTION DYES...25¢

TRAVEL TOYS—colorful vinyl tote with a  
zipper. Filled with toys. Was 89; now 69¢  
BABY CLOTH BOOKS...3 for \$1.00

PIGEON RINGS in 3 bright colors..75¢ each

PROPELLER BEADS assorted colors...89¢

PLASTIC ROUND BEADS assorted colors,  
fishline strung...79¢

BABY FOOD GRINDER...\$4.95

Please add postage for all mail orders.

Location: 2 miles west of Middlefield to  
Burton-Windsor Road, one mile north to  
Durkee Road, turn to left; first house.

Handicap: Can't walk since 1946. Knee is  
locked due to arthritis. Spends most of  
time sitting in bed, writing and sewing. Can  
sit on chair and use the sewing machine.  
Remains thankful. Was unable to go to  
school.

#### BLAIR PRODUCTS

##### SHELL ITEMS

##### BEADS

Location: East of Middlefield to Road 313—  
Coffee Corner Road south 1 1/2 miles.  
Trailer home. Right side going south.  
Handicap: Polio. 56 years old. Has trouble  
with spine, and gets severe headaches.  
Lives alone in trailer, beside the home of  
a niece. Remains thankful.

ELISABETH J. WEAVER  
Route 2 Road 313  
Middlefield, Ohio 44062

POTHOLDERS, heart-shaped, made with  
rug yarn. Assorted colors trimmed with  
white...50¢ each, postpaid.

Location: Inquire at store in St. Paul for  
Urias Kinsinger. From Route 40 in Grants-  
ville take Route 66. Keep it until you come  
to the sign for St. Paul. Take this road 3  
or 4 miles, to our mail box on hill. Two  
houses.

Handicap: Rheumatic heart. Can be up  
and around and do different things. Braids  
rugs, plaits straw for straw hats.

LENA B. KINSINGER  
Route 1 Box 192  
Salisbury, Pa. 15558

KNITTED ITEMS—made to order. All  
items made of wool or orlon yarn. Chil-  
dren's caps with or without earlaps...  
\$1.50, Mittens...any size...\$1.00, Gloves  
...any size...\$2.00, Scarfs...any size...  
Price from \$1.25 to \$2.00 according to size.  
When ordering by mail, please enclose out-  
line of hand for mittens and gloves. Please  
add 10% for postage.

Location: Go to the village of Summit Mills.  
Take the road that turns off at the bridge.  
(About 1 mile from Summit Mills.)

Handicap: Severe muscle spasms caused by  
allergy condition.

NANCY Y. SUMMY  
Route 1 Box 225  
Meyersdale, Pa. 15552

LENA D. BYLER  
Route 1  
Huntsburg, Ohio 44046

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BEADS, propeller type only, or with others mixed in. Also doubles. 85¢ each or \$9.50 a dozen. Postpaid.

Location: Take Route 62 east out of Mercer. Take the first blacktop left, just after going through the underpass. Follow that road for maybe 7-8 miles—then a graveyard on left and take first blacktop right past graveyard. About 1 mile on Stoneboro Road.

Handicap: Had vertebrae broken years ago. Later had strokes. Can't work anymore in his harness shop, so sold out. Have 12 children. A few old enough to work out. Wife bakes and makes candy to sell.

ANDY E. BYLER  
Route 1 Box 70  
Stoneboro, Pa. 16153

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#### CHAIR CANING

Location: Route 158 out of New Wilmington 1 mile, turn left, one more mile.

Handicap: Polio. Has been using a wheelchair since 1933. Has own apartment and does most of her work herself. Does some quilting.

PHOEBE BYLER  
Route 1 Box 123A  
Mercer, Pa. 16137

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PAINTED TOY ANIMALS, 19 different kinds, horses, cows, etc. Prices from 20¢ to \$1.35 a piece.

Location: 10 miles east of New Holland on Route 23. At Blue Ball take Route 322 to Churchtown Road, 2 miles south on Churchtown Road to Meadville Road, turn right. First lane right. Or 5 miles south of White Horse off of Route 340.

Handicap: Paralyzed in accident, when a bale of hay fell on head. On wheelchair. Does farming with aid of family.

CHRIST L. STOLTZFUS  
Route 2 Box 96  
Narvon, Pa. 17555

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HOOKED RUGS... \$1.50 per sq. foot.

PIN CUSHIONS... \$1.50 to \$3.50 a set, depending on what kind and how big.

I also piece quilts.

Location: From Lancaster go east on Route 30 (Lincoln Highway), turn right at the

Guernsey Barn, second road to your left at Bachmantown Road, first farm to your right  
Handicap: T.B. at both hip joints in the year 1927. Hips are healed but the T.B. left them stiff. In 1938 had operation on right hip to loosen the joint which helped some, but isn't normal. Gets around in house quite well and does own housework. Going steps and walking on uneven ground is more difficult.

MALINDA F. KING  
Route 1 Box 224  
Ronks, Pa. 17572

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HOOKED RUGS from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a square foot. BRAIDED RUGS @ \$1.25 per lb. Made by order. I also take orders to crochet booties.

Location: Follow 222 from Lancaster to Camarga Road, turn left on Camargo Road to Camargo Hawkville Road, turn right.  
Handicap: Had nerves torn lose of spine. Plaits straw for straw hats.

LIZZIE H. BEILER  
Route 3 Box 27  
Quarryville, Pa. 17566

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REED WOVEN ITEMS, Oval bun basket with handles—\$1.75; Casserole basket with handles (large size) \$1.50... (small size) \$1.25; Easter basket with 3" high handle over top (6" diameter)... \$2.00; Sewing basket... (6"x 2" high)... \$1.00; Hot mats... (different sizes)... 35¢, 50¢ and 75¢; Small handle basket... 25¢, 50¢ and 75¢; Also other baskets not mentioned.

BROOMS—light house brooms \$1.80 heavier \$1.95 Barn brooms in the style of house brooms \$2.40

Location: From village of Kirkwood take Route 472 west, turn right at the first crossroad (which is Noble Road). First property on the left side of the road.  
Handicap: Blind. Was kicked by a horse. Can read and write Braille. Can do some typing and is in good health.

CHRIST A. BEILER  
Route 1 Box 146  
Kirkwood, Pa. 17536

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POT HOLDERS- made of nylon. 2 for 25¢  
PLACE MATS- made of yarn. 18 x 20. May  
be used on dressers or tables.

Also things made of leather to order.

Location: 16 miles south of Blue Mt. exit  
of the Pa. turnpike on 997, and 2 miles ne---  
north of the Scotland exit of I-81 at the little  
town of Greenvillage.

Handicap: retarded. Works at Occupational  
Services Inc. in Chambersburg.

JAMES HORST

R. 2 Box 382

Chambersburg, Pa. 17201

c/o Paul M. Horst

NECKLACE (for children to play with.)  
75¢ and 85¢ each, depending on size.

TYPING

Location: On route 23 from Lancaster. At  
Forest Hill Road turn left. Go to second  
crossroad and turn left onto Center Square  
Road. Go to Zook's lane and down this lane  
to first lane left.

Handicap: Muscular dystrophy. Gets around  
on wheelchair but can't walk. Thankful that  
he doesn't have to lie in bed all the time.

AARON F. ZOOK

c/o Abner S. Zook

Route 1

Leola, Penna. 17540

HAND PAINTED PLATES salad 7" \$1.00,  
dinner plates 10"- 1.75, oval platters 2.50.  
Designed with scenery and embroidered with  
flowers. May be custom made, especially  
for wedding presents.

KEROSENE LAMPS red, blue, green, gold.  
Designed base. \$3.98

WOODEN KITCHEN MOTTOES-----\$2.40

HOME MOTTOES--"Where each lives for  
the other and all live for God"--- \$2.40.

COOKIE JARS----- \$3.50 to 3.98

CANDY DISHES-----FLOWER PLAN-  
TERS---.98 to 2.30 (grape clusters de-  
sign)

SUGAR AND CREAMER SETS- hull glass  
1.85, milk white- 1.40.

CANDLE HOLDER SETS- 1.25

VINEGAR CRUETS clear - .55

BUD VASES- clear- .55

SALT AND PEPPER SHAKER SETS- clear,  
1.10

TOOTHPICK HOLDERS ----- .22

Many other minor items. All of the above  
items are either lettered or designed. Send  
for full particulars. Mail orders: include  
20% for postage. Excess will be refunded.  
Pa. residents include 6% sales tax.

Location: Take road to Hinkletown. At 322  
turn right. First crossroad (Pikes Corner)  
turn left. First crossroad turn right, and  
to shop.

Handicap: Stricken with Bulbar polio in 1959.  
Paralyzed from the neck down. Although  
her arms are useless, she has limited use  
of her fingers. Holds paintbrush rather  
awkwardly, using her chin to guide her fin-  
gers, and her cheek to steady her brush.

Born: July 19, 1954.

RACHEL M. MARTIN

R.1 Box 702

New Holland, Pa. 17557

c/o Martin B. Weaver

AMWAY PRODUCTS. Send for Amway lit-  
erature if you are also interested in selling  
these products.

Location: 2 miles west of New Holland on  
the Musser School Road. On the farm at  
Musser School.

Handicap: Quadreplegic. Confined to a  
wheelchair. Born: July 18, 1951.

REUBEN B. BEILER

R.1 Leola, Pa. 17540

c/o Elias S. Beiler

ROSE, PINWHEEL, & DAISY POT-  
HOLDERS- 75¢ each.

Pineapple Doilies...20" — \$3.00, 11 1/2"

\$1.75; Rose Doilies... 13 1/2" with 11

flowers— \$3.00, with 8 flowers— \$2.00

Oblong Rose Doily with 14 flowers...

12" x 18" at \$4.00 each.

CROCHETED BIBS with edging... colored  
or white.. \$1.00 each.

Pineapple Chair set— \$7.00; Butterfly Chair  
Set— \$6.00 (Butterfly also pineapple pattern  
Doilies and potholders in any color.

Location: 15 miles east of Lancaster on  
Route 30, turn left on Route 772 at Gap.  
2nd road right (at a crossroad) on Amish  
Road. Two story red brick house on left  
(at bookstore).

Handicap: Rheumatism in joints for 24 years. Single, and 58 years old. Enjoys crocheting and reading. Doesn't do much more than getting her own meals. Walks with the aid of a cane.

KATIE K. STOLTZFUS  
Route 1 Box 211  
Kinzers, Penna. 17535

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HAND—LACED BILLFOLDS \$6.00 Designed and with name... \$7.00

AMWAY PRODUCTS. Hooks & eyes, pant buttons and pins.

SUSPENDERS 85¢ AMISH WOOL HATS

HAND-KNITTED SCARVES \$3.00

potholders 20¢

Location: 1 mile east and 3 1/2 miles south of Berne, on Road 50 east.

Handicap: Muscular dystrophy. Chriss was 28 on July 10th and is on a wheelchair since July 1957. Elizabeth was 26 Oct. 23rd and is on a wheelchair since Jan. 1959. Elizabeth helps around the house what she can and sews for others.

CHRISTIAN & ELISABETH N. SCHWARTZ  
Route 2 Box 251  
Geneva, Ind. 46740

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FAMILY RECORD BOOKS—Jacob C. Schwartz \$3.75; David A. Wickey \$2.50; Peter Graber \$7.00

KRISTEE PRODUCTS, dry clean, etc.

GREETINGS of all kinds, from \$1.00 to \$2.00 boxes.

SIGN PAINTING

AMISH DOLLS—small (8") \$3.75, large size (14") \$4.75

PIN CUSHIONS \$1.50

Location: East of Berne to first road (000 Road), then south 3 miles or to road 900 S. by river bend, then east 1 mile, on south side of road at Blacksmith shop.

Handicap: Both have muscular dystrophy. Chris is on a wheelchair.

CHRIS I. & LEAH I. SCHWARTZ  
Route 2 Box 258  
Geneva, Indiana 46740

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BIRD HOUSES & FURNITURE—home made. Makes little rocking chairs, chairs and clothes racks.

Location: From Edon, Ohio west 3 miles

until you come to Road 850, then north 2 miles.

Handicap: Muscular dystrophy, but can still get around. 22 years old. Brother Enos also has muscular dystrophy.

RUDY N. SCHWARTZ  
Route 2 Box 232-A  
Hamilton, Ind. 46742

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BILLFOLDS- leather. With coin purses. Made with initials or designs if ordered. \$5. Location: 300 east 650 South of Berne, Ind. Handicap: Muscular dystrophy. Can get around by himself in the house, but can't go outside in winter time.

JOE T. SCHWARTZ  
R. 2 Box 24  
Berne, Indiana 46711

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WILLEX PRODUCTS full line.

WOVEN DOILIES, made into place mats, vanity buffet sets, centerpieces, and other sets. Prices according to size.

BEADS- colorful. Plastic. \$.85 per string.

Location: 2 miles south, 1 mile east of Monroe. Turn north at first house.

Handicap: Muscular dystrophy.

LUCINDA HILTY  
c/o Andrew A. Hilty  
R.1 Box 271  
Monroe, Indiana 46772

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INVISABLE REWEAVING- on wool materials. Prices vary according to size of patch. Would like to have patch along, if possible.

AMWAY PRODUCTS full line.

CROCHETED HANKIES with initial, all colors. ---each 90¢

FLAV'R CHIPS- bacon, cheese, barbecue, onion--each \$1.00. 8 oz. box makes nearly 1 peck.

GREETING CARDS- all kinds.

Correction for above:

Location: 2 miles south, 1 mile east of Monroe, turn north first house.

Handicap: Muscular dystrophy.

MARY ANN HILTY  
c/o Andrew A. Hilty  
R. 1 Box 271  
Monroe, Indiana 46772

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CLOTHES PIN BAGS—shaped like little girls' dresses... \$1.00

BEADS... 89¢

BIRD HOUSES from Readers Digest Magazines, with flowers and a bird on top. \$1.00

Handicap: Born with club foot. Walks with crutches.

CELESTA L. HOCHSTETLER

401 S. Main St.

Nappanee, Ind. 46550

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AMWAY PRODUCTS...MAYTAG WASHERS

Model E & M. Gasoline motor with Anti-shock and vibration mounting. I also repair and service the Maytag washers in my shop at home.

Location: From Nappanee—1 mile south on road 19 to Road 1350 and 1/2 mile west.

Handicap: Polio, in 1949. Confined to wheelchair since.

MILO D. HOCHSTETLER

Route 2 Box 16

Nappanee, Ind. 46550

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HANDPAINTED GIFTS Every item listed has decorations painted by myself with no extra charges for names, birthdates, or "souvenir of—" added. Safe arrival guaranteed. You pay postage after bill is received. Minimum mail order \$5.00 I have supplied many Amish stores with gifts to sell. There are three selling my wares at present.

Small plastic hearts with lids... 25¢

Little lamps, different colors and types... \$1.50 (Those with painted on chimney should not be used.)

Bronze glass piggy banks... 50¢ Nice with children's names and roses.

WHITE GLASS ITEMS

10" plates with scenery, etc. or horse and buggies... \$2.50 each. (Choice of fall, winter, spring or summer scene.)

Vases... \$1.00

Candy dishes with raised blue grapes. \$1.75

Small bowls... 50¢

WOODEN WARES—mostly prefinished wood. Match boxes... \$1.00, Memo rollers for grocery lists... \$1.25, Knife holders... \$1.00, teapots with hooks for pot holders...

50¢, key shaped holder to hang keys... 50¢

(The above items can be painted to match desired. They are all decorated with roses. Wooden hearts with verses, or sayings, and roses. Over 300 verses to choose from. Letter Holders, shapes of kittens, squirrels, horses, roses, horseshoes, birds, etc... 50¢ Round horse plaques... 50¢ Oblong horse plaques... 75¢ Little Rocking chairs... 50¢ Doll cradle with do... 60¢ Wishing wells... 75¢ Canvas pictures... \$3.50 to \$25.00 framed or unframed.

I also do painting on items you have.

Location: Between Goshen and Nappanee, along State Road 119, between County Roads 9 & 11. The third house east on South side of road beyond the Wabash Railroad crossing.

Handicap: Had rare disease in childhood. Can get around, but needs to work while sitting.

EMMA SCHROCK

Route 5 Box 379

Goshen, Ind. 46526

c/o Roscoe Schrock

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CASHEWS- Sold in 25 lb. cans or less.

PECANS - WALNUTS, whole or shelled.

Prices vary from year to year.

LAWNMOWERS SHARPENED

Location: 2 miles east of Middlebury on county road 43, second house east side.

Handicap: Polio when 11 month old which affected left arm and foot and right leg.

Wears one short leg brace and one long leg brace. Helps along on the farm.

FREEMAN L. YODER

R. 2 Box 136

Middlebury, Ind. 46540

c/o Leo T. Yoder

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OLD FASHIONED HICKORY CHAIRS-large size -- \$35. medium size-\$30.

HALL TREES- \$10.

Location: 6 1/2 miles southwest of La-grange, or 6 1/2 mile northeast of Tope

Handicap: Right hand amputated in a silage cutter when 15 years old, in 1932.

AMOS F. MISHLER

R. 4 Box 153

LaGrange, Ind. 46761

**BESTLINE PRODUCTS** Liquid Concentrate  
...Qt. \$2.40...gal. \$6.90 Zif...\$2.80  
Car shampoo...pt. \$1.55...5 gal... \$33.80  
Floor wax...\$2.00...gal. \$6.25 Rug Sham-  
poo...\$2.30...1/2 gal. \$4.20 Hair Sham-  
poo...8oz. \$1.85 Laundry Compound...  
10 lbs...\$6.25...25 lbs...\$13.00 A-B-C  
Bowl Cleaner...4 1/2 oz...\$1.70 Lemon  
Luster Furniture Polish...16 1/2 oz. aero-  
sol...\$2.20 Skin Care (natural)...3 pc.  
set...\$9.95 Refrigerator Deoderizer...1/4  
oz... \$1.29.

**HILCOA PRODUCTS** Golden Supreme...  
\$12.50 Mini Treats...\$6.75...4 cans  
\$25.00 Protein Treat...\$7.50...4 cans  
\$25.00 Vitamin C 350...\$6.75...4  
bottles...\$25.00 Vitamin C...100...\$3.25  
...8 bottles...\$25.00 Vitamin E...(200  
I.U. — 120 tablets)...\$6.95 Calcium...  
(200 tablets)... \$2.25 Lecithin...(200  
tablets)...\$3.50 Lots of different vitamins  
are available.

**BABY FOOD GRINDERS...**\$4.50

**FLAVOR CHIPS...**\$1.00/box (bar-b-q,  
onion, cheese, and bacon)

**SEWING NOTIONS...**thread, pins, needles,  
scissors, snaps.

Location: From Middlebury go south on  
State Road 13 to the top of the hill, then  
turn right, cross U.S. 20, go onto the  
gravel road to the first farm on the left  
side. I live on County Road 37.

Handicap: Had polio in 1952 when only 2  
years old. Right leg and spine affected the  
most. Had surgery in 1962 to straighten  
S-shaped spine. This proved successful.  
Wears leg brace and uses crutches to walk.  
Parents are Ervin Millers.

EDNA E. MILLER

Route 1 Box 9

Middlebury, Ind. 46540

**LINK SUSPENDER KITS, black leather**

20-22-24-26 inch.....\$2.75

28-30-32-34 inch.....\$2.85

36-38-40-42 inch.....\$3.00

Not postpaid.

Location: 3 miles north of Berne Road No.  
27, 5 mile east.

Handicap: Started with muscular dystrophy  
when eleven years old. Had been on a

wheelchair 14 years. Lives with Bishop  
Levi Schwartz (sister Emma).

MERLIN B. SCHWARTZ

Route 1 Box 167

Monroe, Ind. 46772

**PLASTIC PROPELLER BEADS**, fishline  
strung...85¢, or \$9.00 per dozen, assorted  
colors; **PIGEON RINGS...**70¢ or \$7.00  
per dozen, assorted colors.

All orders postpaid.

Location: From Kalona—3/4 miles north  
of Sunnyside Church.

Handicap: Polio in 1952. Paralyzed from  
hips down. Was 46 years old at the time.  
Gets around on wheelchair. Able to care  
for herself and to do her daily housework.  
Can go to church during the summer. Hob-  
bies: African violets, reading, cancelled  
common stamps.

RUTH HERSHBERGER

Route 2 Box 252

Kalona, Iowa 52247

**HILCOA PRODUCTS** Food supplements of  
vitamins and minerals. 1 unit Golden Su-  
preme (a 3 months supply)...\$25.00 SEA  
MANNA...(a six months supply of vitamins  
and minerals)...\$25.00 Complete line of  
Hilcoa Products.

**BILFOLDS**, hand made...\$6.50 to \$7.00

Location: 2 1/2 miles west from Hazelton  
Bank corner. Across a bridge on the south  
side of the road, on a slanting hill called  
Bunker Hill.

Handicap: Muscular dystrophy. Has no  
strength in hands. Can still walk alone but  
goes slowly this winter. Muscles seem to  
be deteriorating all over body. Lives on  
small farm. Married and has family. For-  
ty years old.

URIAH M. SCHWARTZ

Route 1 Box 241

Hazelton, Iowa 50641

**GREETING CARDS**

Location: On 181, between Guthrie and Elkton.

Handicap: Sickly since birth.

LYDIA BYLER

c/o Yost Miller

Route 2 Box 138

Guthrie, Kentucky 42234

DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR BLADES—stainless steel, ctn. 24 dispensers (5 blades per dispenser)... \$8.00

ADHESIVE TAPES—ctn. 12, (1/2 in, by 5 yds., Blue Cross)...\$2.28

CHORE BALLS—ctn. 12, stainless steel, small size...\$3.10...large size \$7.68

BALL DOME LIDS—regular size, ctn. 60 dozen boxes...\$12.30, wide mouth ctn. 24 boxes...\$8.05., 63 ctn. 24 boxes...\$5.00

BUGGY BLANKETS, heavy all wool, seamed small size 5' x 6'...\$5.50, large size 5' x 7'...\$6.50

CHORE GLOVES, yellow, lined, ctn. of 12 ...\$5.16 MEN'S SOCKS, nylon, calf and knee length...\$1.25

BLACK FELT HATS cheaper quality...\$3.98 top quality felt hats...3 1/2 inch...\$7.98...4 inch...\$8.25

ICE CREAM FREEZERS, White Mountain (6 sizes)... \$15.95 and up.

FERRET RAT POISON, \$20.00 per case of 24. LARGE FRESH PECANS...10 lbs. or more @ 75¢ per lb. TIE ROPES, white nylon...\$3.50, blue polypro \$3.00.

ARNEX POCKET WATCHES, 17 jewel, large and small...\$19.50 Watch straps... 35¢. LINIMENT for house and barn, ctn. 12 bottles (12 oz.) ... \$24.00

Assorted 4 combs in blister pack including 8"...25¢. Assorted hand tools. Salve for burns. Salve for pneumonia.

These items are priced to be shipped in bulk anywhere promptly. Prices are F.O. B. Curryville.

Location: To Curryville on U.S. 54. From Curryville south on State Road M to third (3rd.) road to left (gravel). This road to first road, then right. Down this road 3/4 mile to first buildings on left. In lane. Handicap: muscular dystrophy. All four have this ailment—David, Samuel, Peter and Josephine. Josephine and David are on wheelchairs.

GIROD BROTHERS

Route 1 Box 193

Curryville, Missouri 63339

CARPET WEAVING—do custom weaving \$1.35 a yard. Make carpets out of new material to sell...\$1.20. We try to keep a selection of colors on hand to choose from.

They are all 27 inches wide and can make any length people prefer. We aim to have new ones on hand at all times for sale.

Location: 3 1/2 miles east of Arthur on Route 133.

Handicap: Paralyzed from farm accident. Team of horses hitched to wagon ran away. Wagon wheel went over the back and broke 7th vertebra. Paralyzed from there on down. Confined to wheelchair. Very thankful to have something to do. The work is a therapy to help keep strength in hands and arms.

JOE N. SCHROCK

Route 2 Box 142A

Arthur, Illinois 61911

RIPPLE AFGANS Will take orders.

Approx. Size	Price
45" X 60".....	\$30.00
54" X 72".....	\$38.00
60" X 80".....	\$43.00

Postpaid.

Location: 3 miles north, 1/4 mile west of Sturgis Airport.

Handicap: Muscular dystrophy. Confined to wheelchair since 1949. Busy filling out income tax forms from January to April. Makes afgans in summer and fall. Sister Becky is also on wheelchair.

VICTOR EICHER

Route 5

Sturgis, Michigan 49091

POTHOLDERS-----10¢ each.

Location: 3 1/2 miles south and 1/2 mile west of Curryville.

Handicap: Feet are crippled due to spastic Paraplegia. Age 13. Daughter of Will K. Yoder. Can help with the work.

MARTHA YODER

R1. Box 155

Curryville, Mo. 63339

WOVEN MATS & WASTEPAPER BASKETS

Mats - \$1.75 Baskets- \$2.00

Location: 2 miles west and 1 mile south of Medina, on the 8th con.

Handicap: Blind. Had tumor in his head when a child. Lives with brother David.

AMOS GRABER

R.1 Lakeside, Ont.

c/o David Graber

BOOKBINDING, prices are as follows:

English and German Bibles, leather bound  
...\$6.00 Imitation "plastic-like" leather  
bound...\$3.00 Grosdruck Testament,  
clothbound...\$2.00 Neues Testament und  
Psalter, clothbound...(priced according to  
size and condition of book,) approx. \$1.65  
to \$2.00 English and German New Testa-  
ment, clothbound...\$1.35 with imitation  
leather, overlapping cover...\$1.75  
Egermeiers Bible Story Book, clothbound  
...\$2.00 Leidersammlung, clothbound...  
\$1.00 Books about the size of Buschner's  
Konkordanz, clothbound and according to  
size and condition of book...approximately  
\$4.00 to \$5.00

Page repair extra on above books.

GREETING CARDS—birthday, get-well,  
all occasion, baby congratulations, sym-  
pathy, and children's birthday and get well  
with and without Scripture text. Prices  
\$1.00, \$1.25, or \$1.50 per box.  
Location: From cheese factory north of  
Kalona on Highway No. 1, 3 miles east and  
1/3 mile south.

Handicap: Polio

ALTA S. Mast  
Route 1 Box 20  
Kalona, Iowa 52247

COVERED COAT HANGERS with Dura-flex  
plastic. Assorted colors- 35¢ each. 3 for \$1.  
DURA-FLEX PLASTIC KEY CHAINS, with  
or without ring. Assorted colors. 40¢, 25¢  
POT HOLDERS-- 15¢ each or 2 for 25¢  
SMOCKED PILLOWS- assorted colors, with  
foam cushion- \$2.50.

BEADS- assorted colors and lengths. 60¢  
each and up. Also other items.

Location: 5 miles north of Pinecraft.

Handicap: Had spinal meningitis at 4 mo.  
old. Poor sense of balance in walking.  
Difficult in hearing of one ear, and seeing  
from one eye. Twenty-four years old.

MARY PLANK  
3030 N. Oriente Ave.  
Sarasota, Fla. 33580

LEATHER LINK SUSPENDERS, black only.  
All sizes. State length desired. \$3.00 per  
pair. Postpaid.

Location: 2 miles east and 1 mile south of

Jamesport.

Handicap: Crippled hands and legs from  
birth injuries. Also has asthma. Enjoys  
reading.

ELLIS E. BORNTRAGER  
R.2 Jamesport, Mo. 64648

CUSHIONS- 3 different kinds. Made of  
cushion screening and yarn in different col-  
ors. \$3.00 each. One on coarse mesh with  
thick yarn in plaid design and phentex  
fringes. Various shades. One has woven  
squares- the top squares have an embossed  
effect. A finer one has squares criss-cross-  
ing across corner, shaded with wine and  
pink with sand centers.

BEADS- Assorted colors. \$1.00 a strand.  
Location: highway 85 west. 2nd farm be-  
tween John Deere shop and A.R.C. Indus-  
tries.

Handicap: brain injured. Parents: Christian  
Webers.

MALINDA WEBER  
R. 1 Elmira, Ont. Can.

ENGLISH MOROCCO LEATHER BILL-  
FOLDS, size 3 7/16 x 9 1/4, has 2 bill  
compartments, 2 wing inserts, with or  
without coin purse. Black. Price \$10.00  
FRENCH BILLFOLDS, top-grain cowhide,  
size 5 x 3 1/2 closed. Black. Price \$10.00  
SUITCASE TAGS, natural leather, size  
4 x 2 1/2. Price \$1.00

PROPELLER BEADS, \$1.00

POT HOLDERS—jersey loops. 50¢ a set.

Location: On Seager Hill Road, 2 miles east  
of Conewango. Off 62

Handicap: Wagon on which he was riding  
was hit by pickup truck, February 5, 1968.  
Received broken neck and is paralyzed from  
the chest down. On wheelchair. Married to  
the former Katie S. Troyer. Have 1 daugh-  
ter.

Born: Jan. 25, 1947.

HARRY M. HERSHBERGER  
R.1 Box 274 A  
Conewango Valley, N.Y. 14726

PROPELLER BEADS, fishline strung. Assorted colors- 70¢. Postpaid.

ALUMINUMIZED CHAIN- gold color. Nice for watch chains, shawl chain or children to play with. 10¢ per foot. Postpaid. State desired length.

BOOKMARK, mitten-shaped. Made from felt with clip to clip on page.. about 2 inches long. One bookmark is a pair of mittens. Assorted colors. 30¢ postpaid.

Location: Take 10 out of Amherst 2 miles south on A. and 1/2 mile west.

Handicap: rheumatoid arthritis which has left legs, arms and hands stiff. Very painful. Started in year of 1965. Oldest of 14 children. Parents: Sam W. and Rebecca Schrock. Born: Oct. 22, 1952

LYDIA S. SCHROCK  
c/o Sam W. Schrock  
Route 2  
Macon, MO 63552

#### AMWAY PRODUCTS

Location: 2 miles east and 2 miles north of Kalona. On the east side of road in a 1/4

mile lane.

Handicap: Polio in 1955. Arthritis in legs. In 1969 the doctor diagnosed the case as muscular dystrophy, which leaves him in a weakened condition. Did upholstery work at one time. Spends time in reading which is limited because of weak eyes. Is married to the former Viola Yoder and has a family.

JACOB SCHLABACH  
Route 2 Box 230  
Kalona, Iowa 52247

RUG WEAVING — custom work. Any length and up to 42 inches wide. \$1.40 a yard for 27 inch wide. (I furnish warp.)

#### HILCOA PRODUCTS

Location: Four miles north of Kalona, Iowa on No. 1 to cheese factory, then 2 miles east on blacktop and 1/2 miles north, then 1/2 mile west in mud lane.

Handicap: Polio in September, 1952. Married with a family of 7 children. Ages from 1 1/2 to 12 years.

DANIEL C. MAST  
Route 2 Box 213-A  
Kalona, IA 52247

SUNSHINE GREETING CARDS Scripture text.

Handicap: Reckling Van Hausen Disease. Has had numerous operations. Loves to read.

KENNETH BONTRAGER  
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Sei getreu in allen Sachen,  
In dem Anfang, Mittel, Schluß:  
Fürchte Gott, und laß Ihn machen,  
Hüte dich vor Joabs Ruch.  
Such in allem Gottes Ruhm,  
Führ ein wahres Christentum:  
Sei zwar klug in deinem Glauben,  
Und doch ohne Falsch wie Tauben.

Sei getrost in Todes-Stunden,  
Halt dich glaubensvoll an Gott;  
Nimm getrost in Christi Wunden,  
Sei getreu bis in den Tod:  
Wer mit Jesu gläubig ringt,  
Ihm, wie Jacob hält und zwingt,  
Dem will Er in jenem Leben  
Seine Freuden-Krone geben.

Nun wohlau, ich bleib im Leiden,  
Glauben, Liebe, Hoffnung, Fest;  
Ich bin treu bis an das Scheiden.  
Jesns, der mich nicht verläßt,  
Ist's, den meine Seele liebt,  
Dem sie sich im Kreuz ergiebt:  
Ihm befehl ich meine Sachen,  
Dann ich weiß, Er wird's wohl machen.

Heute ist Charfreitag, die Sonne ist schön und klar am  
scheinen. Wir denken aber zurück da unser liebe Heiland so  
grausam behandelt ist worden und zum letzten ans Kreuz  
genagelt, dort zu sterben für unsere Sünden.

Das Wort Char, oder „Kar“ wie es Heutigen Tags buch-  
stabiert wird meint Betrübniß oder Trauern. Sind wir be-  
trübt und trauerig wenn wir denken an des Heilandes  
Kreuzigung? Oder wie ist es bestellt?

Bis dieses vor die Leser kommt so ist Ostern worbei,  
Himmelfahrt und Pfingsten auch. Die Zeit geht schnell  
herum. Nicht lange zurück meinten wir, jetzt ist bald wieder  
ein Jahr zurück gelegt, nun aber sind wir schon weit in  
diesem Jahr. Es wird bald wieder die Hälfte davon zurück  
gelegt sein.

Diesmal gedachten wir nicht einen langen Editorial zu  
schreiben. Nur eine kurze Ermahnung. Wir nahmen ein  
Buch zur Hand und lasen ein wenig. Wir kommen zu einem  
Artikel betitelt: „Die himmlische Hochzeit.“ Geschrieben um  
das Jahr 1880. In diesem wird viel geschrieben von dem  
Schmuck und Zierrat in Kleider und dergleichen betrach-  
tend gegen dem rechten Schmuck der Kinder Gottes, wie  
sie sich schmücken sollen als Gäste die der himmlische Hoch-  
zeit entgegen gehen. Wir wollen es hier folgen lassen. (Ed.)

Die himmlische Hochzeit.

Wie die Jungfrauen, die Gehör

gegeben haben, sich zuberei-  
ten, die alten Kleider aus,  
und das rechte Hochzeits-  
kleid anziehen  
müssen.

Hört zu mit großer Aufmerksamkeit alle die ihr euch zu  
der Himmlischen Hochzeit habt eingeladen lassen. Ich wer-  
de euch Mut zusprechen; denn das müßt ihr wissen, so lange  
ihr auf dem Wege sind wird euch vieles entmutigen.

Wenn ihr euch bereitet habt, das saubere, weiße Kleid  
angezogen, müßt ihr scharf zusehen wenn ihr es rein halten  
wollt, denn der Feind, der Teufel wird suchen, euch mit  
dem Schmutz der Sünde — Hoffart, Geiz und fleischlichen  
Lüsten wieder zu beflecken — von dem ihr doch durch Christi  
Blut gewaschen seid.

So hört nun zu: Ehe ihr das saubere Kleid antut, müßt  
ihr euch vorsehen, daß ihr das alte, faule Kleid der Sünde  
nicht anbehaltet. Dasselbe müßt ihr gänzlich ausziehen.  
Wenn ihr wie die Pharisäer äußerlich ein Kleid anzüget,  
daß in den Augen der Menschen schön erscheinen wird, so  
würde das vor eurem Bräutigam nicht gelten. Es muß  
ganz erneuert, das Alte muß vergangen, abgelegt, gestor-  
ben und durch die Taufe in Christi Tod begraben sein.  
Röm. 6, 4.

Ihr müßet rein gewaschen sein durch das Blut eures  
allerliebsten Bräutigams. Offb. 1, 5; 5, 9. 1 Joh. 1, 7.  
Ja derjenige wo so große Liebe für euch getragen hat, um  
euch zu einer reinen Magd zu machen. Eph. 5, 27. Col. 1,  
20. Dann werdet ihr eine geistliche Braut und ein Weib  
des Lammes sein. Offb. 19, 7.

Dies müßet ihr mit den Augen des Glaubens betrach-  
ten und wohl zusehen, daß ihr eure Sache, die so wichtig ist  
wohl überlegt und zu Herzen gehen laßt wie ihr euch vor-  
bereiten und befehren müßet, auf daß, wenn ihr vor des  
Königs Augen, die da sind wie Feuerflammen kommen  
werdet ihr Wohlgefallen vor Ihm findet und nicht hinaus  
gestoßen werdet. Matt. 25, 30. Sonst wäre alle eure Mühe  
umsonst und ihr könntet euch nie wieder erholen. O welch  
unberechenbarer Verlust würde dieses doch sein!

Die Zierde oder Bekleidung, die eurem Bräutigam ge-  
fällt, ist nicht äußerlich vor den Augen fleischlicher Men-  
schen. Ps. 45, 14. Solche die da gerne prächtige Kleider  
oder köstliche Gewänder sehen und es auch lieben solche zu  
tragen nach hoffärtiger Weise. 1 Petri 3, 3. O nein, mit  
solchem würdet ihr diesem Bräutigam sehr mißfallen, denn  
Er siehet mit seinen Feuerflammenden-Augen in das In-  
nerste des Herzens.

Wenn ihr euch mit kostbare Krügen um den Hals schmük-  
ket, oder ziert mit köstlichem Nadelwerk, Kleider von Pur-  
pur und anderen kostbaren Sachen, Hauben von köstlichem  
Leinwand, köstliche Schuhe an eure Füße, Schleiern, golde-  
nen Ringen und alles was eure Augen verlangen, so wird

Herzlich thut mich erfreuen  
Die liebe Sommerzeit,  
Wenn Gott wird schön erneuen  
Alles zur Ewigkeit,  
Den Himmel und die Erden  
Wird Gott neu schaffen gar;  
All Creatur soll werden  
Ganz herrlich, hübsch und klar.

2 Die Sonn wird neu und reine,  
Der Mond und Sternen all

Gar vielmal heller scheinen,  
Daß man sich wundern soll.  
Das Firmament gemeine  
Wird Gott auch schmücken fein,  
Das wird Er thun alleine  
Zu Freud der Kinder sein.

3 Also wird Gott neu machen  
Alles so wonniglich,  
Vor Schönheit wird's gar lachen,  
Und alles freuen sich,  
Von Gold und Edelsteine

All Ding wird fein geschmückt,  
Mit Perlen groß und kleine,  
Als wär es ausgestickt.

4 Kein Zunge kann erreichen  
Die ewig Zierheit groß;  
Man kann's mit nichts vergleichen,  
Die Wort sind viel zu bloß.  
Darum wollen wir's sparen  
Bis an den jüngsten Tag:  
Dann werden wir erfahren,  
Was Gott ist und vermag.

es eurem Könige nicht gefallen, sondern vielmehr ein Greuel sein. (Hauben sind Rappen, und Schleiern ein Veil.)

Solches können wir klar vernehmen an dem reichen Mann, er kleidete sich in Purpur und köstlichem Leinwand; aber er konnte kein Gast sein bei der königlichen Hochzeit, sondern wurde in die Hölle begraben. Luk. 15, 23. Während Lazarus in den sichern Schoß Abrahams getragen wurde. Wir können dies auch vernehmen an Herodes, der so herrlich in seinen königlichen Kleidern prunkte. Dazu suchte er durch eine hochtrabende und Eigendünkel überfließende Rede vor dem Volk zu glänzen, so daß das Volk, das ihm zuhörte und sah, ihm beinahe eine göttliche Ehre erwiesen. Aber wie bald änderte sich dies, er wurde von Gott dem Allmächtigen gestraft, daß ihn die Würmer fraßen, zu einem sichern Beweis, daß Gott ein Greuel hat an solche stolzen prahlerischen Menschen. Hierin können wir klar und deutlich sehen daß dieser edle himmlische König und Bräutigam kein Wohlgefallen hat an solchem Zierrat auf unser Wanderschaft.

In Jesus seinem ganzen Durchgang und Wanderschaft hier auf dieser Erd ging Er immer in Demut und Niedrigkeit seiner Brant voran, und er will daß wir Ihm auch allezeit so nachfolgen sollen.

Ein Altvater verantwortete sich einst über dem äußerliche Schmücken wie folgt: Die Töchter Babylons waren von außen gekleidet mit Purpur und Seide, haben aber innen ein faules, schlechtes Gewissen. Sie glänzen mit köstlichen Spitzen, aber sind faul von Manieren und Sitten. Eine Magd oder Brant Christi kann aber von außen schlecht scheinen gekleidet zu sein aber doch innen glänzen, nicht vor der Menschen Augen, sondern vor Gottes Augen.

Der königliche Prophet David spricht von der Brant Christi mit diesen Worten: „Des Königs Tochter ist ganz herrlich inwendig, sie ist mit goldenen Stücken gekleidet. Ps. 45, 14. Wie lieblich spricht der Bräutigam im Hohenliede zu seiner Brant: „Siehe, meine Freundin, du bist schön, schön bist du, deine Augen sind wie Taubenaugen.“ Hohel. 1, 15; 2, 10; 4, 1. Die Einfalt und Schönheit des Gemüthes werden hier mit Taubenaugen verglichen. Weiter im Hohenliede: „Deine Lippen sind wie eine rosinfarbe Schnur, und deine Rede lieblich. Du bist allerdings schön, meine Freundin, und ist kein Flecken an dir.“

(Dies alles weist uns auf dem innerlichen Schmuck des Herzens, das ist uns befohlen. Aber der äußerliche Schmuck mit Haarflechten, Goldumhängen oder Kleider anlegen ist klar verboten nach des Apostels Lehr. In diesem Artikel ist noch vieles geschrieben aus dem Hohenlied Salomos und andere Schriften aus dem neuen Testament. Wir lassen es aber für diesmal. Wir haben es etwas gelindert von wie es geschrieben ist im Hochdeutschen, so daß es leichter ist für der Leser zu verstehen. Ed.)

## Heim zu Jesus

Auf der Erde hab' ich keinen Stand,  
Droben ist mein Vaterland.  
All mein Sehnen zieht mich himmelwärts,  
Weg von allem Erdschmerz.

Hier auf Erden bin ich noch beschwert,  
Weil das Fleisch sein Recht begehrt.  
Doch der Herr bewahrt mich wunderbar,  
Führt mich heim zur sel'gen Schar.

Hier auf Erden bin ich nur ein Gast,  
Halte nur ein wenig Rast.  
Glaubensvoll zieh ich der Heimat zu,  
Heim zur ew'gen Himmelsruh.

Jesu, meines Herzens Freund' und Licht,  
Bald seh' ich dein Angesicht,  
Halt mich fest und reiße mich heraus  
Heim ins ew'ge Vaterhaus.

E. K.

Aus Friedens Botschaft.

Hier auf dieser Erde sind wir alle am gehen irgendwo; aber sind wir auf dem rechten Weg nach dem ewigen Ruheplatz, wo die rechte Seelenruh gefunden wird?

„So laßet uns nun fürchten, daß wir die Verheißung, einzukommen zu seiner Ruhe, nicht versäumen, und unser keiner dahinten bleibe. Denn es ist uns auch verkündigt gleichwie jenen; aber das Wort der Predigt half jene nichts, da nicht glaubten die, so es hörten. Ebr. 4, 1. 2.

Hier können wir klar und deutlich verstehen daß diese Ruhe wovon gesagt ist, nur ist für die gläubige Lent. Und dies meint der rechte feligmachende Glauben, der durch die Liebe tätig ist. Tätig ist zu was? Tätig meint unbeweglich, wahr, wirklich und unverfälscht. Das meint ein Mensch der von ganzem Herzen Gott dienen will, seine Gebote halten und helfen eine Gemeinde bauen hier auf Erden die nicht habe ein Flecken oder Kunsel, oder des etwas, sondern daß sie heilig sei und unsträflich.

Es heißt: „Denn so Josua sie hätte zur Ruhe gebracht, würde er nicht hernach von einem andern Tage gesagt haben. Darum ist noch eine Ruhe vorhanden dem Volk Gottes. Sehnen wir uns voran zu dieser Ruhe? Oder sind wir vergnügt als weiter hier im Fleisch leben? Die Zeit fährt schnell dahin als flögen wir davon, und wir müssen rechenenschaft geben dafür.“

Noch ein Vers weiter in unserm Text Kap. „Denn das Wort Gottes ist lebendig und kräftig und schärfer denn kein zweischneidig Schwert, und dringet durch, bis daß es scheidet Seele und Geist, auch Mark und Bein, und ist ein Richter der Gedanken und Sinne des Herzens.“

Es ist zu fürchten daß manche Menschen sich nicht vorstellen wie kräftig das Wort Gottes ist. Sie nehmen es ein wenig leichter von Zeit zu Zeit, so daß sie mehr leben können ihre Natur zum gefallen. Dies macht nicht so viel aus, ein wenig dies und ein wenig das, und doch dabei der Allmann was. Und wir können klar sehen, wie mehr Raum wir unsere fleischliche Natur geben, wie mehr Raum sie haben will, wie zufrieden. Und es scheint wenn jemand sich nicht mehr recht zufrieden stellen kann, dann sucht er sich zu rechtfertigen mit was andere tun, in sonderheit werden die Diener oftmals beschuldigt in dieser Hinsicht, aber wenn wir recht an die Wurzel kommen können, so ist es dieweil wir uns selbst nicht recht aufgeben können.

Bis dieses vor die Leser kommt, so ist der Winter wieder vorüber, und der Sommer vorhanden. Jahreszeiten geben Zeugnis daß wir die Ewigkeit entgegen gehen. „Schnell schwindet unsre Lebenszeit, aufs Sterben folgt die Ewigkeit, wie wir die Zeit hier angewandt, so folgt der Lohn aus Gottes Hand.“

Himmelfahrt Tag kommt, Jesus lies sich sehen unter seine Jünger vierzig Tage lang, und redete mit ihnen vom Reich Gottes. Er sagte zu ihnen: „Es gebührt euch nicht zu wissen Zeit oder Stunde, welche der Vater seiner Macht

Family Life

vorbehalten hat.“ Rein, auf einmal kommt eine Wolke und nahm Ihn auf vor ihren Augen weg. Hier standen zwei Männer in weißen Kleidern und gaben zu verstehen daß dieser Jesus wieder kommen wird, wie sie ihn gesehen haben gen Himmel fahren.

Ich habe schon oft wundern müssen wie sie fühlten, hier am stehen und auf einmal geht Jesus von der Erde weg durch die Wolken in die Luft. O wie unbegreiflich dünkt uns das? „O welche eine Tiefe des Reichtums, beide der Weisheit und Erkenntnis Gottes! Wie gar unbegreiflich sind seine Gerichte und unerforschlich seine Wege! Denn wer hat des Herrn Sinn erkannt? oder wer ist sein Ratgeber gewesen?“ Römer 11, 33. 34.

Wer war sein Ratgeber? War niemand, Er brauchte kein Ratgeber. Wir müssen nur fertig werden mit dieser Sache mit dem letzten Vers in diesem Kap. „Denn von Ihm und durch Ihn und zu Ihm sind alle Dinge. Ihm sei Ehre in Ewigkeit! Amen. Er hat alles erschaffen, und konnte es alles regieren nach seinem Wohlgefallen. Am Ende der Welt kann Er das Gericht halten und ausführen durch seine große Weisheit und Allmacht. Hier kommt die Zeit wo Menschen sich aufgeben müssen zu Gottes Willen ob sie wollen oder nicht.

Die Jünger nahmen Jesus bei seinem Wort, sie warteten auf die Verheißung des Vaters. Ja der große Pfingsttag da der heilige Geist ausgegossen ist worden, und die drei Tausend Leute bekehrt sind worden. Laßt uns daran denken: „Wer Christi Geist nicht hat, der ist nicht sein.“

Wir lassen ab mit diesem Schreiben. „Betet ohne unterlaß.“

## Teilhaftig die göttliche Natur

2 Petri 1, 2—4. „Gott gebe euch viel Gnade und Frieden durch die Erkenntnis Gottes und Jesu Christi unsers Herrn! Nachdem allerlei seiner göttlichen Kraft, was zum Leben und göttlichen Wandel dienet, uns geschenkt ist durch die Erkenntnis des, der uns berufen hat durch seine Herrlichkeit und Tugend, durch welche uns die teuren und allergrößten Verheißungen geschenkt sind, nämlich daß ihr dadurch teilhaftig werdet der göttlichen Natur, so ihr fliehet die vergängliche Lust der Welt.“

Was ist die vergängliche Lust der Welt? Matthäus schreibt: „Denn wo euer Schatz ist, da ist auch euer Herz.“ Wenn wir Leute hören reden, können wir oftmals vernahmen was in ihrem Herzen ist.

Wir gehen auf den Sabbath in die Gemeinde Gottes und hören schon was gesagt wird ehe der Gottesdienst anfängt und wann es wieder aus ist sind oftmals solche wo scheinen zu wissen alles was angeht in der Welt, und haben Lust es zu erzählen und noch oftmals wird dazu getan was nicht so ist. Und weil der Gottesdienst am gehen ist sitzen sie und schlafen.

Oftmals gibt es Leute die Lust haben weltliche Lieder zu singen, und schändliche Sachen erzählen. Ist das die göttliche Natur? Oder ist es die vergängliche Lust der Welt?

Solche haben auch gewöhnlich Lust alles zu lesen in die tägliche Zeitung oder abgöttliche Bücher die kein Leben drinnen zu finden ist, und auch die Radios zu hören, welches ein großes Verderben ist zu die wo Christen sind oder sein wollen.

In Lukas 15 hat Jesus gesagt: „Ihr seid's die ihr euch selbst rechtfertiget vor den Menschen, aber Gott kennet eure Herzen; denn was hoch ist unter den Menschen das ist ein GRENEL vor Gott.“

Wollen wir Leute sein an welche Gott ein GRENEL muß haben, oder wollen wir teilhaftig werden der göttlichen Natur? Wir können nicht teilhaftig werden der göttlichen Natur, es sei denn daß wir uns zu Gott kehren und meiden die vergängliche Lust der Welt. Wenn wir nicht teilhaftig werden die göttliche Natur, wie können wir eine Hoffnung haben der frohe Himmel zu ererben?

So sind es viele Sachen wo unser Herz daran hängen kann und wir sind es vielleicht nicht gewahr daß es sündlich ist und ein Schaden sein kann zu unser Seligkeit. Darum ist es notwendig zu tun wie Johannes schreibt: „Suchet in der Schrift,“ und zu Gott beten um Weisheit und Verstand daß wir können Erkenntlichkeit empfangen was es nimm teilhaftig zu werden die göttliche Natur, und daß der Geist Gottes uns treiben kann und wir ein Kind Gottes werden können. Sonst sind wir von die elendesten unter allen Menschen wie Paulus uns schreibt: Erste Kor. 15, 19.

So viel geschrieben aus Liebe und guter Meinung.

A. J. C. Delaware.

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

# Amish Attempts To Settle in Texas

## Part Two

### 6. The Mission Venture

Dan Kurtz of Sugarcreek, Ohio was having lung trouble in 1910. The doctor said he was starting with tuberculosis and should move to a warmer climate for a cure. Dan saw some literature published by railroads and land companies telling of new territories that needed settlers, offering special train rates to anyone who would settle there. One area caught Dan's eye—Texas. It was certainly a warm enough climate, so Dan and his wife and four children moved there in 1910. The area they chose in Texas was close to the Mexico border way down

at the southern-most tip of the state. Their mailing address was Mission, Texas.

The Kurtzs bought a farm with buildings already on it about a mile north-east of Mission. The area was mainly a truck-patch farming region. Dan's farm, like many in the area, had less than 20 acres. He raised onions, cabbage, corn, alfalfa hay, cotton, and other vegetables. Dan was also a building contractor and put up a number of commercial buildings and houses in Mission. His farming was mostly done by hiring Mexican labor which was cheap, working for 50c per day and furnishing their own board and lodging.

The Kurtz family was at Mission, Texas for nearly two years before another Amish family joined them. Roman

## The Mighty Whirlwind

When a tornado strikes a community, it makes the headlines. But when three major tornadoes hit an area the same evening — well, that's unheard of. It's something that just could not happen.

But it did happen. Palm Sunday, 1965, had been as nice a day as anyone in the North Central states could have wished for. But by the time darkness closed in that evening and the raindrops ceased to patter on the roofs of the houses still standing, a grim chapter in the history of weather had been written.

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J. Miller, his wife, and family of three children moved there in 1912. They were also from Sugarcreek, Ohio and Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Kurtz were sisters, daughters of Bishop Mose Coblentz of Sugarcreek. The Millers rented a 10 acre truck farm ½ mile northeast of Mission. Roman worked for his brother-in-law at the carpenter trade and also hired Mexicans to do his farming at home. The children helped in the vegetable farming, too.

Different Amish families visited the Kurtzs and Millers in Texas, but none of them decided to locate there. Bishop Mose Coblentz spent a few months there. While he was there Amish church services were held, alternating between the two families' homes. Otherwise the families came together on Sunday to read from the Bible and sing. Mose Coblentz did not decide to locate in Texas. He returned to Ohio where he founded the Hicksville Amish settlement in Defiance County in 1914.

From 1910 to 1914 there was a revolution in Mexico. Mission, Texas was quite close to the border. One of Roman Miller's sons well remembers this: "At times we would hear them shooting and at night we could see towns burning. And the United States Army would patrol the border on the American side. So this was one of the reasons these two families decided to move back to Ohio, away from the danger of war."

There were other factors why the two Amish families returned North. They realized that no other families were going to join them and the distance to go and visit other Amish settlements was tremendous. Also Dan Kurtz was cured of his tuberculosis during the four years he and his family lived in Texas.

The Kurtzs and Millers had moved to Texas with only as many belongings as they could check with their tickets on the train. In 1914 they loaded a boxcar with household items they had purchased in Texas and also six mules. They moved to Grandpa Coblentz's new settlement at Hicksville. (In 1925 these two families moved south again, this time to Florida. But that story will be told in another article.)

### 7. Down By the Rio Grande

In 1922 widower Emanuel B. Weaver of Holmes County, Ohio and Milt Welding bought a 20 acre citrus farm 1½ mile north of La Feria, Texas. This was only about 40 miles east of where the Kurtzs and Millers had lived at Mission ten years earlier. Weaver and Welding, like Kurtz and Miller, had become interested in the area through free train trips, sales promotion, and high

pressure real estate agents. Welding, who was non-Amish, did not move to Texas but made several trips there to check on the venture he had helped finance. Emanuel Weaver did not want to live in Texas alone so the Jacob B. Millers moved there to look after his farm temporarily until he could interest others into moving there. Mrs. Miller was his daughter. The Millers lived there about 1½ years before Grandpa Weaver arrived with other settlers.

On Friday evening October 27, 1924 a group of Amish left Cleveland, Ohio in a special train coach all to themselves. These Texas settlers were actually two groups who were planning to settle within 22 miles of each other in Texas. The one group consisted of Grandpa Weaver, his son Atlee with wife and six children, and Albert B. Yoder with his wife and four children—all of Holmes County. The second group contained two families from Geauga County, Dan Gingerichs and John Henry Yoders, and one family from Stark County, Bishop Joe Coblentzs. There was one non-Amish along, Fred Stauffer.

The travelers reached St. Louis, Missouri on Saturday and had a three hour stopover. They decided to visit the famous St. Louis zoo. There were thirteen adults and twenty children—quite a good-sized group. The children wanted to go here and there at the zoo to see different animals and all at once when inventory of the children was taken—one was missing. After some anxious searching, the Weaver parents found six-year-old Emanuel back by the bear pen quite unaware that he was lost. Another of the Weaver's children remembers the St. Louis zoo for another reason. In Ohio someone had given thirteen-year-old Ada some stones to put in her pocket to keep her from getting "zeitlong" (homesick). She lingered behind the group dropping her stones to get rid of them. Later in Texas she wished she had kept them for there were no stones in the Texas soil in their area.

The travelers spent Sunday on the train. Since there was an Amish minister along and they had the coach to themselves, they held a church service, probably the only Amish church service ever held on a moving train. After the service was over, a Negro porter came into the coach and sang some hymns.

The 1,500 train ride ended when the travelers reached Harlingen, Texas way down at the southernmost part of the state. Here the Weaver group got off for LaFeria nine miles to the west. The Coblentz group traveled a few miles further where they got off for Rio Hondo approximately twelve miles east of Harlingen. The two groups saw each other every two weeks for church services as long as Bishop Joe Coblentz was there (but he stayed in Texas only six months). They took turns having church one time at La Feria and the next time at Rio Hondo, hiring a school bus to take them back and forth. Otherwise the groups did not see much of one another, being separated by twenty-two miles.

The area in which the Amish settled was called the Rio Grande Valley for the Rio Grande River passed seven miles south of the group at La Feria and about twice that far from the group at Rio Hondo. The Rio Grande River forms the border between Texas and Mexico; so the area was populated with Mexican town names and also Mexican people. The Amish found the land in the valley very fertile with top soil four or five feet thick. Since the climate was dry, the fertile soil was not worth much unless irrigated. The state developed a series of irrigation canals to take water from the Rio Grande for a very wide surrounding area. One of the former Amish residents near La Feria describes this: "The Rio Grande River was around ½ mile wide there with different pumping stations along its bank. There were about a dozen 2-3 foot diameter pumps where our water came from. The water was pumped into a thirty or forty foot wide elevated canal (made of dirt) that went several miles where it was stored in a hundred acre swampy area with dirt built-up banks to hold it there. This was called the first lift. Then it was pumped up higher in a canal again; this was the second lift and there was

another storage area. Then the third lift took place; from it is where we got our water to irrigate. I think people could irrigate only 3-4 miles north of us till the land was too high.

"The cost of irrigating was \$1.50 an acre each time you irrigated no matter how much water you used. Then there was a special water tax on our land. If we wanted to irrigate, we would notify the Water Department and they would turn water into the canal that passed our farm. We would open the watergate ourselves. From the gate on, it was up to us to make our own irrigation ditches. Along these is where we planted some banana trees as they needed plenty of moisture. We had a few dozen banana trees, not for selling but we could see how they grew and had a few to eat."

The Amish did not buy large farms, for they realized they would need only 10 or 20 acres of irrigated land to grow truck crops. The land sold for \$300 to \$500 an acre. If buildings and citrus trees were already on the land, it sold for \$1,200 to \$2,000 an acre. The uncleared land was not hard to clear for the vegetation was sparse except for the mesquite trees which were scrubby looking with very crooked limbs. It was a common saying that mequite wood made good fence posts and would wear out two postholes.

Grandpa Weaver's house, where the Atlee Weavers lived, was rather small—one story and no basement. But the climate was warm and the family spent more time outside than inside so it did not seem as small as it would have in Ohio. The same was true of their barn which was only 16 x 20, room for a cow and four mules. Theirs had a loft (many didn't) where they stored alfalfa hay. They had an acre of hay which they would mow every 30 days through the summer and irrigate right away. It was never used to pasture animals for the land was too valuable. Eight or nine mowings a year could be taken off. The hay was hauled to the barn where a mule-driven stationary baler made it into bales.

The area around La Feria was just being developed when the Amish moved there, so the citrus orchards were not as plentiful nor as developed as they are today. About 20 percent of the land was in citrus trees and the rest in vegetables or cotton. Vegetables were raised through the winter, from October to May: lettuce, carrots, beets, cabbage, tomatoes. Sweet corn was planted in January and February. The Weavers planted 10 acres of sweet corn one season. It was before any modern hybrids had been developed and grew so tall that the people harvesting it couldn't reach the ears and had to break the stalks. The Rio Hondo Amish raised a lot of tomatoes and did their own picking and packing, but the La Feria people generally sold their entire crops while still in the fields to concerns which would bring in Mexican labor to harvest it. A truck or two with the stock rack on it would be full of Mexicans. Next came a truck of empty hampers. If the crop was carrots or beets they would be pulled, bunched, and tied in the field before being sent to the packing plant to be washed and shipped. With this arrangement the Amish at La Feria did not experience the financial disappointments that the Amish settlers had at Palm, Texas twelve years earlier when they had tried to market their own produce.

Besides the vegetables which were beginning to be commonly raised in the area and the citrus fruit, the area had another major crop—cotton. It was raised on "dry land," land that was too high to irrigate. Cotton doesn't do well if it has too much moisture, growing a large but more barren stalk. The Amish at La Feria raised quite a few acres of cotton. If they needed additional help hoeing or thinning the cotton, they would go to the train depot platform. There they would find from a few to fifty Mexicans waiting to be hired out by the day. Generally these were the less desirable kind or they would have had steady work on a farm somewhere, but they came in handy for extra help. It reminded the Amish of the man in the Bible who hired men at different hours to go into his vineyard to work.

Cotton was then all picked by hand at 2c to 3c a pound.

Some Mexicans could pick as much as 400 pounds a day, but 100 pounds was a good day's work for most. The cotton was unloaded in a few minutes' time at the gin, being unloaded by suction. The seeds which had been removed at the gin were cheaply sold. People mixed them with grain and fed them to cows; they were a good source of protein. The cotton was baled into 500 pound bales, the owner receiving 30c a pound or \$150 a bale. From one to two bales could be raised per acre.

There was only one cotton compress in the area where the Amish lived. It was located at Harlingen. The 500 pound bales were taken there and put in a compress which reduced them to about one-fourth their size, but of course their weight remained the same. The smaller size was handier to load and took less space in being shipped. While the Amish lived in Texas, the compress at Harlingen burned down with a loss of \$1,000,000 to the building, machinery, and cotton bales stored there for shipment. The fire was believed to have started from a bale which had been left outside for a few months because it had once started to burn. The Mexican pickers generally smoked and it happened frequently that they were careless with their matches. Their matches would get in with the cotton they were picking and into the bags tied around their waists. When the cotton was put into the gin, the vibration of the gin would ignite the matches and a fire would result. This was easily put out, and the bale would be left outside for a few months before being sent to the compress. It is believed the compress fire was started by such a bale that had fire yet smoldering in it. Or perhaps it is possible that some matches were in it that had failed to ignite at the gin but ignited at the compress. At any rate it was a very costly fire, and one which the Amish settlers long remembered.

It was common for the Texas farmers in the southern part of the state to have a Mexican family living in a small shack on their farm or close by; the Mexicans would work steadily for the farmer. The Yoders and Weavers at La Feria each had Mexicans living on their places. The Weaver's Mexican was named Ipemanuel Contu and was a bachelor; his sister lived with him on an adjoining farm which the Weavers rented. The Yoder's Mexican was named Petro Junmez. The Amish marvelled how simply the Mexicans lived. Hardly any had tables, very few if any had silverware. They boiled their meat and vegetables together. They would use a tortilla to dip it from the bowl to their mouths. A tortilla is a pancake-like food which is as tough as cardboard. After a few dips into the bowl, the end of the tortilla would soften some and the person would bite it off. This was repeated until the tortilla was completely eaten. Their meals were generally the same and always spicy. They drank the blackest coffee. They never used wheat but corn for everything, grinding it with rocks.

One of the Weaver boys had a memorable time with Petro Junmez the Yoder's worker: "Petro asked me to go with him for a ride in his model-A Ford. Usually his daughter did the driving for him, but not today. I didn't know where we were going. He drove toward the Rio Grande River which is the border between the U.S. and Mexico. Finally our road became a mere trail which ended within a mile or so of the river; then we walked (I wasn't too happy by then, but he said, "Come along.")). Finally we came to the river. Then I saw a Mexican come down the opposite bank with a package, untie his canoe, and come toward us. He was a tough looking guy with a large handlebar mustache. By then I was really scared, as it was whiskey which was in the package. No more rides with Petro to the river!"

The Amish settlers found the Texas weather quite pleasant. It got rather warm during the summer, but breezes from the Gulf of Mexico were frequent. At night it cooled off quite a bit. One time it got too cool. The settlers went out and wrapped the trunks of their fruit trees well over the graft for frost protection. They piled dirt high over the graft. (The orange and grapefruit trees were commonly grafted onto the hardy roots and trunk of lemon trees.) It was 80 when the settlers banked their

trees and 50 by evening. That night a "Norty", as the Texas people called a cold rain from the North, set in lowering the temperature to 27. The rain froze on everything. The trees were in full foliage. The weight of the ice bent the 10' fruit trees so that they were three feet high. They looked sick when the ice melted off, but when the broken-off limbs were trimmed, it was surprising how the new twigs shot out and how well the trees looked in six months time. The ice storm has actually done them little permanent damage, but was quite hard on the native mesquite trees whose limbs were not as flexible. The settlers remember the "Norty" also because they huddled beside their fireplaces to keep warm. Their houses were not made for such weather, and luckily it was rare. Right after the freeze the Amish at Rio Hondo went to a nearby river, the Arroya, where there were thousands of fish floating on their sides on the surface, having been stunned by the low temperature. The people gathered up tubs full of them, cleaned, and ate fish until they didn't want to see any more. By the next day the fish which they had not gathered up had all swam away, having thawed out with the warmer temperature.

Another fish story which the settlers remember was when one of the Weaver boys went fishing with some other boys to the Gulf of Mexico about 50 miles east at Port Isabel: "We had long heavy lines 200 feet and longer. We used liver for bait on the hooks. We put out several lines, got our camping gear out (no sleeping bags then yet), ate some supper and checked our lines before retiring for the night. We had a nice red fish, 25 or 40

pound, I can't remember which. We lay down and slept. To my surprise the next morning there were 50-100 fish along the shore. We walked along the shore several miles. The largest fish we caught was the red fish, but someone else had a garr fish which weighed 150 pounds; they hung it up just like you do a hog when butchering. They are not too good eating, but the red fish was real good."

The Texas venture was very interesting to the Amish, such a different way of life from what they were used to in Ohio. But as the months went by the adventure wore off, for there were no church services and no new families planning to move down. The future did not look promising for a permanent Amish settlement at La Feria or Rio Hondo. So they decided to move back to Ohio. They had had sale there before going to Texas but had not sold their farms; it would be easy to return to their former homes.

Unlike the other Amish who had attempted to settle in Texas in previous years, the La Feria and Rio Hondo people did not lose money from their move to Texas. Their farming operations made some money and they were able to sell their farms. There was no great loss but likely no real profit either considering the transportation down and back. As 1926 drew to a close there were no Amish living in Texas.

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## CHILDREN'S SECTION

### MARY CHEATS HERSELF



MARY'S FACE GOT RED. SHE HAD A NOTION TO WASH THE JAR; BUT MOM HAD TOLD HER TO LEAVE IT, SO SHE DID.

- Elizabeth Miller

Mary Keim looked at the few remaining dishes. "I'm almost done and it didn't take me very long," she thought with a feeling of satisfaction. She put a little water in the gravy saucepan and scraped down the sides with her hand. Putting it into the dishwater to soak a little, she reached over and got the larger pot in which the potatoes had been boiled.

"I forgot about that sticky old jar," she thought when she saw the empty beef jar that had been pushed back into the corner. If there was anything Mary didn't like, it was washing beef jars. A moment later she held the jar in her hand and looked at it. "One thing's sure," she thought. "I can't wash this thing without letting it soak." Quickly she filled it with water and set it back into the corner. "Maybe Lydia will wash the dishes tonight," she thought. "She won't like it that I left this meat jar for her, but I can't help it. It simply can't be washed without soaking first.

Mary finished the dishes, then went out to help Mother and Lydia, her older sister, in the garden. Mary was glad to be outside and she enjoyed the afternoon, even if it meant bending over to plant and transplant things until her back felt as if she couldn't stand up straight any more. She was so busy with her work that she didn't

think about the soaking beef jar once until after supper. It was then that Mother suddenly remembered something.

"Oh, do you know what I almost forgot," she said. Her voice sounded alarmed.

"What did you almost forget?" asked Dad.

"I don't know why that slipped my mind like it did," said Mother. "Yesterday in church Dan Beachy's wife asked if I would send one of the children over to Fred Gingerich's and tell them they would bring company from Iowa over on Tuesday evening. And they were going to be there for supper and here I plain forgot about it."

"You didn't forget about it altogether," consoled Dad calmly. "There's still time to go over and tell them."

Mother glanced at the clock, then toward the window. "But it's almost getting dark now. Maybe if we went first thing in the morning, that will do. I just don't know why I forgot."

"I'm not wondering what made you forget it as much as I'm wondering what made you think about it now," said Dad with a chuckle. "Maybe the girls would want to walk over yet tonight and tell them. Or better yet, one of the girls and Bennie, and the other can do the dishes."

"Sure, I'll go," offered Lydia.

For once Mary didn't argue. She was just too glad to do the dishes if Lydia and Bennie went to Freds. She wasn't really afraid in the dark, and she wouldn't have hesitated about going with Lydia, but the thought of her and Bennie going by themselves made her shiver a little.

Before long Lydia and Bennie were on their way. "Now come right back," Mother said as they were going out the door. "Tell Fred Martha I had meant to send a note over this morning and I simply forgot about it and don't forget to tell her I'm sorry about it." She went over to the door and called, "Are you sure you can remember who's coming?"

"Yes, Enos Benders," answered Lydia. "Enos Benders from Iowa and Dan Beachy's are going to bring them."

Mother came into the kitchen and closed the door. "It's getting chilly again outside," she said. "If you wash the dishes I'll come and wipe them for you after I've put David to bed," offered Mother. "He's tired from being outside all day and I won't get anything done until I put him to bed."

Mary set to work. She was determined to be done with the dishes before Lydia and Bennie came back, and with Mother helping, she was sure she could be done, too. She piled all the dirty dishes on the sink, then fixed water and got ready to start washing.

"You might as well light the lamp before you start," said Mother, "It's almost too dark to see now already."

"I think it needs filling, too," murmured Mary, half to herself. Then she remembered something else. "The gas jug's empty, too."

"Then it's time for sure that you fill it before it gets dark," said Mother.

## *The Little Things*

When one admires a building  
Magnificent and high,  
The little things that help sustain it  
Seldom meet the eye;  
The tiny nails that have their place;  
The myriad grains of sand  
Used for the mortar holding fast  
The frame to make it stand.

And countless other little things  
To hold great girders fast;  
All things must have their counterparts  
To make a structure last.  
Then in our projects, let us know,  
Each has a part to play,  
And it's the little things that count  
To make great things hold sway.

So if the bit that we can do  
Seems not worthwhile at all,  
Remember, things depend upon  
The infinitely small.  
And though our niche may be unsung  
We're of the whole a part,  
And compensated by results  
Of things done from the heart.

- Helen Cassity

Mary wiped her hands on the towel and picked up the lamp and carried it out to the wood shed. Sure enough, the jug was empty. This didn't surprise her, because she knew she had taken the last of the gas to fill the lantern the evening before. She knew then that she should have filled the jug, but she hadn't, hoping Lydia would want to use it next and fill it up. "This is one time I made it unhandy for myself," she thought, running out to the gas barrel. "But then I guess I didn't lose anything. Not much difference whether I fill it tonight or last night." But when she remembered her nice hot dish water waiting, she couldn't help but think it did make a difference after all. She wished she had filled the jug last night when she emptied it.

It wasn't long until Mary had the lamp lighted and was washing the dishes. Her water wasn't as hot as she liked to have it and she was dismayed to find that the other teakettle on the stove was almost empty. "Lydia didn't fill the teakettle and there's not much hot water," she said to Mother, who had come out and was drying dishes.

"Lydia didn't, and neither did anyone else," said Mother mildly. "I suppose we were all depending on each other and no one did it."

"But Lydia made supper and she should have filled it," objected Mary, unwilling to let her sister off so easily.

"Yes, I know," said Mother. "Do you think you have enough, or shall I put some on now?"

"I think I have enough so I can make it," answered Mary. For a while the two worked in silence, then when the sink was nearly empty, Mary caught sight of the soaking beef jar in the corner. "Ach, that old thing again," she said to herself. "I can't wash it in cold water." She turned to Mother and asked, "May I leave that jar sit, Mother? My water's cold and not very soapy any more."

Mother smiled a little. "Was that your problem at noon, too?" she asked.

"No, I-I couldn't wash it because it-it needed soaking," stammered Mary.

"Soaking a jar in cold water doesn't help," said Mother. "You know it doesn't. The best way to wash those jars is to fill them with warm soapy water when you start washing dishes, then by the time you're ready for them they'll be easy to wash."

Mary didn't answer right away. This wasn't the first time Mother told her this. Finally she said, "But it was behind the other things and I didn't see it until I was almost done."

Mother just smiled in a way that made Mary feel a little uncomfortable. She had a feeling Mother knew the real reason why she had let the can sit, and the next thing she said proved it.

"Leave the jar for tonight, Mary," said Mother. "Your water isn't in a condition to tackle it now. But someday you'll learn that you can't always be pushing things on somebody else. You'll have to grow up and face the things you don't like, rather than hoping someone else will do them for you."

Mary's face got red. She had a notion to wash the jar, whether her water was cold or not, but Mom had told her to leave it so she did. Just as they were finished with the dishes, Lydia and Bennie came home. A little later Dad came in, too, and as the family gathered for an evening together in the living room, Mary forgot all about the empty beef jar.

The next morning at the breakfast table Dad said, "I was wondering if I could make a trade with you this morning, Mother. I could be ready to plant potatoes earlier if I had Lydia this morning, and you can have Bennie in the house."

"Sure," answered Mother. "He can dry the dishes for Mary and play with the little boys until the grass is dry enough so we can take them out. Then as soon as the patch is ready we can all go out and help each other plant potatoes."

"Aw, that's not fair," complained Bennie.

"Yes, it is fair," answered Dad. "We all help each

other eat the potatoes, so why wouldn't it be fair to all help each other plant them? And we all want to help each other get ready to plant them, too, don't we?"

Bennie didn't answer, but at least he didn't complain about having to stay in and help with the dishes. Right after breakfast Dad and Lydia went to the barn and Mother went to the cellar with a knife and several buckets. She wanted to cut the potatoes they were going to plant.

"Let's hurry and see how soon we can get done," said Mary as soon as she and the little boys were alone in the house. "Let's surprise them by finishing as soon as we can."

Bennie pitched in and helped. In less than fifteen minutes the dishes were all washed and put away. That is, all except the beef jar. Mary didn't have time to wash it. I'll have to wash dishes at noon again anyway," she told herself. "I'll wash it then."

All morning the Keim family worked together planting potatoes. When the ground was disced, Mary took one of the horses to the barn while Dad and Lydia hitched the other one to a small implement the Keims called the "potato plow." It had the right name, too, because that was all they ever used it for--potatoes. In the spring it was used to make furrows to plant potatoes and in the fall this same plow was pushed into the ground a little deeper to dig out the new potatoes.

By the time Mary came back to the potato patch, Dad and Lydia had already made one row. She took a bucket and a scoop and sprinkled fertilizer into the rows. At first her job seemed like an easy one. She worked as fast as she could, but before long she slowed down. Each time she filled her bucket it seemed to be heavier than it had been the time before. She was relieved when the rows were all made and Dad came and took over her job and told her to go help plant potatoes.

Mary soon discovered that a pail of potatoes wasn't as heavy as a pail full of fertilizer. But after a while that, too, became tiresome. The sun climbed higher and higher in the sky and got warmer with each hour. By the middle of the forenoon Mary felt as if she hadn't any breakfast. She was hot and tired and hungry, but she didn't complain. She worked on, slower than she had at first, but she was determined if Dad and Mom and Lydia could keep at it, then so could she. By this time Bennie was glad to entertain the two younger boys under the shade tree at the end of the patch. Mary almost envied him, but at the same time, it gave her a feeling of satisfaction to be helping. Somehow, she felt that she was growing up and taking her place in really helping to get things done.

"Whew, it's warm," said Dad, stopping to wipe the sweat from his forehead. Mary straightened up and stretched her shoulders, trying to relieve the tired feeling in her back. Dad smiled at her, then at Lydia. He got his watch out of his pocket and checked the time. "We'll easily get done till dinner time," he said to Mother. "We've had a real good crew this forenoon."

Mary bent over and dropped a few more potatoes into the row. Now she was gladder than ever that she hadn't complained.

"I'll tell you what," said Dad, still talking to Mother. "Why don't you and one of the girls go in and make dinner. I think the other one and I can finish by the time you have it ready. That way I'll get an early start in the field this afternoon."

"All right with me," answered Mother. "I'm sure glad we have these potatoes in. It might rain before tonight, the way it looks. Well, who's going to come in and help me?"

Mary looked at Lydia and Lydia looked at Mary. "I don't care," said Lydia.

"All right, we'll let Mary choose this time," said Dad. "She had to stay in and wash the dishes this morning so now she gets to have her choice."

Without answering Mary dropped her pail and walked toward the end of the patch. Usually she chose to work

outside rather than help in the house, but today was different. She was hot and tired and hungry, and going in to help Mother get dinner sounded like a pleasant change. No one had to ask her twice which she would rather do.

Dinner tasted extra good to Mary that day, and to the rest, too, for it wasn't long until the bowls on the table were empty. "My, I'll have to learn to make more if we all work outside," said Mother. "We sure seem to have a healthy appetite."

"We all worked hard this forenoon," said Dad. "But I'm wondering if maybe we should have planted a few more rows of potatoes. It we always eat as much as we did today, there might not be enough."

"I don't think we need to worry," answered Mother. "We planted more than we did last year, so there should be plenty."

After dinner Mother announced that they had been working outside so much the last while that the housework had been neglected and this afternoon they would all work inside and try to get caught up. "Mary's been pretty faithful in washing dishes the last while, so we'll leave her off today. Mary can start ironing and Lydia can do the churning. Then later on, Lydia can take over the ironing and we'll give Mary something else to do."

Mary didn't waste any time setting up the ironing board. Ironing was a good half-day's work and sometimes it took even longer, and the girls often each took a turn at it. That way it wasn't so tiresome. Mary was glad to get the first turn. That meant she had first choice of what she wanted to iron.

"Are you going to wash the dishes yourself?" she asked when she saw Mother clearing off the table.

"Yes, I think I will," said Mother. "I think it's about my turn."

Mary didn't answer, but just then she thought of something that made her feel ashamed of herself--the meat jar was still soaking. Last night she had meant to wash it this morning, then this morning she had been in such a hurry, so she decided to leave it until noon. She had intended to wash it, but if she were really honest with herself, she had to admit that all along she had hoped Lydia would have to wash it; now it turned out to be Mother rather than Lydia who was going to wash the dishes. And she had two beef jars to wash, for they had emptied another one today. Mary knew Mother wouldn't soak a beef jar. She never did.

Sure enough, before Mother started with the dishes, she poured the cold water out of the jar Mary had soaked. Then she filled it and the more-recently emptied jar with hot water and added a little bit of soap to each one. She set them back and started washing dishes as if it were very usual to have two meat jars to wash.

Mary soon forgot about her guilty feeling as she kept busy at the ironing board. She liked to iron, especially the smaller pieces. Pillow cases and handkerchiefs and the little boys' shirts weren't hard to iron and soon Mary found herself digging down into the basket for these smaller pieces. She knew that Lydia would take over the ironing sometime that afternoon and she was better at ironing anyway. Besides, she had had a lot more practice at it, too. She was used to ironing the biggest pieces.

Even if Lydia was used to doing the more unhandy ironing, she didn't appreciate it. When she was finished with the churning, she came over to take Mary's job on. "You've picked out all the little pieces again," she scolded. "Look what's left--Dad's shirts, your dresses, and mine and Mom's."

"Well, if you take the smallest piece now, you'll still always be able to take the smallest piece," teased Mary laughingly. "See, finally you'll only have Mom's dress left, but that will still be the smallest piece. At least, there won't be any bigger ones left."

"I don't think that's funny," said Lydia, a little sassily. "I'm going to take the biggest piece first and save the

easiest till last. That's what you should have done, too." She picked up Mother's dress and stripped it over the end of the ironing board.

"Oh, and leave all the little pieces for you," said Mary. "Now I understand what you mean."

Mary's next job was to sweep and straighten up the living room. Mother caught up with the patching and before long it was time to start choring. Even after the chores and supper were past, the day's work wasn't done. The girls took turns mowing lawn while Dad and Mother put manure around the new raspberry plants.

"It's been a long day," said Dad, sitting down in the rocking chair later that evening.

"Long and satisfying," agreed Mother. "I hope the busiest time will soon be over. It should be, too, now that the garden things and the potatoes are planted."

"And with the workers we have, no weeds should get a head start on us," answered Dad. "Know what? It's been a long time since supper and I'm hungry again."

"There's some pretzels out in the cupboard that I almost forgot," said Mom, getting up and going to the kitchen. Soon she was back with a bowl about half full of pretzels. "There's not very much, but we can divide what we have," she said, holding the bowl out to Dad, then setting it on the couch for the children.

The little ones came eagerly. They hadn't thought about being hungry until Dad had mentioned it, and even if they hadn't been hungry, they still would have wanted pretzels. Bennie took a handful, then went back to the book he was looking at. Soon he was back for another handful. By now they were almost all gone, but that didn't stop him from helping himself to what was left.

"Bennie, you're taking more than your share," objected Mary. "You already had a great big handful."

"So did you," answered Bennie, putting a few back, but keeping most of them.

"Don't you remember what Miss Lehman said last year about being greedy?" reminded Mary. "She said every time we take more than our share of something, we're cheating someone else out of their share. And that's true, too, isn't it, Dad?"

"Come to think of it, I guess it is," said Dad. "At least, we're looking out for only ourselves, not caring whether the other person has some or not."

"But Mary and Lydia and everyone else did have some," defended Bennie. "They-they had almost as much as I did."

"Yes, almost," said Mary in a low tone of voice, hoping her parents wouldn't hear.

For a while Dad didn't say anything, then he said, "You know, I think there's a lesson in that, which we should all remember. That whenever we take especially good care of ourselves, chances are we are making it hard for someone else."

Mother had been thoughtfully quiet all this time, but she was taking in the conversation. "Yes, I think so, too," she agreed, "and whenever we don't do our share of the work, someone else has to make up for it. I think that's another way we can make it hard for others by taking care of ourselves."

Mary's face got red. She remembered the empty beef jar she had pushed back and the little argument she and Lydia had had about the ironing that afternoon. Those were only a few of the many things she could think of that she had a habit of pushing onto Lydia whenever she could. There was that empty gas jug, too, which she had hoped Lydia would fill.

"I think we learned this forenoon that by working together and each one doing his part, a big job seems smaller than it really is. People who don't do their share of the work miss something in life. I guess we could say they not only cheat others by making them work harder, they cheat themselves out of the joy of doing something so others don't have to."

Mary was silent for a long time. She knew she was guilty of pushing jobs she didn't like onto someone else. She knew it wasn't really the thing to do, but she had

never stopped to think that it made it unhandy for the other person. But now that she thought more about it, she realized that she hadn't been practicing the golden rule. She knew she wouldn't have appreciated it if Lydia had taken a turn at ironing first and done all the little pieces. And even today when she went in to help Mother get dinner she had been thinking of herself without stopping to realize that Lydia was probably just as tired as she was. The choice she had made was in her favor and she hadn't considered anyone else.

"But Dad said I could do what I wanted," Mary told herself. "I had the right to go in." This thought comforted her, but as soon as she had it in the back of her mind, others came to take its place. Mary knew she had a lot of room for improvement in this area and she resolved to try and do better.

Her opportunity came that very evening yet. Just before they went to bed Mother asked, "Did you girls close the chicken house door tonight?"

"I didn't," answered Lydia. "Did you, Mary?"

"No, I had the last turn mowing lawn and I thought you would," answered Mary. Just as she was wishing with all her heart that Mother would send Lydia out to the chicken house or that Dad would offer to go, Mary remembered her resolution. "But it's dark and the grass will be wet and cold," she thought to herself. But then she remembered that the grass would be just as wet and cold for Lydia as it was for herself.

"Well, there's only one way about it," Mother was saying. "That door will have to be closed."

Mary braced up. "I'll go," she offered. She grabbed the flashlight and ran out into the night.

A short time later she was back, all out of breath. Lydia had gone upstairs and Dad was alone in the living room. When Mary came in he looked up and smiled. "Thanks, Mary," he said. "I was going to let you girls off and go close the chicken house door myself, but then you offered to go and I decided to let you." He paused and his eyes twinkled a little. "I didn't want to cheat you out of the joy of doing it for us."

Mary only smiled and went upstairs. She knew Dad had been right about what he said about cheating yourself when you cheated others. The happy feeling inside herself proved it. ■■



## Along Nature's Paths

### KING OF BUTTERFLIES

By Agnes Ranney



Of all God's lovely creatures, the butterflies would seem to be among the most fragile. "Butterflies live for only a day," we have heard someone say. And indeed they seem to be creatures of the sunlight, flitting from flower to bush on gauzy, bright-colored wings.

But many butterflies live for much more than a day. And their flight is not as aimless as it seems. Each species has a life cycle as definite as that of much sturdier creatures. One of the most fascinating is the Monarch.

In many parts of the United States and Canada you might see the Monarch, a large butterfly whose golden-orange wings have black and white borders. Like other butterflies, the Monarch begins life as a tiny egg. The Monarch egg is pale green and is always laid on a milkweed plant, for that is the only food the baby butterflies will eat.

## Beauty

There is beauty in the forest  
When the trees are green and fair;  
There is beauty in the meadow  
When wild flowers scent the air.  
There is beauty in the sunlight  
And the soft blue beams above.  
Oh, the world is full of beauty  
When the heart is full of love.

The little caterpillar--for of course this is the next stage for the Monarch--is black and white striped. It grows rapidly on the milkweed juices until it is about two inches long. Then it hangs itself from a leaf or branch by a thread spun from its body and passes into the pupa stage. A mummy-like case, light green dotted with gold, forms around the caterpillar. It hangs there, hard and apparently lifeless, for about a month.

Then the case begins to crack and split. Out of its prison struggles a Monarch butterfly, full-grown, but still damp and weak. It clings to a branch in the sunshine, resting, and gently fanning its wings to dry and strengthen them. In a few minutes it is ready to soar out into the air.

But the distinctive thing about the Monarch is that it is the only North American butterfly to migrate for long distances according to the season of the year. Many Monarchs spend the winter in trees along the California coast. Pacific Grove, sometimes called "Butterfly Town," is a favorite spot. Millions of Monarchs return to certain trees in this town on the Monterey Peninsula each autumn. There they are protected by city laws.

School children of Butterfly Town put on a colorful parade, one Saturday morning in October, to celebrate the return of the clouds of bright colored butterflies. Through the cold winter months, the Monarchs rest in the same trees their ancestors chose for their winter sleep.

When the sunshine grows warmer and the days longer in the spring, the Monarchs--like the birds--are ready to go north. They came in hundreds and thousands--they leave by ones and twos. They fly with strong strokes, then glide gracefully for a long way, covering surprising distances in a day. They scatter northward across mountains and valleys, to the meadows and fields of Oregon, Washington, and even as far north as the Canadian Rockies. There they lay their eggs--always on some species of milkweed--and soon a new generation of Monarchs is ready to brighten the summer countryside with wings as colorful as blossoms.

But the first chilly nights start this new generation on their southward journey, back to the trees by the Pacific Ocean. Twos and threes and dozens come together in great flights until they come to rest by the thousands in the same trees the Monarchs have used for generations.

How do these insects find their way for thousands of miles to the very same trees in which their parents and grandparents rested? Science has not yet found the answer. But the Monarchs, relying on the wisdom God gives to even so frail a creature as a butterfly, continue to brighten the summer fields with their gay wings, and return each October to the trees of Butterfly Town.

## A HOUSE OF AIR

**S**kin-diving is a modern sport. With oxygen supplied from a tank strapped to his back, or from an air line reaching to the surface and carefully watched by a

companion, the diver is free to explore the wonderful world at the bottom of a lake or near the seashore.

But the diving spider has been living in this watery world for hundreds of years, with no equipment but that supplied by her own body. She is a true air-breathing creature--she cannot get oxygen from the water like a fish or a tadpole. So she carries her own supply from the surface.

Making a tiny splash, she grasps a bubble and hugs it to her chest, close to her breathing tubes. Then she can stay for a long time under water, feeding on water insects and worms, safe from the hungry birds and other enemies that live on land.

But the diving spider does not simply make a dive now and then, like a skin-diver on his day off from work. She lives under the surface of a pond or quiet stream.

To build her house, the spider spins a little dome-shaped cell of silk, with the opening downwards and the edges anchored to the stems of water plants. This she fills with air.

Darting to the surface, she makes a splash. Then she grasps a bubble of air between her long hind legs and swims down with it to her house, letting it go underneath the little silk roof. Up it floats to lodge under the canopy of silk, while the spider swims to the surface for another bubble. Soon she has a little palace of silk and air, where she can live for weeks, if she likes, without going to the surface.

Nearby, perhaps, is another tent, occupied by a male diving spider. When the two spiders get ready to set up housekeeping, they spin a corridor of silk as a passageway between the two tents.

The eggs of the diving spider do not hatch under water, though, no matter how cozy is the little home. So mother spider spins a cocoon around the tiny eggs, and they bob up and float at the sun-warmed surface of the water. When the babies hatch, they dive to the home their parents have prepared. Here they live until they are old enough to take care of themselves.

When they are ready to go out on their own, each young spider takes a bubble of air from home, to give him a start at building his own house of air. ■■



## RULED BY ENEMIES

**J**ust before Joshua died, all the people had been gathered together and had solemnly promised him they would remain true to the God who had led them out of slavery into the land of Canaan. They had promised they would not bow down to idols and worship false gods like the heathens around them did.

The people remembered their promise for a while. As long as the elders lived who had seen the wonderful power of God the people remained true to God. For these elders had seen and remembered how God rewarded obedience and how he punished disobedience. But as the older people died off and a new generation grew up, things began to change. Many of these young people had grown up in the land of Canaan. They remembered nothing of Joshua the great leader. They did not remember how God had led them into the land, had caused the strong walls of Jerico to topple over, had punished Achan with death, and had helped them with many miracles to conquer the land. All these things were only stories they had heard their parents tell, stories that did not seem real to them. They began to grow careless.

They made friends with the heathens, and soon they were marrying back and forth. Little by little they turned away from the worship of the true God until they were serving idols just like the nations around them.

God was greatly displeased with his people, and very angry with them. He had brought them out of slavery into the promised land so he would have a special people who would be his own, a people who would be separate and holy and who would bring praise to his name. Now they were falling on their faces before idols of wood and stone and praying to them. They were no longer keeping the commandments of the true God in heaven.

Again and again God had promised his people that he would be with them and reward them if they obeyed him. But he had also warned them that he would forsake and punish them if they disobeyed.

Now they were disobeying. They were acting as if they had forgotten all about the one true God in heaven.

The punishment was not long in coming. God caused a king with the long name of Chushanrishathaim to bring his army and fight against the Israelites. God did not help his people defend themselves, and alone they were weak and helpless. The king with the long name conquered them and ruled over them. Every year they had to pay him heavy taxes.

For eight long years this heathen king ruled over the people of God because they had sinned and turned to idols. He oppressed them heavily. It was a sad time for Israel. How things had changed. Instead of them ruling over their enemies as they had done before, now their enemies were ruling over them.

In their misery and hardship, they began to think back to how nice they used to have it when they worshipped the true God in heaven. And they knew why they were suffering; it was their own fault, for they had not kept their promise. They had prayed to idols. They had made friends with the heathens. As they thought over these things, the Israelites began to confess their sin, and turn back to God.

They prayed for forgiveness and asked God to help them again and deliver them from their enemies. God still loved his people. When they repented he forgave them. God heard their cries and sent a man to help them. It was Othniel, a man who was married to Caleb's daughter. At the time Caleb was driving out the giants, Othniel had proven himself to have faith in God, and to be brave and strong.

Now the spirit of God came upon Othniel and stirred within him. He called an army together and went out to fight against their enemies. God helped them and the heathen king and his army was defeated. Israel was

delivered.

For forty years Othniel was the leader of Israel. He was called a judge, and under his leadership the land had rest. He was the first of the leaders who were called judges.

When Othniel grew old and died, once again the children of Israel turned away from God and began to make friends with the heathen nations and to bow down to their idols.

Again God was displeased with his people. It seemed they learned so slowly and forgot so quickly. This time God allowed Eglon, the king of Moab, to come with a great army and fight against the Israelites.

God did not help his people to resist Eglon's army. They had prayed to idols. Let the idols help them in their distress. But the idols had no strength to help anyone and King Eglon conquered the Israelites. He killed many of them and made the rest pay taxes to him each year. For eighteen long years this went on with the king of Moab ruling over the Israelites and oppressing them. It was very hard for the children of Israel. It was almost as if they were in slavery in their own land, for a heathen king gave them orders what they could and couldn't do.

Again the Israelites began to repent of their wrong doing and to pray to God for deliverance. God heard their prayer and chose a man name Ehud. Ehud was a brave man, yet he hardly knew where to start to deliver his people. But he knew that if Eglon, the king, were dead, their enemies would be without a leader. Then they would be greatly weakened and it would be easier for the Israelites to break away from their rule.

Ehud decided on a bold and dangerous plan. He took a present for the king. But he also took something else. Carefully hidden beneath his clothes was a dagger, a short pointed sword that was sharp on both sides. Since Ehud was left handed, the dagger was at the opposite side from which a weapon would usually be carried. He hoped this way it would not be noticed so quickly.

The guards did not suspect that Ehud was armed when he came with a gift for the king. He was led to the king. Eglon was pleased with the gift. Then Ehud said he had a secret message for the king. Could he speak with him alone?

Certainly. King Eglon led Ehud to his summer palace, a place where he often went for privacy and rest and to escape the heat of the day. Then King Eglon sent all his servants away.

When they were alone, Ehud reached for his dagger with his left hand and quickly killed the wicked king.

Ehud locked the door to the summer palace as he left. When the king's servants came to the door, they found it locked. They did not know that Ehud had locked it behind him. They decided it must mean the king was doing something that he did not want to be disturbed, so they went away for a while.

When they returned, the door was still locked. They waited some more. They did not know what to do. They began to feel uneasy. What could be keeping the king for so long? Still they waited. Finally they had waited so long that they began to be ashamed of themselves. Something had to be wrong. With another key they unlocked the door. Inside they found Eglon dead.

While the servants had been waiting undecided what to do, Ehud had been using the time well to make his escape. He hurried as fast as he could. He knew that every moment was valuable. When he reached the land of Israel, he blew a trumpet on the mountain of Ephraim. The Israelites gathered around him.

Ehud led them down the mountain. "Follow me," he called to them, "for the Lord has delivered the Moabites into your hand." They marched against the Moabites, and God gave them a great victory over their enemies. After that the Moabites did not again try to rule over Israel. For eighty years the people had rest from their enemies. During this time Ehud was judge until he died, and after him Shamgar was judge, a man so strong that he once killed six hundred men with only an ox goad for a weapon.

-E. S.

## Beginning

The squirrel gathers nuts  
One after the other;  
And snowdrifts are piled  
One flake on another.

An hour must begin  
With one little minute;  
And no bucket's filled  
Till the last drop is in it.

Just so, every task  
We start by beginning,  
Till little by little  
Completion we're winning.

- Ellen Morrison

## A LETTER TO GRANDPA

**T**hank you for the letter you sent me sometime ago. I was glad to get it, for your letters always contain sound advice and are precious to me. I always keep them and as the years pass by, I read them again and again.

I know I should have written earlier before it was too late. I just thought I would write anyhow and sent it to your grandchildren who are living on the farm where you used to live.

It was more than 25 years ago when you sent me that last letter. I have just checked in my diary and I find it was 25 years ago when we last visited with each other for that was the summer when you passed to your eternal reward. I still can see the day when I was a boy and was home with my parents when you and Mommy came to visit us. We would leave our work, Dad and all, (that is, if it weren't during the busy season) to listen to what was new and you always had so much to tell us.

You must have had a lot of experience for you lived to be 82 years old. You always had an answer for our questions and you taught us to be obedient to our parents for they know best. We could not always see it that way then, but now that we have children of our own, we understand what you had in mind. We always felt you were worried too much about the church but now I can see it was no wonder you were since you were a deacon for quite a number of years.

I remember particularly one time you came to visit us when you seemed to be very upset about church matters. You said you can't understand why some people do not help to build up the church, but are just causing trouble all the time. You said you believe the end of time must be very near the way people just go after their own lusts. There were tears in your eyes as you said you are afraid unless they make a change, they will have to spend eternity in hell.

I am so glad for your teachings and I am also glad that you did not have to see what we must see in our times. There are still people who do not want to help build up the

church, but want to follow after the ways of this world. And there has been such a big change in the world that a person does not even like to go to the towns or cities to get supplies, the way many people dress. I don't know if we can call it dressed or not for some walk around with almost no clothes, and women dress like men. But the sad part is that the people who belong to church would sooner dress like the world than the way they have been taught. When you meet them during the week, you wouldn't know them but when Sunday comes, they do wear a coat with a plain collar and no pockets.

There are also many people who used to be plain, but now they have a box with a glass front where they can see pictures and movies right in their homes. Most of these pictures are not fit to be seen but these people think they can have these things and still follow the teachings of Christ as we learned it from our parents and grandparents.

I remember you used to write that we can not serve two masters. You said that if we want to have everything in this world and live a life of ease and do not repent, then God can not use us.

You once said that when the end of time comes, the world will be like in the time of Noah, people will just live for themselves. I often have to wonder, what would you think if you were here today but we do not wish you back in this troubled world. I can understand what you said that we live in a time of danger and with all the freedom we have, we are apt to want to live just for ourselves and what we want.

It seems to have come to the place like you taught us as it says in the Bible that in the last days, the love for one another will get cold. We must be careful that we do not forget others for the Bible says that if anyone gives even a cup of cold water to someone in Christ's name, he shall receive a reward for it. How much more if we can help each other with a kind word or deed. This is what you taught us, to lay up treasures in Heaven so that on the last judgment day, we, too can go where we have the hope that you have gone.

T.H.N., East Earl, Pa.

## A Message To Mothers

We are so small and helpless. We don't have anything to say as to how we want to be dressed. But we would be every bit as happy and content in a black or dark blue dress. Some of these colors are so bright ( and some are maybe not plain, either ). We think Jesus would like it better. We wonder why we get to wear things as babies which you, our mothers, wouldn't want us to wear when we are older. No wonder God made babies "unschuldig" so if we should happen to pass on at a tender age, the Lord would not hold us responsible, - even if we were all dolled up ( but who would get the blame? ).

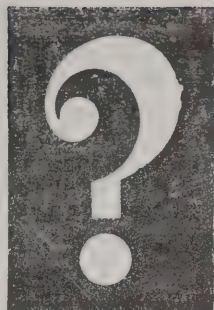
We feel so sorry for some mothers, and perhaps also a wee bit for ourselves at times. Instead of spending so much time trying to fancy up our clothes, we would much rather you would spend that time holding us while we are taking the bottle, ( or better yet, be cuddled close while we get our milk the natural way! ).

Is it true, as we have heard it said, that the bells are ringing on somebody's feet? Now that would be embarrassing, wouldn't it? We're glad we don't have that problem!

We don't know much about life yet, but it seems to us if you'd have a real love for us, you would try to keep us humble from a tender age on up. Isn't there something written somewhere that the proud will not enter Heaven? Surely everyone wants their children to go there, don't they?

- Could We Be Your Children?

Deadline  
for answers,  
June 30, 1972



## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??  
DOES NO ALWAYS MEAN NO?

I like your articles on bringing up children but lately a question has been bothering me and I need some advice. I've always had the idea that once I've said no, it is final, and no amount of coaxing or crying will change it even if I later see it might have been better otherwise. I don't like to give in for fear that next time when it is really necessary to stick to my word, it will be harder to do. Is this the Christian way to do it or is it just selfishness on my part to show who is boss? Sometimes I wonder when I hear remarks like "I told her she had outgrown that dress and its way too short for her but she always did like that dress so well and insisted on wearing it today." (the girl was only 5 years old.) Or "I told him it's too cold outside but he wanted to go so I thought I'd let him find out for himself."

Once I've said no, should I insist on it even in cases where it really wouldn't hurt anything like letting the little boy find out it is cold? - Wondering What To Do.

??

### CHORE TIME VISITORS- ANSWERS

Visitors at chore time who don't have any chores of their own, should be no problem. In fact it can be interesting and helpful. If the woman of the house has to help milk, feed chickens or whatever, then the visiting wife can watch the supper on the stove and baby sit till she comes back in.

The visiting man may want to take a stroll and look around or read the **Budget** or a book. Also likely if they don't have chores of their own, he may want to borrow a pair of his friend's old chore clothing and get a little needed exercise and fresh air by feeding the horses, carrying the milk, or any of a dozen other things that he hasn't had the privilege of doing for a long time. Even tagging along and visiting would satisfy one. He could get the bonus of smelling the hay, silage, and other familiar smells of the barn besides hearing the noises the animals make instead of factory language.

-Have been, and Have had Chore time company, Ohio.

You as a host are rightly concerned that your visitors enjoy their visit and that your Christian lives be mutually strengthened. If your guests were invited, you will have considered their open time as well as inviting them to come early for a good visit before chore time.

If the guests were uninvited this would indicate that your hospitality is known and appreciated, and most visitors will want to be considerate of your available time or lack of it. It is not rude to say if it can be said honestly, "We are just not done visiting so go along and we'll visit while choring."

If you are not given to hospitality then the chance (or bother) to entertain visitors will not come often. A Christian host, of course, is given to hospitality and a Christian visitor is not easily provoked so there is little June, 1972

chance for bad feelings. This is why Christ said in John 13:35; "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

-G. B., Kalona, Iowa.

To chore time visitors, I would say, "It would be real nice now, if we didn't have any chores to do, but since we do have, we hope you won't mind if we attend to them."

If I were the woman of the house, I'd start supper early so I'd have time to make it and then invite them to stay.

- One who Believes in Charity, Pennsylvania.

At our house there is no problem about whether they'll stay for supper or not. I like to invite them even if they can't stay. The men have to start chores at four and if the company stays, they go along to the barn while I make supper, although it takes two hours. We are hired out by the month and have off every other Sunday in the summer, so we go visiting, too, and stay for supper. I like it if the people come and visit us and stay for meals.

- One Who Likes Company, Pennsylvania.

### HOME REMEDIES and suggestions----

For loss of voice: Fry onions in lard (not too dark). Place in cotton bag (make two bags to change off). Put on throat as hot as can be borne. Do this for a few days or until you get results.

Saffren tea is good for jaundice and for bee sting. Moisten ground tea and apply to sting.

Red clover blossom tea is also good for many things. For rheumatism and for cleaning the system of impurities.

Our boy used to get high fever at times from the tonsils. I gave him red clover tea until the fever was gone. We thought it's better for him than aspirins. Take a handful of red clover flowers to a quart of boiling water. Let simmer till tea has a nice color. Drink one-half cup three times a day.

- Pennsylvania

### WINE IS A MOCKER

The man staggered through the room and sat down on a chair. "The Bible says we should drink no more water but use a little wine for our stomach's sake," he said, and his eyes were bloodshot. "Also in Proverbs it says to give strong drink to him that is ready to perish and wine to those that be of heavy heart. Well, I'm of heavy heart and I want to forget. That's why I drink a little wine."

Many people like to defend themselves by a misapplication of Scripture. Years ago in lands where water was often impure, wine was recommended for the stomach's sake. It must also be remembered that in those times, sugar was unknown, so the wine was made without sugar and was not the same as we know it now. Today, wine is seldom used as medicine and hardly a doctor would ever prescribe it for an ailment as there are many other medicines safer and better.

As far as giving strong drink to those who are ready to die, this is not for Christians as they do not want to die in a confused state of mind. God can heal those who are heavy of heart in a much better way than to get drunk. To approve of wine and strong drink we would be ignoring such scriptures as "Be not drunk with wine" and "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging. Whoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

It is true that alcohol is a preserver which may be the reason the ungodly would want to use it when a man is ready to perish.

Consider how hard it is to change yourself and you'll understand what little chance you have of trying to change others.



## A MOTHER'S DAY

So often as the days go by  
 I close my eyes and give a sigh;  
 And as I on my pillow lay  
 I think, "What have I done today?"  
 I washed the dishes, filled the lights,  
 Swept the floors and settled fights.  
 I washed the sink and cleaned the stove  
 And then a Bible story told  
 To little ones with eager ears—  
 This often helps to dry the tears.  
 The baby fussed so much today  
 His teeth are almost through, I'd say.  
 The two-year-old was upset, too,  
 I guess she has the stomach flu.  
 The four-year-old was always there  
 To see how much my nerves could bear!  
 The six-year-old did well, I guess,  
 At least she tried to do her best.  
 She changed the baby, combed his hair,  
 Picked up toys and washed his chair.  
 With diapers finally on the line—  
 I see it's almost dinner time.  
 I wonder where the hours go;  
 I guess we'll eat before I sew.  
 The baby goes to sleep at last—  
 I've got to do my sewing fast.  
 I've got to do my very best  
 And try to sew this needed dress.  
 Ahhh, peace at last! O happy hour!  
 The others are busy building a tower  
 With wooden blocks and steeples high,  
 They wonder if 'twill reach the sky!  
 I heard a pin drop as it fell;  
 And went to see if all was well.  
 So thus the afternoon is spent;  
 'Til soon I wonder where it went.  
 And now six scholars home from school;  
 I hope they've kept the Golden Rule!  
 I hope they were all good today;  
 "Lord, help them be!" I daily pray.  
 And now the chores and supper, too;  
 The day is gone. What did I do?  
 Now as we tuck them all in bed—  
 A good night kiss, then prayers are said.

Oh, children do our heartstrings pull;  
 These blessings, Lord, make life so full!  
 When all is still and they're asleep,  
 O God, why should I want to weep?  
 Our blessings have been great and small;  
 We've not deserved them; none at all!  
 Dear God, help me tomorrow, please,  
 So I can take things more at ease.  
 May I enjoy my family more:  
 This earthly work will soon be o'er.  
 Don't let your love from us depart;  
 O blessed Lord, how great Thou art!  
 -Mrs. David E. Schmidt, Indiana

This morning a bluebird discovered our bluebird box. My hopes rose. The box was received from a friend and another friend put it on a metal post so snakes and cats won't bother.

Man is a helpless creature in many ways. He can put up a box but he can't force a bird into it. He can plant seeds but he can't make them grow. So it is that the man who lives close to the soil often comes to the realization that he needs the help—the blessing—of a greater Power for his existence.

Speaking about having the blessing reminds me of the book "Under the Red Star." The writer who lived in Russia at the beginning of communism tells of the famine in Russia in those days. The fields didn't produce and many people died of hunger. The author who was a young boy at the time wished to go to the home of an uncle. He traveled through Mennonite territory. He could hardly believe his eyes. As soon as he entered the Mennonite section he found the threshers busy in the fields. There was an abundance of grain and food. The contrast was probably as great as it was between the Egyptians and the Children of Israel during the plague.

From Mrs. Esther Hochstetler of Indiana came a packet of green tomato seeds. They're green when ripe, and recommended to be good and sweet. Someone wondered how we'll know when they're ready to eat.

From several of the readers come a few more wash day hints. Mrs. E. Burkholder of Pennsylvania advises: When hanging out a garment on a hanger, slip a jar ring over the wash line and hook hanger to ring. The wind will not blow it down.

Mrs. Mary Yoder of Indiana writes: To remove mildew from fabrics, soak in solution of 1/2 cup vinegar, 1/2 cup liquid bleach to 2 quarts water. Soak 1 or 2 hours, or overnight.

Mrs. Enos Burkholder of Pennsylvania says, "A second-hand washing machine saves a lot of time and work. It need not even have a wringer. Use it for rinsing. Add a bit of vinegar to the rinse water if you wish. This does just as well as rinsing twice by hand and saves a lot of time for mothers who have no help.

A mother also wrote: The Grandmother from Delaware who was so particular about washing made me think of my husband. I was washing and he wanted me to help him so I said, "O. K., if you're in a hurry hang out the wash for me."

Later I laughed as I saw how he had hung the clothes and wondered what his mom would say had she seen it. (She is far more particular than I.) "Harmph," he said, "What's the difference, once it's dry."

To wash feather pillows leave them in the machine only 5 minutes. Use warm sudsy water. (Foam pillows should

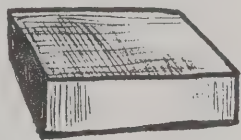
not be put through a washer.) Rinse with plenty of clean water. Squeeze out the extra water, then put the pillow between two bath towels and press down with both hands to blot up the water. Hang on the line in a breezy spot. The most simple way to dry feather pillows is with a spin dryer. Wash the pillows at home, then place in a plastic bag to take to the laundromat. If you don't have easy access to a laundromat, then a sunny, breezy, spot is next best.

Mrs. Tobe Hostetler of Danville, Ohio makes grapenuts to sell. According to the amount she sells, they must be good. She unselfishly shares her recipe with the readers.

#### Grape Nuts

(Makes approx. 15 lbs.)

5 lbs. brown sugar  
8 lbs. whole wheat flour  
1 1/4 tablespoons salt  
3/4 lb. oleo (melted)  
1 1/2 teaspoons maple flavor  
2 tablespoons vanilla  
2 1/2 quarts buttermilk or sour milk



Put dry ingredients in bowl, except soda which should be added to milk just before adding the milk to the dry ingredients. Last add oleo and flavorings. Mix well. The thickness varies a little with your own whole wheat flour, or store bought flour. The dough should be fairly thick. If it is too thick I add a little more milk and if not thick enough add more wheat flour until the right consistency. Put in pans and spread even with spoon or spatula. Bake in 350° oven until done.

Instead of crumbling them up after they are baked we use 2 frame-like boxes made with light smooth boards, open at the bottom. Over one we put 1/2 inch wire mesh and the other 1/4 inch. We cut the grapenut cake in small pieces and rub them through the coarser screen and then through the fine one. We then spread the crumbs in pans and toast them to a golden brown, stirring occasionally. Delicious with milk and brown sugar.

For a good fruit pie, slice strawberries into 1 package of strawberry jello. Divide, and pour into two pie pans. Let jell. Make a corn starch pudding. Cool, then pour into two graham cracker crusts. Warm the pans with jello then slide the jello on top of the pudding. Top with whipped cream and serve. (Raspberries and raspberry jello may be used instead of strawberries.)

#### Strawberry Jam

1 quart cleaned berries, mashed lightly and 2 cups sugar. Boil 5 minutes. Then add 2 more cups sugar and 2 teaspoons lemon juice and boil 10 minutes longer. Let stand for 24 hours. Put in glasses and seal. This jam will not separate.

-From Mother's Cookbook

#### Strawberry Tapioca

Into 1 quart hot milk put 2 heaping tablespoons minute tapioca and a pinch of salt. Cook in double boiler 15 minutes. Add 2 egg yolks and 1/2 cup sugar beaten together and cook until it thickens like custard. Remove from fire and fold in the beaten egg whites. Flavor as desired. When cold pour over strawberries or a mixture of strawberries and bananas or pineapples and oranges.

#### To Make Sweet Butter

Several ladies have asked for sweet butter recipes. I have a good one so want to share it with anyone that can use it. Butter made from raw cream usually becomes strong or tainted. In normal milk there is an enzyme called lipase, the secret weapon of butter spoilage. It causes flavors that make butter unsalable or unusable.

By pasteurization you can eliminate lipase and bacteria and you'll get top grade butter. Start with fresh cream. If it happens to sour add soda to check curdling. Put the cream in a double boiler arrangement. Stir the cream constantly. Heat for 30 minutes at a temperature of 145 to 150 degrees (F) or for five minutes at 160 to 170 degrees. Don't guess at this.

Cool as rapidly as possible to 50 degrees or lower if you can. Let cream stand four or five hours. Improper cooling means a low yield of butter (wasted butter fat).

Cream churns best at 50 to 60 degrees, depending on season. There's a seasonal variation in the chemical composition of butter fat. The colder churning temperature is desirable for summer.

Remove buttermilk and wash thoroughly. Add salt and work out as much water as possible. If you've been careful you should have sweet, fine textured butter.

-Mrs. Isaac Hershberger, Iowa

#### Tossed Salad Dressing

1/4 cup vinegar      1/2 cup sugar  
1/3 cup catsup      1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup wesson oil   1 tablespoon miracle whip  
Shake well. Will keep quite awhile in ice box.

-Mrs. Steve A. Keim, Ohio

### Some Mothers Write

Our little girl looked at the picture of the chicks on the Family Life cover and then pointing at the empty space at the fountain, she said, "Maem, here's room for that one at the back that is going peep, peep."

-M., Pa.

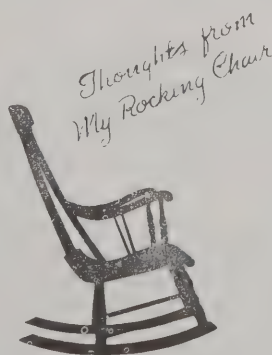
Our five-year-old son started "spinning" around on the kitchen floor with the two younger children joining him. I stopped them at once explaining that that would make them dizzy and they would hurt themselves. The two-year-old was already bumping into things. "Why does the house tip so when I go around?" our son asked.

-Mrs. R. M. S.

#### SOME FATHERS WRITE, TOO!

Mother and Daddy were visiting at the table. When suddenly they were quiet they heard little Anna who was eating her dessert, saying with every spoonful, "Good-bye, peach. Good-bye, peach. Good-bye, peach."

-D. H., Va.



Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair

When you look  
down on your  
neighbor, you  
are not as  
big as you  
think you are.  
Aunt Becky



## THE DIABETIC AND THE CHRISTIAN

"Yes, I'm afraid you'll have to have your toe amputated." This was the doctor speaking to his patient who was a diabetic in its advanced stage. Because of lack of circulation the toe had turned black and could not be healed.

"But can't you do something for it?" begged the patient. I've so often heard that first it's a toe, then a foot, then a leg. Oh, I just can't go through it."

Today diabetes is becoming very prevalent among older people. Perhaps because more sickly people are living longer because of modern drugs, or perhaps because of our diet and lack of exercise. Anyways more and more people are affected with it.

On a recent trip we visited with five older families and in four of them either the husband or wife had diabetes and in one home they both had it.

Hearing their different experiences and how they took care of themselves set me to thinking, there are as many versions as to the cause and to the cure of diabetes as there are different versions on being a Christian. Let me show you some of the similarities.

First of all when you are diabetic you have to take a medicine to hold your sugar down. Now this is not to cure but to help control. It will work if you co-operate. You cannot just take the medication and then go on and eat as you please. The test will reveal it and we must pay for indulging in sweets and starches.

Christ's blood will work too, if we co-operate. But we cannot be cleansed by it and still continue in our sins. We cannot serve two masters. We cannot indulge in sin and not be found out. A time of testing will reveal our life.

Some people are careful to obey the outward rules but they still have a buildup of sugar. This will eventually increase and come to a dangerous point. This is as the class of Christians who are careful to obey the outward rules. They claim to be Christians and do not indulge in open sins or pleasures, yet live for self. Such a life can be dangerous for the soul, too.

Some diabetics claim that certain tests don't work for them. They make their own rules of what they can or cannot do. When you mention certain Scriptures to some Christians, of what is required of a child of God working in His vineyard, they have a vague excuse or their own definition, also.

I talked with a man who said a blood test isn't accurate. Why? Because it didn't suit him and also it didn't always agree with the oral test which fluctuates more rapidly. He eats things that definitely violate the rules, because he likes those foods. They do not add much sugar but little by little the blood sugar is increased even

when the tests are almost negative by oral test.

Some years ago a certain man found out he had diabetes. The doctor ordered a strict diet of no sugar or starches. He refused to believe the doctor so ate all the cakes, pies and sweets he wanted. In just a few months he went into a coma and died. Isn't this what some do when they hear the Word of God. They refuse to obey and so can't be helped. They die spiritually.

A few years ago we had a diabetic patient in one of our local hospitals. He was blind, had both legs amputated, was paralyzed in both arms and could hardly talk or hear. What a pathetic sight. His family would not have him. No friends would care for him. Isn't this a very striking picture of any sin-sick person who wastes his life by sin and riotous living.

This man was miserable and lonely and nothing could be done for him. If I ever wished I could lay my hands on anyone and heal them in the Name of Christ, it was him.

Some doctors say that if a diabetic is careful about his health and eating habits, he will avoid other diseases. He can have a healthier body than if he would over-indulge in eating and other habits which bring heart trouble and other similar ailments. A diabetic can lead a normal life and need not be pitied, if he abides by the rules.

This is again a similarity to a Christian. Some people pity us Christians because our lives are so restricted, and they think we have so little to do. They know not our joys in being children of God. We are spared many of the heartbreaks of the non-Christian. I think we have a better life than anything the world has to offer. Our life of love and simplicity has many beauties, and especially because we do have a hope.

I sometimes tell people that we have to be careful that we don't waste God's grace. How it must pain Him when we sin! When we have done our best we still need much cleansing and our righteousness is as filthy rags.

This is similar to the lot of the diabetic. The medication will help but we have to do our part, too. We can't over-indulge and then think we can just take extra pills or extra shots. It just won't work. (What shall we say then, shall we sin that grace may abound? God forbid.) It doesn't work to indulge- and then fast, for it is important for a diabetic to eat regularly.

The medication will do for us what we can't do, but we must, and have a part to do. So it is spiritually, God will do the impossible but we have to do the possible. Jesus was willing to die for us that we can live eternally, but as He bore His cross so we have to bear ours. Let us live a life of self-denial that at the end we may be accepted of Him-that the test will reveal that our souls contain nothing of this world.

- A Diabetic

## PROUD OR ASHAMED

The five-star general marches through the crowd, with head held high. The crowd cheers and everyone is happy. The uniform with brass buttons and five small stars signifies a high ranking officer of long standing, a great leader in the army.

The plain-clothed Christian goes through town with head low. The people jeer at him. His clothes signify that he is a follower of Christ. Once he had been a great leader of the church but now he is ashamed.

The jeering continues. He can not stand it to be mocked, so he goes into hiding, ashamed to witness for the gospel of Christ.

Finally he decides to get a new set of clothes styled after the fashions of the world. Now when he goes through town, his head is held high. The people cheer and say, "Now you are one of us."

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS-

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# My Candlelight

**My Candlelight**

"O Lord," I cried, "the shadows are deep,  
And my journey is only begun.  
I cannot walk all the way in the dark;  
Give me the light of the sun.  
Canst give me light, for all light is shine,  
I waited in hope, but the sun did not shine."

And I do not ask  
brightness of noon.  
and lighten my way  
the moon.  
The sun is shine  
did not

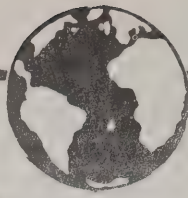
"O Lord," I said, "I do not ask  
for the golden brightness of noon.  
But scatter the shadows and lighten my way  
With the silver light of the moon.  
I cannot, for the moon like the sun is I shine  
I waited in hope, but the moon did not shine."

I said, "Thou art God of Light.  
No shadow mars  
the darkness here;  
And the stars  
the moon are  
did not shine."

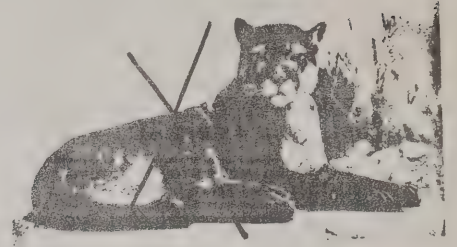
Lord,  
For the scatter the silver like  
With the moon like  
You canst, for the moon like  
Then I waited in hope, but the  
"O Lord, I said, "Thou art God of Light.  
Thy glory no shadow mars.  
But I am alone in the darkness here;  
Give me the light of the stars.  
The stars, like the sun and the moon are Thine."  
I waited in hope, but the stars did not shine.  
"If it be Thy will  
all the way in the night."  
"Impetuous child, be still  
not by sight.  
called patience

"O Lord, I  
But I am alone  
Give me the sun  
For the stars, like the sun  
Then I waited in hope, but the sun  
"O Lord," I said, "if it be Thy will  
I will walk all the way in the night."  
Then He answered, "Impetuous child, be still;  
Thy walk is faith, not by sight.  
I give thee a - candle called patience.  
Light it, and walk by its light."  
-Lorie C. Goodling

-Lorie C. Goodling



## Most Dangerous Animal In North America



Talk about dangerous animals and immediately people will think about wildcats, mountain lions and grizzly bears. The truth is that the danger of being hurt by a poisonous snake is a hundred times greater.

Snakes are dangerous in two ways. In the first place it is estimated that 7,000 people are bitten by poisonous snakes in the U.S. every year. Although only 10 to 15 of these persons die, the others suffer pain and discomfort and even permanent disability.

The other way in which people suffer from snakes is the constant fear of being bitten, often by totally harmless snakes. Some people are afraid to walk in the woods or go anywhere in the dark because of snakes. It is hard to understand how people can ever get to the place where they will live in constant dread of snakes and even may dream about them.

Children usually learn it from their parents or older brothers and sisters. A child who is not taught to be afraid of them will pick up snakes and play with them if given a chance. It is probable that if a little child would hear shrieks of terror and see people come running with

clubs every time a cat appeared, he would become deathly afraid of kittens.

There are more than 1700 kinds of snakes in the world, the majority of which are perfectly harmless. They range from the size of a goose quill to more than thirty feet in length and weighing 300 lbs. The body of the snake consists of ribs which move back and forth as the snake travels. Some snakes have as many as 300 pairs of these ribs fastened to their backbone.

Snakes can not move about in cold weather. In the fall they dig themselves down into the ground below the frost line where they sleep for the winter. When spring arrives they become active again. During the hot weather, they become sluggish and during the warm summer months, they seek the shade of woods and under buildings or lumber piles.

Snakes can go without eating for months, but they must have water when they are awake. The story is told of a boa constrictor in a zoo which measured 14 feet in length. At times it would eat four lambs weighing 18 pounds each in a day. It then ate nothing for ten days.

A snake can swallow an object larger than its head. This is because the lower jaws are hinged and can be spread apart. Since it has no teeth, everything must be swallowed whole. The juice in its intestines is strong enough to dissolve bones.

Snakes have keen eyesight and also a very good sense of smell. Apparently they can not hear for they have no ear openings. The eyes remain open all the time as they have no eyelids. Transparent scales cover their eyes and these are shed with the skin.

Have you ever seen a snake skin? They shed their skin several times a year. When it is ready to lose its skin, it will rub its nose over the ground or on some rough spot and the skin slips back over the head. As the snake continues forward the rest of the skin peels off and is left behind inside out.

Most snakes lay eggs and they are leathery and oblong. The eggs are deposited in warm mud. Some eggs hatch in four days but most other kinds take longer.

There are four kinds of poisonous snakes in the U.S., but only two in Canada. The rattlesnake is the most dangerous and also the most widely known. They are found in both low and high altitudes, in waterholes and in the desert. Some kinds grow to seven feet in length. Rattlesnakes account for about 2/3 of the snakebites in the U.S.

The copperhead is found from New England to Kansas and prefers rocky timbered hillsides. It is often at home in blackberry clumps and is more easily provoked than other kinds of poisonous snakes.

The water moccasin is a water snake which is found from Virginia and southern Illinois south to Florida.

The coral snake is a relative of the cobra of Asia and


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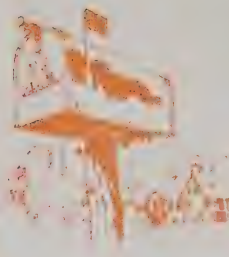
# FAMILY LIFE

JULY, 1972

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## letters to the editors



### LOOKING BEYOND BEN

I very much appreciated your article, "Looking Beyond Ben" in the May issue of Family Life. It is the truth, but some people did not (or did not want to) understand the second part of the story. In a blacksmith shop two men were talking about the story and they said "Yes, this has happened over and over again. Young people get too strict and go against tobacco and then they go higher."

When someone asked about the second part of the story they apparently were not aware that it said "Examples can be found that young people remained consistent until they died."

Another point that some people say is that Sunday school will lead a church higher every time. They say the children should be taught at home but too often they forget to teach them at home.

It seems Satan is a "tausend kuenster" (jack of all trades). If he used Scripture verses to tempt Christ then it is no wonder that he uses such things as fasting, praying and giving alms to serve his purpose. These things are a blessing if done right but are wrong if done on the street corners to be seen of men. Likewise when some young people get strict all of a sudden it may be that they pride themselves and think they had a much greater experience than they did have and even think themselves better than the older people. But this does not mean it is always so.

-A.B.M., Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

"Looking Beyond Ben" was an interesting article to me for I know a little about it what it's like to be in Ben's place. On the subject of tobacco, once a person realizes what a mis-use it is and what a poor light it is to others, he naturally thinks others ought to feel the same way about it. But to talk to someone about it only causes raised eyebrows and a lot of gossip. They just tell you to get such notions out of your head but that is next to impossible. What hurts the most is when we see our own people using it in public, apparently without thinking how it really is. It makes you almost ashamed to belong to such a group especially when you can't talk to anyone about it. Finally you just have to talk to someone about it and then you're apt to seek friends with whoever you can talk to freely about it. I know the answer is not to go to a higher church but it does take a lot of forgiving and forgetting but it can be done. If you can't live with it, it would be better to move, for there are settlements that don't have it.

-Name withheld.

It may have been one of the best articles Family Life has ever printed. Why is it so hard to stay out of one ditch without falling into the other? I think the reason is because the way we are to travel is the narrow way!

Could it be that one of the reasons that they so often go to a higher church when they have such "queer notions" is because people like the two women in the article drive them there? Why do we like to "cut down" those who have convictions against such things as tobacco? Why not let each one do according to his convictions?

If someone goes into the dairy business and quits farming tobacco because he doesn't have time to farm it,

you hear nothing about it. But if someone quits farming it because he feels it is wasteful and harmful, then it's a different story.

Aren't those who slander and belittle, not also partly to blame if the Bens become discouraged and leave the church. Not that I am trying to justify it, but I believe those who gossip and slander are doing more harm than they are helping. If those two women would have been silently and sincerely praying for themselves, their children, the church, and for Ben, until church started, nobody knows how much good could have come from it.

-One of The Queer Ones

I think both parties were in the wrong. First, I think Ben was wrong because he was not patient enough. His cause was a worthy one but probably he was like the lady who prayed, "Lord, give me patience, and give it right now!" Children go to school seven years to learn. It takes an oak tree many years to grow from an acorn. If Ben would have been willing to work at his cause patiently until it began to grow, he might have been able to do a good service to the church.

The attitude of the church members toward Ben is equally wrong. Ben had a good cause but since they didn't want to hear it, they scorned and ridiculed him among themselves. Likely they laughed in his face, or perhaps they acted indifferent whenever he would bring up the subject.

Apparently Ben had too much pride, so he walked out of the church.

-Missouri

We, too have Bens among us except that their causes are not worthy ones like in the article. They expect the church to accept their explanation of the Scriptures and to change the church rulings accordingly. When this doesn't happen, they throw up their hands and say "What's the use to try to help anyone?" and they walk away from the church.

-Name and Address Withheld

"Looking Beyond Ben" was a good article. It seems it doesn't work out too good to be overly strict or too righteous. I always thought we should take more time with God but just where is the line? Surely we can't be too religious or how do we know it if we are? They say there is always room for improvement and if we work more with the Lord, we will not get self-righteous.

-Concerned, Pennsylvania

"Looking Beyond Ben" was a good and much needed article for our day and age. In 2 Corinthians 10 we read of people who measured themselves by themselves and comparing themselves among themselves, they were not wise.

If you print this comment, please don't print my name for I have some close relatives who feel the same way as the two women in the article.

-Ephrata, Pennsylvania

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## THE RIGHT KIND OF LOVE

The letter criticizing the article "The Wrong Kind of Love" (May Issue) shows the spirit of "Let's go easy on the young folks lest we drive them further away." It seems we see and hear nowadays where children get by with such things as filthy talk and the parents just pass it off lightly with "They didn't mean anything by it." Who is to blame?

-Missouri.

I would like to make a few comments on the letter which said boys should not be expelled from home if they are disobedient. If we read in Genesis 21 we will see that Abraham was not allowed to have his own son, Ishmael, at home because he was a mocker. This was God's command and I wonder what does God think when we have children in our own house living as they like, taking in the pleasures of this world and hiding behind a C.O. classification, and even doing things the law would not allow.

If we let them put their feet under our table three times a day and sleep in our beds, are we doing them any good? If such a boy likes to be with boys who do as they please, then he will company with them regardless where he lives. About coming home in morning hours or drunk, this is being done at home, too. What can the parents do about it if he is disobedient?

About living under the influence of Christian parents, I'm beginning to wonder if they really are Christians if they allow such things. As for daily devotions and mealtime prayers, maybe they can sit in with it, but are they really praying?

If they see that their parents are not going to stand for such a life, they will either straighten up or go. If the parents do nothing, it will be bad company for the boys growing up. Even the priest, Eli, didn't keep house like the Lord saw fit. He admonished, too, but no punishment.

-Kalona, Iowa.

## CHANGE IN THE CHURCH ON HATS.

While I was reading the article "Change in the Church" (April issue) I came to the part where it read, "It is when a man does not have genuine faith of his own that he nods approval to every wind of doctrine that blows off his hat." I would like to see an article on hats. We notice hippies seldom wear them. I have seen buggies pass and the driver was wearing a hat but the boy beside him was not. Why is this?

I have also seen that people take off their hats to a dead person where in former years it was not so. I would suggest visit the sick, take off the hats and pray for them while they are living.

To me it looks ungodly to see people going without hats when God made provision to clothe the body and the head is part of the body. I would like to see comments on this subject.

-E.Z., Pennsylvania.

## PATIENCE IS NEEDED.

Let's have patience on the tobacco issue. We felt, too, it was a dark light (see April issue) and we quit farming it. It did provide a needed income and also a job for the family. But I got to the point where I couldn't ask the blessing on the seed at seeding time. Many times my mind went back to a boy of our church who smoked until his lung finally collapsed and he filled an early grave.

But I feel patience is necessary and I am glad others had patience with me. At one time we were in financial difficulties and I was almost at the point of a nervous breakdown as I worried about it. But now I can truly say that where there is a will, there is a way.

-Not Sorry We Quit.

## A DIFFERENT PLACE TO WORK

I read with much interest the article "A Too-Nice Place to work" (May issue). I, too, know the many

temptations of working at such a place, yet my own experience was vastly different for I saw the other side. Otherwise, I too, might have succumbed to the high ways of living as Mattie did.

In the home where I worked there were two handicapped members who required assistance from others for their daily needs. It was a large family (a number had left home already) but sad to say very few of them had time to help out, even on Sundays. Yet they were professing Christians but they seldom came home in spite of the fact they conveniently could have.

But what was rather hard on me was the fact that the handicapped persons constantly had to be worrying about whether they were in style in dress and matching accessories even if they already had a full wardrobe. They showed great anxiety for fear their hair-do wasn't exactly as they desired it, even if they could not do these things themselves. This was the accepted way for it was popular among the people and the church was silent regarding these evils.

The father of the family came from a plain church and I have often wondered what they would have done without the plain peoples for over the years, nearly all their maids were from some non-conformed group.

When I saw these things, I realized the world has nothing to offer so why should I desire to follow after it. It has no comfort to offer in times of distress, no help in time of need such as if I should ever become disabled, old, or feeble. But it would cause me to spend much anxiety and worry over needless matters such as keeping in the styles and fashions of the world. I saw that it would not be wise to give myself to anyone who has so little to offer. Especially so when I consider that there is one who has promised to supply my needs under all circumstances, both in sunshine and shadows, and not only in this life but forever, if I will submit myself, take up the cross and follow daily in His footsteps.

-Name Withheld

I have worked in many places. I have done housework for Amish and non-Amish and for my married sisters. I have picked pickles and strawberries for weeks. I have taught school and I have hung wallpaper. For several years I painted with my sister who is not married. I liked this fairly well and I really enjoyed teaching school.

Now I am working for a man who has a job and is gone all day. He doesn't have a lot of money but he has a nice home and I like it real well here. There is also a garden and a yard to take care of. He does the heavy work in the garden. During the day in my spare time, I can go and help others. I am not at all afraid to be alone with him because he is my husband.

-Mena, Arkansas.

## A SPECIAL LOVE FOR CHILDREN

The article "A Narrow Road to Travel" (May issue) set off my alarm clock for it was wound up pretty tight. I have always had a special love for children even if I didn't have as much experience in child training as many people have. I often failed to do or say the right thing at the right time even if I tried to.

I have for a long time made it a special point to notice how other people handle their children and how the children respond. I have noticed that if a baby over six weeks old gets attention every time it cries, it soon learns to cry for attention. A healthy child must do a certain amount of crying to exercise its lungs. When they are old enough to crawl or walk it is time to tell them to leave things alone. If they get into things which aren't playthings, they will need a gentle slap on the patty enough to hurt them but not to harm them. They'll soon forget so this will have to be repeated until they learn what words mean and that it hurts if they don't mind.

As they grow older you can either "Spare the rod and spoil the child" or you can train up the child in the way he should go. If a child grows up having its own way and seldom corrected, it will not be reliable in later years. He may be able to put up a good front but inwardly he will be

selfish, jealous and easily angered.

Lately I met a couple with a four-year-old daughter who had a pleasant, obedient and humble expression on her face. I learned that this was their youngest child and there was a gap between her and the next older and several were married already. We would naturally have expected the child to be spoiled but I had to admire her and her parents for she was very well behaved. I learned from the mother that the child has received a number of spankings.

As a child grows up, words will take the place of spankings and finally you will have to depend entirely on words. Admonitions should have been used all along.

But the most important part and which should have been begun before the child was born is prayer. Not only in the morning and evening but many times during the day when problems come up, we can talk with the Lord and He is always ready to hear and to help.

If your child is too old to be spanked and does not mind your words, then you may have to take him to a secret place and talk to him and perhaps get yourselves down on your knees and pray about it to God. If this does not help, then it is a sad affair indeed and needs more prayer and humility.

It is a narrow way but we have the promises of many precious moments along the way if we are but willing to travel on this road.

-Kalona, Iowa

#### A TITHE OF TIME

I have heard it said that to tithe does not mean with money alone. We should give of our time also. Perhaps there are elderly people or a mother in the church who has her hands full or a neighbor who is sick in bed that we could share some time with.

I have a sister who didn't have any children and when my children were smaller, she used to come once a week to help sew or whatever there was to do. I still remember it how much I appreciated this.

-Spartansburg, Pennsylvania

#### BAKING SODA FOR SAMMY

When our boy who is twelve read in *Family Life* how Sammy and Johnny bake cakes (May issue) he decided he wants to bake a cake, too. One day when the rest of us were outside he got a Betty Crocker cookbook and picked out a cake which is easy to make. He started by mixing shortening and flour in the sifter- he said it says mix together- but soon discovered it didn't work very well. He finally got it mixed together and in oven then he had to go help the neighbors so his sister watched it for him. When he came home, he asked how it was and she said it browned before it was baked. I asked where he got his baking powder and he said out of the square yellow box, which, of course, proved to be baking soda. He said he wanted to be sure not to make any mistakes but it really wasn't too bad. It tasted like a buttermilk cake.

When I related it to my sister, she said that recently she made a chocolate cake which never fails but when she took it out of the oven it looked like a piece of rubber. She had forgotten to put in the soda. Even the cakes that mothers make can turn out like that.

-Another Johnny's mother, Guthrie, Kentucky.

The Sammy story made me think of several years ago when I was helping at my sisters house a few days before her birthday. Her two oldest daughters were seven and nine and they decided to make a birthday cake for their mother. They didn't want their mother to know about it until it was done so they didn't ask her any questions. They had stirred in every thing and as I passed them I noticed it smelled strong with coffee. It was a coffee cake asking for "1 cup of coffee, liquid." They didn't know what liquid meant so they had put in a cup of dry coffee. The dog got the cake that time and they still have to laugh about the birthday cake once in a while.

-Anabel, Missouri

#### EVERYTHING IN A DAY

The picture on the inside cover of *May Family Life* made me think of a poem I once read about rushing about. I have had to think God didn't make the world in a day and He didn't mean that we should try and do everything in one day either.

Said the robin to the sparrow

I should really like to know

Why these anxious human beings

Rush about and hurry so.

Said the sparrow to the robin

Friend, I think that it must be.

That they have no heavenly Father

Such as cares for you and me.

-Belleville, Pennsylvania.

#### THINKS OF THE HANDICAPS

When I got the June issue of *Family Life*, I sat down and read the handicap catalog. It was interesting to see what they have to sell, and what caused their handicaps.

I often have to think of all the handicapped people. Especially so since my accident which I had five years ago and the doctors had no hopes for me. Now I am well and busy at work again. I must believe it was a marvellous wonder which God did for me, and I know He still does miracles.

-N.Z., Millmont, Pennsylvania.

#### POETRY IN THE PAPER

I do appreciate the poetry in *Family Life*. The German poem, "Heimweh" (January 1970) is often quoted by memory from beginning to end by an 88-year old sister that I know. One of our old ministers, no longer living used to quote verse 3 of the poem "Better Than Gold", (November, 1970) but I did not know there was more to the poem until I saw it in *Family Life*.

-Landis Brubaker, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

#### LOOKING TOWARD THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

I think the article in the German section of the February issue of *Family Life* on forty years change in an Ohio settlement should be read by everyone who is interested in keeping a plain church for their descendants.

If we are to keep the churches from drifting into the world, each generation has to keep up the *ordnung* and the teachings which it got from the generation before. Then by word and example, that generation has to teach the next generation the principles of the faith.

There are probably very few plain people who have not at times wondered if it was worth it all to keep up the principles of the faith. Satan will try us out to see if we are grounded on what we believe.

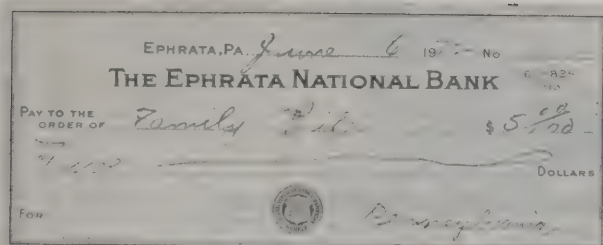
If you ever get thoughts that it is no longer possible to make a living without owning and using the most modern equipment to work with or if you are tempted to have more things which would be pleasing to the flesh, then you should first stop and think of the long-range results.

Think of the generations before you, your parents, grandparents, etc. They worked and denied themselves many pleasures, tried hard to keep the churches plain. If you turn your back to their example, you are showing everyone that you believe their work was vain and useless. Will you be one of those who says of walking in the old paths, "We will not walk therein" (Jer. 6:16).

Think also of the next generation coming after you, if the Lord tarries, your children, the children of your friends, relatives and neighbors. When your voice on earth is stilled, who will then teach them the old ways leading to peace for their souls?

The influence we leave behind by our works (Rev. 14:13.) will then be here to guide them one way or the other. If we depart from the good ways or our parents, then we are giving our children a license to go away from what we are trying to teach them.

-Narvon, Pennsylvania



### THE STATE AS A SIGNATURE

Tonight I was reading through Family Life and I just thought, why are so many people ashamed to sign their names to their letters. In the New Testament we can take a lesson from the letters and the parables that Jesus taught, and always His name appeared first. I can't find anywhere in the Bible where it says "Name Withheld." Some of the letters seem to be a little like one man slinging mud at another and doesn't want to be seen. How many banks would accept a check with just the initials or the state as a signature. Lets try it once. Enclosed find a donation for \$5.00 with our state as a signature.

-Ira H. Nolt, New Holland, Pennsylvania.

### HOT WATER FREEZES FIRST

I notice there has been some interest in your magazine whether hot water freezes first. I am not an educated

man but I know this is true.

We have both hot and cold water pipes running along the cement block wall in our milkhouse. The pipes are the same size and in the same position. Two times this past winter the fire went out in the heater at night. In the morning I could get water from the cold tap but the hot water tap was frozen.

-P.W. Friesen, Alberta.

### SHOULD BE CENTIGRADE.

The article "Venus and the Age of The Earth" was interesting but I don't agree that aluminum melts at 600 degrees fahrenheit. According to my welding book the melting point of aluminum is 1140 degrees, pure silver melts at 1800 degrees, lead at 618 and tin at 475.

-Paul Z. Weaver, Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania.

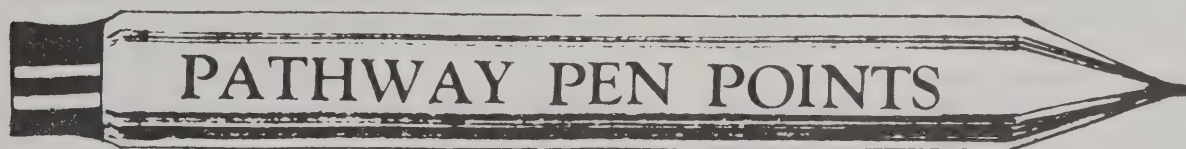
**EDITORS NOTE** - Thanks for calling attention to the error.

### NO UNWORTHY FRIENDS

I've had something on my mind for quite a while and never told anybody. Some people write articles in one of your papers and then they sign it "Unworthy Friend." That kind of spoils it for me. To my way of thinking there isn't anything like an unworthy friend. I think we're all worthy of someone's friendship.

If you use this letter in your magazine please don't use my name if you don't have to, just don't sign it "Unworthy Friend."

-Hartville, Ohio.



### I HAD TO HIDE

When I was a girl I never worked away much because Mother usually needed me at home. There were a few places I worked by the day when Mother could spare me. My older sister got married, my younger sister was only a little girl yet and I had five brothers younger than myself and most of them went to school.

We had a lot of chickens on our farm to take care of and eggs to clean. We milked quite a few cows and every morning but Sunday we had to hitch a horse to the road cart and haul the milk about one-fourth mile to the next road so the milk truck would pick it up. I often did this, for I could easy slide the heavy milk cans full of milk off beside the road. In those days it wasn't like it is now that the milk truck came right into the milkhouse and got the milk. We always separated our Saturday evening and Sunday morning milk. We sold the cream and bought oleo and there was always a pack of coloring in the oleo so it would look like butter.

We had a neighbor lady I used to wash for a day every week. Another family had five small children and I would wash and iron for her every week. One day a man came to ask for a hired girl. Mother said she thought she could spare me if I wanted to go a few weeks. They seemed like nice people and they said they would bring me home every Saturday and pick me up again on Monday morning. Their daughter was a nurse and they also had an elderly lady to care for. I worked for two dollars and fifty cents a week. I took all the money home and gave it to my parents.

The woman's name was Annie and one day she said, "We will be getting company from Michigan for supper."

While we were working in the kitchen I noticed Annie

was watching out the window. Soon a car came into the lane and drove up to the house. Annie hurried into the living room but I noticed that she closed the door between the living room and the kitchen before she invited the company in. That seemed funny to me, but I soon found out why she did it. After she had closed the door she went and invited the people in and gave them each a seat.

After awhile Annie came into the kitchen to see how I am getting along. Then she went back into the living room again, but I noticed that she always closed the door when she went through it.

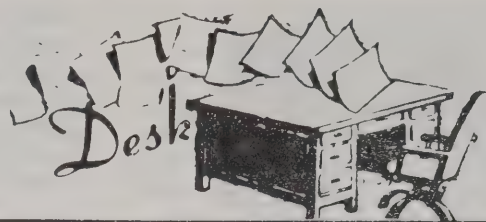
I set the table with a nice table cloth and nice silverware. Everything was just up to date. The next time she came out, I had supper ready.

They had a little corner in the kitchen, it was about three yards long and a yard wide. It had no door and we called it the pantry. When supper was ready, Annie looked at me and said, "Now you can have your choice. Either you take off your homemade apron, dress and cap and put on a white dress or if you don't want to do this you can go into the pantry and hide while we eat supper. These folks from Michigan have never seen any Amish people and I wouldn't want them to see you working here in my kitchen with those clothes on. They wouldn't know what you are, but if you would put other clothes on you would look more like they do."

Needless to say, I was very much surprised as I stood there and stared at her like a dummy. I saw she was waiting on me to make up my mind. What should I do. I knew I would have to stand up for what was right.

I walked to the pantry and started crawling in. She said, "You have to go in far enough to make sure they won't see you while we are eating supper."

# Across The Editor's Desk



In this issue we are printing a number of letters in the "What Do You Think" columns on a subject we do not like to write about. Someone made the remark that it is a too scandalous a topic to even discuss in a public paper. We heartily agree that we wish it wouldn't need to be but since reports persist in coming in, we must believe that there is still some of it going on in places where it shouldn't be.

Another friend wrote to say he thinks it is too scandalous a topic not to mention if by doing so, people will be able to realize how scandalous it really is.

About four years ago, when this topic first came up in *Family Life*, we admitted there was still some of it in some communities, but that it was on its way out. We still feel the same, that it is on its way out, and we are willing to do what little we can to help in the matter.

If the parents are concerned about the problem, they are the ones who will have to do something about it. It is encouraging to know that so many people are concerned about the problem. The one who sent in the "What do you Think" question is an elderly man from a community which has a reputation of having a lot of this problem. He is a concerned father and grandfather, and very much in favor of keeping up the ordnung of the church. He is much concerned in preserving the virtues and heritage which have been handed down from our forefathers, and we have every reason to believe that he is not going to go to a higher church.

We also appreciated the two letters from the same community from persons whose fathers were bishops and were both opposed to these things. When people like this are willing to go to work on the problem, then we have confidence that things can be changed. It is plain that it is not just the persons who are leaning toward a higher church who are aware of the problem.

Most of the letters were shortened quite a bit. The question which had asked was how such things could have gotten started, not whether they are good or bad. However a number of the letters did bring out some very good thoughts on the subject which we hope will give those who are opposed to such things more "muth" to join hands and get rid of these things.

Our attention was also called to a letter which was published in an advice columns in the daily newspapers recently. Apparently the girl was entertaining her boy friend in her bedroom during the daytime when her father happened to walk by and saw that they were lying on the bed, visiting. The father became very angry and I believe asked the young man to go home and never come back again. The columnist advised the girl that in the future she should by all means stay away from the bedroom when entertaining boy friends.

We believe this advice corresponds to the Biblical teaching that we should avoid all appearances of evil as much as possible, and something like this is altogether possible to do. By all rules of conduct (even if there were nothing like bundling or bed courtship) the bedroom should be forbidden territory as far as courtship is concerned.

**Reading matter can be a big help- or a big hindrance.** It all depends on the attitude of the ones who put it out, and of the ones who read it. Our readers frequently remind us- and we are glad they do, that it is a serious matter to publish anything which will be a hindrance to anyone. We try to be cautious in selecting the material we print. Practically everything that goes into *Family Life* is checked over by a minister and if it is a doctrinal

article or one which is controversial, we like to have several ministers or bishops to look over it. After it is published, it goes into nearly every community of plain folks in the United States and Canada. Anyone who finds anything which is misleading has the privilege and the responsibility to inform us of it. We have this confidence to our readers that they will let us know if there is anything which will be a hindrance to anyone. Of course there is often a difference of opinion on some matters due to the fact that no person has a full understanding of any subject. 1 Corinthians 9 says that we know only in part but that the time shall come when our knowledge is perfect, but not in this life.

Quite often when readers disagree with us they apologize for being so critical. At times, we feel they may be over critical but quite often we wish they were more critical of what they read. It certainly is a grave offense to send anything into someone's home which will be a hindrance to them or their children.

It is necessary that we are are concerned about the literature which comes into our homes. We are surprised that so much reading material is being sent out from certain questionable sources and being accepted into some homes of the plain people. Just because it is free is no excuse for permitting it to enter our homes, and should make us a bit suspicious of it to begin with.

Some of the literature which is being sent out today is based on serious mis-application of the Scriptures and is designed to make us doubt the basic values which we have been taught. Having such material in our homes can result only in confusion and disunity. Over the last forty years we have seen and heard so many of these false prophets who would like to overthrow the present system of the church and substitute for it an altogether unproven and unscriptural set of rules, that we do not have much patience with them any more.

We would also like to warn our readers against ordering books or magazines out of the pages of the weekly newspaper which circulates among the plain people, unless you know who is recommending it. During the past year a book was widely advertised (whose author had the same surname as my own) which is simply not fit to be found in the homes of the plain people. At the present time a series of bedtime Bible story books for children is being advertised which are put out by the Seventh Day Adventist. Although these books do not contain a large amount of the doctrinal error of this cult, yet, it could easily be a starting point for getting objectionable material into the homes.

There are also a number of plain people accepting a magazine put out by Herbert Armstrong whose religion is so different from our own that there is no possibility of both of them being right. Just because this magazine is interesting and appears harmless is no excuse for allowing it in our homes.

There is so much harmful literature available today (and there are indications of a lot more to come) that we don't blame anyone for being critical and suspicious of books and magazines that come into the home. But fortunately, there are ways of being reasonably safe in selecting the materials which are suitable.

But we would not want to influence people to go to the other extreme and not provide any reading matter at all (except the Bible) for their children. Like in anything else, there are two extremes and somewhere between is a happy medium, but it cannot be found without a considerable amount of effort.

■ ■

## Fire Is No Fun

(con't from back cover)



are dangerous. They should be kept in No. 1 shape and places fixed to hang them up where they will not be knocked down by a horse or a cow.

Stoves and chimneys account for a large percentage of farm fires among our people. The kerosene cook stove is no more dangerous than a gasoline stove but since people trust it farther, it is a much greater fire hazard. Kerosene is not explosive but once it becomes heated, it burns more fiercely than gasoline. We saw a kerosene stove which had the grates melted down by the gallon of kerosene inside the stove. Kerosene stoves should not be left unattended. When they burst into flames, it takes a pretty good fire extinguisher to put them out. Numerous fires have been caused by getting gasoline into a kerosene stove.

Fire alarms may be of some value in detecting a fire before it gets a head start. Different kinds are on the market but it is usually considered that the mechanical kinds with the simplest devices are the most reliable.

### Fire Extinguishers

Many people have become discouraged with fire extinguishers because of their experience with the earlier models. Some kinds actually made the fire burn hotter. Carbon tetrachloride types were handy and efficient but when it was learned that under certain conditions, they formed fumes which were deadly to people they were abandoned. Some states prohibit the use of carbon tetrachloride in fire extinguishers.

The soda-acid type was used for many years but it was clumsy and took a man to handle it. It had to be recharged every year or it was useless. The only kinds of fires it worked on was Class A (wood, paper, etc)

The big breakthrough in fire extinguishers came several years ago with the invention of a powder type which was put under pressure. By merely pulling a pin and squeezing the lever, a stream of powder is emitted which covers and smothers the fire. It is equally effective against all kinds of fires, wood, paper, gasoline, grease, electrical, etc. The 2 1/2 lb size will cost about \$12.00, the 4 or 5 lb size about \$20.00. A 10-lb size is also available but is more expensive according to the size.

These extinguishers are easy to operate, they can not freeze and there is no maintenance problem as long as they are not used. The powder stays good indefinitely but it is a good idea to have the extinguisher checked about every five years to see if the gauge is working.

If the extinguisher is used, it will have to be cleaned out, refilled and the pressure pumped up. Usually some of the powder gets in the valve and the pressure will go down within a few minutes time even if it is not all used up. Your local fire chief will recharge and inspect your extinguisher at a reasonable cost or tell you where you can get it done.

It is important to have your extinguishers where they will be handy to get to. There should be one for the upstairs and several for the main floor of the house. The barn should have one, too, as well as any outbuilding which is subject to fire such as a shop or brooder house. Recently a big broiler house burned when some kerosene spilled on the earthen floor and ignited. The dust along the ceiling became ignited and set the whole building aflame. The owner, who was battling the fire with a feed bag barely escaped with his life. If one of these extinguishers had been handy, the fire could easily have been put out when it was small.

It is best to place the extinguishers near a door or a hallway where they can be reached from several ways. A fire can spread in a few minutes time to where it is out of control. If the room has only one door, put the extinguisher near the doorway. Otherwise if you go for the extinguisher, you may find yourself trapped.

Once you have the extinguishers installed, see that each member of the family knows where they are and how to use them. It is a good idea to build a small fire in the open and give everyone a chance to use the extinguisher.

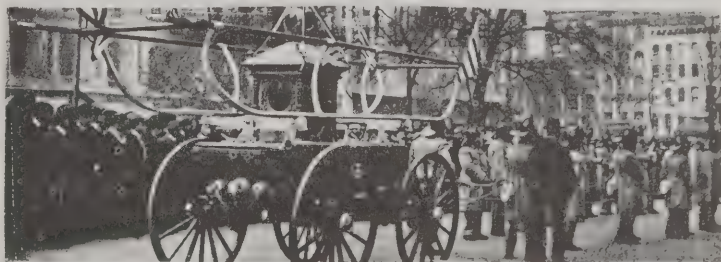
When using the extinguisher, aim the stream of powder at the base of the flames. With a left to right motion, push the flames back to the far side until it is altogether extinguished. If the fire breaks out again, you may have to start all over. With a heavy coating of the powder, glowing embers of wood can be extinguished. According to one survey, 19 out of 20 fires were successfully extinguished when this method was used.

But take no chances with fire. Even with the best extinguishers, with alarms, and even with water hoses available, fire is still a dangerous threat. Be careful and always keep a healthy respect for fire. Clean up any fire traps and teach the children that fire is nothing to play with.

### What To Do In Case Of Fire

In case of a fire which can not be extinguished with a fire extinguisher, be prepared and know what to do.

1. Don't panic. Keep your head cool on the inside.
2. Make sure no one is in the building. Property can be replaced but lives can not.
3. Call the fire department.
4. In leaving a building, close all the doors behind you as this will check the spread of the fire.
5. If going through a house which is on fire, never open a door without first feeling the door with the palm of your hand. The fire on the other side of the door may be blazing so fiercely that the heat will kill you if you open the door.
6. If you must go through a smokey area to leave the building, crawl on your hands and knees. Smoke and fumes tend to rise to the ceiling.
7. If your clothes catch fire, do not run, for this will only fan the flames. Roll yourself on the ground or wrap yourself in a blanket, to smother the flames.



One of the old hand engines which was drawn by the firemen themselves. The water was pumped by raising and lowering the bars on the sides.

# Was It Only a Vapor?

This evening the place seems cold and forsaken. The kitchen windows are dark and the chimney is smokeless. My thoughts are carried back to the past.

I remember the occupants of that house from the time I was a child. They were a friendly couple who lived many years in the "Doddy" house, always eager for a visit. As I grew up, all the other places in the neighborhood changed hands, or at least made quite a few changes. But this house remained the same, and so did the couple except for a bit of age showing from time to time.

Years went by and old age was creeping up fast. The time came when a neighbor asked to do their washing. They agreed to let it be so until they could do it again themselves. They never had the privilege of doing their own washing again.

Grandmother became short of breath and housekeeping duties proved to be a burden so a neighbor came from time to time to do the cleaning and baking. Still there was little change in this house or its occupants. The kitchen was warm with friendship and love. Smoke curled up from the chimney and the kerosene lamp cast a yellow glow through the window every morning and evening. This was more than a house, it was a home. They had been there for so many years, it was hard to realize that their hour glass was almost empty and that soon they would not be living here any more.

It was a blustery day in late fall. They arose as usual but little thought that this would be their last day to live in this home together.

They collected the wash and put it in a clean bag. The neighbors came, took the clothes and washed them. When the wash came back Grandmother hung them on the line herself.

In the afternoon she got her coat, and pulled it over her arm but when she twisted to reach the other sleeve, she lost her balance and fell on the kitchen floor. She was helped to the couch where she lay in great pain. Soon she was on the way to the hospital where it was found her hip was broken. Grandfather stayed with a son who lived near the hospital.

So the doors of the house were closed.

After a time Grandmother was released but since she would always be bedfast, it was decided that they would reside with one of the children.

Grandmother did not lose her friendly manner and she was glad for visitors which were many. However, since she was hard of hearing, she did not always benefit from the visits. When asked if she had pain, she would always say, "Nay, ich kann so gut do lega" (No, I lie here so comfortable.)

As the winter wore on, so did her health. There came the time when she just lay with closed eyes and gave no response to anyone or anything. For the greater part of a week she lay thus before her call came and she was taken out of the cold, dreary and sinful world.

The funeral preparations were made and Grandmother's

lifeless body was laid to rest in the cold earth. Her sands had all run out, her battle was fought. The tired hands would rest forever.

But what about Grandfather? Old and tottery, he stays with his son and family. How lonely after living for 61 years with his life companion. Now he sits alone to pass the time. No one to sit with him for those who are strong have work to be done. He is like one of last years leaves on a tree full of this year's growth.

The house remained as they left it when Grandmother was taken to the hospital, but now comes the time of selling out. The date is set and the children, grandchildren and great grandchildren prepare for the sale. How it tears at the heart strings. Here are the rag dolls. Grandmother made them and all the clothes. See the spool trains and cheese box cars Grandfather made these.

What's this, and this? The younger generations do not know but these things were all necessities when our grandparents started housekeeping more than 60 years ago.

Must we tear up the nest? Must we allow the antique dealers to snatch up the things which helped to make this house a pleasant home so many years?

The day of sale arrives and so do the bidders. The furnishings are carried out in the yard. Grandfather walks around in a daze. Here he sees the cradle and memories come flooding back of that day when their first-born was cuddled in it and the young mother hovered over him, oh so gently. Soon there were other children. He remembered the sleepless nights they spent together over the child who was sick. Here's the woodbox. How many times Grandfather had filled it with wood that he himself had sawed and split. And the pot-bellied stove! So many pleasant hours were spent by its side.

Over by the fence there stands the carriage. Years of service it gave, carrying Grandfather and his wife to church services, funerals, ordinations and visits. It had given good service whether in the heat, the rain, or the bitter cold. For forty years Grandfather had been a deacon and had to go in all kinds of weather to many places far and near.

Those years had both pleasant and cloudy days, but even the troubled ones seemed rosy compared to this one. No more can he harness his horse and go where he and his companion want to go.

The sale commences, the nest is torn apart and soon the place is empty, deserted and forlorn.

As Grandfather leaves the place he turns once more to gaze at this, his home for sixty of the eighty years he spent on earth. To the young this will seem like a very long time. But it is really only a vapor, a shadow, compared with eternity. An eternity of bliss or torment. Which will it be?

It is in this life we choose.

- By The Neighbor

## I Had to Hide (con't from page 5)

I went in and stood in a corner and was as still as a mouse.

She invited her group out and they sat down at the table and visited as they enjoyed their supper. But they did not know what was hiding in the pantry.

When they were done eating, they all went back into the room. Annie had told me I could eat after she takes her company back into the room. So I tiptoed to the door to make sure they were all out of the kitchen. Then I started to clean off the table.

After her company had left, Annie came out in the kitchen and wanted to help. She tried to be very friendly with me, but I did not feel like talking. I could hardly wait till Saturday came so I could go home to tell Mother what a surprise I had. On Saturday morning, I had the cleaning done so quick that Annie did not know what had

happened. I could hardly wait till she was ready to take me home. I was good enough to do her work for her but when company came I had to hide because I was Amish. I was glad to get back to my good home.

I often wonder, do we appreciate our home and our parents enough while we have them? I always liked to help Mother work. This world is not same since my parents are gone.

The saddest words I ever heard was on a cold winter night when someone came to our bedroom window and called my name and said, "Your mother has died." At first I thought I can never get myself ready to go and see her. Now I can no longer go home to ask my parents what I don't know. They always had good advice for me. But now they are both gone.

-Applecreek, Ohio.  
Family Life

# Putting out the Fleece

By Samuel Hertzler

And Gideon said unto God, "If thou wilt save Israel by mine hand as thou hast said, Behold I will put out a fleece of wool in the floor and if dew be upon the fleece only and it be dry upon all the earth beside, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by mine hand as thou hast said" (Judges 6:36).

Gideon not only put an "if" in the word of the Lord, but also asked for a sign. God had told him twice already that He would save Israel through Gideon, but, Gideon asked a second time and reversed the conditions. This time the grass was to be wet and the fleece dry.

To question what the Lord has already said is to put oneself on trial as we shall shortly see.

Gideon gathered together an army of 32,000 men against the Midianites. But the Lord said, "The people are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands."

He said that all those who were fearful should go home, whereupon 22,000 soldiers returned home. The Lord was proving Gideon and now he demanded a second proof. "Bring them down to the water and I will try them there. Everyone that lappeth of the water with his tongue shalt thou set by himself."

The number that lapped were 300 men. The others were dismissed and the Lord gave the victory with 300 men.

We also read that when the angel of the Lord appeared unto Zacharias and told him of the birth of John, Zacharias asked, "Whereby shall I know this?" He asked for proof beside the word of the angel of the Lord.

Zacharias received the proof in advance in the form of a punishment by being unable to speak until the words of the Lord were fulfilled.

Abraham, the father of the faithful, also asked for proof when the Lord promised him the land of Caanan for his descendants (Gen. 15:8). The Lord asked Abraham to bring a certain offering. "And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abraham and a horror and a great darkness fell upon him." It was a frightening and a fearful experience, and one which could have been avoided had he taken God at his word.

The father of the lunatic son said unto Jesus, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us."

Jesus answered, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

To put a question mark behind a promise of God is bound to bring a reaction upon ourselves. Chances are we may not survive the test as the ones referred to here. Once the word of the Lord is spoken, it will be fulfilled if we meet the conditions. It is impossible for God to lie.

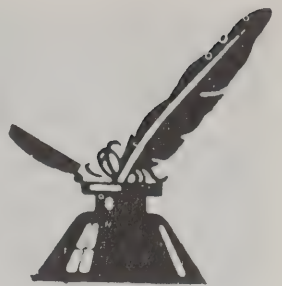
Sometimes when a question arises, it is said, "Let us put out the fleece." Or, in other words let us ask for a sign as to what to do. There may be times when such a method will have its value, but for things on which we already have instructions in Scripture, it is out of place to use this method.

The Scriptures give us the principles for solving nearly all the problems which may come up in everyday life. In the matter of dress we have 1 Peter 3:3-4; and 1 Tim. 2:9. In the matter of conversation we have Eph. 4:29 and 5:4. In avenging an injury and standing for our rights we have Romans 12:19-21; Matt. 5:38-48; and 1 Peter 2:19-21. In forgiving one another we have Eph. 4:32 and Mark 11:25-36. In the matter of non-conformity to the world we have Romans 12:2 and 1 John 2:15-16. In the matter of anxieties of every kind we have Math. 6:25-34 and Phil. 4:6-7. On non-resistance we have Matt. 5:39-40. On going to law we have 1 Cor. 6:7.

The above list is incomplete but it is useless to expect an answer from God which is different from what the Scriptures give us. If the answer is not according to the Scriptures then it originates from a source other than from God.

July, 1972

# Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## LEARNING TO

## LIVE TOGETHER

It was a lazy day in late July. Two neighbors, Roy and Edwin, leaned on the fence and visited in the shade of a large oak which had for years towered between the two farms.

"I hear they're having church trouble down in —," Edwin said, chewing on the end of a stalk of grass. "Guess they didn't get communion in the spring."

"That what I hear," said Roy. "But you know, their trouble has been brewing for a long while, and it just seems people can't lay it down."

"I saw in this week's **Budget** that three bishops were there—I expect they were asked to come to try to settle the trouble."

"Do you think they'll get it fixed up?" Roy asked.

"Not from what I hear," Edwin said. "John's Eli got his wife down there, and he knows all those people. He told me last week there's a split coming for sure. Said it's just a matter of time. Feelings are so poor that they just don't want to work together anymore."

"That's too bad, but guess it won't be the first time churches have split," Roy said.

"I don't know if that makes it better or worse," Edwin said with a short laugh. Then he sobered. "Really, though, I've often wondered about all the splits and divisions that have taken place already. How can a church divide, and each side go on and ask God to be with them and bless them?"

Roy shrugged his shoulders. "It doesn't make sense, does it? But it happens all the time, and sometimes over-issues that look pretty small to someone who isn't involved."

"I still don't think it's right," Edwin said. "It can't be."

"Don't get me wrong," Roy said. "I wasn't trying to say it's right. I was just accepting facts. Splits and divisions have been around a long time—they were here before you or I came, and they'll be here after you and I go. The problem is a lot bigger than any of us, and there isn't a thing you and I can do about it. We didn't cause it, and we can't be held responsible for curing it, can we?"

"I don't know," Edwin said. "I just don't know, but I often wonder about such things. Sure don't seem right to me—can't believe it's God's will for things to be this way. Why, in Holmes County alone, somebody said there's at least seven horse-and-buggy groups that don't work with each other—think of it, and that's not counting all the higher churches."

"That's not the way it should be," Roy said, "but what can we do about it?" When Edwin didn't answer, after a while Roy said, "By the way, I've been meaning to ask you, how's that new cow doing you got at Emmery Bennets? He has another one for sale that he wants to sell me."

The two neighbors talked on, the conversation switching from church splits to cows and crops and corn blight. But a half hour later as they parted Edwin's thoughts went back once more to what Roy had said about churches, that splits and divisions probably weren't the best, but they were an unchangeable fact of

life, and might as well be accepted as such.

Actually, what attitude should we take toward church divisions? Is it true, as Roy said, that there is nothing the individual can do about a problem as big as this?

Certainly the questions Edwin asked are disturbing ones, and are questions for which there are no simple and ready-made answers. And yet all of us would do well to ask similar questions, and to think about the subject, and see how present-day conditions stand up under the teaching of God's Word. The first step toward solving a problem must surely be recognizing that there is one.

We cannot go far in reading the New Testament until we find a constant theme running throughout—love, forbearance, peace, forgiving each other, and submitting to one another. Jesus came to call out a chosen people who are to be separate from the world, yet united with each other. He gave his life for the Church, such love drew him on, and yet before he died he made plain what his will is for his followers.

We know that when people grow old and are ready to die, they often make their will known—they give careful instructions what they wish to have done when they are no longer here. Jesus left just such a will for us to read in the 16 and 17th chapters of St. John. At this time Jesus was fast nearing the end of his earthly ministry. The cross loomed up before him and he knew the time had come to talk of many things—things that he could not have told his disciples before. He told them gently of his approaching death, but his words didn't seem to sink in. He warned them how the world would hate them, as wolves do sheep. He promised them a Comforter who would lead them. But in all these things the disciples were so slow to understand and to grasp what was about to happen.

And we can understand that Jesus' heart yearned for these men whom he had called and learned to love. He has entrusted them to carry on his work in his absence. How would they make out—these disciples who up until now had been so slow to believe and so quick to disagree, and continually seeking selfish ends. Would they be able to work together, to love each other, and carry the message of his love and redemption into the whole world? Jesus saw the weakness of his followers and his heart was burdened. Under the weight of that burden Jesus prayed, and in the words of his prayer he mentioned again and again what his will was for those he left behind; "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are... That they all may be one: as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me" (John 17:11,21).

"That they may be one..." Jesus knew and understood mortal man. He knew how easy it was to quarrel, how difficult it was to love and forgive at all times. He must have foreseen divisions and separations among his followers, and from the depth of his being the earnest words of his prayer poured forth—such a prayer as had never before fallen upon human ears.

As the praying ended, Jesus went forth to do his part in bringing about the answer to his prayer-- it was so important to him that men live in peace with each other that he let himself be crucified to bring peace to earth. He believed so strongly in his own prayer that even while being spit upon and struck and beaten, his heart held only love and forgiveness-- "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

What a contrast there is between the prayer of John 17 and the condition of the plain churches today. Instead of being one, as Jesus prayed, it would be nearer correct for us to answer with the possessed man of Gergesenes, "Our name is Legion, for we are many."

It has happened so often that it seems almost the normal thing to do, split and divide, and split and divide again, each going his own way, each bearing ill feelings toward the other, and each praying, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven..." His will? Is it not that his followers be one, as the believers were after Pentecost,

of one heart and one mind? Jesus came to make one out of two, to take away divisions and barriers, to turn enemies into friends, and to bring peace in the place of strife and ill-will. Have we lost sight of Jesus' will so far that it does not seem a terrible thing to do just the opposite, to make two out of one, to turn friends into enemies, to bring strife and ill-will where there should be peace?

And all the time we say, "It's not the way it should be, but what can we do?" The words are all right, if it weren't for the tone in which we say them. Let's stop saying, "What can we do," as one who is seeking an excuse to go on as before, and start saying it as one who is sincerely looking for something to do, as one who really wants to find a solution, and who is willing to do his part to answer his own prayer, "Thy will be done on earth..."

It's a big problem, one that looms up high above the tallest of us and makes us look small by its great size and overwhelming strength. Realizing this, I used to think, "It's something the bishops and ministers will have to take hold of-- no one else can do anything. They should be more concerned, and should work harder to stop these splits and even to bring back together some groups which have already divided."

It is true, of course, that church leaders should be concerned about the splits and divisions among us, and yet it is not their task alone. No matter how earnestly leaders work toward peace and unity, if the lives of individual members are filled with hate and ill-will and quarreling, there is little they can accomplish. Let us stop and ask ourselves how divisions come about in the first place. Is it not in small ways? Little seeds of unkindness and rumor and suspicion are planted, and they grow year after year. Grudges that should be forgiven are nourished and fed, tiny plants that grow into tough, deeply-rooted weeds. I wonder if any single problem ever came up in a church that was big enough to divide the church if the way had not been paved before by many small incidents in which members quarrelled and clashed with each other.

Now the question is, why could not the process of division, which comes in small ways, be reversed so that it would work in the opposite direction? Surely that, in past, is the answer if we really in sincerity ask the question, "What can we do?" The old saying is that if every man swept before his own door, the whole world would be clean. There is truth in it. If we would bring about peace and love and unity in the church, we must start at home.

Our human nature rebels against doing small things. We would like to do something great. But that is not the answer. The solution lies in over-coming our ambitions and being willing to do the little bit we can, to toil in patience and love so that peace and unity may start at home and gradually lighten the darkness around us.

In starting at home, we must start in our own life. We have to begin within ourselves. There can be no lasting peace between men until there is peace within each of them. So we must start out by confessing our own wrongs, and seeing that there is peace within our hearts.

Did we ever stop to think why Abel and Cain couldn't get along? This must be one of the most tragic stories in the entire Bible. The Bible only tells of four people on the earth at that time. Cain and Abel were the only members of their generation. How they needed each other for companionship! The whole world lay before them, they had every opportunity, lots of room. They needed each other for many things. How many things there are which one person cannot do alone! Any young married man who moves to a farm alone, anyone who was used to having brothers handy to help, soon discovers that there are a dismaying number of things one man is handicapped in doing alone. So here were Cain and Abel, brothers who should have helped each other, who should have encouraged each other, who should have loved one another, who should have gladly overlooked and forgiven each other. But Cain didn't like Abel. He quarrelled with him.

He hated and envied and finally Cain murdered his brother, killed one-fourth of the population from the face of the earth with one blow. Why did he do it? The New Testament gives the answer, "Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous" (1 John 3:12).

That was what was wrong with Cain, he felt uncomfortable around his brother. His conscience bothered him. He was rebuked by Abel's righteous life. But instead of repenting, he started resenting. It has happened countless times since the days of Cain and it is still happening all the time. A guilty conscience has probably made more people hard to get along with than any other single cause. So if we want to do something about all the splits and divisions around us, we have to start at the root of the problem —within ourselves. The reason so many people have trouble learning to live with others is because they have not yet learned to live with themselves in peace.

We must start with ourselves, but we need not stop there. When we are at peace with ourselves, we should look one step farther and concentrate on living in love with the people who are nearest to us. To those of us who are married, that means our partners. And what a need there is here. If all of us had peace within ourselves and then had the right kind of relationship with our marriage partners, a big percentage of the disunity in the churches would be solved. These first two steps would remove the need for many of the other steps which now look so big to us.

It is hard for us to realize how important a place the home plays in the welfare of the church. Children do not need to be very old until they can sense and react to tension between parents. Long before they are old enough to talk their emotional well-being is being formed or deformed. Children who miss out on the security and love at home which they crave are often the ones who seek attention via rebellion in the church later. Also if parents do not work together, it weakens their strength in disciplining and training the children. In countless other ways too numerous to mention, problems in the church trace right back to problems that were never solved in the home.

When there is a strong tie of love, an enduring bond of closeness, between husband and wife it is natural and normal that the third step will fall into place—a

meaningful and trusting relationship between parents and children. In turn, children who get along with each other in the home have a valuable start in learning to live with others on a wider scale than the home.

Jesus in his Sermon on the Mount said, "Blessed are the peacemakers." We can be among those blessed if we sincerely seek peace at home, in the church, and in the community. Someone once observed that every time the Bible pronounces a blessing, a curse also applies for those in the opposite category. If we spread discord, strife, and hatred among brethren, what fearful condemnation we bring upon ourselves.

Surely part of the reason that splits and divisions happen so frequently is because we no longer realize how wrong such conditions are. Is not part of the trouble that we just don't care enough anymore when separations come? If we tried as hard to agree with each other as we sometimes do to disagree, surely some things would be different. Instead of repeating things that cause hard feelings and ill will, let us instead repeat those things that will cause love and unity to grow.

Loving and forgiving and trusting can be hard work. Anything that is worthwhile requires effort, and takes work to accomplish, and surely this is true of getting along with others, of learning to live in peace and harmony with our fellowmen. Love must be nourished and cultivated by acts of kindness and thoughtfulness and by words of appreciation and encouragement.

God's will for us is clear, and we only need to renew our vision of it. When Jesus was born, the angels sang their joyful song of "peace on earth, good will toward men." It is still God's will for each of us to live peacefully and in unity with our brethren, breaking down the walls of division and strife that stand between us. If we kneel to pray, "Thy will be done on earth," and in our daily lives fail to do what we can to bring peace and unity, our prayers will not be answered.

Let us not say that the task is hopeless. Let us not say that divisions and splits must continue among us. Instead, let each of us resolve, that with God's help we will do what we can to change these sad conditions. We cannot change other churches, other communities, other families, other people. But we can start at home. Let us nourish love in our own lives, in our own families, among our own brothers and sisters in the church. Let us be in earnest, to change what we can, even if it does not seem like much. ■■

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## FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

### CONTENTMENT IS AN ATTITUDE

It had never occurred to me that Leghorn hens are so much like humans. If I had realized it, we probably wouldn't have gone to the expense of building a fenced-in lot for our pullets.

As it was, we felt sorry for the 250 young hens penned up in the low-roofed loft above the cow stable. No freedom, no grass, no juicy worms. Two months ago we decided to get the pullets outside.

Now remember, it was our idea. The hens did not suggest it. Except for over the noon hour when they panted a bit, they seemed satisfied and content. They

were laying as well as could be expected.

So we bought some six-foot-high chicken netting, cut some nine-foot posts, and built a pen a hundred feet square. We fixed up a runway out from the barn and down into the new chicken lot.

The Leghorns liked the grass and the freedom. The boys and I stood watching them through the fence that first day, and felt real good inside.

But we soon learned that a kind deed, however well meant, can lead to trouble. In a few short weeks the Leghorns had eaten all the grass, and were scratching around in bare gravel. No longer were they happy and

content. Now they trotted back and forth along the fence, heads down and tails up, trying to find a hole in the fence so they could get at the green grass on the other side.

Although we had stretched a heavy barbwire along the ground and had tied the netting to this wire, the chickens began to get out. Here and there was a low spot, and a hen would push her head beneath the wire, push mightily with both feet, and pop -- she was outside.

The boys patched the holes with boards and stakes and sticks, but the mischief continued. The hens scratched out new holes. About every day a half dozen hens were outside by noon, and a hundred others were inside the fence fretting because they could not join them.

The air was thick with discontentment.

Today I have been pondering about those determined Leghorns. In a way it seems strange that they are less content with the lot than they were with the loft, yet perhaps it shouldn't seem strange. For isn't that the way people are too?

### AN ATTITUDE, NOT A CIRCUMSTANCE

There seems to be a lot of wrong thinking on what it takes to make a man contented. Everybody thinks the reason he is not contented is because he doesn't have all he'd like to have. Contentment is made to depend on things, on circumstances.

With that kind of thinking, it is no wonder our age could be called the Age of Discontentment. Contentment is looked for in a new car, an automatic dishwasher, or a more modern house. If the Smiths had as much money as the Joneses, they'd be content. But the Joneses aren't content either. They're trying to keep up with the wealthier Wilsons. And so it goes on and on, MUCH wanting MORE.

Even among our plain churches we confuse happiness and contentment with **having things**. Oh, if we could only have a nice farm like John Millers, then we would be content. If we only had a new floor in the kitchen, we'd be satisfied. If our debts were paid, we could relax and be content.

Contentment does not come with possessions. All the money in the world can not make a man content. Contentment is an attitude --- it is a fruit of the Christian life. Contentment is a heart at peace with itself and with God. It is appreciating the really great things of life, the things money cannot buy. Contentment is saying with the Psalmist, "My cup runneth over."

Contentment does not depend on material things. Does this mean then that goods and riches have nothing to do with whether a man is content or not? Hardly. In fact, wealth and earthly comfort usually work the wrong way, they make a man **discontented**. It seems to be a general rule that the more that people have, the less contented they are.

A wise man once said, "To be content with little is difficult: to be content with much, impossible."

### Learning and Unlearning

Contentment isn't something that happens by itself. It is a virtue that must be built up, cherished, and guarded from harm. The Apostle Paul said he had to **learn** contentment. In his letter to the Philippians, he wrote, "For I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

When and where should contentment be learned? Shouldn't it be learned in childhood along with other Christian virtues such as honesty, thrift, kindness, or courtesy? Surely the first lessons should be given then. The habits of childhood, even little things, are likely to stick with us.

Instead of teaching our children contentment, I'm afraid some of us parents are teaching them discontentment. How? By giving them all their desires.

How could giving children what they want make them discontented? I don't know if there is a simple explanation, but that's how it works anyway.

Take, for example, the problem of getting children to

sit quietly during church services. What is the natural thing to do when a child cries? Give him a plaything, of course, to detract his attention. If he tires of it, hold out a different toy. When he tosses that one to the floor, have a third one ready. On and on it goes, toy after toy after toy. The more we give the child, the less quiet and content he is.

From experience I have learned that my children are quietest with **one** toy, or with none. The bigger the pack of playthings we offer, the more the child frets. He continually wants the next toy and doesn't play with any of them.

The same, of course, is true with candy and eats. The more you have to give the child, the less quiet and content he will be. It's a pretty safe guess that the child with the biggest pack of trinkets and tidbits is the most restless child in the room. A discontented spirit feeds itself by getting what it wants. If it doesn't get it, the discontentment will die out.

What happens when an older child is constantly given new playthings, or is allowed to have spending money freely? He grows up having no respect for his possessions, and careless with money. And he grows up discontented. Why shouldn't he? He has been to school, and taken the course.

What about us adults? Do the same rules apply to us? They just might.

To test how deep the roots of our contentment go down, we can ask ourselves this question. Could I, and my family, be content living in a log cabin with dirt floors, no running water, no stainless steel ware, no packaged foods? Our great-grandparents lived in such a home, and a big part of the world's people live under such conditions today. The idea is not as far-fetched as it may appear.

But it would be hard to give up our nice homes. Wouldn't it though! And yet, if God should will it so and it should come to pass, couldn't we make the adjustment and still have true contentment in our hearts?

As we think how difficult it would be to give up the niceties of life we are used to, we must wonder if perhaps our contentment depends more on circumstances than we care to admit.

Surely we should be careful not to accustom our children to luxuries and conveniences that they later would feel they simply could not get along without. Money flows more freely than ever before, and the present generation of Amish children is growing up in an affluence that no previous generation knew. There is a real danger of moving with the trend that always wants more, while becoming less contented all the while.

I think it has been a good experience for those of us who have moved to underdeveloped countries such as Honduras, Paraguay, or British Honduras. Our eyes have been at least partly-opened to what high standards of living Americans and Canadians are used to. We can see better now the luxuries that have crept even into the plain churches.

Strangely enough, the average Honduran in his adobe hut, eating tortillas, beans, and rice, is as contented, as the average American with his two-car garage, twelve-thousand-dollar job, and supermarket menu.

### Discontentment is Dangerous

What is so bad about discontentment? It is both **wrong** and **dangerous**.

Discontentment is dangerous because it is often seen holding hands with covetousness. And coveting is listed among the "Thou shalt not's" of the Ten Commandments.

Discontentment is dangerous because it leads to even more serious sins. A discontented spirit is poison to the soul. Many a young man or woman who cast wishful glances at the world ended up being there, ruined in soul (and often in body as well.)

Discontentment proved dangerous indeed for the Leghorn hens that crawled through beneath our fence. Today two of them wandered down to the barn and en-

tered the pig pens. They picked up stray kernels of corn there, and probably thought (if hens can think) that, "This is living."

But it wasn't living for very long. In a few minutes the pigs were spitting out feathers, and the two delinquent hens were no more.

Discontentment is **wrong**. God hardly wants His children to be grumbling and dissatisfied with their lot in life. Discontentment comes from hearts that are not right -- unsubmitive hearts, rebellious hearts, carnal hearts. To be habitually discontented is to live in sin.

Contentment, as we have tried to point out, is an attitude. Attitude makes a difference. Going back to the chicken house once more, we find that not all our hens have been fighting the fence. Some have been busy

eating feed and laying eggs, happy and content to fill their role. They are going about the business of life, and their joyful "singing" is the first sound to greet us when we wake in the morning.

Shouldn't that be our attitude too? -- joyful and content as we seek to fill our role in life, realizing that a Christian does not strive for houses and goods and riches as do other men. Knowing that true contentment comes from our treasures in heaven, and not from the treasures of earth.

Truly we need sensible advice in this troubled world. We can find it in the words of Paul to Timothy, "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." ■■



## SAM FINDS A FARM

(Names have been changed)

Sam Mast lived in a large Amish community. Like most of the other young married men, he worked in a factory. Sam didn't really like to work in a factory but the pay was good and his father had quit farming when Sam was a boy so he really didn't know too much about how to farm. The other men who worked with Sam all thought it was the right thing to do, in fact some of the older men had their farms paid for and they still kept on working in the factory.

As time went on, Sam and his wife became parents and as their responsibilities grew, Sam started thinking about the future. He was also influenced by an older brother who was a farmer and had at different times told Sam he shouldn't work in the factory.

As his three ambitious little boys kept growing the thought occurred to Sam, "If I keep on working away, what will become of our boys? Who will teach them to plow and plant and harvest? Who will teach them to milk cows and feed pigs and tend the chickens? Who will work with them and train them and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?"

Sam knew that his wife would try to do these things, but could she do it if he were gone all day? These thoughts kept coming back to Sam and they bothered him a lot. But on the other hand, taxes and the price of land was so high that Sam felt he would need a large sum of money before he dared to buy a farm.

After thinking it over for a long time, Sam and his wife decided to move to a smaller community where the land and the taxes were cheaper and the church standards were also better. They found the going hard, but they worked long hours and were able to make ends meet. Now he could be at home with his wife and his family.

After a number of years Sam and his wife went back to visit friends and relatives in the place where they had come from. Many things had changed, a few for the good, but in general it seemed the church was drifting fast. One thing he noticed in particular was that more and more fathers and even some mothers were working in factories. Many "miniature farms" had sprung up all

over the countryside, a house on a few acres with a small barn large enough for the driving horse. What were the children doing who were growing up inside those houses? Who would teach them to work and to take on responsibilities?

Sam found that some of the young men who worked in factories wanted to get out on a farm like he had done. But sad to say, he also found there was a trend in the opposite direction. Like one man, a father of six children told him, "Who would want to go back to farming where the work is hard and the pay is poor?" This man had farmed for several years then went to the factory.

Probably most of us, if we have really considered the matter would agree working in factories is not good for building up the church. The following points, as a general rule do not work for the good:

1. Working with worldly people who practice smoking, swearing, telling dirty stories, etc.
2. Men and women working together, especially under such conditions.
3. Fathers away from home, many times leaving too early to have devotions with the family.
4. Too much money available. Many people would say they want to work away so they can get started farming but it seems the number of farmers are getting fewer and fewer.

The list of disadvantages in factory work would be long if everything were included. The good points (for lasting good) are hard to fine.

There is no easy solution to the problem but we would like to make a few suggestions.

1. Spread out. In most of our communities farms are available on the edge of the communities at a much cheaper price. But still the miniature farms are popping up in the center of the settlements.
2. If you want to buy a farm someday, then begin now to live simply and save your money. Don't try to keep up with the Jones (the Beilers, the Burkholders or the Millers).
3. In many communities there is a good market for

truck crops or specialty crops. This could provide profitable employment for the children and can be done on a small acreage.

4. There are always older people who are well established financially. Why not help the young people get started instead of putting the money in the bank. Who is it helping if you put it in the bank?

The high cost of living, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the cost of high living, makes it difficult to start farming today and to keep on farming. As far back as we can go in the history of our people we find they were an agricultural people. In the Old Testament the Israelites, too, were an agricultural people as can be seen by the many laws and commandments which were given them are nearly all based on a rural people. To change this now would be taking a serious step. If we consider what effects it will have on the home and church, the question is before us, do we really want to change it?

- Sam, Address and State withheld.

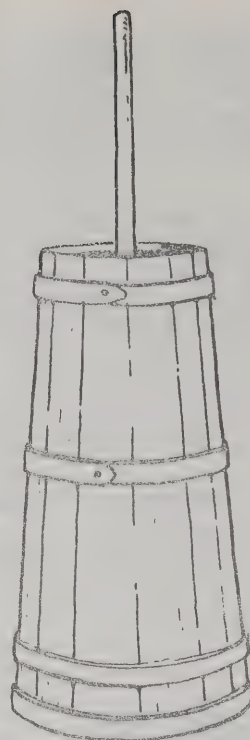
'Twas only an earthen pitcher  
She brought with a cooling draft;  
'Twas cracked in a dozen places,  
And many who saw it laughed;  
The little one's sweet lips quivered  
And her smiling eyes grew sad:  
"You wanted a drink of water,  
And that pitcher is all I had."

The king bent low from his saddle,  
And said, as he deeply quaffed:  
"Than this I have never tasted  
A more refreshing draft."  
He turned to his smiling courtiers,  
And his handsome face grew stren  
As he said—and his nobles wondered—  
'Tis a lesson we all may learn."

"We are bidden to serve each other,  
We are bidden to give our best;  
But we think since our gift is simple  
It needs to be richly dressed;  
We scoff at the earthen pitcher;  
For the garland cup we call,  
Forgetting the gift is the water,  
And never the cup at all."

The courtiers listened in silence;  
The little one's eyes of blue  
Grew round and wide as she faltered:  
"I didn't know it was you;  
'Twas just that you said you were thirsty;  
So I ran to the old spring well  
And dipped in my pitcher and brought it,  
'Twas not for the king at all."

So then, to the eyes of the nobles,  
He sweetly, strangely smiled  
As he said to the little maiden,  
"Yea, that is the gift my child;  
'Twas not that you brought the water,  
Thus thinking your king to please;  
'Twas just that you served me even  
As 'one of the least of these.'"  
-Sent by Mrs. Willis E. Yoder



## Of Pioneer Days

The township we live in was settled in the early 1800s, mostly by the hardy, thrifty and deeply devout farmers from Connecticut. In those days among the Amish the term "Yankees" was used for the New Englanders but later it came to mean anyone who was not descended from the Amish or related groups.

I have a history book of our township written about the years from 1810 to 1910. It tells us a lot, as all such history books do, of how the average family lived in those days. It is interesting to compare those days with the present generation of their descendants, as well as of our own.

Dad used to tell us about the Yankee neighbors, of how they took their religion very seriously. At that time no one worked on Sunday, for nearly everyone attended church services regularly. They would not allow their children to play any games, not even to throw a ball around the yard for they believed in keeping things quiet on Sunday.

Evidently they believed in Biblical names for their children for in glancing through the history book we find names like Asahel, Amasa, Joshua, Simeon, Enoch, Nathan, Hannah, Abigail, Philena, Phoebe, and many others. One can not help but be impressed by the importance that church and religion played in the lives of the early settlers. One history book of this county tells how some churches had a rule that no one was to miss church services unless he had a very good reason. He had to explain to the Deacon why he was absent and if no good reason was forthcoming, he had to make a confession in front of the congregation and solemnly promise to do better. Some also believed in excommunication of erring members if they did not repent.

They had an interesting way to keep their feet warm during the church services. The buildings were poorly heated and to remedy this, a family would bring their dog along, trained to lie under the seats so they could put their feet on or beside Old Shep to keep warm.

The early pioneers were well known for their love for fine horses. Anyone who wasn't a good horseman wasn't considered of much account by his neighbors.

One old farmer, when he heard of the "horseless carriage", snorted, "They'd better keep those new fangled contraptions off our roads." However, after a number of years, the first automobile did show up on these roads. The old timers were very much enraged when their horses bucked or took off for the ditch on meeting their first cars.

According to history, the first settlers of our county found only virgin forests with no open fields. The tools they used to cut the trees were an axe and a mattock, not a chain saw or a bulldozer. Their covered wagons were used for homes until cabins could be built. Their Sunday

church services were held in these homes until perhaps later a church house could be built, also of logs. Often times they had no preacher to start with, so they read the Bible, sang hymns and prayed together.

As more settlers moved in, sawmills came into common use, and better homes were built. Also church houses were built, some with tall steeples, some of which are still in use, but we must believe in a far different way than in those days.

According to one writing of the early 1900's many families had Bible reading and prayer in their homes every evening and morning at that time. This, he says, is what helped to bring those families of long ago close together.

We don't have to go back a hundred years in order to see a big change. At that time everyone was farming with horses, very few automobiles were on the road and airplanes were something to make a fuss over. As these double-winged contraptions clattered through the sky, the people would run out of their houses and shout to each other.

In those days our Amish settlement was small and families lived far apart. Many did not have any Amish neighbors and didn't see anyone from one church Sunday to another. They had to rely on the Yankees for help exchange and according to the stories I have heard, the boys had their fun in swimming, skating and wrestling matches. Those days were from the "slow and unhurried" past, in the days when our farming methods and modes of travel were no different from the others around us.

How many can still remember the old time spelling bees? Two or three families would pile into a bobsled on a cold winter evening and head for the spelling. There were dads and moms and children of all ages. Whoever got the floor would have the punishment or honor (however he felt about it), to start the first "Lied."

Another remembrance I have kept is of going to town with Mother. One place we usually stopped was at a place called Shetler's Racket Store. This was an ideal place for mothers to go to warm up by the old pot-bellied stove, and if necessary, change the baby's diapers.

How many people nowadays take time to go visiting on week days? With all the conveniences and time saving

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devices we have today that our parents didn't have to make their work easier and faster, they had time to take off a day and go visit the neighbors.

There have been many other changes during the past fifty years. Times never will be like that again, no matter how much we'd like to turn the clock back. History is now written down in books and the more recent is still imbedded in our memories.

It is interesting to think back to the "Good Old Days" or to read about it in books, and to compare it with these fast changing times. Probably those people had their troubles and things didn't always run smoothly but we can not believe that the temptations were as many or as great as in today's "jet age."

Is it any wonder that when we see all these young children, our children and grandchildren, in the schools and in the families around us, that a question often comes to our minds, if time goes on, what changes will they see in the next fifty years?

-Geauga County, Ohio.

## BAPTISM—Once or Twice

Nancy dragged her weary body from the cupboard to the table. She wasn't worn out from working too hard, for really there wasn't so much to do. This particular evening she was spared the task of preparing an evening meal.

She was worn out for want of proper nourishment and also for lack of love and affection which her husband should have shown toward her and the family. What was the use of setting the table if there was no food in the house? "Well, anyway," she told herself, "I will do my part and then maybe Pete will realize that he is not doing his."

Nancy's thoughts went back a number of years to when they were first married. How often she had heard her friends say, "I wish you a happy married life." If someone would have told her then that some day Pete would be a loafer and not even provide for his own family, she would not have believed it. Pete was a member in good standing in the church at that time and he had solemnly promised before the whole church to love and care for her. Didn't this also include providing something for them to eat?

Meanwhile Pete was on his way home and passed the minister, Reuben Smucker's home. Seeing Reuben in the lane he stopped to visit with him. After awhile he said,

July, 1972

"Do you know Dick Stewart? What kind of man is he anyway? I sold him a cow and he promised to pay for her the first of the month and now it is the tenth already."

Reuben was silent for a few moments and prayed a silent prayer that God would help him. Maybe this would be an opening that he could show Pete his mistake.

"That's wrong not to keep a promise we have made, isn't it?" Reuben said, and then he went on. "But there was a question in my mind, also."

"What's that?" Pete inquired.

"I was just wondering, do you feel that you are keeping the promise that you made when you were married?"

"Why-er- what do you mean?" Pete asked somewhat frustrated.

"Didn't you promise to provide for your wife and see that she has the things that she needs? If the things we hear at times are true, your family at times hardly has enough to eat but you seem to fare all right yourself when you are away from home."

Pete was silent for awhile but finally he said, "Well, maybe I haven't always been the husband I should have but the family has always had something to eat."

When Reuben came into the house, his wife asked, "Was that Pete you were visiting with awhile ago?"

"Yes."

"Did you say something about what we heard about his family?"

"Yes, I did, but I don't know how much good it will do."  
"Wouldn't he promise to do better and take care of his family as he promised when they were married?"

"I didn't ask him to promise that again."

"Why not?" his wife asked in surprise.

"What good would it do to promise it again as long as he doesn't keep the promise he has already made. If he repents and keeps his first promise that is all it will take to make things right."

"I never thought of it in that way, but I guess you are right," his wife said after studying over it a little while.

"Yes, there was nothing wrong with the promises he made when they were married, but if he doesn't keep them they are useless—as useless as a stamp and a seal on an empty letter. But if he sees his mistake and repents and makes those first promises good, then everything will be all right. This evening when I talked to him, he seemed to realize that he hasn't done like he ought to and he seemed to want to do better. If the Lord spares him, he can convince the church that he wants to make the promises good that he promised when they were married."

On the way home Pete was lost in deep thought. At first he had been resentful that Reuben had dared to talk like that to him. But Pete's conscience wasn't exactly clear for he recalled that Nancy had pleaded time and again with him to provide better for his family. He had meant to do better but the road of least resistance had seemed so much easier. Nancy had always managed to have something ready for the meals but often there was not enough to satisfy the children's hunger. He also noticed that Nancy was getting quite thin. He had told himself often already that tomorrow he would do better, but so far, tomorrow had never come.

As he neared home, he wondered what Nancy would have ready for supper. Probably some of the neighbors had given them something again. As he entered the house he was pleased to see that the table was already set.

"Are you ready for supper?" he asked, taking special pains to sound friendly.

"Yes," she replied meekly, "come to the table, children."

Eagerly the children came to the table. Had Father brought something after all so they would not have to go to bed with that gnawing pain in their stomachs?

Sitting around the table there was an inquiring look on their faces. But suddenly, when they realized there would be no supper after all, they burst out crying.

Conviction seized Pete and held him like a bird in a trap. He was caught and he knew it. "May God have mercy on me," he said as his voice broke, "and give me the strength to fulfill the promise I made ten years ago."

Meanwhile in the same community but several miles away, Levi was wrestling with another problem. Levi's problem was of a different kind and it seemed to him much greater than Levi's problem. If only someone would tell him what he ought to do.

Since Levi had talked with John, his mind was in a state of confusion. The heavenly light which seemed to shine before had gone, and all that was left was a darkness like a heavy fog that covers the countryside.

If only he had never met John, Levi thought to himself. But surely he ought not to feel that way about it for John seemed to be so concerned. John knew his Bible, and still his words kept ringing in Levi's ears.

"If you were unconverted when you were baptized; then your baptism is as useless as the seal on an empty letter. In order to be valid, baptism must be based on the true faith. Otherwise you will need to be baptized again. The church was at fault for they should not have baptized anyone who was not born again."

"But," Levi had faltered, "I have never heard of any of our churches rebaptizing any of their members and I doubt if they would as they are against anything new."

"That's just the trouble," John had answered, "your

church is too traditional. It isn't open to anything new even if it is Scriptural."

Was this true? Levi had always held a high opinion of his church and had no reason to doubt it. If only he could talk to someone about it who would be able to give him advice. Levi decided to go see Reuben Smucker that evening yet. Reuben was surprised to see him for he was just getting ready to go to bed when Levi arrived. He welcomed him in and they sat and visited awhile and then Levi told him what was on his mind. He told him what John had said.

Reuben sat and thought for awhile and then he answered, "John was partly right in what he said. I am afraid that sometimes the church is not concerned enough about the applicants for baptism and does not seek to find out whether they are sincere and have repented of their sins."

"However, in most cases, I feel the church does her duty in instructing and proving the applicants. But since we are unable to see into the heart, then it does happen at times that people who aren't really born again, are baptized. Then the fault lies with the applicant and not with the church."

"In my case, I don't think it was the church's fault," Levi said. "Even though I wanted to do what was right at the time, I now feel that I wasn't really born again until afterwards. Wouldn't it be necessary to be baptized again after I was converted?"

"From what I understand the Scriptures, I wouldn't think so," Reuben said. "It would seem to me the only thing that would need to be corrected is that which was at fault. In your case, the church did her part, the bishop performed the outward ceremony correctly. If you still lived in sin unknown to the church, then the thing to do was to repent, make restitution where possible and live up to your former promises. What good would a second set of promises be to the church as long as you weren't willing to live up to the promises you made when you were baptized? If you were willing to live up to the former set of promises, what good would a second set of promises be?"

"Do we have any Scriptures regarding rebaptism?" Levi asked.

"Not exactly, that I know of, although Matt. 19:20 and Mark 16:15, 16 make it plain that baptism is for those who believe the gospel. Infants can't believe, therefore if they were baptized as infants, they ought to be rebaptized."

Levi studied awhile and then he asked, "But how much difference would there be between the baptism of infants, and the baptism of adults who make a mouth confession, but have unbelief in their hearts?"

"The way I understand it, the infant is acceptable to God in spite of his baptism. The adult is under condemnation because of his unbelief and not because of his baptism. We know that infants can't believe and that adults can believe. Since we can't see into a person's heart, we can not always discern whether he has the true faith or not."

"Do you think there were any persons baptized in the first century after Jesus died that were unconverted?" Levi asked.

"It appears that perhaps Ananias and Sapphira, and Simon the Sorcerer may have been such cases. The fallen state of the Corinthian, Galatian and Colossian churches as well as the five churches in Revelations, indicates that there may have been other unconverted people baptized."

"Is there anything to indicate that the Apostles wanted such to be re-baptized?"

Reuben thought awhile and then he answered, "There is no such indication that I know of. But everywhere we find that repentance or excommunication is always stressed."

"I am glad for our little talk this evening," Levi said as he reached for his hat, "and I think I can sleep better tonight."

- Pennsylvania.

Family Life

# BENNIE ASKS ADVICE

Bennie Smucker went to shake hands with Dan Stoltzfus after church. He was Bennie's wife's uncle but hadn't seen them since they had been there on their wedding visit. Uncle Dan did not release his hand right away, it was plain to see he was puzzled.

"Don't you know me?" Bennie asked and then he added, "You should, for my wife is your niece."

Now Dan was really puzzled and Bennie almost had to laugh, but then Dan's face lighted up, "Why you- you're Barbara's husband! I must be getting forgetful. And is this your little girl? I should have looked at her, she looks just like her mother did at that age."

"That's what a lot of people say but I don't know if it's true or not cause I didn't know Barbara until she was grown. We've got another little girl and she looks more like me."

"No boys yet?" Uncle Dan exclaimed. "Well the main thing is to raise them right, no matter if they're boys or girls." Uncle Dan held his hand out to the little girl, "Can you say 'Howdy', little Barbara?"

Little Mary grabbed the leg of Bennie's pants a little tighter and tried to hide behind her father. "Bashful, like Barbara, too," chuckled Uncle Dan as he walked away.

As Bennie untied his horse and got ready to go home, his mind went back to Uncle Dan. Why hadn't he recognized him? Of course Bennie had changed in the three years he was married, now he had a lot more beard, and his hair was combed different and was longer, too. Not only had Bennie settled down, he had settled up, too. Gone was the cocky tilt to his head that had belonged to the boy of 5 years ago, the boy who always had a ready answer and was ready for a joke or a story.

How glad Bennie was that it was so. Now he had a clear conscience and there was joy in his heart. How he wished he could tell everyone what it was like to have peace in the heart.

Bennie's thoughts went to Eli Yoder. Eli was his friend and they had been together a lot before they were married. It had been partly through Eli that Bennie had changed, but Barbara had more to do with it. Barbara had been a shy girl but in her quiet and loving way she had a lot of influence over him. Still water runs deep, and this was certainly true of Barbara. Now he knew what it means in Proverbs where it says a virtuous woman is worth more than rubies.

They were half way home before Bennie was aroused from his thoughts by a remark from Barbara, "It was an interesting sermon we had today."

"Yes, it was," Bennie replied. Then his thoughts went back to what the minister had said, of how there are many sick and weak people among them and many sleep. If only there could be some way to awaken them.

"You know, the more I think about it, the more I agree with what Eli Yoder said last Sunday," Bennie said.

"What do you mean?"

"He said he thinks the church spends too much time trying to make people do little things like keeping the ordnung of the church. He said that if it was made a rule that no one could join church unless he was born again, it would make a great big difference in the church."

"But I'm afraid making such a rule would not solve the problem," his wife said.

"Do you mean because of people like Joe Byler?" Bennie asked as he remembered the experience they had had a few weeks ago when they were discussing some church matters. Bennie had mentioned some things he thought should be changed when Joe Byler spoke up and said, "I don't think we need to worry that our faith is not good enough if only we believe and do our part." Then he had pointed a finger at Bennie and said, "Young fellows like you have enough to do to raise you own families like it says, 'in die Zucht und vermahnung' instead of trying to tell the older people what to do. Don't we read somewhere that the young ought to submit themselves unto the elders?"

Maybe if it weren't for people like Joe Byler, things could be gotten in better order in the church, Bennie thought to himself as they drove into the barnyard and unhitched the horse.

That evening Barbara was just finished with the dishes and Bennie sat in the rocking chair with a little girl on each knee, when Eli Yoders drove in. "Come in, come in," Barbara said as she dried her hands on a towel, "why didn't you come for supper?"

" Sylvia was teething and we didn't know whether we should take her away this evening or not." Sarah said, "but this afternoon she was so much better that we decided to come anyhow for it's such a nice evening."

"Yes, we've been having lovely weather, haven't we?" Barbara said. "Mother used to call it Indian Summer."

They sat and visited and Eli took a bite out of one of the apples that Barbara had set on the table. "Last evening I drove to town for some groceries and things," Eli said, "and I noticed they have started to rebuild that factory that burned down the other week."

"I haven't been to town lately so I didn't see it," Bennie said.

"Well, I was taking my bag of things down to the shed and passed the Coffee House just as the door opened. And in there were Jerry and Sam Miller playing the pin ball machine."

Bennie shook his head, "And it's no four weeks that they were baptized. Do you remember how the minister said they should rejoice that their sins were forgiven. There were six boys baptized and it seems to me John Yoder's boy is the only one who is really living the way he ought to. And maybe a few of the others don't do too bad. I've always thought a lot of John Yoder."

"So have I," said Eli. "He's a man of few words but what he says is usually worth listening to. And he doesn't do a lot of things just because it's tradition, the way a lot of people do."

In the days that followed, Bennie thought of the conversation with Eli Yoder. Some changes should be made

## NOT EVERYTHING IS GOOD

The topless bather, when she was reprimanded tried to excuse herself by saying. "But I see nothing wrong with the human body. God made Adam and Eve and called it good. I want to be like they were."

What she failed to take into account was the fall of man. Everything was called good when it was created, but since the fall, man must constantly strive against his evil nature. To expose one's body to the public and for a woman to show herself to anyone except her husband may cause them to weaken and revert to an abominable nature, and she will not remain unpunished. It is the will of God that women shall be fully clothed in modest dress, not in form fitting or short dresses and not to be adorned with jewelry or vain displaying of the hair.

in the church. One day as he was hauling manure, his thoughts went to John Yoder. Perhaps it would be a good idea to ask John for advice. He'd talk it over with Barbara once.

"Well, I see your bread got real nice again this time," Bennie said at the dinner table as he heaped some fresh apple butter on.

"Yes, I really don't know what I did different," Barbara laughed.

"Do we have anything going on for Sunday?" Bennie asked.

"Not really, but I was thinking of going to church in the north district. That is, if you want to."

"Suits me all right. How about stopping in at John Yoder's on the way home then? I'd like to ask him what he thinks about a few things. I've always thought John was a level headed man and far sighted."

"Yes, if only there were more like him," Barbara sighed.

It was Sunday afternoon. John Yoder looked up from the New Testament he was reading. "What did you say, Mom?"

"I said there's someone coming in the lane."

"So there is. Hmmm. Looks like Bennie Smuckers horse from here. I've been wishing I had a chance to talk with him sometime."

"Why so?"

"Oh, I was glad to see he changed his ways, but now the way it sounds, he may be getting a bit mixed up." Then John added with a sigh, "I guess when I was his age, I had some easy answers to a lot of our problems, too. But I kept those thoughts to myself."

"Were you over in the other district in church?" asked John when the visitors had seated themselves.

"Yes, we were and I'm glad we went. There was a visiting minister there and we heard a very good sermon."

"We thought of going, too," John stretched himself, "but Mom had a cold so we decided to just stay at home and take things easy."

"Well, we don't want to stay too long for we have to get home to chore, so I just as well say what we came for. I need some advice."

"You need some advice!" John laughed. "Well, I quite often need some myself and there's a lot of things I don't understand. But if there's any problems I could help you with, I'd be glad to do what I can. What's on your mind?"

Bennie cleared his throat. "Eli Yoder and I were just talking the other day about some things, how it goes in the church. Eli said he thinks it would make a very big difference, if everybody would be born again before they join church. He said he thinks we are working on the wrong end when we insist they have to do certain things before they can join. He said if they were born again, they would want to do what is right."

John did not answer for a few moments and then he said, "Yes, I agree with you. It would make a big difference if everybody would be born again before they joined church."

Bennie breathed a sigh of relief. He was glad to hear that John agreed with him. But then John asked "But what would we do if someone would say 'Yes, I am born again,' but we would think he isn't?"

"Do you mean if his actions would show he isn't?" Bennie asked.

"Yes."

"Then I suppose we would just have to decide he isn't," Bennie said.

"Yes, I suppose so, too," John answered. "How much different would that be from how we have it now?"

Bennie looked at the floor. He didn't know what to answer so John went on, "When Jesus was here, he could see into a person's heart, but we can not do that. We have to go by what we can see on the outside, by the fruits. In the twelfth chapter of Matthew it says that we must know the tree according to its fruits. That is why we have certain standards to look on, to see if a person wants to

do what he can. If he can't even do the little things which are required of him which can be seen how can we hope that he is doing the more important things which can not be seen from the outside?"

"Yes, I believe you are right," Bennie said, "but why can't the young people understand it. Don't the ministers make it plain enough?"

"I would think so," John said, "but I would like to ask you a question. Were you born again when you were baptized?"

Bennie's thoughts went back to five years ago when he joined church. He knew that he had made some big changes since that time. "I-I don't think I understood it at that time," he said.

"Even now there are some things which you don't understand, aren't there?"

"Of course there are," Bennie said, "for that's the reason I came past here to talk with you."

"Well, I'm a lot older than you are, and I don't understand it all either," John said, "and I believe as long as we live, we should still be growing and still seeking to know what is the will of God, and be willing to live up to what is required of us. If you wanted to do what was right, and had given yourself up to do what was required of you, and if there were no evidence that showed otherwise, then I don't think the church would have a right to refuse to baptize you."

Bennie was silent, so John went on. "In the eighth chapter of Acts, we read of quite a few people who were baptized by Philip, but apparently for some reason they did not receive the Holy Spirit. Later when Peter and John went there and laid their hands on them, they received the Holy Spirit. There was a man by the name of Simon who was baptized also, and apparently Philip thought he had repented. But when Peter and John came, Simon offered them money so they would give him the power to lay his hands on people and they would receive the Holy Spirit. Then Peter was able to see that the heart of Simon was not right. He told him that his heart was not right before God and that he should repent. I believe he was able to see this because Simon wanted to buy the gift of God with money. I am afraid it is too often that way today. We baptize people who have a good appearance on the outside but later it comes out that they aren't what they ought to be on the inside."

"Do you think more of the young folks would understand it if more English were used. Some people don't understand the German very well?"

"Maybe some people could understand it better, I don't know," John answered, "but I've never known anyone who grew up with the German language, who couldn't learn to read and speak it if he really wanted to. There are German schools, too, but it seems some people aren't interested in learning."

"But the children learn the English in school. That's why they understand the English so much better," Bennie said.

"Yes, that's true," John answered, "But now the way we have it with the parochial schools, we can teach some German, too, and there's really not much excuse for anyone not knowing the German language. Of course, I think it's good to have both the German and the English at times to read the Bible. Some things can be better understood in English, but other verses are clearer in German."

"Could you give me an example of that?"

John thought a little and then he said, "Well, yes, there where it talks about eating and drinking being so wrong. But in the German, the same verse says 'saufa und fressa.' We know that 'fressa' means eating too much."

"Yes, I guess that's right," Bennie said.

Then John smiled a little as he said, "And don't you think the love of God is the same in any language, and an ungodly, rebellious spirit is the same in any language, too, isn't it?"

Bennie nodded his head, as he answered, "I suppose so."

Bennie sat studying the floor for a few minutes. "I have been wondering, don't you think too much of what we do is only out of tradition and not really out of love?"

"I would agree with you that there may be some things which have been handed down which are only tradition and maybe not really necessary. But let me tell you something. I have a neighbor here, who belongs to a liberal Mennonite church, and he's a fine man if ever I knew one. He says their Church has really changed in the last 20 years."

I don't remember the last 20," Bennie said, "but I know how it has changed in the last ten."

"Well, this man says he thinks the change came about because there were quite a number of young folks, and some of the older folks, too, who felt that there should be no tradition mixed with their religion. He said at first he thought it was a good idea, but now he sees they have just traded their problems for a lot of worse ones. Now it has come to the point where little difference can be seen between them and the world. He says there are some outside people who join the church, but their own are leaving in alarming numbers."

Bennie sat with his chin in his hand for a long minute. "But there are some things being done in the church which just aren't honest and shouldn't ever be in the church."

"Can you give me an example?"

"Yes, I can," Bennie said, "for instance about that horse deal that Elmer sold a horse to Jesse. I don't think that was honest."

"Yes, I heard about that, too," John said. "I don't think it was as it should have been. But we must not judge too harshly. I've heard both sides of the story and I believe Jesse misunderstood Elmer. Perhaps Elmer wanted Jesse to misunderstand him- I don't know about that- and there's no way of knowing."

"But then Elmer pretends to be so good," Bennie said.

"Yes, it's not for us to know exactly how that was, but Grandfather used to say, it shouldn't be necessary for us to blow out the other man's candle just in order to let our own shine."

Bennie shifted in his chair and then he said, rather sadly, "Do you mean then there's nothing that we can do?"

"I didn't say that. I think first we should be a good example and live our faith. There is an old saying that what we are speaks so loud that what we say is scarcely heard. We can stand for what we feel is right, even if at times people think we are queer. That doesn't hurt anyone, you know. Our first and most important job is to try to keep ourselves in place and as far as I am concerned, I think that requires a large part of my time just to work with myself and my own family. But of course, we should also be concerned to help others if we can, and above all we should have a deep concern in our hearts so that what we do, we can do out of love. And above all, we should pray."

Bennie looked at the clock, "Well, we should be going as it is time to chore."

"Glad you stopped in," John said, "but I don't know if I helped you very much with the problem."

Bennie started to go but then he turned and said, "Oh yes, there was something else I wanted to ask you about. What do you think about what Jerry and Sam Miller were doing the other Saturday night?"

"What were they doing?"

"Eli Yoder said he saw them in town and as he walked past the Coffee House, he saw them in there and they were playing a pin ball machine."

"Oh, I hadn't heard," John Yoder sighed and then he looked at the floor. After some time he said in a sad voice, "I was just afraid of that all along."

"Why were you afraid?"

"Because those boys showed a rebellious attitude. They conformed to the ordnung when they had to in order to get baptized, but their attitude was not what it should have been all along."

"I didn't think so either," Bennie said, "but wasn't

there anything the church could have done in a case like that."

John was silent for a few moments and then he answered, "Yes, I think they could have and I think they should have. It is the church's responsibility to prove the applicants of baptism, and this doesn't mean just in the ordnung. They should take into consideration the attitudes also. If anyone shows a rebellious or un-submissive attitude, I think the church should not go ahead with the baptism."

"Then why did they? The way I heard it, the boys had talked back to the preachers a short time before they were baptized."

"I heard something like that, too," John said sadly, "but I do not know if it was true or not. If it was, then-"

"Then what?"

"Then I feel it was a mistake and a rather serious one to go ahead with the baptism."

As the horse trotted homeward, Bennie was in deep thought. He was glad they had stopped in at John Yoders. Although it still wasn't altogether clear, he felt that now he could better grasp the size of the problem. He could see an opening, something that he could work at, but he realized there were no easy answers, for the problem was not as simple as he had imagined at first.

The goal should be to have a church without spot or wrinkle, where each and every member would be a bright and shining witness for Christ. But no one should become discouraged and give up if this goal is not reached. If even in the Apostle Paul's time some were sick and weakly, and others were sleeping, then it would be expecting too much, not to find some of these conditions today.

Bennie felt encouraged after his talk with John. With people like John Yoder in the church, and Bennie was convinced there were many others who felt the same way, then the sick and weakly could be helped and maybe even those who are sleeping could be awakened.

Before he had talked with John, Bennie had been discouraged, because it seemed there was so little that he could do. Now he felt that he had a role to fill which amounted to something. He believed that if each one walked in true humility and paid close attention to himself first, then there couldn't help but be an improvement in the church.

Why had John Yoder seemed so sad when he talked about his own family? The two oldest boys seemed to be sincere and obedient, but the third had been in trouble in school already. Then he thought of his own family, his two little girls. Mary was so like her mother, they seldom had to spank her. But Rachel, as little as she was, they'd had to spank quite often already. If things didn't go her way, she'd lay on the floor and kick and scream.

"It's a big responsibility to raise a family," Bennie said to Barbara. "Do you think we'll be able to raise ours the way we ought to?"

"I hope we can," Barbara answered, "but I'm afraid we still have a lot to learn."

"Of course we will," Bennie said, "and no doubt we will make mistakes even if we try our best. But that is one reason I am so concerned about the church. I hope our children don't grow up and get into bad company. In a short time it could spoil everything we have worked so hard to teach them."

"Yes, I feel the same way," Barbara said, "we want to bring our children up in a church that we can have confidence in. But on the other hand, I don't think that we should just depend on the church to teach our children. We have a big responsibility in living as we should ourselves and in teaching and training our children, too."

"Yes, I would say what the children learn at home is about three-fourths of the job," Bennie said, "It is true, we ought to be concerned about the church, but first let's make sure we don't neglect our first and greatest responsibility, which is to see that we ourselves and our children live a true Christian life."

## Vom Säen und Ernten.

Die weil die Sommer Monate wieder heran nahen, denken wir an das Säen und Ernten. Und als wir nun die natürliche Früchte säen und einsammeln, wollen wir auch an das geistliche Säen und Ernten denken.

In die südliche Staaten konnten wir diesen Sommer schon viel Gemüse aus dem Garten einnehmen und unsere natürliche Leiber speisen und laben. Das frische Garten-Stoff riechet gut im Frühjahr. Bis dieses vor die Leser kommt haben wir wohl schon alle davon geschmeckt, und haben auch schon von die Weizen-Ernte abgemacht so wie wir suchen acht zu geben drauf.

Wenn wir guten Samen säen können wir vorne sehen auf eine gute Ernte, aber doch muß Gott sein Segen dazu geben. In Gottes Segen ist alles gelegen. Wenn der Regen nicht regelmäßig kommt und das Wetter schön warm so tut die Früchte nicht so gut.

Wir haben gemeldet von an das Geistliche denken, ja, das geistliche Säen ist eigentlich von einem größern Wert als wie das Natürliche. Wir wollen uns erinnern an des

Apostels Worten: „Irret euch nicht, Gott läßt sich nicht spotten. Denn was der Mensch sät, das wird er ernten. Wer auf sein Fleisch sät, der wird von dem Fleisch das Verderben ernten. Wer aber auf den Geist sät, der wird von dem Geist das ewige Leben ernten.“ Gal. 6, 7. 8. Wir gehen noch ein Vers weiter in diesem Kap. „Lasset uns aber Gutes tun und nicht müde werden; denn zu seiner Zeit werden wir auch ernten ohne aufhören.“

Wenn wir als wieder hören wo junge Leute die Welt verlassen in einem zeitlichen Wohlleben mit Getränk dabei, ja plötzlich in einem Augenblick das Ende ihres Lebens antreffen; Es macht uns wundern wenn wir obige Schriftstellen als wieder überlesen. Sind solche arme Junge Leute bereit die Welt zu verlassen? oder werden sie in einem unbereiteten Zustand weggerissen und müssen so vor Gott erscheinen an jenem Gerichtstag? Tut es uns nicht schauern an solche Umständen zu denken? Und dann wieder an obigem Schriftstell: „Was der Mensch sät, das wird er auch ernten.“ Wir lassen hier ein Dichter Spruch folgen:

Änderung ist der Weg zum Leben,  
Bitte, fahr im Bitten fort!  
Christi Blut ist dir gegeben,  
Dir gehört sein Geist und Wort.

Was für eine Änderung meint er hier? Wir würden doch alle einstimmen, daß wenn ein solch Leben von Lustbarkeit behaftet mit stark Getränk platz nimmt, müßte doch wahrlich eine Veränderung geschehen wenn wir im Frieden stehen wollen mit Gott, nicht so? Oder glauben wir daß Jesus sich findet mit solche Sachen? Gehet er mit wenn wir hinkommen solch Getränk zu holen? Dies sind weltliche Sachen, und wo ist unser Glauben, der ein Sieg sein soll die Welt zu überwinden? Johannes schreibt: „Wer übertritt, und bleibet nicht in der Lehre Christi, der hat keinen Gott; wer in der Lehre Christi bleibet, der hat beide, den Vater und den Sohn.“

Wir kommen zurück an uns selbst. Tun wir Diener es vielleicht nicht mehr wichtig genug vorstellen? Tun wir die Umständen in die Gemeinden vielleicht nicht genug nachsuchen und aus Liebe bestrafen? Wir sollten doch wahrlich anhalten am warnen. Wir wissen daß solches ist nicht am gute Früchte säen, und wenn wir nicht gute Früchte säen wie können wir gedenken Gutes zu ernten.

Der Apostel warnt uns mit diesen Worten: „Saufet euch nicht voll Weins, daraus ein unordentlich Wesen folget, sondern werdet voll Geistes.“ Eph. 5, 18. Mit diesem ist es wohl so gewöhnlich für der Mensch sich trösten mit den Worten: „Ich war nicht voll Weins, ich hatte nur ein Biß.“ Wir können aber nicht helfen als wie glauben, daß an solche Zeiten das wenige genommen wird um lustig zu werden im Ganzen. Und das ist schon sehr im Anfang. Wäre es nicht schön wenn wir mehr hätten von was der Apostel weiter sagt: „Redet unter einander in Psalmen und Lobgesängen und geistlichen Liedern, singet und spielt dem Herrn in euern Herzen, und saget Dank allezeit für alles Gott und dem Vater in dem Namen unseres Herrn Jesu Christi; und seid unter einander untertan in der Furcht Gottes.“ Vers 19—21.

Wieder zurück kommen an die Worte: „Wer übertritt, und bleibet nicht in der Lehre Christi, der hat keinen Gott.“ Wenn wir durch solche Umständen und Leben keinen Gott haben, wo stehen wir arme Menschen? Ist das nicht ein

1 —

Ich wanderte weit, weit weg von Gott,  
Das Sünden-Pfad zu lang ich trat,  
Jetzt, nun komm ich heim.  
Herr, ich komme heim.

Chorus —

Komme heim, komme heim.  
Deffene weit dein gnädiger Arm,  
Nicht mehr wand're ich fern.  
Herr, ich komme heim.

2 —

So manche Jahr ich nun verschwendet,  
Mit bitt're Tränen ich jetzt zuwend,  
Jetzt, nun komm ich heim.  
Herr, ich komme heim.

3 —

Dem sündigen bin ich müd O Herr,  
Ich tran dein' Lieb und glaub dein Wort,  
Jetzt, nun komm ich heim.  
Herr, ich komme heim.

4 —

Mein' Seel ist krank, mein Herz ist schwach,  
Mein Kraft vernuen, mein' Hoffnung erstatt,  
Jetzt, nun komm ich heim.  
Herr, ich komme heim.

5 —

Mein' einzige Hoffnung, wie auch mein Flehn,  
Weil Jesus starb, und starb für mich,  
Jetzt, nun komm ich heim.  
Herr, ich komme heim.

6 —

Ich brauch dein Reinigungs-Blut so gut,  
O wasch mich in die Veröhnungs-Blut,  
Jetzt, nun komm ich heim.  
Herr, ich komme heim.

Gefährlichen Stand? Und nach meiner geringe Einsichten müssen wir bang haben, daß manche junge Seelen stehen gerade in diesem Stand heute.

Was ich hier schreibe oder dazu sage, ändert es nicht, aber nehmet nur solche Schriftstellen und prüfet für euch selbst, und sehet was für eine Antwort ihr davon bekommt.

O ihr liebe junge Seelen, bespiegelt euch im Wort Gottes, denket an dem Dichter Spruch:

O Mensch! wie ist dein Herz bestellt?  
Hab Achtung auf dein Leben!  
Was trägt für Frucht dein Herzensfeld?  
Sind's Dornen oder Neben?  
Denn aus der Frucht kennt man die Saat,  
Auch wer das Land gesäet hat:  
Gott oder der Verderber.

Ist nun dein Herz dem Wege gleich  
Und einer Nebenstraßen,  
Da auf dem breiten Lastersteig  
Die Vögel Alles fraßen;  
Ach! prüfe dich, es ist kein Scherz;  
Ist so bewandt dein armes Herz,  
So bist du zu beklagen.

Schanet doch einmal hinüber auf Golgatha, und denket daran was unser lieber Heiland durch gemacht hat um uns zu erlösen und befreien. Wie er dann nahe an seinem Ende kam, konnte er die Worte ausrufen: „Nun ist es vollbracht.“ Dann neigte er sein Haupt und verschied.

Schanet auch weiter hinüber zum Ort wo genannt wird: Die Hölle. Wo der Rauch ihrer Qual wird aufsteigen von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit, und werden keine Ruh haben Tag und Nacht. Dann wollen wir auch in der Höhe schauen zum Ort wo genannt wird „Der Himmel,“ wo Freude der Fülle, und ein liebliches Wesen sein wird, und das auch von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.

Wo der reiche Mann in der Hölle war, wollte er gerne

heraus kommen, aber er konnte nicht. „Gedenke Sohn, daß du dein Gutes empfangen hast bei deinem Leben.“ Du hast dein zeitliches Wohlleben gehabt, jetzt ist es anders. So wird es alle Menschen gehen die nicht guten Samen säen in der Gnadenzeit.

Befehret euch, verlaßt die Welt,  
Laßt Sünden und Schaden fahren!  
Schwingt euren Sinn in's Himmelszelt,  
Tut keine Buße sparen!  
Bedenkt das angenehme Gent!  
Ja, hent ist noch die Gnadenzeit,  
Wer weiß, was Morgen folget!

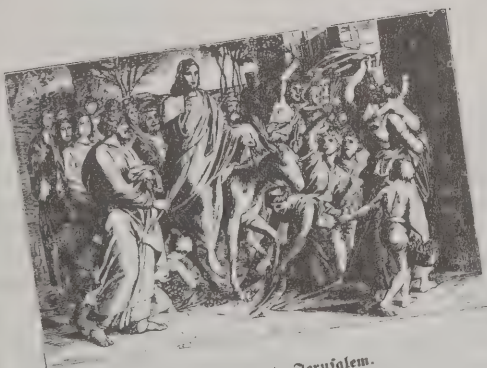
## Ein Sturm in den Krieg

Es war in zeit von der Revolutionary Krieg. Das Krieg war am gefochten werden hie und da, wo die Colonists gewohnt haben in dieses Neues Land. Das British Welt es die Colonists gehabt haben war nichts mehr etwas wert. Die Americans haben Welt gemacht aber es war so wenig wert das es bald ein wagen load Welt genommen hat für so viel Gf-sach kaufen.

Es war ein betrübte und furchtsame zeit für die Amische und Mennoniten es nahe bei Philadelphia gewohnt haben. Denn sie wußten niemols wie geschwind es sie fliehen müssen für ihr Leben. Die wehrlose Männer haben ihren freiheit gekauft das sie nicht fechten müssen in das Krieg. Ebenso waren etlichen in die Prison gethan für ihren Glauben.

An dieser Zeit war ein Amische Gemeinde in Chester County, nahe bei Malvern. Dies war nicht weit von die Stadt Philadelphia. Weil dies die größte Stadt war ins Land an dieser Zeit (20.000 pop.) und hatte ein Shipping Port gehabt, war es ein hoch gehaltene Stadt. Die Neue Legislatore war auch in dieser Stadt.

Es war ein zeit durch das Krieg es die Colonists bemerken das die British am zielen waren gegen Philadelphia.



**Einzug Jesu in Jerusalem.**

Aber viel Volks breitete die Kleider auf den Weg, die andern hie ben Zweige von den Bäumen, und streuten sie auf den Weg. Das Volk aber, das vorging und nachfolgte, schrie und sprach: Hosanna dem Zohn David; adeleber sei, der da kommt in dem Namen des HERREN! Hosanna in der Höhe!

Ge. Mathai—Kap. 21. Vers 8 u.

### **JESUS' ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM.**

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way, others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying Hosanna to the son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Matthew xxi. 8. u.

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Die Americans haben probiert die British abwehren ob sie an die Stadt kommen. Der George Washington war General von die American Army es nahe bei Philadelphia war.

Einen Tag ruft er eins von seiner Männer zu sich und sagte, „Ging du geschwind nunter gehen Malvern und sagte der Bauer es nahe dahin wohnte es wir auf sein Land fachten werden am Morgan.“

Der Soldat ging in eine schnelligkeit naus am Plak wo er hin direct worden ist. Es war auf einer Amischer Mann sein Land es heiet Jacob Kauffman.

Es war eine ziemliche groe Amische Gemeinde an Malvern an dieser zeit. Wir knnen uns einbilden es waren ein gro erschrecken ber die Leute kommen wo sie diese gehrt haben. Sie wuten es die Soldaten werden alles nehmen von ihren Heimat es sie wollen, von Vieh bis am Ek-fach in die Kellar. Nicht nur da, aber die Amische ihren eignen Leben wird im gefahr.

Wir knnen denken es war in zeit von die Ernte. Vielleicht war der Jacob in das Feld wo das Wort von der Soldat kommen ist. Er hat eine Familie gehabt. Es ist nur natrlich es er am ersten mal geschwind gesprungen ist fr seine Weib sagen es sie die Kindern bereiten soll, dieweil er zu seine Nchsten ging fr sie warnen. Geschwind war die Warnung ausgebreitet von einer Nachbarn zu dem andern, denn sie wuten nicht wie weit das Krieg langen wird.

Knnen wir nicht sehen die Mutter Kauffman springen an die Kleidern und sie geschwind in eine Sack thun. Die Kindern wollen helfen was sie knnen. Sie fragen questions als sie ihren Mutter nach springen. Die grte probieren helfen was sie knnen. Die Kleinen ihren gedanken knnen nicht begreifen die Ursach es die Mutter bald am heulen war. Ihren Lippen rufen dem Herrn an in ein stilles Gebet. Sie probiert denken was sie am meisten brauchen — was sie alles mit nehmen knnen. Sie denkt an die alt Bibel und die Lieder-Bchern was von alten Land gebrocht war. Dies thut sie in die Pak mit die Kleidern.

Bis ihren Mann heim gekommen war hatte sie schon viel sachen bereit fr auf den wagen laden. In die ganz nachbarschaft waren Leute im ngsten. Sie wissen sich bereiten in eine schnelligkeit denn sie wuten nicht wie geschwind die Armies kommen mchten. Eins noch dem andern von wgen sehen die Kauffmans vorbei gingen. Ganze Familiens, mit Sne, Vieh, Hunden, und alles es sie gut mit nehmen knnen.

Es war noch nicht Abend bis sie auf ihren Weg waren. Als sie gehen, sehet die Mutter und Vater zurck, denn sie wuten nicht ob sie ihren Heimet wieder sehen wird. Als sie gehen, beten sie ernstlich und mit anhaltens.

Der Weg war nur ein Pfad durch die Wilderne. Es war nicht glatte. Der wagen war schwer und rapplich. Er ging schrgs ein weg, dann einandern. Die grte Kindern laufen neben nach.

Sie gingen so weit es sie knnen bis es dunkeln war es sie nicht mehr sehen knnen. Die Familien es geflohen sind haben nicht alle Plak fr schlafen, so schlafen sie auf den Grund.

Der kommenden Tag wunderte der Jacob und seine Fran oft wie es sich am zutragen ist daheim. Sie knnen nicht die groe Cannons hren. Sie und die andere Familien hoffen sie werden bald hren wie es zugeht. Mnner steigen auf die hohen hgelen ob sie etwas sehen knnen — ob sie die Army sehen mchten kommen — ob sie noch weiter fliehen wissen. Es war eine traurige Zeit fr die Leute, aber sie glaubten an Gott und wuten es Er sie mit helfen kann.

Sie warten die zweiten Tag bis Botschaft kommt. „Sie haben da Krieg nicht gefochten auf dein Land,“ ward gesagt zu der Jacob Kauffman. „Es hat nur g’happened es ein sehr harter gewitter Sturm auf gekommen. Dies thut ihren Plans anderes machen.“

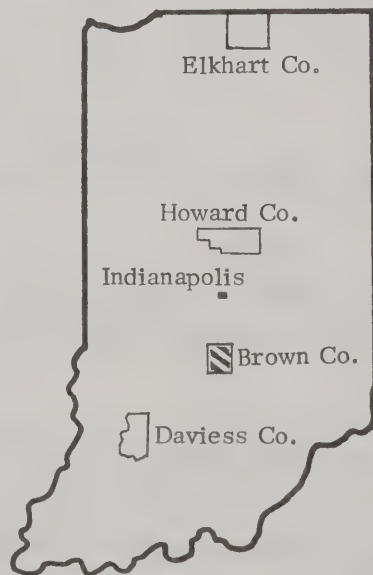
Aber die Leute wissen besser. Sie wissen das Gott kann solches alles schaffen, in Antwort zu ihrem Gebet.

S.M.W.

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

### Amish in Brown Country, Indiana

By David Luthy



Thirty-five miles south of Indianapolis is a county called Brown. Its population of less than 9,000 makes it 87th in size among Indiana’s 92 counties. Even though it has a very small population, it is very well known among

other residents of the state and often visited by them. They come in the fall to see the beauty of the leaves on the countless trees which thickly cover the many hills. The area attracts numerous artists who capture the landscape and fall scenery with their paint brushes.

Besides the colorful trees and dramatic hills, there are other things which tourists come to see. There are narrow craggy valleys, covered bridges, rawboned farms, weatherbeaten little villages with such unusual names as Bean Blossom, Gnow Bone, Stone Head, Story, Shake Rug Hollow, Needmore, Bear Wallow. They like to visit the county seat, Nashville, which is the smallest county seat in Indiana, having a population of less than 500. Its main industry is weaving and doll making and other handcrafts.

Brown County is quaint, backward, folksy, beautiful. It is part of rural Indiana which has changed little in the past fifty years. It might even be called an “antique county” because of its old-fashioned ways. A modern (1969) Indiana history book says: “So sparsely settled, isolated, primitive—who would ever think of living in Brown County?”

Well, maybe today no one thinks of moving to Brown County, but back in 1896 a number of Amish families in the northern part of the state did. The leader of the group of settlers was David J. Hochstetler, a minister in the

Family Life

Amish church in Elkhart County. There were two reasons why he wished to move away. One was that he wanted to find cheaper land for his married children; the other was that he wanted to have Sunday school every other Sunday since there was no church service then. Rather than stir up conflict in his home church, he decided to move to a new location. Any like-minded people were welcome to join him.

Once he had decided to leave Elkhart County, David Hochstetler naturally had to choose a location to move to. He heard about some Amish that had recently moved to Fayette County, Illinois who also wanted to have a Sunday school. He decided to move there and purchased an 80 acre farm around 1895. His oldest son Adam, who was married, moved to the Illinois farm. Two of David's other married children bought places nearby. David was planning to move there with the rest of his family, but he never did. The children wrote back from Illinois that they did not like it there; the chinch bugs ate their crops.

Now what was David supposed to do? Should he move out West as many Amish were doing? He hesitated to do this even though the land out there was very cheap. He didn't care to move that far away from Elkhart County. It was only natural, then, that he looked for a location within Indiana. A real estate agent from Brown County got in touch with him and they worked out a deal. The agent would trade 766 Brown County acres for David's 80 in Illinois and 130 in Elkhart County.

It was decided that Adam and his family would be the first to move to Brown County. His railroad boxcar was being loaded for the trip the next day when his wife,

Katie, got sick and died. This left him with seven children, the oldest being 10 and the youngest 15 months. It was with a heavy heart that he moved to the new home in Brown County, a home that would have no mother. He knew nothing else to do but to move as he had planned. He and his children lived in a store building for six months in Brown County until the spring (1897) when his married brother Levi and brother-in-law Dan Stutzman arrived from Illinois; also his married brother Samuel and his parents arrived that spring from Elkhart County. The 766 acre farm had three houses on it which were divided among the Hochstetler parents and children. Samuel, who was twenty-five and married, describes their arrival there: "When we got to Trafalgar, 13 miles from our place, brother Adam, Dan Stutzman, and neighbor Bridge Taggart came to help unload, some with four horses to a wagon as the roads were hilly and muddy. But we enjoyed it. We moved into a log house. We had no barn, only a corn crib and shed; no well but were close by a big creek. We dug a well there."

The Amish settled in the northeast quarter of the county. Much of their trading was done at Trafalgar or at Edinburg 13 miles away in an adjoining county. The attraction at Edinburg was the Chupp General Store owned by three brothers Frank, Nathan, and Ira Chupp. They had been raised Amish in Newton County, Indiana but had never joined the church and moved away. The Amish in Brown County liked to trade at their store for they spoke "Pennsylvania Dutch." The trip to either Trafalgar or Edinburg was not a very frequent occasion as it took quite a while to travel the hilly, rutty roads. The wagons and buggies were equipped with good brakes which were a necessity on the steep hills of Brown County.

The hills presented another problem. It was easy to become lost if a child happened to wander off as children sometimes do. On leveler land the child could be seen from far off, but in hilly Brown County a person's view was extremely short ranged. Samuel Hochstetler found this out one day. He had gone up Salt Creek about seven miles to see about buying a hay baler. He had four-year-old Mary along for company. Finding no one at home at the farm, Samuel tied his horses and told Mary to stay on the springwagon until he came back. He had to go through an orchard to a shed to see the baler. When he came back, little Mary was gone. He had no idea where she could be. He called to her but got no answer. He knew it was no use running to the road to see if he could see her, for the hills hid most of the road from view. In a leveler territory it would have taken a child a few minutes to slip out of sight, but in hilly, woody Brown County it was only a matter of seconds.

One of Samuel's other children remembers how Mary was found: "Prayers were offered up, tears shed, and neighbors helped search for Mary. Also by telephoning around, someone on the line heard about it and said a child just came running by their place up the winding road up hill and down hill towards Nashville. So Dad unhitched one of the horses and followed her on horseback. After a few miles he came to a house where he found her with other children and older people, seemingly unaware of being lost. He took her back on the horse and home with an exciting story for the rest."

The hilly land held other disadvantages besides lengthening trips to town and hiding lost children from view. One former resident mentions a few other things: "Possibly not half of the land in the area was under cultivation. There was much woods and steep hills which accounted for floods in the lowlands which had rich soil; very good crops of corn were spoiled at times bringing discouragement to the settlers." He mentions also: "Threshing was done with a portable steam engine, half traction, for power. Going up a steep hill at the Stutzmans the front end raised up. It was with some difficulty that it was gotten down again. Six horses were used to pull it up the hill, and the separator the same way. How they got the machinery down is a mystery. After reaching the top of the hill, it was not easy to set the

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threshing machine on a level place as one side had to be propped up and the other side dug down." Yes, the hills of Brown County were beautiful to look at but sometimes hard to live with.

Even though the area was quite wooded, wildlife was not as plentiful as one might imagine. There were no longer any bears near Bear Wallow nor did the settlers see any deer. Rabbits, possums, and skunks were commonly seen. Snakes were also frequently encountered. Sometimes little girls who had gone to the chicken house to gather eggs would scream when they reached into the higher nests and touched a snake instead of an egg. The story is commonly told of one girl who had the misfortune of having a snake wrap itself around her leg. She ran to get away from it and ran so fast down a long hill that she finally got it kicked off. That was one time a steep Brown County hill was much appreciated!

The Amish settlement increased until it had twelve families with such names as Hochstetler, Troyer, Stutzman, Kauffman, Schrock, Lantz, and Weaver. The Weavers were Mennonites but joined the Amish in Brown County. All the families came originally from Elkhart County. Many were young married couples with a number of children. Altogether there were eight deaths among the Amish—all children. They were buried in a plot of ground back of the orchard on the Samuel Hochstetler property near another graveyard. Two of Samuel's sons are buried there; Jephtha died in 1900 at eight months old and Samuel Jr. in 1901 aged eight days.

The Amish settlers raised corn in the lowlands and hay, wheat, and oats on the hills. Most of them raised a few hogs and milked some cows, but never more than six. Much of their time was spent in clearing land. Their livestock was generally driven to market on foot which also took time. David Hochstetler and his son Adam decided they would like to have some goats both for the milk and for using to clear the underbrush in the woods. They ordered a double deck and single deck carload of goats from St. Louis, Missouri. By the time the animals reached the closest railroad station to the Amish settlement they were very hungry. They tried to eat the board fences at the stockyard. The Hochstetlers never forgot the time they had driving the goats home the sixteen miles on foot. The goats would grab nearly anything to eat from paper to thistles. Their hair was 14

inches long and they were quite a sight coming down the hilly, winding roads.

The minister for the Brown County Amish was David Hochstetler. He held church services in the usual Amish pattern of alternating from house to house every two weeks. On the in-between Sunday he held Sunday school. Bishop Joe Wittmer of Pike County, Indiana (originally of Daviess County) came each fall and spring to hold communion services. He performed the only wedding ceremony in the settlement's short history, marrying Magdalena Hochstetler to Jonas Yoder, Jr. in November of 1898. Jonas was from Nappanee, and the new couple returned there to set up housekeeping. Bishop Wittmer also conducted an ordination, ordaining David Hochstetler's son Samuel in the fall of 1902. Thus father and son served the small church as ministers.

Besides the regular visits by Bishop Wittmer, other Amish ministers and bishops came from time to time. Minister Peter Wagler from Daviess County visited Brown County and so did Bishop Eli J. Bontrager. Bontrager was originally from Lagrange County, Indiana but was living at the time in North Dakota serving the Amish church there. In 1901 he visited Brown County; on his trip he visited 11 of the 12 Amish settlements in Indiana. Perhaps the visiting minister who was best remembered was the "sleeping preacher" John Kauffman who visited Brown County in 1908. In 1907 he had moved to Illinois, but he had lived most of his life in Elkhart County, Indiana. It is likely some of the Brown County Amish knew him quite well. He was unordained and went into trances for several hours during which time he conducted a religious service and preached a full sermon. He was not a member of the Old Order Amish but of the Amish-Mennonites. The Amish in Brown County, like others in various localities, considered John Kauffman a man of God and allowed him to preach in their service without entering into full fellowship with his group. In those days the differences between groups were not as great as they now are.

It is commonly held by the descendants of the Brown County Amish settlers that the group was rather poor financially with the exception of David Hochstetler and perhaps a few others. All lived simply, eating cornbread and mush. Their houses were either log houses or rough boards, except for David Hochstetler who put up a stone house with clay as mortar. The granddaughter of one of the Amish settlers tells about what she heard from her mother: "They must have been quite poor at times down there. I remember Mother said sometimes she didn't have anything to take to school for lunch. She was ashamed to let the other school children know it so would run home at noon and come back to school so the children thought she had gone home to eat. She also said the house was so poorly that in winter time sometimes they would wake up with snow on their bedcovers upstairs which had blown in through the cracks. After she was grown she had a chance to come up north (Elkhart County) to visit and was expected to return to Brown Co., but she had the chance to get a job for pay and took it. Several of her brothers also left home to come up north to get jobs." Other youngfolks did the same thing, for the hills of Brown County held no attraction to them. One former resident writes: "Finally, it seemed the younger folks would not stay, and those on some of the hills did not like it the best, so the people began to move away."

None of the Amish settlers prospered financially in Brown County, and this was their main reason for leaving. Some of the men heard of the land out West being given away by the government and decided to move there. Noah Stutzman moved to Oklahoma and Adam Hochstetler to Colorado. The others all moved to other Amish communities in Indiana: David Kauffman, Levi Hochstetler, Joseph Hochstetler to Howard - Miami County; Joe Schrock to Lagrange County; David J. Hochstetler, Dan Stutzman, Jacob Troyer, and Ben Weaver to Marshall County. Most of the settlers were gone by 1908 but a few of the Hochstetlers stayed until 1910; one of them was Joseph who writes: "We had sale December 10, 1910 and soon had our things brought

#### From The May 17, 1900 BUDGET

For many years the following notice appeared in each issue of the Budget right under the masthead on the inside of the front cover:

"To Correspondents: Correspondents must sign their names every time they write, otherwise the letter will go to the waste basket. Write only on one side of the paper."

In the East Lynne, Cass Co., Missouri Budget letter on May 17, 1900 the scribe from there asked at the end of his letter:

"Editor, why is it that the letters sent to the Budget from Brown Co., Ind. are not printed in the Budget any more? Complaint has been made from there that a number of letters sent from there to the Budget failed to appear in its columns."

The Budget editor answered this question right beneath the East Lynne letter:

"We do not remember of having received more than one letter from Brown Co., Ind. during the last three or four months, and that was without the writer's full name, and therefore was not published. We would be glad to receive an occasional letter from Brown Co., just as well as from other places—Ed."

Who the writer was of the unsigned letter is not known. Letters from Brown Co. appeared in the Budget very infrequently and were not always written by the same person.

to Edinburg and loaded on a boxcar for Kokomo, Indiana. The family stayed at Frank Chupp's overnight. I arrived at Kokomo the next evening and walked out to Jonas Beachy's farm in the dark on a strange road. The stock was unloaded the next day. Then the following day I went back to Brown County to get my team as I could not take all the livestock on the boxcar. I hitched the team to the surrey and loaded a walking plow and some feed and drove to Indianapolis to the edge of the city and stayed overnight. The next morning I came through the main part of the city, right past the monument. By my best recollection I was glad when I got through the city."

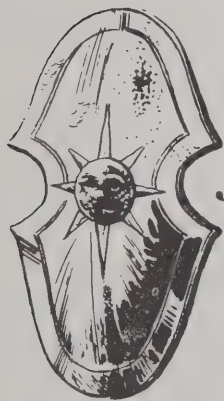
Samuel Hochstetler, being a minister, felt out of place to leave Brown County as long as there were some families there. But when the others had all left, he stayed just long enough to sell his 40 acre place which he had bought after living in the log house a few years. (He had paid \$1,300 for the place.) It took eleven months before the farm was sold in November of 1911. One of his children recalls: "We just attended services those last eleven months with a few neighbor families at the schoolhouse. One of them was a preacher. He did a lot of sweating in his earnestness. We had a number of books called "The Good News in Story and Song". Many of those oldfashioned songs are sung when our family meets that we learned 60 years ago."

Samuel Hochstetler had sale on November 8, 1911, and one week later left Brown County in a new Montgomery-Ward covered two-horse wagon and a one-horse top wagon. After a few days traveling and a two-day stopover in the Amish settlement in Howard County, the Hochstetlers arrived in the Amish community in Marshall County. As they passed one farm they saw a woman with her children run across the road to the neighbor's house. The next day at church they found out the reason; the woman had thought the strange-looking wagons contained Gypsies. The Hochstetlers had a good laugh at that. They stayed in Marshall County over Sunday and then headed for Elkhart County where they made their home.

The Amish settlement in Brown County lasted for fifteen years, a short time but long enough to give lasting memories to the children who grew up there. Today (1972) the only remainder of the Amish community is the Samuel Hochstetler house; the other homes had rotted away by 1925. Yet the one house remains, holding within its walls a bit of Amish history. ■■

(SPECIAL THANKS to Elam S. Hochstetler for the information he supplied, thus making this article possible. Also thanks to those whom he contacted for additional details.)

## CHILDREN'S SECTION



Joseph and His

# GIANT

—By Elmo Stoll

Joseph hadn't meant for Mother to hear, but she did. "He's daydreaming again," she said to herself. "Daydreaming of all the things he would do if he were somebody else."

"Did you hear me, Joseph?" Mother's voice was stern, almost sharp as she spoke.

"Ah, er-yyess," Joseph said slowly, hardly raising his eyes from his book.

"This is the third time I told you to put that book aside and go give the hens their feed before they go to the roost. Sarah went to town with Dad to get a tooth filled, so you'll have to do it for her tonight. But go right away; it will soon be too late." Mother reached over and took a firm grip on the book and slowly pulled it away.

"Aww, Mom," Joseph grumbled. "I just wanted to finish the story about David and Giant Goliath—that David sure was brave."

"When it's time to work, it's time to work," Mom said firmly. "You can finish the story later. Besides, you've read it so often already that you practically know it by heart. Now run and tend the chickens, quick."

"Aww, those old hens," Joseph mumbled as he moved slowly out of the room. "Who wants to feed old hens? I wish times were still the same as when David lived-- I would lots rather herd sheep, and learn to shoot my sling, and watch for bears and--and even fight giants!"

Joseph hadn't meant for the words to be loud enough for Mother to hear, but she did. She pressed her lips together, and didn't say anything. She just shook her head. "He's daydreaming again," she said to herself. "Dreaming of all the grand things he would do if he were somebody else."

Trudging along as if he didn't really care whether he got there or not, Joseph turned toward the henhouse. His head was filled with pictures of a shepherd boy bravely walking up to a huge giant. The giant was clothed with steel armor from head to toe, and he carried a long spear and a ugly sword jutted from his side. He walked with booming stomp-stomp-stomps. Joseph imagined himself as David with the sling shot. He imagined the vast army of Israelites on the slope of the hill watching him, hardly able to believe that he could be so brave, and holding their breaths to see what would happen next. He thought he could hear the rough voice of Giant Goliath as he roared out, "What do you think I am, a dog?" He could almost feel the very ground tremble before the terrible rage of the angry giant.

And Joseph could just picture himself, not afraid in the least, but drawing himself up to full height and shouting

back, "You come to me with a sword and a spear, but I come in the name of the Lord of Hosts, whom you have mocked."

Joseph opened the door of the henhouse, and the hens, hungry from waiting, came running, calling out their hen songs. And suddenly Joseph was brought back from his imaginary world of conquering giants to the real world of daily life, the true world of Joseph, a tiresome, bothersome world of hungry hens and chores and errands. There seemed to be such a contrast between the two worlds—one was filled with grand deeds, bravery, and praise, while the other was boredom and drudgery and thankless toil.

His thoughts still flitting back and forth from Bible times to the present, Joseph walked to the corn crib and filled a bucket with ears of corn. He broke each one in half so the hens could start it better, remembering how he had used to do it before his younger sister took over the job of feeding the hens.

Back in the chicken house, Joseph tossed the broken ears on the hen-house floor. The hens came running, peck, peck, peck.

"I'm too old to be feeding stupid old hens," Joseph muttered, still angry that he had to stop reading to do his sister Sarah's chores. He flung the last ears of corn to the ground, giving vent to the feelings of frustration bottled within him. One hen came and pecked at his shoe lace, thinking it was something to eat. At another time, had he been feeling better, Joseph might have laughed at the hens' mistake, but now it only aggravated him. He drew back his foot and gave it a kick. Squawking, the hen flopped away.

An hour later as Joseph was in the barn feeding the cattle, he had forgotten for the moment about David and Giant Goliath, but he was still feeling out-of-sorts. His two older sisters kept chattering away as they milked, silly talk, anyhow, about new dresses and boy friends and stuff like that, and it rubbed him the wrong way just to hear them. It reminded him again of how unlucky he was not having any brothers his age, and having been born into a family of mostly girls. He had to do the work and all the girls did was make a lot of noise talking. At least it seemed to him that way.

The barn door opened and Dad came in, so he must have come home from town sometime that Joseph didn't find out about it. "Joseph," Dad said, "When the milking is finished, maybe you'd better take the cows back down the lane and close the pasture gate. The lane fence along the corn is pretty poor and I'm afraid the cows are going to go over it one of these times. Better pen them in the field tonight and I'll try to tighten the fence tomorrow."

Joseph wanted to grumble and say, "But, but it's so far back there." Instead he closed his mouth against the words for he knew better than talk back to Dad. But having to keep it inside him, only made him feel worse, and feel that much more like striking out at something or someone.

"Wilma," Joseph called to his sister after Dad had left again, "did you hear what Dad said? He said the cows have to be penned back in the field. There's no reason why you can't take the cows back and close the pasture gate-- even if you are a girl!"

"Yes, I heard what Dad said," Wilma replied calmly. "I heard him very well. He told you to do it."

"But you can, or Catherine. I'm tired of doing everything, while you girls get out of the hardest work just because you're girls."

"I know why you're so tired," Catherine spoke up. She was more saucy than Wilma and when she started, sometimes Joseph got into an argument pretty quick.

"Why? Because I work all the time, that's why."

"Oh, no" Catherine said. "That's not the half of what makes you tired. Something that wears you out more than the work is grumbling all the time. No wonder you're tired."

"Huh," snorted Joseph, "if you had to work as much as I do, you'd grumble too."

"I think Catherine has a point," Wilma said mildly.

"Try it once and see if it doesn't go better. Try singing a song when you take the cows back, and see if you don't feel a lot better."

"Okay," Joseph shot back, "if singing makes it such fun, you take them back and sing all you like. You can sing better than I can, so it should be even more fun for you than it would be for me."

"Oh, Joseph, you're impossible!" Catherine said. "I don't think you could get along with anyone, you're so disagreeable. You should be glad we give you such good advice, instead of talking back and complaining."

Joseph was just ready to make a smart remark when Wilma stopped him by saying, "All right, I'll take the cows back. And I won't even feel sorry for myself."

So that was the way it was, Wilma took the cows back and Joseph got into the house that much earlier and even had a few minutes of time before supper to finish the story about Goliath, the Philistine giant who had made so

The next day when Joseph got out of bed, the sun was shining. The sky was bright blue and the birds were singing. It was a beautiful day in July, and Joseph felt a lot better than he had the evening before. When Mom asked him to feed the table scraps to the dog, he heard her the first time and jumped up to do it. He didn't complain one word, and Mom was so taken back by surprise that she blinked her eyes and looked the second time to make sure she was seeing right. She thought maybe Joseph had turned over a new leaf, and wasn't going to complain and grumble any more. But she soon found out that it was just the mood he happened to be in right then, and that he could still grumble as much as ever when he felt like it. For a little later Wilma came in and asked him if he would come out and open the kerosene barrel for her; she had tried but couldn't.

"Oh, you helpless girl," Joseph said impatiently. "As if I didn't have anything else to do but be your servant."

But then he got up and went to help, not because he wanted to, but because he knew he had to, for Mom had overheard and she was getting that stern look on her face that warned him she wasn't going to put up with much more complaining.

Joseph took the wrench and pulled on the kerosene barrel tap, but it wouldn't budge.

"Aren't you pulling the wrong direction?" Wilma said. "You should turn the other way to open it."

Joseph looked up at her. "You mean you were pulling the other way?"

"Yes, I thought it was the right way."

"No wonder you couldn't open it. You were turning it tighter." In spite of his ill humor, Joseph had to grin a bit to himself as he imagined Wilma tugging on the wrench, all the time wondering why it didn't open and she was turning it shut. But his grin soon turned to a scowl, for no matter how hard he tugged on it the right way, it still wouldn't come. His wrench slipped off just as he was pulling with all his might and he skinned the back of his hand on the edge of the barrel. "Ouch," he shouted, "that hurt." He flung the wrench on the ground and held his hand, dancing from the pain. "You'll just have to open it yourself if you went and turned it so tight," he said complainingly. "Then maybe you would learn your lesson, and wouldn't turn the wrong way."

Wilma didn't reply, she just stood patiently to one side, waiting.

In spite of his angry words and his complaining, Joseph was too stubborn to give up now, so he grabbed the wrench and tried again. Once more it slipped off, only this time Joseph was expecting it and didn't hurt himself. But it angered him still more. He banged the barrel with the wrench a few times as if somehow that would help, but he soon stopped for he was afraid the noise would bring Dad to see what was going on. He tried it again, and finally it came. As Joseph walked away, he couldn't resist muttering to himself, but loud enough that he hoped Wilma would hear, "The only thing more aggravating than a girl is a kerosene barrel. And when you get the two together..."

Right after dinner Mom announced that Wilma and

much trouble for the Israelite people.

Catherine were going over to help their older married sister get the house ready for church. And Joseph was to harness and hitch the horse right away so they wouldn't be so late.

Joseph grumbled, but he went and did what she said. But it was nearly the last straw when a little later he found out that since the two girls were away, Mom wanted him to help her in the garden digging the early potatoes. "Not only do I have to do all the boy's work around here," he grumbled, "but I have to do the girl's work, too. It's just not fair."

"I didn't know digging potatoes was girl's work any more than boy's work," Mom said.

All afternoon Joseph grumbled. The rows were so long. They surely didn't need that many potatoes anyhow. Who had planted so many to begin with, whoever it was, should have to dig them. Couldn't they dig the potatoes sometime when the girls were at home to help? The shovel was making blisters on his hand. The sun was so hot, surely another day would be cooler. He was thirsty. His back hurt. This was wrong, and that was wrong. Nothing suited Joseph, it seemed.

Finally Mom had enough. Things had gone far enough. It was time that someone helped Joseph to overcome his bad habit of grumbling and complaining. But how could it be done?

All afternoon she had been thinking, and wondering what she could do or say. She had often told him to complain less, or stop complaining, and it hadn't even seemed to help a great deal. If only she could think of something that would work. Because it surely was necessary. Why, Joseph was becoming an expert in complaining, and to think that he was only twelve years old. What would he be like by the time he got older if he kept this up?

Finally Mom happened to think about the evening before when Joseph had been reading the story of David and the giant. That was part of his trouble he always wanted to be something he wasn't, or do something he couldn't.

"Joseph," she began in a pleasant way, "what story were you reading the other evening, I guess it was last night, in the Bible story book."

"About David and Giant Goliath," Joseph said. He didn't have to think long to remember that story.

"That's about your favorite story, isn't it?"

"I like it pretty good, anyhow," Joseph said. "Sometimes I imagine what it would be like to live in a country like David did, no fences at all, you know, and a big flock of sheep and I'd take them around from place to place to find pasture and water. That would be fun. And it would be exciting too, especially with bears and lions coming out of the woods trying to steal lambs. And in those times there were giants to fight, too."

"Giants?" Mom said. "Why there still are."

Joseph looked up in surprise. Was Mom teasing him? But she didn't seem to be joking. "There aren't any giants anymore," he said, thinking he must have misunderstood her.

Mother picked up a handful of potatoes and put them in her bucket. "Why sure there are still giants around," she said evenly. "And we have to fight against them if we don't want to be their servants."

Joseph was sure now that Mom was joking. "You're not serious, Mom. You're just teasing me about the giants."

"No, I'm serious. There are lots of giants today that are just as strong as Goliath was, and harder to conquer, too."

"What are you talking about? I never saw any giants."

"Well, you just haven't been looking, Joseph. There are some pretty close to you. A giant that keeps picking on you is called Giant Grumble. Every time you are asked to do something, this giant comes up and makes you start grumbling. You know you shouldn't, and probably don't really want to, but this old giant has become so strong, that he just seems to have a hold on

you, and he tells you to start grumbling, and so you do it."

"Aww, Mom," Joseph said, looking at the shovel in his hand. "That isn't a real giant, though."

"In one sense he is, for he is strong and he rules over us if we let him. There are lots of other giants, too, such as Giant Self-will, Giant Temper, and Giant Untruth. Some people are bothered more by one giant than another. Some people have a real battle with Giant Untruth, when someone asks them about something, this giant comes and tells them to say the untruth, and if they are too weak to resist him, they do as he says and tell a lie. Other people have trouble with Giant Temper, he comes and tells them to get real mad, and if they are too weak or too much of a coward to tell him to go away, they just give in and lose their temper."

"I guess I have a little trouble with that giant, too, sometimes," Joseph said with a short little laugh. He was remembering how he had beaten the kerosene barrel the day before. Now in his imagination he thought he could just see a tall strong giant bending over him and forcing him to beat that barrel.

"We may never be able to kill these giants completely, like David did Goliath," Mom said. "But if we fight against them, and don't listen to them, after a while they will go away and won't bother us very often. Every time we listen to them, it just makes them stronger, but every time we win the battle against them, it makes them weaker."

Joseph dug potatoes as fast as he could. He forgot about the hot sun shining down upon him. He didn't feel the rough handle in his hands. The long row didn't bother him anymore. He was too busy thinking about what Mom said. Was it really true that these temptations to do wrong were like giants that became stronger and bigger and finally got such a hold on a person that they could just make him listen whenever they wanted to?

"I really hope you'll try to overcome your habit of grumbling," Mom said softly. "You do do a lot of work, we all know you do. I've often been thankful to have a strong boy like you, but it would just be so much nicer if we could all do our part cheerfully, instead of grumbling and complaining. That makes all of us miserable and doesn't please anyone except the giants."

Joseph thought of all the complaining he had been doing. He remembered how Wilma had given in the evening before and taken the cows back, rather than hear him grumble any more. He remembered too, that she had said he would feel better and wouldn't be so tired if he did it cheerfully.

They worked a while longer, and Joseph decided that he was going to give Mom and the girls a surprise. It wouldn't make so much difference to Dad, because Joseph seldom grumbled for him, he didn't have the nerve. But the women, they probably wouldn't think he was the same boy if he ran to do his work cheerfully and willingly instead of grumbling all the time. Imagining the temptation to grumble as a giant even made it almost exciting, and Joseph looked forward to meeting him head on. Mom and the girls would be surprised, but old Giant Grumble would be the most surprised of all.

"Huh," Joseph said, partly thinking out loud, "that old Giant Grumble had better stay away while we're digging these potatoes. If he gives me any bother, I'm going to whack him over the head with this shovel." Joseph laughed.

Mom laughed too. But then she sobered a bit. "But don't forget," she said, "that David went out against Giant Goliath with more than just his sling shot. Somebody stronger than David went with him and helped him overcome the giant, or he would never have made it. And we need more than our own strength to overcome the giants around us today, too."

Joseph nodded his head. He kept right on working, he knew what Mom meant. Even though he had good intentions not to grumble any more, it would take more than that to overcome the habit. He would have to pray to God for help, too.

They worked in silence, both of them thinking. All at once Mother stood up and straightened her back. Joseph looked around too. Why, who would have guessed it. They were finished. All the potatoes were dug already. What a surprise. Here he had been thinking so hard about the surprise he would give the giant that he had ended up giving himself the biggest surprise of all. And that surprise was how quickly work got done when a fellow buckled down and did it cheerfully instead of grumbling and complaining. ■■

## Junior Storytime



### BIG BROTHER

—Martha Helmuth

**“W**hat are you going to paint?” six-year-old Lloyd wanted to know as he watched his father stir a gallon of green paint.

“I’m going to paint the roof of the broiler house,” Father replied.

“I didn’t know people paint roofs,” Lloyd replied with surprise.

“Some people do,” Father explained. “This kind of paint helps to keep the metal roof from rusting and wearing out.”

“Can I help you with the painting?” Lloyd asked as little Alan toddled out to them.

“Me help paint too,” Alan added.

Father chuckled. “I’m afraid neither one of you is quite able to paint a roof yet.” He turned to Lloyd, “You can bring out the brushes in a few minutes.”

Soon Father had the paint stirred and carried it out to the broiler house, followed by Lloyd and Alan. He set a ladder against the two-story building and climbed up on the roof, carrying his paint and brush. “Watch Alan so that he doesn’t climb up the ladder,” he called down to Lloyd.

“Okay,” Lloyd replied. He stood watching his brother for a while. Soon he was joined by five-year-old Barbara. For some time they played on the ground near the ladder.

“I’m going to climb up the ladder to the roof,” Lloyd said suddenly as he once more glanced at the ladder.

He quickly climbed to the edge of the roof. “Hi, Father,” he called.

“Hi, Lloyd,” replied Father as he turned to look at him. “Where is Alan?”

“He’s down there on the ground,” replied Lloyd.

“Well, you’d better go down to him,” Father said.

“Barbara is with him,” Lloyd replied. “I came up to watch you. I won’t fall.”

“That’s not the point,” Father explained. “If you climb up here then Alan will soon be trying it too. He can find enough places to climb up without anyone showing him more.” Father walked to the edge of the roof where Lloyd was. “You have to remember to think of Alan when you want to do things. You are his big brother so he wants to do what you are doing.”

Lloyd looked at his father wide-eyed.

“Go back down and take him to play in the sandbox,” Father continued. “It will be safer there.”

At that moment Lloyd felt a movement on the ladder below him. He glanced down and saw Alan trying to get his foot on the first rung of the ladder.

“No, no, Alan, stay down there,” Lloyd called.

“I come up,” Alan answered as he managed to get on the rung and reached for the next one.

“Barbara, where are you?” called Lloyd. But Barbara was nowhere in sight.

“Lloyd, hurry back down,” Father said. “If you get down there it will at least keep Alan from climbing any higher.”

Father looked around. “Barbara,” he called loudly.

Just then Barbara came running around the corner of the shed.

“Get Alan from the ladder before he falls,” Father called to her.

Barbara obeyed and Father turned to Lloyd, who had started back down. “Now stay down there, please. You might be safe enough up here, but we don’t want that little fellow to climb up again. He could fall and hurt himself badly.”

When Lloyd reached the ground he took Alan by the hand. “Come, let’s go play in the sandbox.” After they had been playing for a little while, Lloyd began throwing small pieces of scrap lumber to see how far he could throw them. “I can really throw hard,” he told Barbara as he gave another piece a fling.

The wood fell into a mud puddle a short distance from the sandbox. As Lloyd ran to get it, he noticed something he never knew before.

“Hey, Barbara,” he called, “my piece of wood has become a boat. See, it stays on top of the water.”

Soon Lloyd and Barbara were wading in the puddle with their bare feet, sailing their little wooden boats. Alan joined them and wanted to wade in the water too.

“Alan, no, no,” Barbara said, “You’ll get all wet. Here, let me roll up your pant legs first.”

Soon Alan was having a grand time wading, but the little “lake” was hardly big enough for all three.

“I know what we can do,” Lloyd said as an idea came to him. “Let’s go sail our boats in the stock tank.”

“Do, do you think we should?” Barbara asked.

“Oh, I think it’s all right now that we’re older,” Lloyd answered. “I’m sure it doesn’t matter if we’re careful.”

“Okay, then let’s go,” Barbara replied, as they ran toward the tank.

“My, what a big lake we have now,” Lloyd said happily as he sailed his boat on the water. He gave it a shove, and soon it was out of his reach. He looked around for a stick so he could pull the boat back toward himself.

Soon they were joined by Alan. “Boat too, boat too,” he exclaimed as he held up a small piece of wood.

“No, Alan, you are too little to play here,” Barbara told him.

After Lloyd and Barbara had been joined by Alan, they found it hard to play with their boats as they were kept busy trying to keep Alan away from the tank.

Just then Father, who had climbed back down the ladder to get more paint, heard the children’s voices near the tank. “Lloyd and Barbara,” he called, “where are you?” Without waiting for an answer he followed the sound of their voices and found them. “What are you doing?”

“We are sailing little boats on the water,” Lloyd replied.

“But Mother and I have told you many times not to play at the tank,” Father replied. “One of you could fall in and drown.”

“But Father,” Lloyd replied, “we are careful so we don’t fall in.”

“Do you remember what happened when you climbed up the ladder to the roof?” Father asked him.

Lloyd kept staring at the little “boat” in his hand.

“What did Alan do while you were on the ladder?” Father prodded.

“He tried to climb up the ladder too,” Lloyd answered slowly.

“What did he do when you played in the sandbox?” Father questioned further.

“He played there, too,” Barbara replied.

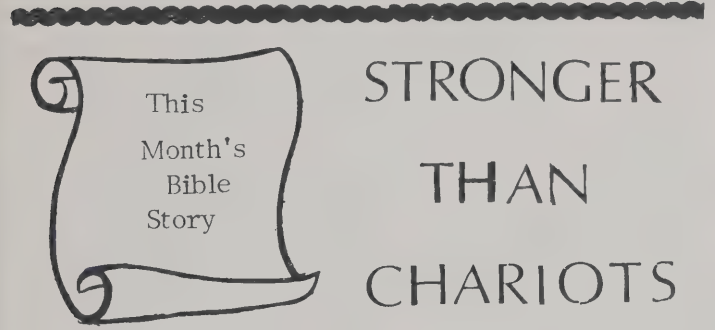
“I believe I saw you throwing pieces of wood for a

while too," Father went on. "Didn't Alan try that too?" Lloyd nodded his head.

"And when you were sailing boats," Father questioned again, "He wanted to do what you were doing, too, didn't he?"

"Mm-huh," mumbled Lloyd.  
"Do you see what I'm trying to tell you?" Father looked from one to the other. "It's true that you might be able to climb to the top of the ladder without falling. And you may be able to play at the tank without falling into the water, but when you do things like that, Alan wants to do them too."

Lloyd continued fingering his little "boat".  
"So you see, you must learn to think of the others around you and not only of yourself," Father explained. "You have to be a big brother and think for him and keep him away from dangerous things by staying away from them yourself."



As had happened so often before, after the death of Shamgar, once again the Israelites fell away from the Lord's commandments. They began to make friends with the heathen nations, and to pray to idols. God was greatly displeased. He had many times before punished his people for their disobedience, but it seemed they did not learn. Now he had to punish them again, just as he had warned that he would if they did not serve him.

God allowed a heathen king to rule over his people again. The king's name was Jabin, and he was a cruel wicked king who oppressed the Israelites harshly. He made life hard and bitter for them until it was nearly unbearable. At last, in their great distress and misery the people cried to the Lord for forgiveness, asking him to deliver them from the life of suffering they had gotten themselves into.

And once again God heard the cries of his repentant people, and in his great mercy forgave them for their sins.

But King Jabin was not only a cruel and harsh king, he was also a very strong king. He had nine hundred chariots of iron, and swift horses to pull them. The captain of his army, named Sisera, was a mighty warrior who was fearless in battle. Undoubtedly King Jabin thought that no other army would have much of a chance in fighting against his prancing horses, his nine hundred chariots of iron, and his brave captain, Sisera. But King Jabin was to learn very soon that there was something stronger than iron chariots—for God had heard the prayers of his people.

At this time a very unusual woman lived in Israel, a prophetess by the name of Deborah. All the other leaders of God's people before and after that were men, but Deborah was an exception. God was with her and gave her great wisdom and faith. She sat under a palm tree and people came to her there for advice in their problems. She has wise counsel for all of them.

Now Deborah sent a message to a man named Barak. When Barak came, wondering what she wanted, Deborah told him that he was the man God had chosen to deliver his people from the cruel rule of King Jabin. "Go to Mount Tabor," Deborah said, "and take with you ten thousand men. God will cause Sisera to come fight with you there and will deliver him into your hands."

But Barak was unwilling to obey. Nine hundred chariots of iron! What chance would he have in fighting against Sisera and his chariots. Barak did not want to go. He said to Deborah, "If you go with me, I'll go; otherwise I won't do it."

Deborah was displeased to hear such an answer. She wanted Barak to have faith in God, not in her. She said, "All right, I'll go with you, but the honor of the battle will not go to you, but to a woman."

Very likely Barak thought this meant Deborah would get the honor, but if he thought so, he was mistaken. The woman Deborah spoke of was not herself.

When Deborah agreed to go with him, Barak gathered together his men and he and Deborah went together with the army to Mount Tabor.

The news spread quickly that Barak had gone to Mount Tabor with an army of ten thousand men. It spread all the way to the ears of King Jabin. He knew what it meant. The Israelites were planning to rebel and to free themselves from his rule. He would put a stop to that in a hurry. Did he not have ready his swift horses, his nine hundred chariots of iron, and was not his captain Sisera brave and fearless in battle?

Barak and his men looked down the mountain and saw the chariots gather along the river Kishon in the valley below, the horses biting at their bits, ready to charge to battle.

The Bible does not say clearly what happened next, but it sounds as though God may have sent a sudden storm with torrents of rain which caused the river Kishon to overflow its banks in a flash flood. The raging water would have frightened the horses, and washed the chariots downstream. Whatever happened, this much is certain, it was something that Sisera certainly hadn't been expecting, and soon his chariots were scattered and fleeing before the Israelites, who rushed down the mountain to fight against their enemies. Sisera himself saw that the battle was going against him, and his soldiers were being killed, so he leaped from his chariots and fled away on foot.

Footsore and weary, at last he neared a tent. A woman came out to greet him with friendly words. She was Jael, the wife of a man who was friendly to King Jabin. Sisera believed that here he was among people he could trust, and indeed, Jael was treating him as though he were the king himself. She urged him to come into the tent. "Turn in, my lord," she said, "turn in to me; fear not."

Sisera was tired from running. He was so tired, he lay down in the tent to rest. Jael kindly brought a rug to cover him.

"Please bring me a little water to drink, for I'm thirsty," Sisera asked her.

Jael did even more. She brought him milk.

How thankful Sisera must have felt to have come to the tent of someone so helpful. He was so tired he knew he had to sleep. "Go stand at the door of the tent," he instructed Jael, "and if anyone asks for me, tell him I'm not here."

Then Sisera fell into a deep sleep from which he would never awaken.

For Jael had only pretended to be friendly to him. She was the woman who would get the honor of defeating the mighty Sisera, she was the woman Deborah had spoken of. God caused her to want to help the Israelites rather than the King Jabin. While Sisera slept, Jael took a sharp tent peg and a hammer and drove the peg through Sisera's head so that he died in her tent.

After some time, Jael looked out and saw that another man was nearing the tent. It was Barak and he was looking for Sisera. Jael went out to meet him. "Come," she said to Barak, "and I will show you the man you are looking for." She led him into the tent where he found Sisera dead.

In this way God heard the prayers of his people when they were sorry for their sins, delivering them from their enemies and showing that his strength was greater far than chariots of iron.

-E. S.



## Across The Window Sill

by Aunt Becky

### "I LOVE YOU JOHNNY"

" 'I love you, Johnny,' said Mother one day.  
I love you more than I can say.'  
Then she answered his questions with, 'Don't bother me  
And just didn't have time to show him how now';  
To tie his truck to his tractor and plow.  
But she washed her windows and scrubbed the floor.  
And baked and cooked and cleaned some more.  
'Bring the neighbor in? Well I should say not.  
You'll track up my floors and I don't want a spot.  
No, we won't have time for a story today.  
Mother's cooking for company, so run out and play.  
'Maybe tomorrow,' she said with a sigh,  
And Johnny went out almost ready to cry.  
'I love you, Johnny,' again she said  
As she washed his face and sent him to bed.  
Now how do you think that Johnny guessed  
Whether 'twas he or the house that she really loved  
best?"

-Author Unknown

Now that summer is here the ice man is making his round again. Ice has become a household necessity so it seems, but I well remember the time when there was no ice man. We used to carry our food down into our uncemented cellar and set it on the ground floor. We always had to be careful to cover the dishes with a large kettle or something to keep out the little four-legged intruders.

The people who had springs were lucky—and still are. But it's rather disappointing to come to the spring trough and find a dish upset and its contents floating on the water.

In Grandmother's pantry there used to be a huge crock—almost like an oil drum—where she kept her things cold. The cold water from the fountain was constantly running into the crock. The food was put in sealed jars and then placed in the water. A string was tied to the neck of the jars so they could be drawn to the top again.

A few of the readers answered the request for children's prayers. The following morning prayer comes

from Anna Miller of Illinois.

Du lieber Heiland, Jesus Christ  
Der für uns Kinder kommen ist,  
Wollst heute bei uns kehren ein  
Und deiner Schäflein Hirte sein.

Mein aus und eingang heut bewahr  
Das mir kein übel widerfahr  
Behüte mich vor schnellem Tod  
Und hilf mir, wo mir hilf ist not.

Du lieber Gott, ich preise dich  
Und danke dir herzinnerlich  
Dasz du in der vergangene Nacht  
Mich hast behütet und bewacht.

In Jesu Namen steh' ich auf,  
Herr Jesu, leite meinen Lauf  
Begleite mich mit deinem Segen  
Behüte mich auf meinen Wegen. Amen.

Thanks to those who sent in the poem "That's the way for Billy and me" and also "Tonnan Balm." The poem and song will not be printed in FL.

A friend made a discovery concerning jello. When it is too solid to whip, put the egg beater in hot water before whipping.

Phoebe Z. Byler writes: Try using a Scotchbrite scouring cloth to clean vegetables instead of a brush. This is especially effective for thin-skinned vegetables like carrots.

If you want variety in canning vegetables, cook separately—carrots (diced small), lima beans, string beans, corn, soupbeans, peas, potatoes (diced small), and green peppers (small amount). Salt each vegetable when cooking. Mix together. (Don't overcook.) Cold pack one hour.

When opened this resembles the mixed frozen vegetables we buy in stores. This is a delicious dish and may be used with meat broth for soup, or may be heated with melted butter for a colorful dish for company.

### Art in the Garden

Much is made nowadays of works of art. Here is something beautiful that we housewives work with daily that is unexcelled for symmetry or color:

See here the lowly onion. It's outside wrapping has a striking color that I can't name. Slicing into its pearly heart reveals the design of the sections—an interesting pattern.

The turnips—I never cease to marvel at their royal purple cloak topped with leafy green, with white to set it off.

An ear of sweet corn—It's neatly wrapped in tender green. The cleverest fingers couldn't do a better job. Inside lined with silk are the golden kernels row on row.

The chinese cabbage is elegant in swirls of dark green outerleaves. Break them off... and find layers of crunchy cream-colored salad-makings.

I feel like a gold digger mining "canned sunshine" when I go after carrots.

The radish is a stunning red, and after the first bite it is crystal white, edged with scarlet.

I marvel at the cabbage so tightly wrapped. Each leaf

does its job perfectly.  
Flawless harmony in even the lowly vegetables! We must acknowledge a Creator who does all things well.  
-Pennsylvania

Hint: To keep small articles like booties from collecting lint in the wash machine, I tie them into a piece of gauze. A piece from an old diaper works fine.

Why is it that it takes something tragic or unexpected to bring us closer to God?  
Recently I had a minor accident and could not go about my everyday work as usual. At first I was discouraged but then I got to thinking this was what I needed—time to think about some things which are so often pushed aside with the rush of everyday living. Let's slow down and listen for God's voice. He has a message for us every day if we are willing to hear Him.  
-a listener

Little Beef Pies (Makes 6)

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| 1 beef bouillon cube  | 1 teaspoon sugar     |
| 2 cups boiling water  | 1/2 teaspoon paprika |
| 3 1/2 cups chopped cooked beef  | 1/4 teaspoon pepper  |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons salt  | 1/2 cup cold water   |
| 2 teaspoons worchestershire sauce                                     | 1/4 cup flour        |
| 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen mixed vegetables (or canned may also be used). |                      |

Heat oven to very hot (450°). Dissolve bouillon cube in boiling water; add beef, worchestershire sauce, salt, sugar, paprika, and pepper. Add vegetables; cook 5 minutes. Combine cold water and flour; slowly stir into mixture and cook until thickened. Then spoon into 5—8 oz. ovenproof casseroles.

Pastry

- |                   |                          |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 cup flour       | 1/3 cup shortening       |
| 1/2 cup cornmeal  | 4 tablespoons cold water |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt |                          |

Sift together flour, cornmeal, and salt. Cut in shortening, until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle water by tablespoons over mixture. Stir lightly with a fork until just dampened. (If necessary, add another tablespoon of cold water to make dough hold together.)

Form into a ball. Divide pastry into 6 parts. Roll each part to form a circle large enough to fit the top of the casserole. Place pastry circle over filling. Turn edges under; flute. Make several cuts in pastry to allow steam to escape. Bake in a preheated oven (450°) 12-15 minutes.

-Mrs. Nate Wickey, Indiana

Following is a homemade French dressing that is very good on lettuce, salads etc.

French Dressing

- |                                    |                        |
|------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 can tomato soup                  | 1 tablespoon salt      |
| 1 1/2 cups wesson oil              | 1 teaspoon pepper      |
| 1 cup sugar                        | 1 teaspoon mustard     |
| 1 cup vinegar                      | 1 small onion (grated) |
| 2 tablespoons Worcestershire Sauce |                        |

Beat thoroughly until thick. 1 clove of garlic can be dropped in jar when storing. -Clara A. Miller, Virginia

Making Cheese at Home

Put 2 gallons of milk in an 8 quart kettle, then put it on the stove and heat to 86°. Keep it there using a thermometer. Put 1 ice cream junket tablet in 1/4 cup cold water till dissolved, then add to milk. Stir well for 2

minutes, then let stand until it thickens. Takes about 45 minutes.

To test if thick enough, put finger in and bring up like a hook. If the curd breaks clean across finger, like jelly, it is ready to cut. Cut the curd into pieces about 1/2 inch squares, lengthwise and crosswise with a knife. Then cut horizontally by using a wire bent into a U shape, the two ends using as handles.

When cutting is done, let stand for 5 minutes then begin very gently to stir to keep the pieces from sticking together, and slowly raise the temperature to 100 degrees and keep it there. Stir the curd only frequently enough to keep curd pieces apart. Cover with a cloth when not stirring.

The curd is cooked when a handful squeezed firmly, does not squirt out between the fingers but almost falls apart when hand is opened. Takes about an hour. When cooked then pour into a colander. Salt curd with 1tablespoonful of salt, breaking up the curd as you mix the salt in— with hand or spoon.

To hoop and press the curd, an empty 3 lb. Crisco can will work fine. Cut the bottom out and save to use for a lid. When curd is well drained and cool, put it into Crisco can which has been put on a plate or something so it can drain. Put lid on top of curd and set a pint can, filled with water, on top of lid to press the curd. Let stand 24 hours.

A quart of sour milk can be added if one likes a sharper flavor or you can let the cheese age by letting it set in a well ventilated room temperature at 60°, turning the cheese once a day for 3 to 6 weeks. It also can be paraffined in 10 days by heating paraffine smoking hot and using a brush to put it on the cheese, sealing it. This way it may be kept for several months, turning it 2 times a week. The flavor is mild at first but becomes sharper the longer it is cured. Makes about 2 lbs. of cheese.

Hot paraffine will catch fire like oil, so it is wise to be careful when using it.

-Mrs. Ervin L. Eash, LaGrange, Indiana

Some Mothers Write

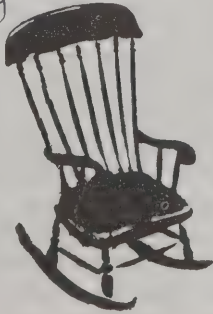
One morning at the breakfast table our little four-year-old Daniel said, "Daddy I want two eggs." Daddy said, "You didn't work anything this morning yet."

"Yes, Daddy, I worked to put on my clothes," he answered.  
-Mrs. Yoder, Pa.

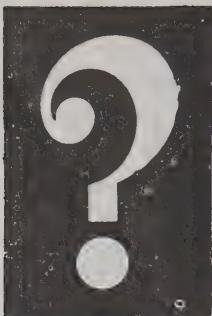
Some Fathers Write Too—

How far does a child think? My wife and I were on a diet and didn't eat bread. One time at the table we asked grace, including the Lord's prayer. Upon raising our hands again our four-year-old daughter asked, "Vas vit du mit brod? (What do you want with bread?)" -A.

Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair.



When children are  
small they cry for  
their parents.  
After when they  
are grown the  
parents cry  
for the  
children.  
Aunt Becky



## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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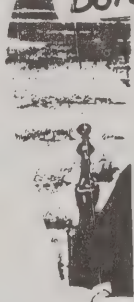
### OUT FOR THE EVENING?

Is it proper that we as plain people should go to public eating houses just for "an evening out" or "for a change"? Are we justified in giving the wife a "holiday from cooking" or a "break from the dishwashing"? I have heard it said that it's the popular thing in the world to eat out one evening every week.

-Wanting To Do What's Right.

??

### WHAT DO YOU THINK- ANSWERS



#### 'BUNDLING

A QUAINT CUSTOM ARRIVED IN CANADA WITH SOME UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS FROM NEW ENGLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA. CALLED 'BUNDLING' THE NOUN DOES NOT APPEAR IN DICTIONARIES BUT THE OXFORD INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY EXPLAINS THAT THE VERB 'TO BUNDLE' MEANS TO SLEEP IN ONE'S CLOTHES IN THE SAME BED WITH PERSONS OF OPPOSITE SEXES- ESPECIALLY DURING

COURTSHIP, A BOARD BEING PLACED BETWEEN THE TWO.

INTRODUCED FROM EUROPE WHERE FUEL WAS COSTLY AND SMALL HOMES OVERCROWDED. IT WAS PRACTICED IN IRELAND AND WALES AND HOLLAND. IT WAS LAST HEARD OF IN PENNSYLVANIA IN 1845

(clipping from  
Western Ontario  
Farmer

I feel the one item which was mentioned is too shameful a subject to be discussed in a public paper. The way I hear, it is on the way out in our community.

Tobacco was raised and smoked by the Indians before America was discovered. Some of the early settlers raised it at Jamestown and sent it back to England. By the seventeenth century, smoking had spread to most of Europe. By the eighteenth century, tobacco was used in many parts of the world. By the nineteenth century, the use of tobacco had strong roots in many of the plain churches. Soon after the beginning of the twentieth century, cigars and cigarettes we made by mass production in factories. Thousands of acres of land are now in tobacco every year to keep the factories supplied.

There have always been individuals who have stood against the use of tobacco. One reason why it is not disciplined more is because of the old story that if you are opposed to tobacco, then you end up leaving the

church. This may be true in some cases, but I still feel that if we could clean up these two subjects and a few other things, less people would leave the church.

- Sick and tired, too.

Some New England couples did their courting in bed and called it bundling. Winters were cold and fuel was scarce. The young folks were fully clothed under the covers and a center board separated them. Parents cut eye-level slots in the doors. I know where one of these doors is that has been preserved.

- Oregon

As to how it ever came in, there is only one way that both of them came in, like many other things that creep into the churches, through the cunningness of Satan. I think it is the duty of the parents to stand together and help the ministers get rid of these two evils.

We can see that there are some of the younger brothers and sisters who are trying hard to be obedient to God and the church and this gives us new courage for the future. Also that some of the ministers are really concerned about keeping the ways of the forefathers and the whole council of God, without fear or favor of man.

- A Grandmother from Ephrata

I, too have often wondered how such practices ever came to be tolerated in our plain churches. My father was a bishop with a large family and was often asked by outsiders about some of our "peculiar" customs. He could always truthfully say that he never allowed such practices in his home. How thankful we are, now that we have families of our own that our parents were strict in dealing with their children. Also he was against tobacco-period-not just cigarettes.

- From the same county as the person who sent in the question.

I, too have wondered why such things could ever have been permitted through the years. My father was a bishop for many years and never allowed it in his house.

I believe that if we would have had some of the articles at that time which are now coming out through Family Life and Young Companion, it would have been much easier for us to take our stand.

It is encouraging to me that many individuals have changed their minds on this subject and wouldn't want to go back again. I believe when these folks are the parents of the young folks, then such "untugende" will have to go entirely. I am glad for those who are willing to work on the situation, instead of saying, "Oh, we've always had it, so what can we do now?"

- Also from the same county,

Just yesterday I was to a place where an old Grandfather said the custom comes from the days when the people had too cold houses for the young people to sit up. That was something new to me. If this is true, then it would seem to me, that in our day we would have no excuse for it, not even that one. But who are we blaming for it? I think a lot of the times the young folks get the blame when the parents should have it.

- Also sick and tired.

If we want to look back to our forefathers then we ought to go farther back, to the faith of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I have heard of quite a few people who have a high respect for the plain people until they see that they smoke the same as the world. Then they were really surprised, as most such people don't expect the plain people to use tobacco. Sometimes when we travel by bus, the bus is so filled with smoke that it doesn't make us feel too good. Let's pray that God may help us overcome such habits.

- Also sick and tired.

Where these things came from can not be pin-pointed for that is in the past and the past can not be changed. What we should be concerned with is the present and the

Family Life

future.

As we look through the New Testament we find no encouragement for such practices. Would we be willing to call them good? Surely not.

In order to resist temptation I strongly feel young couples should look well to what they do. We should not quench the Spirit, or He can not lead us.

If we practice Christian virtues, they will not bring guilt, shame or regret, but a reward here and hereafter if we live our faith.

-Also Sick and tired.

It has been said that if a couple is inclined toward lust then they will not keep themselves pure, regardless of the mode of courtship. This may be true, but it still does not in any way justify the wrong kind of courtship.

Concerning the use of tobacco, what can we tell the young boys as long as there are still older men including grandfathers who hold to this undesirable practice?

-Also Sick and Tired.

My observation is that when people cannot be apart before marriage, there is a tendency that they wish they were apart after marriage. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Proverbs, 14:34.

P.W.F.

Since I have weaned myself from the tobacco habit, it is plain to see how such things come to be accepted by people. It has always been, since the world began, that God's people have been attracted to the playthings of this world. It is natural to see how many reasons we can find for its use, even if some of them are imaginary.

For horses, it has been recommended as a wormer but then not when the horse was doing heavy work. Since the horse had no choice in the matter, this worked all right until better wormers came along.

As a stimulant it is like whipping a tired horse, it may work for a while but if kept up too long, the horse will go down.

Because of the popularity of marijuana, there is considerable pressure on the government to legalize it. Will we have another weed problem soon?

As for courtship, in earlier years it was not such an extensive project as it now seems to be. Is this another worldly drift?

- Wishing it were different

I have often asked the same question and have never had a satisfactory answer. In my mother's time there were a few girls who practiced this kind of courtship and they were called the "Bed-Cousins" by the rest of the young folks. I feel the parents have very little regard for their daughters if they will leave the doors open for such practices.

Jesus is the best friend any boy or girl can have and as long as they have not accepted him and joined the church, then they are not ready for such a serious matter as courtship.

- Wishing it were different

When I was in I-W service. I talked with a girl who told me she read an article in a magazine as to how the plain people conduct their courtship and asked whether it was true. When I shamefully had to admit that it is true in some places, she still didn't want to believe it.

I think she was a Methodist and she said her boy friend never comes into the house when her parents aren't home and neither does he stay after dark.

As for tobacco, one of the things our plain churches stress is to abstain from luxury. If tobacco isn't a luxury, then I don't understand the meaning of the word luxury. It is not food, so what is it. The prophet Isaiah asked why they spend money for that which is not bread.

- Hoping it will be different soon.

I feel the courtship issue is too stupid to mention. Why was it ever started? Our bishop says he remembers of parents being punished for allowing something like that in their home, and I believe it is just as much of a sin today as it ever was. It is a heathen practice and the heathen have no religion.

If we would work as hard against such things as we do in keeping up the ordnung in other ways, then we would soon see a difference. The white stoves and the power lawn mowers disappeared pretty quick, but how was it done. Because no one was allowed to take part in communion who used them. Wouldn't this also work on such things as smoking, drinking, and the wrong kind of courtship?

-Hoping it will be better

Your question is something that I, too, have often wondered about. But just recently in reading on this subject of bundling, I learned something that I had never known before and which may be interesting to others. I had always thought this was a custom which had probably started among the plain people, and that the rest of the world would not be acquainted with it. But such is not the case. The Mennonite Encyclopedia (Vol. 1, page 471) says this is a custom which was imported to America during the 1600 and 1700's. According to a research article in *The Mentor* (October, 1929) this custom was introduced in America by the Welsh, the English, the Dutch, and the Germans. The custom was widespread and common enough in pioneer days that Jonathan Edwards condemned it in his sermons. (Edwards was a famous Protestant minister who lived in New England, 1703-1758). In fact, there was a time when some cities and towns even passed by-laws forbidding the practice of bundling, such as Boston, Salem, and New York. Today the only places this form of courtship is practiced among the world anymore is by the mountain people of Kentucky, West Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina.

So from this it is clear that bundling, just like smoking, is a custom which originated in the world. Sometime in the past this custom gradually crept into the plain churches, just like worldly things still have a trend of doing. It is too bad such a custom has been tolerated long enough that some people sincerely believe it belongs inside the church.

It is good for us to wish to respect our forefathers. But sometimes it is not so simple to decide who our forefathers are. To give an example of what I mean, let's use another subject we can all agree on, wearing a beard. My father, my grandfather, and my great grandfather before me all wore a beard. My father taught me that it is right and good, and that I should in turn pass this teaching on to my children. But suppose I am disobedient to my father and don't wear a beard, or pass the teaching on to my children. I am wrong, of course, we can all agree on that. But what about my children when they grow up? Should they grow a beard, or shouldn't they? They can say their father didn't teach them that it was necessary. But what if they find out that their grandfather wore a beard, and that their father was disobedient to his father in not wearing one? Should they then go by what their grandfather taught, or what their father taught? Would the wearing of the beard not be necessary just because one generation didn't teach it? What if three or four generations didn't? Would that change right and wrong?

We should think twice before we defend such worldly practices as smoking and bundling in the name of our forefathers. If we go back far enough, our forefathers were hard against it. Let's respect our parents, that is right. But let's not defend practices that entered the church because somewhere down the line someone didn't.

—Concerned



A PAGE FOR

## HEAVEN'S SPECIAL

## CHILDREN

"Jesus said, suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God" Matt. 18:16.

We would like to call your attention to God's special children. Who are they? Some are called mongoloid, retarded, or slow-learners. These children are those who need special care. Some may need special food, special training and special love. They need a kind word - a word of praise and encouragement.

God has blessed many a life in caring for these special children. Even though retarded, it has been proven such children can be trained. Some of these children have no thyroid gland. This may affect their speech and thinking ability. This gland trouble can be greatly helped with the right medication.

Slow learners should be with others who are on the same level, having a special teacher. At a certain home for the retarded it has been found that with much patience, love and prayers, - also discipline - children learned to feed themselves after parents had thought it impossible.

It is touching to hear such children say their prayers. Their simple child-like faith is at times of spiritual value to the workers, and draws them closer to God.

A mongoloid child said to one of the workers, "If Christ would come today, I would be ready to go."

A child in one of these homes made such a tremendous change after being there for several months that the parents asked if the child was given dope. The answer was, "We dope them with a constant environment of love and affection." How glad we can be for such homes!

So we see these special children need to be understood, and made to understand. Need to be disciplined...in love. Their self-will needs to be broken. The younger it's broken the better. The major weakness of parents having handicapped children is that they have so much sympathy for them, they refuse to discipline them properly. These children should be rewarded for an act of obedience.

Disciplining must never be done in a hasty way, or in anger. This could do more harm than good. If for any reason you have wronged your child, do not hesitate to apologize. Sometimes he may be blamed for things he did not do. Teach your child to tell the truth at all times, and let him know you can be trusted.

"Fathers provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" (Ephesians 6). Another translation reads, "Parents do not treat your children in such a way as to make them angry. This is for every child and parent."

A six month old child can be easily spoiled, and even younger. The child should not be teased then laughed at when he shows anger. Above all, teach your children the

Word of God. It is remarkable what the retarded child can learn about Jesus and His plan for us.

-Mrs. A. T. Ohio

### BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

New booklets have been printed for the parents of retarded children called "YOU- and your special child." Be sure to order one for yourself, and for your friend who has one of these children.

The booklet gives advice on various subjects in training retarded children. Price: 25 cents each, or 10 cents each in lots of 1 dozen or more. Order from: Jordan Mission Box 86 R. 5 Millersburg, Ohio 44654.

Also of interest to parents who have retarded children, may be the book entitled "THEY SAID KATHY WAS RETARDED". It is available from Pathway Bookstore, R.4, La Grange, Indiana. 46761. Price is \$2.95, plus 10 percent shipping charges if your order is less than \$5.00.

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### OUR EXPERIENCE WITH BURNS.

It was Monday morning and everything looked normal to us. Esther, our fifteen year old daughter, was getting ready to do the family washing. The water was being heated on the kitchen stove in large cold packer canners. The women liked to have a tea kettle or two of hot water extra in case they needed it. We had a tea kettle that had been used for many years and the handle had recently broken off. I bought a new one, but the women were not ready to discard it for it was otherwise usable yet.

Our daughter needed more water and took the tea kettle without the handle and started pouring it into the washer. It was too hot for her hands so she set it on the floor. She lifted it up the second time and dropped it. The boiling water spilled down over her dress, over her stockings, into her shoes.

The dress protected her body but the lower part of her legs and the feet, down to the sole were badly scalded. My wife called me and I had an uneasy feeling as I hurried to the house.

Esther was lying on the kitchen floor. Some of the skin had come off when the stockings were pulled off. My wife was already making a dressing of flour and lard. This, I feel, is one of the best remedies that can be put on burns as it seals out the air. She spread it thickly on the burn. The secret is to have the lard and flour thick enough yet not too thick.

The first few days we only dressed it with the lard and flour ointment about every four hours and sometimes once in the night. Later we used an antibiotic salve and vaseline but at different times we had to go back to the flour and lard where the burns refused to heal. The Hill salve proved too strong. We kept the sores bandaged at all times.

A friend said when she had seen Esther's foot she thought it would have to be amputated because it looked so terrible. Several almost fainted when they saw it.

In a week we worried and thought it may not be healing right, so we took Esther to the doctor. We expected a scolding for not bringing her in sooner, but the doctor thought it amazing and said we did a good job in taking care of her burns. He gave her a lockjaw shot and bandaged it with medicated gauze which we left on for four days.

Esther has now fully recovered with very little scars. We had read in *Family Life* of a small child that received serious burns and was healed with this home remedy. This information was a big help to us. We feel the flour and lard ointment is hard to beat. (For the most effective treatment this should be applied very shortly after the burn occurs.)

Eli J. Miller  
Applecreek, Ohio  
Family Life

## THE COTTAGER'S HYMN

THE COTTAGER'S HYMN  
MY FOOD IS BUT SPARE,  
AND HUMBLE MY COT,  
YET JESUS DWELLS THERE  
AND BLESSES MY LOT:  
THOUGH THINLY I'M CLAD,  
AND TEMPESTS OFT ROLL,  
HE'S RAIMENT, AND BREAD,  
AND DRINK TO MY SOUL.

HIS PRESENCE IS WEALTH,  
HIS GRACE IS A TREASURE,  
HIS PROMISE IS HEALTH  
AND JOY OUT OF MEASURE.  
HIS WORD IS MY REST,  
HIS SPIRIT MY GUIDE:  
IN HIM I AM BLEST,  
WHATEVER BETIDE.

SINCE JESUS IS MINE,  
ADIEU TO ALL SORROW!  
I NE'ER SHALL REPINE,  
NOR THINK OF TO-MORROW:  
THE LILY SO FAIR,  
AND RAVEN SO BLACK,  
HE NURSES WITH CARE,  
THEN HOW SHALL I LACK?

EACH PROMISE IS SURE  
THAT SHINES IN HIS WORD,  
AND TELLS ME, THOUGH POOR,  
I'M RICH IN MY LORD.  
HENCE! SORROW AND FEAR!  
SINCE JESUS IS NIGH  
I'LL DRY UP EACH TEAR  
AND STIFLE EACH SIGH.

THE TRIALS WHICH FROWN,  
APPLIED BY HIS BLOOD,  
BUT PLANT ME A CROWN  
AND WORK FOR MY GOOD.  
IN PRAISE I SHALL TELL,  
WHEN THRONED IN MY REST  
THE THINGS WHICH REPEL  
WERE ALWAYS THE BEST.

-Patrick Bronte, 1777-1861



Fighting a fire has always held a certain amount of fascination for many people. Perhaps it's the idea of seeing the fire engine come rushing up and spraying streams of water on the burning building which causes the excitement.

Fire losses can not always be measured in dollars

and cents, fires are one of the leading causes of property accidents and cause for thousands of people to lose their farm fires.

Buildings in which fire is made regularly, such as  
washhouses or shops should be built of concrete block  
or lined with asbestos board which is fire-safe.

Wooden walls can be made fire resistant by painting them with certain chemicals such as ammonium phosphate, ammonium sulphate, borax, boric acid or zinc. It will not make them fireproof but will keep them from igniting so easily.

Gasoline in the home is especially dangerous. The plain people who do not have electricity spare themselves the danger of faulty wiring (which is a major cause of fires in farm buildings), but if they have gasoline sitting around in cans, this danger is fully as great. The use of gasoline in the home can be cut to a minimum by using kerosene where possible. Kerosene pressure lamps can now be bought which make just as good a light as gasoline lamps. The washing machine can be driven from a shaft with the motor on the outside or by a diesel motor. Gasoline should always be kept outside in separate buildings, never in the washhouse or the basement. The danger is simply too great. A friend of ours whose mother died from a gasoline fire in the washhouse will not allow a gasoline motor inside the washhouse. Why wait till something serious happens?

Lanterns in the barn, especially the pressure kinds

(con't on page 7)

Return Addresses:  
In Canada - Family Life  
Aylmer, Ontario

In U.S.A. — Family Life  
LaGrange, IN 46761

# FAMILY LIFE

*August-September*

1972



# letters to the editors



## A DIFFERENCE IN ATTITUDES

The couple who is described in "Looking Beyond Ben" (May issue) as being opposed to decorated buggies, playing games and smoking and then later left the church for a more liberal one reminds me of a couple I knew. I can agree with the writer that not all turn out like this one did. About 15 years ago a boy started out among the young folks who felt the same way. He did not do any of these things and also dressed plainer than the other young folks. Yet today he is still a member of the church where he was baptized and is a good Christian light. What was the difference? I believe that the last named one was also humble in spirit and never took the attitude that anyone who doesn't agree with him in everything is living in sin.

-Pennsylvania.

## ALL ARE CALLED

In the article, "Lot of the Preacher's Wife" (May issue) it was disappointing that she dressed herself in way which was not becoming for a preacher's wife before her husband was ordained. But it's a sad and true fact, we see it time and again, not only in dress but in ways of living. Would it not be a lot better if we would all as soon as we join church strive to live, act and dress as is becoming for an ordained brother and his wife. Are we not all the temple of the living God, are we not all called to be ambassadors for Christ in our "lebens wandel", and do we not all want to inherit a dwelling not made with hands after this life is past? So why should we not all strive to meet the same standards? We are to be pilgrims and strangers here, awaiting the redemption in Christ Jesus to inherit that city whose builder and maker is God, yet at times one has to wonder when seeing such modern homes and equipment, short dresses and small coverings, and children being dressed in worldly clothes, to name just a few. If we do such things, is our citizenship in Heaven or is our main interest in material things which will shortly fade away?

-Narvon, Pennsylvania.

## DISCIPLINE WITH LOVE

Thank you for the article, "More than Discipline" (June issue.) I grew up in a home where discipline was rather lax at times and at other times just the opposite. But worst of all there seemed to be no father's love for us children. Only children growing up in such homes can realize the tension, self-consciousness, inferiority and confused feeling such an atmosphere creates.

Father professed to be a very God-fearing man but he was concerned about our spiritual welfare, not because he loved us, but because he always said it's required of him, his duty as a father, to make us obey. So love and respect were never very evident in our home for Dad.

Dear parents, if you want your children to grow up in the "zucht und vermahnung zum Herrn" you'll have to love them with Christian love and be a shining example yourself of what you want your children to be. I'm past my teens now, but I still often wonder what it would be like to grow up in a home where Christian love and respect would have first place.

-Name and address withheld.

## WEAK OR STRONG FAITH

I agree with the article "In Whom Do We Trust?" (June issue). I think people should trust in God more instead of buying any kind of insurance. I think this

should include anything we do and that means me, too.  
-S.S., Geneva, Indiana

I feel the insurance article was very good and much needed. I have noticed there are many people with a sign at the entrance to their homes saying "Prairie Farmer Protective Union." I believe this is intended to protect their property. This is not an insurance where dues are paid, but anyone can be a member by buying the magazine. I feel it shows a weak faith compared to that of our forefathers.

Insurance can cover material things but only God can insure the soul.

-Indiana.

## EVOLUTION IS HARD TO FORGET

I just finished reading the story "My Sister Survived" in the May issue and it read almost like my life. I can talk out of experience. Although I didn't fully believe in evolution, I was mixed up pretty badly. Like Anna, school was easy for me. I was confronted more than once with the advantages of going through high school and continuing through college. They tried to make it look foolish to be a farmer (which I now am, thankfully). They told me I was too smart to be a farmer.

Although I didn't recognize it as such, evolution was taught in our school. They talked about the cave man and so on, how his forehead got larger as he did more thinking and they showed me skeletons which were dug up. To this day I do not know what to think about those fossils. Are they deliberately lying or have they actually found such?

But evolution goes farther than this. They say all life originally evolved from a single celled algae growing on the water. To a young mind, this was confusing. It just didn't agree with the Bible.

It was nice to believe about Jesus but the creation of the world as told in the Old Testament seemed harder to believe than the evolution way. About this time I heard a minister tell about a man that didn't believe or didn't think a certain page in his Bible was necessary so he tore it out. After awhile he found another page and tore that one out also. This went on until finally he had only the covers left. It became plain to me that we must believe all of the Bible as God's Word, or we must discard it all. We can not believe only part of it. I also heard a bishop say that many people think the theory of evolution is true, but that we know the Bible is true. It is no theory.

I am now married and farming and I have pretty well discarded the ideas of evolution as foolishness. If we only stop to think of the earth and the soil and how everything is so intricate, everything works so perfect, and the universe is all in time and in order. How could this all have happened without a Lord or Creator?

I am quite sure there are others who have gone through this turmoil if they were taught evolution. I was only taught it the last two years in school but I understand they start teaching it younger now.

-Still Young, Pennsylvania.

EDITOR'S NOTE- I hope the fossil skulls don't bother

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you any longer. It has been stated that among the different races and nations of people living in the world today, individuals could be found with almost any size or shape of skull. No doubt there was also a variation among the people who lived six thousand years ago.

#### TEXAS AMISH

The historical section in the June issue of the Amish in Texas was more interesting to me this time than usual as I knew some of the people in it. Dan Kurtz was married to Amanda Coblentz, daughter of Bishop Mose Coblentz as stated in the article. Mose was a cousin to Joe Coblentz, who was also mentioned, but he was a minister instead of a bishop as was stated, and he was my grandfather. Later they lived in Mississippi and two of their boys live there now.

-Atlee Coblentz, Delaware.

#### SNAKES AND EVIL

Is it not a natural instinct for children to be afraid of snakes? (see back cover, June issue) I think all domestic animals shy away from them. Did not God say to the serpent "thou are cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field?"

My first recollection of a snake was in a Bible picture of a big snake in the Garden of Eve. Naturally it was an evil thing and something to be shunned and avoided.

Perhaps we can learn from this that we are too prone to be friendly toward evil and thus much ungodliness is tolerated in our homes and our churches.

-Mrs. Andy D. Nissley, Indiana.

I agree with the writer that the most dangerous animal in North America is the snake. I want my children to be afraid of snakes. I was taught snakes come from the devil, what better reason to shriek in terror and run with a club to kill it?

My parents didn't scare me when they told me to run and get a hoe. I felt protected. I only hope I'll be able to protect my children the same way.

What I can't understand is how some people can have rubber snakes in the toy box for children to play with. As far as I'm concerned a snake is a snake whether it is dead or alive, poisonous or non-poisonous or just a picture.

How about starting an Amish settlement in Maine, Alaska or Hawaii where there are no poisonous snakes? I'll join you.

-M.M.H. Indiana.

The article on snakes was interesting, but I was disappointed that only one side of the picture was stressed. It is true there are poisonous snakes but surely the article is unfair to call them the most dangerous animal. Poisonous snakes are so rare that the greatest percent of the readers of *Family Life* have probably never seen one outside of zoos. Out of 2,400 kinds of snakes in the world, only about 8 percent are poisonous and the greater part of those live in the tropics. Most of us do not need any encouragement to fear snakes any more, we are already unbelievably superstitious about them. We need to be told the truth about snakes, that what we are really killing when we come running in terror with our hoes is one of the best friends a farmer has. Many common snakes kill rats, mice, and other rodents that destroy crops. Scientists estimate that one snake will eat nearly 150 mice in six months.

I cannot find the figures at the moment, but have read already that many more people die each year in the U.S. and Canada from wasp and bee stings than from snake bites. Why, they say that even the rocking chair in your living room is a greater threat to your life than poisonous snakes, for in North America each year more people die from tripping over chairs than from snake bites.

Actually snakes are beautiful, but as other beautiful things, (such as thunderstorms) many people miss the beauty because they have been taught to cower in fear. I

feel sorry for people who believe snakes are evil and live in fear of them. It is true that Satan came in the garden to Eve in the form of a snake. Does that mean there is nothing good to be said for snakes ever since? Did we ever stop to think that whereas Satan came once in the form of a snake, he has tempted people hundreds and thousands of time by coming in human form. He came in serpent form to Eve, but he came in human form to Joseph (by Potaphar's wife) and to Jesus (by Peter), to mention only two examples. If snakes are evil, what is man?

Jesus recognized the good in snakes when he told us to be like them (Matt. 10:16). It's time we taught our children that the snake in the garden is our friend. He's working day and night to help us. Let's show our appreciation by letting him live.

-E.S., Ontario

#### STEPPING ON SOMEBODY'S TOES

When visiting with people about *Family Life*, some people enjoy it very much while others, it seems don't like it at all. Some say it is just people going over each other, but what I know and see of the matter, I fear it points at the different things which our conscience does not let us go free about. It seems to me *Family Life* is stepping on our toes. (reminding us how we often fail to thank God for what we have and are and the many different things we are living in such as pride, fine clothing, not trying to stay with church rules which I feel is needed for our eternal good, as well as to warn against hate, gossip, and jealousy).

Sometimes it steps on our toes so hard we think they are broken but then when we try to walk, (admit our faults and shortcomings and try to do better) we realize they are not broken.

All Christians know that nothing can take the place of the Bible but I feel that such magazines can provide good reading material and, I for one, am thankful for the pointed way it shows and brings to light our many weaknesses.

-Melvin Martin, Pennsylvania.

#### BABY CHEETAHS THAT DON'T STAY BABIES

A few years ago, while travelling in Africa, Mrs. Martin Johnson captured four baby cheetahs. She was interested in studying wild animals so she took them to camp with her. The cheetahs belong to the cat family same as lions, tigers and leopards. They are said to be the swiftest animals in the forest.

The baby cheetahs were cute and harmless and Mrs. Johnson fed them goat's milk from a bottle. They grew and grew and as they became larger, they also became more mischievous. One can imagine what it would be like to have four of these animals in one's home.

Cheetahs are like sins because little cheetahs have a way of growing into big cheetahs exactly the same way as little sins have a habit of growing into big ones. Mrs. Johnson saw what was happening so she sent them to the St. Louis Zoo where they were kept behind bars and were not allowed to run loose.

How many of us are like Mrs. Johnson and like to have some wild pets around us. At first they look cute and harmless but before we know what's happening, they are grown up until they are stronger than we are. But fortunately, whether they are baby cheetahs or little sins, there is a way to get rid of them but the time to do it is right away, before they do any damage.

- S.S., Missouri.

## PATHWAY PEN POINTS

### WHAT THE CUSTOMS OFFICER DIDN'T KNOW

The driver slowed down as we neared the Canada-U.S. Border. A tall broad-shouldered official, clad in a heavy overcoat stepped from his booth with all the sternness of his down-to-earth business written on his face.

My thoughts flashed back to the several rolls of bologna and a few other items which we had with us, sent by our friends in Canada to be delivered to some friends in the U.S. Instantly I got the feeling, "Now we're in for trouble."

I was mistaken, for the official was not concerned about the items which we were bringing over. He asked us if we were U.S. citizens and whether we were conveying any alcoholic beverages. Then he glanced over the items in the back of the small bus.

"Are you Amish?" he asked in that accustomed strong voice of authority. Several in the bus nodded their heads that we were.

"I've been reading about your school case," he said in the same strong voice, "and I think it's too bad they are causing you so much trouble. I think some people are mixed up and I say they are all wrong."

Sizing us up in another quick once-over, he continued, "I'm not saying this just because you are Amish. The trouble is that parents nowadays don't want to carry any responsibility. The schools are supposed to teach their children, the neighbors are supposed to entertain them. It's up to the police to watch them and keep them straight. The preacher is supposed to look after their soul and teach them about God. The country, the city, the law, and the church shall carry the responsibility. Anybody but themselves!"

He paused, stepped back and motioned us to pass on, and then added, "But there is no substitute for the home."

The officer's final statement swept into the open window with a gust of icy cold wind as the driver moved on.

It was plain to understand that he was talking about the people of this world. There was no doubt in his mind that in the homes of the plain people everything is love and peace and joy. In these homes Father and Mother work closely together at all times in teaching and training their children the way the Bible says they should.

Fervently we wished and tried to make ourselves believe that the officer was right. We wished that what he said would not concern us at all. But nevertheless it gave us something to think about—seriously. We could not help wondering if maybe sometimes, some things are happening in our homes which this officer has no idea could be happening,—something which he doesn't know about?

-M.Z., Virginia

### WHAT WE ARE TELLING THE WORLD

Early this spring our small son was admitted to the hospital. My husband and I were visiting him one day and decided to walk through the children's ward before going home.

As we glanced into the rooms, many children were playing. Some were crying and others sleeping. A few had visitors, mostly their mothers. As we walked down the hall, we came to a room where a young Amish woman was seated in the middle of the room with her back to the door. High on the wall was a T. V. set and she sat

watching intently. In fact she was so taken up in the show that she didn't even notice us as we looked into the room.

On one of the beds was a small Amish boy, perhaps 5 years old, busy playing by himself. The boy was paying no attention to the T.V. or to the visitor whom we took to be his mother. (It may have been a relative.)

My first thoughts were that the T.V. is turned on and others are watching it. But as I looked about the room I saw that no one else was watching the television.

We passed on down the hall without saying anything. As we came back again we looked into the door and the woman was still watching. The picture was rather hazy whereupon the woman jumped up, stretched herself to reach up to the T.V. and turned the knobs until it was clear again. Evidently she was acquainted with T.V. sets.

I was deeply grieved and would have been very much ashamed if a nurse would have come into the room at the time and have seen what we saw.

The woman could have watched it from her son's bedside where she would not have been so conspicuous. It made me wonder if she was so used to it, maybe already in her young years that she could now watch it with a free conscience.

What will a mother like this be able to teach her children when she herself has a desire for such entertainment? And what is she telling the world?

-Mrs. I.R., Pennsylvania

### STANDING UP TO THE SALESMAN

Two salesmen came walking close to a house one evening. The drapes were drawn but the drapes did not keep in the voices. Inside the home, the mother of the family was lashing her husband with her sharp tongue. This was wrong and that was wrong. The husband had made a mistake here and a blunder there. The salesmen turned, walked to their car and left.

The next week one of the salesmen came to this home again. When he knocked, the woman came to the door, the same woman who had talked so loudly several evenings before. Now she had a smile and to his surprise she wore a cape dress and a large head covering. She welcomed him in and as the salesman showed her the books he was selling she frequently quoted Scripture. To his surprise she said she would buy a set of his books.

The man left and met the other salesman and they went to get their dinner. They were talking about this woman and one of them said, "She should have been brought up in a Christian home, then she wouldn't act like that."

The poor woman thought she was fooling the salesman but she wasn't. She was only fooling herself. She wore plain clothes and she could even quote Scripture but she did not allow her husband to be the head of the house. The salesmen heard with their own ears that she was not submissive as a wife should be.

The salesmen also knew that the wife bought the set of books without consulting her husband. If she would have let her husband go to a Christian bookstore and ask why they don't handle this set of books, they would have told him. The books which the salesman was selling were Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Bible story books, and these books are published by the Seventh Day adventists. She

Family Life

spent money unwisely, without consent of her husband and for books which could easily be a hindrance to their children.

It is true that the books have a lot of nice pictures in them, and also much good reading. But if the woman wanted Bible stories to tell her children, she could have

gotten them out of the Bible or from other Bible story books which are more nearly according to our faith. If she had stayed in her place and asked her husband, chances are the salesman would not have spent much time in her home and the books would never have entered her house.

-Pennsylvania

## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



### HURRICANE BRINGS RECORD-BREAKING RAINS

The first hurricane of the season sprang a surprise which will not soon be forgotten by residents of Pennsylvania and the surrounding states. After following an erratic course from Mexico past Florida and out into the Atlantic Ocean, it suddenly turned in the first days of summer and hit the Atlantic seaboard with torrential rains. Delaware and eastern Pennsylvania reported twelve to fourteen inches of rain, while parts of western Pennsylvania got six to eight inches.

Scores of people were drowned, many homes and other buildings were either washed away or damaged by the high waters. Field crops were ruined on many thousands of acres of land. Many covered bridges were washed away which have stood as landmarks for hundreds of years. The governor's mansion in Harrisburg was under water up to the second story. Many homes in the lowlands were washed away by the waters.

The Lancaster County community was shocked on learning of the death of Samuel B. Kauffman and their nine-month-old son. The young couple were trying to cross by the covered bridge just north of Leaman Place. While going through a low spot on the road, their horse and buggy were swept off the road. Samuel's wife, Sarah managed to grasp a tree where she hung on for an hour before being rescued. Samuel held the baby and tried to hold himself on some bushes but was swept away by the swift current. The baby's body was found the next day near the first bridge downstream. The buggy with the horse still hitched was also found close to the same place. Samuel's body was not found until Saturday and

was near the Aquilla Stoltzfus homestead. A double funeral was held on Monday, June 25th.

The hurricane was followed by three weeks of rainy weather. Then in the middle of July came unusually warm and humid weather. When the weather finally cleared off, many farmers found their crops were ruined, and their buildings were water logged and moldy on the inside.

Most people consider fire about the worst thing that can happen. But after the recent experience, many people have come to the conclusion that water is still worse.

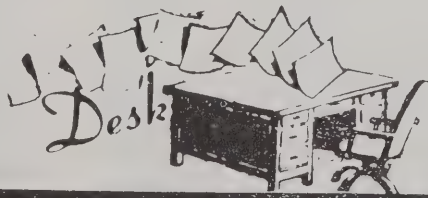
### ACCURATE WITHIN A MINUTE A YEAR

Have you ever wished for a timepiece you could depend upon to tell the time accurately? Two years ago Bulova Watch company introduced its quartz-crystal watch which was guaranteed to keep correct time within a minute a year. The cost of the original watch was beyond most people's willingness to buy as it cost over \$300. Last year the same company came out with another model of the same watch which sells for \$395. Other companies are now coming out with similar watches priced as low as \$125.

These new watches operate on an altogether different mechanism than the conventional watches. They do not have a mainspring and very few cogs and gears. They contain a tiny battery the size of an aspirin tablet which sends a charge of electricity through a tiny quartz bar which vibrates at 32,769 times per second. These vibrations produce the movement for the watch.

It is predicted that within a few years, these watches, and perhaps clocks as well will be available in the \$50 price range. They do have some disadvantages as they are not shock-proof and if they need servicing they must be returned to the factory.

## Across The Editor's Desk



This issue of Family Life is something new—something which has never happened before—two issues in one. The summer months seem to be the busy time of the year, both for reading and writing. Some of our readers have remarked that sometimes they don't get their Family Life read by the time the next one comes. Now they will have nearly two months to catch up.

The writers and the editors find it a bit hard to meet the deadlines, too. The last few months we have been lagging behind a little. We hope that by skipping a month we can get caught up again. There are also a number of other jobs that keep getting pushed off during the year. Maybe by skipping one issue of Family Life, we will be August-September, 1972

able to get some of these out of the way as well.

The other item is costs. Printing costs have been going up all the time. We must depend on subscription money to keep going as we do not have any income from advertising. The subscription price of Family Life has been \$4.00 per year ever since it started and that is nearly five years ago. We have no intentions of raising this price within the foreseeable future. However, by publishing only eleven issues per year instead of twelve, it will have the same effect. Our plans are to skip one month every summer but not necessarily the same month each year.

To make up for the missing month, this August-Sep-

tember issue is a little later and a little larger— 48 pages in all. So we hope to see you again— around the first of October.

The Pathway Pen Points have been a part of Family Life ever since it started. The question has been asked, what does it take to be a Pen Point?

The rules are not very rigid and in case of necessity we sometimes stretch the rules. However, ordinarily it is a short story telling of an incident that actually happened to or was seen by a reader of Family Life. By means of an ordinary happening, a lesson or spiritual truth is brought out. It is the kind of incident which happens to us as we go about our work, from which we can take a lesson. It is also the kind of happening which will soon be forgotten unless it is written down and sent in right away. By publishing it in Family Life, others may benefit from our experience.

As far as we know, all stories in Family Life are either true stories or true to life stories. To a certain percentage of people a story which is actually true is worth more than one which is only true to life (perhaps by putting different incidents together to make a story). For these people the Pen Points are of special value since they are all true stories.

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### BETTY AND THE BARGAIN COUNTER

One of the big department stores in town was having a sale so Betty King and her neighbor, Katie Zook decided to go shopping together.

"What time do you want to go?" Betty asked.

"Would nine o'clock be too early?" Katie answered.

"No, that will suit me fine. The children will be in school and I will be ready to go by then."

It was cool but sunny, an ideal day for shopping. As they made their way toward town, Katie said, "I hope I can find some nice dress material at a reasonable price. It seems the children are always needing clothes. Either they grow out of them or the clothes wear out,"

"I know just what you mean," Betty answered. "With a growing family like you have, a mother always needs to do sewing. I'm not especially needing dress material but you know me. If I see a bargain, I think I have to get it."

Before they knew it, they were in town. "Shall we meet at the front of the store at twelve o'clock?" Betty asked. "Then we can decide if we want to do some more shopping."

Betty went to the dry goods department just to see what they had. "Oh, here's a table of nice material for only 69¢ a yard and that's a real bargain for that kind of material," Betty thought to herself. "If only they had other colors. These colors are a bit too bright, I'm afraid, but at that price, well, I wonder if I hadn't better buy some anyway. I think I will get enough to make the girls a dress. I wonder what people will think about those colors, oh well, the girls are still young and it won't hurt them. A bargain's a bargain and I don't get a chance like this every day."

Meanwhile Katie was looking around the store, too. Most of the things which were on sale she did not really need, so why buy them? She did find a hammer at quite a reduction so she bought it as her husband needed a hammer.

Different issues of Family Life deal with various topics which are connected with family life. We try never to devote a whole issue to one certain subject. However, in this issue one very important topic is emphasized in at least five different places.

The subject which I have in mind is the urgent need for the parents in a family to work together in bringing up the children. A feature article in this issue "When the Children Are Grown" brings out the sad consequences in a church when the bishop's wife does not cooperate with her husband. The article is based on true happenings although names and incidents have been changed to avoid identity. It brings out the need for the bishop and his wife to work together for the good of both the family and the church.

Of equal importance are the minister's wives for they have the same influence. And to take it one step farther, since there are so many, it is also just as important for the parents in each of the families in the church to be agreed in purpose and in action.

Although this is important from the time they are first married, it often times does not show up, as the article brings out, until the children are grown. If you will read closely, you will find this truth brought out, not only in the feature article but also in Pen Points, on the What Do You Think Page, and at other places in this issue.

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She also looked at the dress material but most of it was too bright to suit her. She finally found several pieces which suited her so she bought them.

At twelve o'clock the two women met at the front of the store as planned.

Katie had only a few items but Betty had her buggy well filled. "Looks like you've found a lot of bargains," Katie said to Betty.

"I sure did," Betty answered. "Most of these things I didn't really need but I don't get a chance to get such bargains like this every day. Maybe sometime I'll need them."

"I saw some things, too, I would have liked to have," Katie answered, "but I didn't really need them so I didn't buy them."

They shopped for awhile longer and then the two women started home. "I must show you what I got for Susie's birthday," Betty said, pulling a pair of black velvet slippers from her bag. They had a flower design with tiny glass beads on the front. "Aren't they cute, Katie?"

"Oh. Ouhh, aren't they kinda fancy, though?" Katie exclaimed when she saw the slippers. "I don't think anyone else has that kind, do they?"

"Well, they are kinda different," Betty answered. "I thought I could maybe take off some of the pretties. They were too nice not to buy them. They only cost 39¢. You can't let a bargain like that go, can you?"

Katie did not know what to answer. She wished she could help Betty to see that a bargain is not a bargain if it is something we don't need or ought not to have. Was it right to buy something which would be a harm to someone, something which was not according to the church standards just because it was a bargain? Was this maybe part of the reason why Betty's married daughter was often putting clothes on her daughter which was not in harmony with the church standards? Did this explain the reason for the blanket with fine edging all around or the lacy bibs and booties?

Katie's thoughts went to what one of the ministers had

# WHAT

## TO DO ABOUT

### SAM

I have a problem. Somehow I haven't been able to see my way through it yet, even though I am very adept at solving problems. Even Sam says I am and it so happens that Sam is my problem.

Let me introduce Sam. He's the one with those showhorses down the road apiece-you should just see his assortment of ribbons and trophies he's collected over the years! His half-acre place just isn't big enough for his activities so he's here at the farm a lot. Always has been for that matter. Over shoo-fly pie and coffee we've passed many a pleasant hour. At his place, of course, it's a swig of beer but I'm always careful not to indulge too much or to offend him by refusing.

You know, I think we plain people don't appreciate such neighbors enough. Take Sam for instance, in return for little favors, he takes me places and hauls my horses with his truck-- that is, he used to; that's part of my problem, but I'm getting ahead of my story.

I think the trouble started last summer when we took that trip to the mountains. I had offered some weeks before to do his chores while he took his family to the seashore a few days if, in return, he'd take us to the mountains to spend a day or two. It wasn't hard for him to see that he'd be getting as much benefit from the trip as we, especially after I offered to pay the gas and furnish all the food. The only reason he hesitated, I'm sure, was because of that next door neighbor of his- Johnny.

Johnny's one of those people who doesn't appreciate good neighbors. He did Sam's chores and numerous other things, too, without asking a thing in return, which must've been embarrassing to Sam. And Johnny drives his buggy for miles when I'm sure Sam would be glad to do something in return, like taking him in his car. Oh, Sam pretends to respect Johnny, but I happen to know Johnny is too much of a do-gooder for Sam. Why, Johnny even frowns on my business of buying and selling horses for profit. He says, - well, no, he merely insinuates- that I'm not quite honest.

To get back to the mountain trip we took with Sams, did we ever enjoy ourselves! I decided right from the beginning that I was not going to embarrass Sams with any rituals of our own. Since we were going with them, we were going to do as the saying goes, when in Rome, do as the Romans do. I still chuckle when I think of the jokes that were told. Sam held his sides for laughing at times and his pert little wife, Tina could tell a joke almost as well as the rest of us.

It was rather late when we got our beds ready in the one-room cabin that night, but I just couldn't resist one more practical joke. I'd like to tell you about it, but I have to laugh too much to talk and besides, my wife, Mary always gets furious when it's mentioned. Well, by the next day Sam seemed to have lost interest in the trip. It spited me he wanted to go home so soon, but since he insisted, we went home. I couldn't even prevail upon him to stop in a restaurant on the way home. Sam is funny that way.

It was soon after this that a very clever idea struck me with unusual force. I have this riding stable back in the hills which brings a nice little income. The city people

come eagerly to ride a tame horse through the woods, but they come mostly on week-ends. Well, I knew I couldn't get away with it to try anything on Sundays. Then I thought of Sam. Now Sam's are no church-going people. They have no scruples against working on Sundays, but at present they have the week-ends off. I knew Sam would welcome a little extra income, so why not? He could take care of this stable on Sundays and drive the kids around. His own 11-year old son could be a help around the horses.

So the next time he came to look after the horse he has on my meadow, I approached him with the idea. I figured he would go for it quick, but Sam got mad. And did he ever get mad? "What the-----," he started in and his voice raised to a crescendo as he proceeded. "You — hypocrite. You think because you go to church you're a Christian. But you want all the money you can rake in and since you think I'm going to hell anyway, I might just as well bring you in a little profit at the same time. God knows I'm an honest person than you are any day!"

I was stunned speechless but only for a moment. I didn't lose my head and tell him what I thought of him for talking like that.

"Now, Sam," I said soothingly, "I'm afraid I said the wrong thing for what I meant. I'm sure you misunderstood me."

"Forget it," he yelled as he jumped in his pickup and revved the motor.

I did some fast thinking. "The doughnuts," I hollered over the roar of the motor, "you forgot the doughnuts my wife was going to send with you."

The expression on his face changed ever so slightly and he hesitated just for a moment.

"Just wait two seconds and I'll bring them out," I urged him as I ran for the house.

Mary was standing in front of the cabinet with her back turned toward me as I rushed into the kitchen. "Hurry, put some of those fresh doughnuts in a bag for Sams," I gasped breathlessly, looking around for the usual mess doughnut baking makes.

"Doughnuts?" my wife asked blankly.

"Sure, I smelled them. Don't you have some doughnuts ready?"

"I didn't make any doughnuts. That's bread you smell. I baked early this morning." "Well give me a loaf, quick." I glanced out the window; the truck was moving very slowly past the house.

Sometimes my wife is provokingly slow. I grabbed the loaf of hot bread out of her hands and rushed out the winding path to the drive. Halfway out Mary yelled, "Mose, Mose, you forgot to put it in a bag."

"I'm sorry about the mistake," I said as I handed Sam the bag at last. "Mary said bread, not doughnuts. They smell all the same to me. And about that other horse you asked about putting on our pasture last week. I think we'll have room for him after all. Bring him any time it suits you." I was using all the diplomacy I could muster and I was glad Mary had gone right back to the house. I didn't want her to find out how Sam felt about me.

Soon we were on good terms again but I didn't dare mention anything about my riding stable for the rest of the summer. Now Spring is almost here and another summer is right around the corner. I hate to see it slip by again and miss such a good chance for making a little extra money.

Now I'm wondering how I could go about it to find out if Sam has changed his mind about it. It's not a bit worse than putting a horse to the races and I happen to know some of our people who have done that. But I'm just afraid that if I mention anything like that, Sam will say those fellows are hypocrites too, and then I won't know what to answer him on that.

I still think it's all that Johnny's fault. If he wouldn't live such a consistent life. Sam would never notice it if I do a few things I maybe oughtn't to. Yes, that's it. Johnny's to blame, but what can I do about that? ■■

**OVERSIZE** (con't from back cover)  
person. In nearly every case the only reasonable conclusion we can reach is that the reason people become overweight is because they consume more food than their body needs.

It is not necessary to starve yourself in order to lose weight. By choosing your foods wisely and then eating less of all the foods, you can limit the intake of calories so as to lose some weight each day.

The diet you choose doesn't matter. But stay away from one-food diets such as steak diet, egg diet or grapefruit diet. Of course you will want to go easy on the high calorie foods (we already know what those are) such as pork, ham, bacon, fat meats, lamb, butter, fried foods, gravies, potatoes and most sweets. Foods high in protein tend to be less fattening. Several years ago the food faddists advocated only high protein foods but recently it was discovered that if insufficient carbohydrates are consumed, the body will manufacture its own carbohydrates from protein, a rather expensive process.

Instead of eliminating certain foods altogether, learn to get by on less. If you were used to having a large slice of roast beef, take a smaller one. If you ordinarily eat two pork chops, learn to get by on one. If you were used to having two teaspoons of sugar on the cereal, learn to like it with one. It's mostly a matter of taste anyhow.

If you want to cut down on certain foods, then limit them to only certain meals. If you were used to having potatoes twice a day, then arrange to have them on the table only once a day. Instead of having fried foods every day, learn to get by with three days a week.

Substitutes can be found for high calorie foods, which satisfy the taste as well as the body's requirements. Instead of pork and beef you can substitute poultry and seafoods. Skim milk can be used for whole milk or cream, cottage cheese instead of richer cheese. Beets, carrots, green beans or spinach can be used instead of potatoes. Fresh fruits can be substituted for sweets.

Take your time in eating. If you chew each morsel well, your appetite will be better appeased than if you eat too fast. It is well to have on hand some filler foods, which you can eat all you want to of at any time. These may include asparagus, broccoli, cabbage, carrots, celery, cucumbers, jello, lemon juice, lettuce, melons, onions, green peppers, radishes, spinach, tomatoes. You should eat several raw apples every day. This will help to eliminate any problems with constipation.

The diet should not be too rigid. On some days when you are overly active your body will need more and richer foods than when you go to church. Try skipping some meals; but be sure you do not eat twice as much at the next meal.

Beware of the attitude that eating is for pleasure only. It is natural for us to enjoy our foods and we are fortunate if we have an appetite, but if we live to eat instead of eating to live then we have missed the point and are in for a lot of trouble. Food is intended to serve our body and give us the energy we need to carry on our activities.

The same applies to our bodies. The only way we can lift an arm or move a muscle is to burn up some fuel. The body burns or oxidizes the food much in the same way as an engine burns the fuel. Calories are the amount of energy in food. One calorie, when properly processed by the body, will raise the temperature of two pounds of water one degree centigrade. Of course a lot of our food is used in maintaining the normal body processes such as breathing, blood circulation, keeping our bodies at the right temperature, etc. A person asleep for the whole day would still use up some energy.

The other way in which we use up energy is in exercise. This can be in work or play, or perhaps you are waiting for a bus and you squirm back and forth nervously and use up a lot of energy in this way.

People who are overweight can use exercise in disposing of their surplus energy. If you learn to eat less, this reduces the intake of calories. If you learn to exercise more, this increases the output of energy and can also be a means of keeping your body fit.

If you will walk an extra mile in the morning and also

in the evening, you will burn up 200 calories of fuel. If you allow yourself an extra egg for breakfast then you will have to walk  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile to use up the extra energy. Even by standing or moving around more during the day, you are using up some of the surplus fats.

#### Steady Wins The Race

Don't understand from this that you can work harder and eat less for a few days and thus solve all your problems. If you would walk to the top of a 2,000 foot mountain, by the time you got back you would not be able to tell any difference in your weight. But if you would do it every day, it would add up to a considerable amount by the end of a year.

Extra weight is accumulated only at a fraction of an ounce at a time. But in the course of years, it adds up to pounds. If you can regulate your diet and your exercise so as to reduce an ounce a day, you could lose more than 20 pounds in a year. For the person who had the determination to stick with it, this would be better than losing this amount in a week. Of course if someone is 50 lbs overweight it might be better to lose 3 ounces a day instead of one. If you decrease the food intake too sharply it may result in headaches, tiredness, mild depression or sleeplessness, but these symptoms usually last only for a period of time.

What reward is there for all the effort? Are the results worth it? Those who have reached their goal say they have been amply repaid with many additional benefits thrown in. It gives a person a sense of accomplishment in overcoming one of the most persistent problems he has ever faced. He will have removed the obstacle which was a threat to his well being and proven that he could bring his own body under subjection. Perhaps he will also have more peace of mind with the thought that, while  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the people in the world go to bed hungry at night, he is no longer wasting food and carrying around excess poundage. Both his health and his outlook should be improved on knowing that the human body feels better to leave the table slightly hungry than it does when overfull.

If you have reached your goal it is no time to relax. The price of freedom from overweight is constant watchfulness. If you were gaining weight during all of your life so far, then chances are you will have a lifetime job to keep away those unwanted pounds. Keep the scales handy for it is an important piece of machinery in your fight against overweight. Check you weight regularly at the same time of day and with the same amount of clothes on. But along with all your efforts you must still have a generous amount of determination that you will not be a slave to your appetite.

(For a listing of the number of calories in common foods, see table in "Feel Like A Million" available from Pathway Bookstore, R. 4, LaGrange, Ind. 46761 Price 75 cents.)

#### DESIRABLE WEIGHTS AT AGE 25 OR OVER (without shoes)

<u>MEN</u>	Small	Medium	Large
<u>inches</u>	<u>frame</u>	<u>frame</u>	<u>frame</u>
61	116-125	124-133	131-142
63	122-132	130-140	137-149
65	129-139	137-147	145-157
67	136-147	145-156	153-166
69	144-155	153-164	161-175
71	152-164	161-173	169-185
73	163-175	171-184	179-196
<u>WOMEN</u>			
58	104-111	110-118	117-127
60	107-115	114-122	121-131
62	113-122	120-128	127-138
64	119-128	127-135	133-147
66	126-136	134-144	142-154
68	133-143	141-151	149-162
70	139-150	148-158	155-169

## A Christian Heritage

Just what is a "Christian heritage?" Do you have one?

"Of course, I do," you answer, "but why do you ask?"

Why? That's a good question. Let's think a moment what it would be like if you didn't have this "Christian heritage."

Where would you be now? Still in bed trying to recuperate from last night when you drank too much and woke up with a bad headache? Oh, well it's not the first time and you are used to that anyway. Or would you be out stealing, murdering, or trying to satisfy your lust? Or maybe you'd spend that last dollar on more dope to get high on, not caring where your next meal would come from. You can steal something for that.

"No," you say, "that sounds terrible. I'd never do anything like that. Why, that's too hideous to even think about."

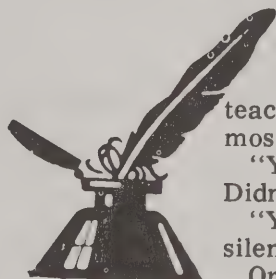
But are you sure? Without moral and Christian teaching many young people turn to such things. How so you know you wouldn't? But you say you wouldn't follow the trends just because "everybody else is doing it." Even if you were able to do this, how about your children if you ever have a family? Are they going to have a "Christian heritage" or will they be going along with the crowd not knowing any better since your example is not much better.

Are you wondering why I have such thoughts? You've a right to wonder. I didn't have a Christian heritage. I know what it's like to be in a family who doesn't have the Christian heritage. I know what it feels like to have brothers who are living in terrible sin right now, and a father who is divorced and married again.

I can only thank God that He has allowed me to learn a better way of living. I didn't have a Christian heritage, but you do. Will your children? My greatest desire is that God will be merciful to me so that mine will.

— Author's name withheld.

## Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

### WHAT TROUBLED LINDA

There seemed to be a faraway, almost sad expression in Linda Schrock's eyes as she sat on the lawn swing. She kept the swing in a gentle motion by an occasional kick of her foot. The evening sun had sprayed the western sky with blending tints of orange, red, and yellow.

"Taking it easy?"

Linda jumped, startled by the voice behind her. She swung around to face Orpha Troyer, one of her closest friends. "How did you sneak up on me? I didn't know anyone was around?"

"You must have been half asleep or you would have heard me. I just walked up very normal like."

Linda moved over on the seat of the swing to make room for Orpha to sit down beside her. The two girls chatted a while, then Orpha said, "Well, I came up to hear what you have to say about your trip. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Oh, well, yes, I did--in a lot of ways, at least."

Orpha glanced over into her friend's face, a questioning look in her eyes. "Hmmm, does that mean in some ways you didn't enjoy yourself? What was wrong, did you feel out of place at the wedding?"

"Not really," Linda said. "They had a pretty decent wedding, as far as that goes. I really enjoyed meeting the parents and children from the school where I used to

teach. You see it's been about four years since I saw most of them."

"You know the people pretty well there, don't you. Didn't you teach for three years?"

"Yes I did," Linda said, and then she lapsed into silence again.

Orpha glanced at Linda again. She just didn't seem like herself. And yet Orpha wasn't sure what was wrong, was she troubled about something, or just in a thoughtful mood?

Finally Orpha said, "What's wrong, Linda? You don't seem yourself."

Linda smiled. "I'm still myself, it's just that I've been thinking a lot since I'm back. I can't get over it how I almost didn't recognize some of my former pupils. Well, I shouldn't say almost, I actually didn't recognize several of them."

"Now I sure wouldn't worry long about that," Orpha said. "You should have expected that. Why, in four years children can really grow a lot. I know how they surprise you sometimes. You know they will be bigger and older, but you still aren't prepared for it when they walk up to you, because the only way you remember them is a lot younger."

Linda shook her head. "It wasn't the way they grew that bothered me, but the way some of them changed--changed otherwise." Linda paused and kicked the soft earth beneath her feet, causing the swing to start again. "You see," she began again, "I was prepared for them being older and bigger, but I wasn't ready for the way they changed otherwise. Take Amos Bontrager's boy Johnny for example. He was always such a good pupil, and I thought so much of him. He was in the seventh grade the last year I taught, and of course he was lively and got into mischief as all boys do, but he just seemed so clean and decent. He had a kind heart. I never had to

scold him much until he was sorry, and if I wasn't careful, I would bring the tears. He seemed to be serious minded and conscientious, and I just felt he would grow up to be the kind of boy his parents would be happy about. But the change..."

Orpha waited. She knew exactly how Linda felt, for she had also taught school for many years, and she had experienced the same crushing disappointment many times. "I know what you mean," she said softly.

"I just can't get over it," Linda said. "I keep trying to convince myself that I didn't see what I think I did. I was expecting Johnny would be changed as far as his size and looks and things like that, for I had figured it up and knew he should be about 17 now. But I wasn't ready for the other change--why, Orpha, he looks almost tough, and he was dressed out of the church rules, and he smokes and runs around with the rough crowd. I just couldn't believe he's the same boy."

"By the way it sounds, he isn't the same boy, either," Orpha said.

She shook her head. "No, I guess not. And that's what discourages me. I'm afraid he never will be the same again. He's been in bad company. And the same is true for many of my other upper graders, but the contrast isn't quite so big, since I didn't expect so much from some of the rest. But Johnny, I just didn't think it of him."

As Orpha sat and listened to Linda tell of her disappointment, her mind travelled back to the many many times she had felt the same way. Aloud she said, "It's pretty discouraging, isn't it?"

"Well, I must admit," Linda said, "I just feel as if those years of teaching were practically wasted."

"I felt that way many times," Orpha said. "You noticed the change even more since you were away for this long and then went back, but even while I was teaching I couldn't help but see what was happening. I remember so well how pupils would leave school in the eighth grade, many of them obedient and serious and sensible, just children as far as that goes, but still showing promise. But then all at once something would happen to them. They would get into the young people's gatherings and change in a hurry. And that would discourage me more than any of the problems that came up in school, because it seemed there was so little I could do about it. It seemed that the parents and we teachers worked for years to teach the children the good and to warn them against the bad, and then suddenly they would be turned loose into just the opposite environment, right at the time when they needed good company the most. I tell you it used to just make me sick."

Linda looked over at Orpha, wonderment on her face. "You put my feelings into words better than I could have myself," she said. "That's just exactly the way I found it--the bad influence of the company among the youngfolks is reversing everything we tried to accomplish in school. Why, we're just wasting our money and time to have our own schools, if that is going to keep on. We might as well stop having our own schools."

"No," Orpha said. "Surely there must be a better solution than that."

Let's hope Orpha was right, that somewhere there is a better solution, and that concerned parents in every community will be in earnest to find it. Linda's suggestion that we might as well stop having our own schools reminds me of a letter we received at Pathway a few weeks ago. One morning when the office girls opened the mail, among the other letters was one that looked the same as the others but turned out different. It was just an ordinary envelope, addressed to Pathway Publishers, Route 4, Aylmer, Ontario. Inside was a note stating simply that the writer would like to subscribe for one year to **Young Companion**, and was enclosing \$2.50 as payment.

Still nothing unusual about that. A very simple routine request. The first thing that was a little out of the ordinary was the way the money was sent. Two one dollar bills were folded inside the note. But the two quarters were sewn inside a Nabisco Shredded Wheat box top. We

have received coins in the mail before, sometimes wrapped in paper, sometimes taped or pasted on cardboard, but this was the first time any were sewn up. The sender had certainly gone to a lot of effort to make sure the money arrived safely.

But what the office girls discovered next was the real surprise. This person who had gone to all this trouble to send the money safely had forgotten to add her name or address. The girls looked inside and outside, and checked the second and the third time--no name anywhere. They began to feel very helpless. They had the money, but how would they send the subscription without knowing who to send it to?

When I learned of the letter, I had no solution either, except to wait and hope the woman would write again. But during the next couple days after that, my mind kept going back to the letter. I couldn't forget the way the sender had so carefully sewn up the money, going to extra pains to make sure it wasn't lost or stolen. And yet without her name and address, her carefulness in sewing up the money was wasted.

Of course, this was just a small mistake, the kind that all of us make, being forgetful humans. But is it possible that some of us are making this same mistake in other areas, in ways where the consequences are much more serious than the loss of a few dollars? The conversation between Linda and Orpha at the beginning of this article may point toward one such example.

Linda was discouraged with teaching, it almost seemed to her that it was pointless to have parochial schools. What was the use of going to all that effort and expense to shield the children from harmful companions if later they associated freely with young people who seemed to undo all the good accomplished in school? Linda had a point, but did she have the solution? Hardly.

In order to solve a problem, it is necessary to correct what is wrong. For example, the person who sent in the money for the YC subscription was wise to be concerned about the safety of the money. There was nothing wrong with sewing up the quarters in cardboard. After all, the money did arrive safely. Wouldn't it be a poor solution indeed if we would now say that since the money without the address was wasted, everyone might as well send their cash any old sloppy way. Just throw a bunch of coins into the envelope and let them rattle and jostle. No sense in getting them safely to us if you don't have your name and address included. Of course, none of us would take this reasoning. It's so ridiculous as to make us smile. Instead we would say, since the mistake was in not providing a name and address, from now on everyone should wrap the coins carefully and add their names with equal care.

Surely the same reasoning must apply in the problem with schools and young folks, we should not discard what is good, but work on what is wrong. The same reasoning applies, but unfortunately the solution is less simple to put into effect. But just because the problem is difficult to solve, does not excuse us from seeking a solution, and doing what we can to bring it about.

Surely it is good and right that we have our own schools, and seek to teach and train our children in that which is upbuilding, and to shield them from the harmful company and environment of public schools. But it is too bad if we are not also concerned in providing an equally upbuilding environment later on among the young people. Are we concerned only about our little children and not about our big children?

In many young people's gatherings there are harmful influences and young people see attitudes of defiance and rebellion toward the church, hear dirty stories that degrade that which should be sacred, and see those mocked and made fun of who dare to take a stand for better things. Can we have our young people associate with this type of company and expect them not to try to fit in and be one of the group?

Part of the problem may be that parents are not always aware of what goes on among the young people, and yet this can't explain it entirely. For the first

Family Life

question is, why don't we know? Are we concerned to find out, or would we perhaps rather not know? It is doubtful that on the judgement day whether God will excuse any of us because of willful ignorance.

It seems that the greatest reason why not more is being done about this problem is simply that we don't care enough. Have things been in a bad way so long that we have begun to accept them and take them for granted, and even to believe that such unseemly conduct is normal of young people? If we really cared, would we, or could we, go ahead and visit about our crops and neighbors all Sunday afternoon while in a room upstairs our young people are keeping the air blue with smoke and playing cards and entertaining each other with off-color jokes? Would we as parents, if we really cared as we should, go ahead week after week and wash and iron clothes for our young people which they wear in disobedience to the church? If we really cared, would we let our young people go away in the evening, without knowing where they are going, or what they will be doing, or with whom they will be spending their time? Would we go to bed on Saturday evening, our daughters upstairs and the house unlocked so that boys can enter and leave at will, a setup so evil that is shameful to mention and hard to imagine that parents could be so unconcerned as to tolerate it.

It is good that we try hard to hire teachers for our schools who will do their best to be a good influence on our children. We are wise to look for school teachers who will uphold and support the standards of the church in every way. But it is time we looked around and asked what kind of teachers our children have when they reach their teenage year. A teacher is anyone we learn from, and who will our children learn from more readily than the friends and companions they are with? Shouldn't we be more concerned who those teachers are, and what they are teaching, whether good or bad?

Or are we going to be like the would-be subscriber, and be very careful in one area but neglect another one altogether?

## THE FLOWERED TOWEL

One day I asked the girls to clean the kitchen as I had other work to do. It was plain to see they didn't want me in the kitchen while they cleaned it so I figured they wanted to surprise me. They are always more willing to work when they can surprise me...

When they had finished, they wanted me to come and see their work and of course they were expecting a little praise. They had done a good job and I told them so, all except one thing. On the little shelf was a flowered tea towel. I decided I won't say anything about it right then but still mention it sometime before evening.

The towel slipped my mind and I didn't say anything about it. Several days later we were working in the kitchen and I had my back turned toward the shelf. One of the girls wanted to light the lamp and didn't notice that the fringes of the flowered towel were beginning to burn. One of the other girls saw it and shouted but by the time I got there, I couldn't blow it out. The children got excited and started to scream but I told them to be quiet. They watched with awe as I got a bucket of water and with a few splashes of a wet rag got it under control.

After the fire had been put out, I told the girls, "Now I see my mistake. I wanted to mention something the other day about the flowery towel on that shelf but it slipped my mind. I guess this happened to remind me of my mistake, for I shouldn't have waited to do it. The flowered towel was just to make the shelf look pretty and it should not have been there."

Afterwards "deep inside" me I thanked God that the towel was now off the shelf and that I had admitted to the girls that I should not have waited to take it off. It doesn't bother me at all that I have only half of a towel left for it still makes a wash cloth.

-Berne, Indiana.

**Biblical references on the Holy Kiss:** (see next page)

Romans 16:16: Salute one another with an holy kiss.

1 Corinthians 16:20: Greet ye one another with an holy kiss.

2 Corinthians 13:12: Greet one another with an holy kiss.

1 Thessalonians 5:26: Greet all the brethren with an holy kiss.

1 Peter 5:14: Greet ye one another with a kiss of charity.

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## FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

### THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT

The other afternoon son Timothy and I were waiting just outside Tegucigalpa for a ride home. As we sat there, a truckload of lumber approached from the other direction, headed in toward the city. The heavy truck rumbled past, then pulled to the side of the road and stopped. The driver and his helper jumped out, inspected the load, kicked the tires. Then the helper scrambled up on the lumber and fastened a red flag to the rear end.

We knew what it was all about. Just around the curve was the police check station where all vehicles had to stop. The red flag fluttering from the load of lumber had not been put there for a safety measure; the trucker had placed it there for the benefit of the police.

A law requiring a red flag is no doubt a good law. It is intended to prevent accidents. But the trucker we watched had missed the point entirely. He thought the law meant carrying a red flag in the glove compartment until he got forty rods close to the police station, then putting it out for them to see. The letter of the law was all that concerned him; he had lost sight of the real purpose

behind it.

As I watched the truck roll down the hill and disappear around the curve, I could not help thinking how very common this trait is among us humans -- this obeying the letter of the law, while disregarding the spirit of it. I doubt if any of us is free; we've all gotten caught at one time or another.

Take, for example, a simple thing like walking into the grocery store and finding they have a super special on butter at 49 cents a pound. But the limit is two pounds to a customer. So quickly you say to your wife, "Go back and get another shopping cart; we're two customers, aren't we?" So you check through separately, each with two pounds of butter, whereas always before you shopped together with one cart.

You say, why not? A man and his wife are two customers. (Excuse me, with one pocketbook?) However harmless we may consider such a little trick, it is a good indication how human nature operates. It is an example of how men and women will honor the letter of the law and disregard the spirit of it.

Two extra pounds of butter may not amount to much, yet surely if four pounds were needed, the proper way

would have been to offer to pay the regular price for the two pounds. In a case like this, it is not so much the cheap butter or the money saved as it is the principle involved. And the principle here is no light matter. The mistake of keeping a law by the letter only, can become a serious thing.

Under the law of Moses each man was to have his own wife, and adultery was a sin that was punished by death. This was a very strict law. And yet Jesus found it necessary to point out that there was more to keeping this law than the Jews imagined. The law needed to be kept in spirit as well as according to the letter.

"But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart," Jesus warned. This must mean that a law can be kept outwardly, according to the letter, and yet be broken inwardly by not keeping the spirit of the law. For a Christian, purity in the marriage relationship must include pure thoughts and a pure heart. Lusting and flirting are sins as well as the act of adultery.

#### FIRECRACKERS AND BULLETS

Not so long ago a Mennonite friend from another part of Honduras was here on a visit. He listened sympathetically as we told him how we were losing quite a few chickens to thieves. Then he offered a solution, in words something like this, "You'll have to scare them. Buy some firecrackers, or even shoot a gun into the air. One of the brethren down our way uses firecrackers. That frightens them."

The idea was in a way appealing. We are non-resistant people, so we can't with a good conscience shoot at thieves. Certainly not. But popping off firecrackers won't hurt them. And they need a good scare, if anybody ever did.

So the reasoning goes. But wait! Let's look at this a little deeper. What really is non-resistance? What is its object? Are we non-resistant as long as we don't shoot someone, or fight back?

It seems to me there is more to true Christian non-resistance than turning the other cheek. The reason for not fighting back is that we love our enemies, and therefore would return them good for evil. All this is God's will, and it has a purpose. That purpose is to convict sinners of their sin. How are we ever going to convince a fleeing thief that we love him if he thinks we shot at him?

In addition, a major principle in non-resistance is that the Christian does not trust in the strength of man. He does not rely on force, but trusts the Lord for His protection. Frightening a thief with gunfire, or the imitation of it, comes right back to leaning on human means for our defense.

Our friend wanted to offer us good advice, but he must have considered it only from human reasoning. The man who loves his enemies isn't likely to want them to think he shot at them for shooting isn't the usual way of expressing love. Using firecrackers in such a way is one more example of obeying the letter of the law, and transgressing the spirit of it.

There are many other ways also that we can fall into this error. How often a church member conforms reluctantly to the standards of his church, not really putting his heart into it, not really believing the standards are necessary. How often such a member complies because he feels he has to, rather than because he wants to. When this happens, the standards become a **form** only, and have no deep meaning. They become a shallow letter. Obedience in such a setting is a cheap and worthless thing compared to the true obedience that comes from faith and understanding.

Obedience, wherever we find it, should consist of more than fulfilling the letter. It is one thing to fly a red safety flag while passing the police station. It is quite another thing to **obey** the law, and try to prevent accidents.

Perhaps we can apply the words of Paul where he said, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

# WHAT

# WAS

Elmo Stoll

# JOHN'S

# MISTAKE?

Naomi Stutzman quickly reached into her pocket, took out a small round mirror and eyed herself in it. She gave her hair a few soft pats and made sure that her covering was just the way she had pinned it before she left home. Satisfied, she put her mirror back and then walked daintily into the room where a few other young folks were already gathered.

She was greeted with smiles. Friends came easily to Naomi. She had a pleasant personality and could make herself at home quickly wherever she was. She was confident and capable and able to keep up her end of a conversation with ease. While she settled down to enjoy herself with her friends, meanwhile, five miles away at her home, an entirely different scene was taking place.

Naomi's father and mother were just sitting down in the living room after supper, discussing something that was on their mind much lately—their youngest daughter.

**Father** (his voice worried): Did Naomi go to the singing again with that blue dress?

**Mother** (with a little sigh): I'm afraid she did.

**Father**: But I thought we made it plain that we didn't want her to wear that dress again unless she made it longer.

**Mother**: I thought so, too. But seems she just thinks we're being unreasonable not to let her dress like the other girls.

**Father**: The other girls! Which other girls? There are very few girls that wear shorter dresses than Naomi. If she wants to do like the others, why doesn't she copy off those who wear longer dresses instead of those that wear the shortest?

**Mother**: There's something else that worries me. Do you think it's good for Naomi to be such good friends with Glen Beachy's girls?"

**Father**: No, of course not. Why? Has she been chumming with them again? Surely she hasn't been going places with them in their car again, has she?

**Mother**: Not that I know of.

**Father**: But why did you ask?

**Mother**: I'm not sure, but I think from a few things she said that she is seeing more of them again. Seems she never misses a chance to stop and talk when she happens to meet them. And I just wonder if they didn't put something into her head that she was asking me about yesterday.

**Father**: What was that? You didn't mention anything to me.

**Mother**: No, I figured you were tired last night. Maybe it doesn't mean anything, but Naomi was questioning me

out about why our church doesn't practice the holy kiss.

**Father:** Why we don't? But I thought we did. The ministers and the older members practice it.

**Mother:** That's what I told her, but she said the Bible doesn't say that just the ministers and the older members should. She claims the Bible says, "Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss." Do you know, does it really say that?

**Father:** (after a long pause): I'm not sure right now, but I think maybe it does.

Long silence.

**Father:** Did she mean then that all the members should practice it, and the young folks, too, who are with the church?

**Mother:** She didn't exactly say so in that many words, but I took from the way she talked, that's what she has in her head. Don't you, too, think that she probably got the idea from Glen Beachy's girls?"

**Father:** Could easy be. I've heard some of those higher churches stress that a lot.

As his eager horse paced down the road through the starlit evening, John Hochstetler felt pleased with himself. He held the horse in, but not too tightly, just so he would keep his speed without breaking his gait. He felt good with the horse he had, spirited, high-stepping, and good-looking, a horse with which he didn't have to sit and watch others go passing around him. But most of all he felt pleased with the girl that sat beside him—who wouldn't be? There wasn't a boy in the settlement who wouldn't count himself lucky to be going steady with Naomi Stutzman—the prettiest, most popular girl around.

John and Naomi were a match in many ways, but especially when it came to talking. They could really keep a conversation hopping along. And before the evening was over, a subject came up that they could talk especially well on—the faults of the Amish church of which both of them were members.

**John:** Well, Naomi, does my head look thicker than usual?

**Naomi** (surprised): Your head? I hadn't noticed. Did you hurt it?

**John** (laughing): Not exactly, I guess, but Aden Miller says I'm thick-headed, so I just wondered if it was noticeable to you.

**Naomi** (sitting erect, her eyes flashing): Surely he didn't say something like that, did he? The nerve!

**John** (with another short laugh): Not in that many words, but it amounted to the same thing. He came out after church and cornered me about my hair, and when I couldn't see his point, he said he hoped there wouldn't be any hard feelings but he felt it was his duty to talk to me. Said he is now so thankful for concerned people who helped him to see his mistake when he was young, and then he added that his only regret is now that for so long he was too thickheaded to realize that they were actually trying to help him, as he thought they were just picking on him. Now, since I couldn't see his point wasn't that the same as saying I'm thickheaded!

**Naomi** (with disgust): That Aden Miller, why doesn't he mind his own business. Why, he isn't even a minister, he should keep quiet. And what's wrong with your hair, if I may ask? They look fine to me.

**John:** Oh, he says I've got them shingled a wee bit too much around the ears, and so he's sure I must have pride.

**Naomi:** That's the trouble with our church, we just look on the outside. The Bible teaches that the heart is what is important.

**John** (soberly): Yes, some things in the Bible that are so plain we just skip over.

**Naomi:** Oh, anyhow, that reminds me of what was on my mind a lot last week, and I wanted to ask your opinion. You know that the Bible says in different places that the Christians are to "greet one another with a holy kiss." Do you think it's right like we have it, where only

the ministers and a few of the older members practice that?

**John:** I've often wondered about that subject, too. And I can't see how it can be right the way we have it. Sure doesn't look right to me.

**Naomi:** Well, it bothers me a lot. After all, it's a command, and it's written so plain that it couldn't be made plainer. I looked up the \_\_\_\_\_ places, and it is found in five different verses where almost the same words are written, "Greet ye one another with an holy kiss." In one place it comes out and even says. "Greet all the brethren with an holy kiss."

**John:** After all, us young people promised to help counsel and work in the church when we were baptized, and seems like we should obey the commandments, too. I can't see why the command to greet each other with a holy kiss shouldn't be for young and old alike. But I don't know what we can do about it. If we started talking up something like that, we'd get blamed for more than a thick head.

**Naomi:** But what happens if we have convictions in this, and just ignore them? Shouldn't we live up to what we believe?

**John:** It would never work in our church, I can tell you that right now. But don't they practice that in Glen Beachy's church—seems to me they do."

**Naomi:** Yes, they do. I've talked with their girls already about it, and they said they feel it is very important.

**John:** But you know what people would say about going to their church.

**Naomi:** They'd think it was terrible.

**John:** Really, though, I think it would be a lot better to go there for then we could live our convictions in peace, rather than try to start something like that where we are now.

**Naomi** (sadly, like a martyr): People will never understand that it's because of conviction. They'll accuse us of going for more worldly things, but I guess we can't let that stop us. Jesus was falsely accused, too, you know, and we'll just have to bear it if it comes to that.

Several weeks later at Naomi's home. It's Sunday afternoon, and the Stutzman's have just come home from church, and from hearing a sermon by a visiting minister, Jacob Miller, from Morgan county.

**Father:** Did you get a chance to visit much with Jacob's wife. I noticed she was along.

**Mother:** Not too much, but I noticed that our Naomi talked with her a long time. I can't imagine why, as she doesn't usually talk with old people like that, and a stranger, yet.

**Father:** Well, I wouldn't worry, at least if Jacob's wife is like he is, I can't believe Naomi would get any influence the wrong way. I thought Jacob preached so much today just what our young folks needed, and I noticed that John Hochstetler was really listening, too. Just hope something will happen yet to change his mind about going to Glen Beachy's church.

**Mother:** I invited Jacob's to stop in and visit us if they are around long enough, and she thought they might.

**Father:** Well, I hope they do. I wouldn't mind visiting with Jacob, as I didn't get a good chance today after church.

The next evening.

**Mother:** I got an idea what Naomi was talking with Jacob Miller's wife about yesterday after church.

**Father:** What was that?

**Mother:** She found out somehow that in Morgan County all the members, young and old, greet each other with a holy kiss like Naomi thinks it should be.

**Father:** But they surely aren't in favor of going to higher churches, are they? I must have understood Jacob's sermon all wrong if he is.

**Mother:** That's what I can't figure out. I didn't get that

impression, either, and I heard some of the women talking later that they think the Morgan County settlement is more strict in *ordnung* than we are in many things.

**Father:** Hmmmm, I sure hope Jacobs stop in for a short call before they go home. I'd ask him some questions.

**Mother:** It doesn't make sense to me, but I know one thing. Naomi thinks they are the most wonderful people.

**Father:** Just because they happen to agree with her on that one point?

**Mother:** Seems like it. She said she told John Hochstetler last night about how they have it at that settlement, and John said right away he is going to talk with Jacob and see if he wouldn't talk to the ministers around here to get them to see it differently, too.

**Father:** I'm not sure I understand it, but I still think John Hochstetler will get a surprise if he has in his head that Jacob Miller from Morgan County is minded the same as he is. I could be wrong, but he sure didn't strike me as a man who is seeking for more liberty in material things.

Tuesday forenoon:

**Naomi** (gladly): Look, Mom, there come Jacob Millers. I think Joni Schrock's are driving them.

**Mother:** Run to the barn and call Dad.

**Father** (welcoming the visitors when he arrives): Just come right on in, we're glad you had time to come. I wanted to visit more on Sunday, but there were so many other people there, I didn't get the chance.

**Mother:** Yes, do come in. You can stay for dinner.

**Mrs. Schrock:** We have arranged for dinner at Roy Troyers, so guess we'll just be able to stay about a half hour here.

**Father** (drawing up chairs): Sit down and be comfortable.

About fifteen minutes of small talk follows, weather, health, community news.

**Father** (taking deep breath, but trying to appear casual): By the way, Jake, how do you understand the bible where it says, "Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss." I mean, how do you understand that it should be practiced today?

**Jacob:** Our bishop always felt that it should be practiced by all who are members, regardless whether they are ministers or what their age is, just like communion and feet washing and other commandments. But I realize that a lot of churches don't have it that way anymore.

**Father:** Anymore? Do you think it was something the churches used to practice, but lost out on?

**Jacob:** We wonder if it wasn't that way. It's a very plain commandment, and all our churches practice some form of it yet, which would make it look to me that at one time all the churches practiced it more, but that it has gradually been lost, in some areas more than others, which would account for the differences in practice today.

**Father:** Well, I must say we always had the impression that anyone who talks up the holy kiss is just looking for an excuse to go to a higher church.

**Jacob** (smiling): I know. I've often heard that, too. But the same thing has been said just as often about smoking and immoral courtship--that those who oppose it are going higher. But we still don't think those two things are right, do we? Or-or do you?

**Father:** No, no, not at all.

**Jacob:** And yet, sad to say, too often it is that way. Very often people who speak out the hardest against those things are the ones who are seeking more liberty. But seems to me, we should prove everything with the Scriptures, and accept what is right, and reject what is wrong. We should base our practices on what the Scriptures teach, then those who want to go higher won't have anything to hide behind--their love for worldly things will be open for all to see. Many people used to say

and sincerely believed that a church couldn't work against immoral courtship and tobacco and stay plain, but today there are more and more newer communities which have proven that it is possible to be clean of these, and still work for plainness. I hope the time will also come when this will be true of greeting each other as the Bible commands--so that people can see it is not necessary to move closer to the world to be Scriptural in this respect.

**Father:** I just never gave it that much thought. But what you say does sound reasonable. (Then after thinking a little and shaking his head) Still, I'm afraid trying to bring something like that back into our church after it has been lost so long would make more trouble than it would do good. I'm just afraid it wouldn't work. Do you think it would?

**Jacob:** I don't know. Certainly it would be necessary to work with patience and understanding and love. By going at it in the wrong way, more harm could result than good, and once again, Satan would be the winner.

**Joni** (looking at clock): I'm afraid it's time we were heading on. It's almost time for dinner.

Outside, Joni goes to untie the horse, and Father sees a chance to talk with Jacob alone.

**Father:** I'm glad you came. And I was glad to hear you don't encourage to go to a higher church just because the Amish have some things they shouldn't have, and don't have some things they should have.

**Jacob** (surprised): Did someone think I was in favor of going higher?

**Father:** Not really, only our daughter and her boy friend have been throwing this into our face that we don't obey the verses about greeting each other with the holy kiss and they claim they have to go to a higher church to live their convictions.

**Jacob:** Uh, huh, so I see. And what is her boy friend's name, if I may ask?

**Father:** John Hochstetler.

**Jacob:** Is that Dan Hochstetler's boy?

**Father:** That's right.

**Jacob:** Well, now, I'm glad to find that out as it may come in helpful. We're going to Dan Hochstetler's for supper tonight, and if I get a chance, I'll let John know where I stand.

That evening at Dan Hochstetler's home, John and Jacob start talking in the barn when chores are finished and they are alone. John is very bold and doesn't beat around the bush long.

**John:** I was hoping I would get a chance to talk to you. There is one thing the churches around here need, and that is to hold the Word of God higher than tradition. One thing especially, I wish you would help us, and that is greeting with the holy kiss, like the Bible says should be practiced among all members, young and old alike. I understand you have it that way in Morgan County.

**Jacob:** That's right, we feel it should be practiced by all members. We don't believe in two standards, one for the older members and one for the young people.

**John** (enthusiastically): That's exactly the way I feel. For as I've often said, don't we promise to help "rote und arbeite" when we are baptized, and we go along with communion, so surely we should obey all the other commandments, too.

**Jacob** (looking at John's shingled hair under his cowboy-type hat): Er, ah, we, ah, feel this about not having a double standard should apply in all areas and...

**John** (breaking in before Jacob could finish): My girl friend and I were just talking Sunday evening that your community sure sounds like the place for us.

**Jacob** (trying not to panic at the thought of John returning with them on the bus) Why, er, yes, we, ah, would of course welcome anyone who wants to help us build up our standards. But, you would want to take some time to think about--about a, er, move like that. If you lived in our community, we would expect you to get a different hat, just to be frank, as our older men don't

have the rims bent up like cowboys, you know, and neither do our older men have their hair shingled, so you would, of course, cut and comb your hair different at once. And, ah, your er, girl friend would also help uphold the standards of the church, same as our older women do, wear her bonnet and shawl to town and elsewhere when it is expected, wear modest length dresses the same as the older women, and have her covering well forward, just like the older women do. There would be quite a few things like that, but this is just to mention a few. You, of course, would stop shaving off your beard and would let it stand, just like the older brethren in the church.

**John** (looking at the ground, nearly speechless): Ah, er-uh, is, is that how-how your young folks do?

**Jacob**: Not always, but that is how we want them to do, and what we work toward. But if you already have these convictions so deeply against a double standard, you surely would want to do this, and would be an example to some of our young folks who have trouble seeing it that way.

A slight pause. John is still looking at the ground, his face getting redder and redder.

**Jacob**: I must admit, John, I do have one question, however, that bothers me very much. If you have those convictions that every member should take his place in the church and should observe the commandments alike, why is it that you aren't living up to the things that you could in peace here. I'm sure the ministers and the whole church would be glad for such convictions. I'm not sure what your ordnung is here, but there are many of the other boys who it seems, dress more modest than you do. I hope you won't be offended, but it was just something that I wondered about, so I thought I would ask.

**John**: Well, I-I, er-I just never thought of those things as going to-together. And--and-then, too, those ordnung things aren't written in the Bible so plain, are they?

**Jake**: In a way they aren't, but in a way they are. There is much written how we should obey and respect

and honor our parents and church leaders. This is very plain and would take care of most of your trouble in this line, John. There are also very many verses that warn against the world, against loving the world, and how we should be separate and apart, those verses are all through the Bible from the Old Testament to the New. On top of that there are hundreds and hundreds of verses and references to pride and humility, very plain and clear commandments, and if you obey those verses, they won't lead you to exalting yourself and going to a more liberal church. Our **ordnungs** and standards are based on many principles and verses in the Bible. What could be clearer and stressed more than the principle of modesty and shame-facedness for women, and that certainly leads away from short dresses and fixing our hair up so fine, and making ourselves look as attractive as we can. If you really have convictions that a double standard is wrong in regard to the holy kiss, then I would encourage you to try extra hard to be consistent in other areas, and submit yourself to the ordnung here first, and do what you can in peace to build up the church.

**John** (rebellion in his voice): Then you don't really think the commandment to greet one another with a holy kiss is very important, do you?

**Jacob**: Important? I certainly do, that is why we teach it, and practice it, and discipline in the church accordingly. (Then his voice grows kinder and softer) But, John, there is a big difference why we believe in something. We should always try to be honest and see what our real motives are. Do we really believe in something so as to build up the church in love, or do we perhaps believe in something because we see an opportunity to criticize the church? It's important that not only what we are standing for is Scriptural, but also that our motive for doing so is good.

**Mrs. Dan Hochstetler** (calling from the house): Joohn, supper's ready. Bring Jacob along in.

**John**: (looking relieved): Guess we should go in so they won't have to wait on us.

# THE MOST IMPORTANT SACRAMENT

37. Philippus aber sprach: Glaubst du von ganzem Herzen, so mag's wohl sein. Er antwortete und sprach: Ich glaube, daß \*Jesus Christus Gottes Sohn ist.  
\*Matth. 16, 16; Mart. 16, 16.

38. Und er hieß den Wagen halten, und stiegen hinab in das Wasser beide, Philippus und der Kämmerer, und er taufte ihn.]

Baptism is the sacred rite which Christ ordained to receive penitent sinners into the church. It is the outward sign of an inward washing of sins. It is an ordinance of God and since it is to be extremely holy, those who are to be baptized should be well instructed in the Word, and show obedience to the church before baptism. Otherwise they would bring in spots and wrinkles into the church and defile the Bride of Christ with their evil deeds.

What is required of those who would receive baptism, and where was the ordinance first begun? Let us follow it from the earliest New Testament times down through the pages of the Martyr's Mirror to see how it was considered in those times.

It was first begun by John in the river Jordan. As it is written, "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Then went out to him all Jerusalem and all Judea and all the region round about Jordan and were baptized of him in Jordan confessing their sins." Oh Christ, John said, "I, indeed baptize you with water unto repentance but he who cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

August-September, 1972

"When the time was come, Jesus came from Galilee to John to be baptized of him, but John forbade him saying I have need to be baptized of thee and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him and when Jesus was baptized he went straightway out of the water and lo, the heavens were opened and he saw the Spirit of God descending in the form of a dove and lighting upon him and lo a voice from heaven saying, This is my beloved son, with whom I am well pleased."

As to what is required of those who wish to be baptized, we have the words of Peter at Pentecost, "Repent ye and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

We also have the words of Phillip after he had instructed the Eunuch from the Scriptures and preached to him of Jesus, the Eunuch said as they neared the water, "See, here is water, what doeth hinder me to be baptized?"

Phillip answered him saying, "If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest," and he answered, "I believe

that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.” On this confession he was baptized.

We can see, therefore, and understand that to repent, believe and to confess are the necessary things for baptism. As the Christian churches were being established, new ordinances were needed. These ordinances varied with the different times and probably with the different churches. Here are some interesting accounts on how baptism was observed.

In the year 95 A.D., Clemens, bishop of Rome, wrote, “If any desires to be a believer and to be baptized, he must prepare himself to lay aside the former wickedness, so that he henceforth may obtain, by a good conversation, an inheritance in the heavenly riches, according to his own deeds. Let him that desires this go to the priest or teachers and hear from them the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven. Let him exercise himself diligently with fasting and examine himself well in everything so that after three months he may be baptized. Everyone shall be baptized in running water and the name of the blessed Trinity be invoked over him.”

It was a common custom in many of the early churches to baptize only on Easter or Pentecost. Exceptions were made in cases of necessity such as in a siege, in danger of martyrdom, in peril at sea or in serious illness. In such cases they baptized all, and at all times, that no one may die without baptism.

But when these reasons did not exist, baptism was administered only on the above named days and then with great solemnity and dignity and only to those who had attained the years of understanding. There are records of some applicants who took instructions for six years from the age of 12 to 18 before they were finally baptized. (Page 159 English Martyrs’ Mirror).

In the churches of Alexandria we read that teachers were appointed solely for the purpose of instructing those who wished to receive baptism. Later on in the sixth century, white robes were put on those who were baptized, after baptism. This was to signify that, having put off the garment of sin, they must henceforth be

clothed in the clean white robes of true righteousness and holiness to which applies Eccl. 9:8, “Let thy garments be always white;” and Rev. 3:4, “They shall walk in white.” and also Rev. 19:8, “And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints.”

It was customary to pronounce the following prayer over the newly baptized: “Oh, God, take out from them the old man which destroys himself through error, and clothe them with the new man which is daily renewed in thy knowledge. Oh Lord God, who has imputed to us redemption through Christ and through the water in the Holy Ghost, hast given to these, thy servants, regeneration. Thou, O Lord, who lovest light, confirm and uphold them in holiness, that they illuminated by the light of thy grace and standing before thy table, may be made worthy of thy eternal salvation.”

Albinus writes in the eighth century that not only the Apostle’s Creed, but also the Lord’s Prayer were said at the baptism. He further writes of the baptism of Christ by John the Baptist, “We are not to believe that He (Christ) then received the gift of the Holy Ghost, who from his birth was always full of the Holy Ghost, but that the mystery of the Holy Trinity be declared unto us at baptism. The Son of God was baptized being a man. The Holy Spirit descended in the form of a dove. God the father was heard in a voice. Without the invocation of which (calling upon the presence of the Trinity) no baptism can avail anything. Therefore the Son of God wished to signify by his own baptism, that the whole Trinity was present.” (Martyr’s Mirror Page 225.)

From these writings we can see that the holy sacrament of baptism was properly kept down through the centuries, although it did differ in customs. Following are some more extracts from Martyr’s Mirror on baptism.

Chrysostom in the fourth century writes (Page 164) “Will you come to baptism? Oh how happy are you when you shall be regenerated in Christ, when you shall put on Christ, when you are buried with Christ, that you may also rise with him. At another day you shall be made acquainted in proper order the things that are expedient for this mystery. In the meantime I tell you this, that you may know it and may prepare yourselves for the coming day, (namely for baptism). But may the almighty God strengthen your hearts and make you worthy of his baptism. May he himself come unto you at baptism. May he himself hallow the water wherewith ye are sanctified. Let no one go there with a doubting heart. Let no one say, ‘Do you indeed think my sins will be forgiven me?’ It is better not to go there at all than in this manner. Remember this, especially you who receive baptism that you may serve God.”

Bede, in the eighth century writes (page 221): “Repent and be baptized, every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord as though he would say, Depart from Egypt, go through the Red sea.”

Albinus in the eighth century, (Page 224): “Why does not the Lord say, Ye are clean because of the water in which ye are washed, but says, through the Word which I have spoken unto you. For take away the Word and what is the water but water? When the Word meets the water, then it becomes a sacrament. Whence derives the water its power, that though it wets, the body, the soul is pacified, if the Word does not effect this? But this is not effected because it is spoken, but because it is believed. In baptism there are three visible things, the body, the water and the teacher. There are also three invisible things, the soul, faith, and the Spirit of God.”

Angelomus in the ninth century (page 236) writes: “From all that we have sinned with the sight, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling we are redeemed through the grace of God by the washing of the living fountain of water. But the forgiveness of previous sins is not enough, if we are not diligent to lay up good works, the devil, who has gone out of a man, finding him empty of good works, returns manifold and makes the last state of that man

Pulling Hard Against The Stream

In this world I've gained my knowledge  
And for it I have had to pay  
Though I never went to college  
Yet I've heard the poets say,  
"Life is like a mighty river  
Rolling on from day to day;  
Men like vessels launch upon it  
Some are wrecked and cast away."

Chorus:

So do your best for one another  
Making life a pleasant dream;  
Help a worn and weary brother  
Pulling hard against the stream.

Many a bright good-hearted fellow,  
Many a noble-minded man  
Finds himself in water shallow;  
Then assist him if you can.  
Some succeed at every turning,  
Fortune favors every scheme,  
Others too, though more deserving  
Have to pull against the stream.

worse than the first."

Pachasius, also writes (page 239) "In the sacrament of baptism, the door is open to believers, to enter into the the sonship of God, that we, being delivered from evil in this regeneration may afterwards become one body with the members of Christ in which baptism when the Holy Ghost is shed abroad in the souls of the regenerated, the whole church of Christ is quickened and becomes one body, by one Spirit received by all."

Ambert in the tenth century writes (page 250); "He that has been washed in baptism from dead works and after such washing again commits sins unto death, it avails him nothing that he was washed, hence the Lord through Isaiah 1:16 admonishes, "Wash ye, and make you clean." He washed and cleanses himself who commits no new sins after baptism but he who after such washing, again pollutes the white robe with sin, let him still not despair of remission, if he desires to be washed again, for there is yet another baptism with which publicans and harlots are always baptised, and what other is it but the well-spring of tears."

Theophilact in the tenth century writes, (page 253), "The Holy Ghost hovers over us at baptism. Now if we keep the Spirit and do not drive him away by wicked

works, he keeps us and what we have received from God. Therefore use all diligence that you keep the Holy Ghost and he will also keep you."

Anselm, eleventh century (page 260), "We are baptized unto the death of Christ, that we believing in his death and following it, may live as those who are dead, but since we through baptism are dead to sin, we must not live again to sin, so that it is necessary again to die unto it. For we are baptized unto the death, that is the likeness of the death of Christ, that as he once died, and now lives, even so we, having once died to evil should ever live to the good, even as a dead person can sin no more, thus also we, if we have died with Christ shall not let ourselves be entangled again in the mortal sins."

Rupert in the twelfth century writes (page 272): "He baptizes us with fire when he through the Holy Ghost makes us strong in love, constant in faith, shining in knowledge and burning with good zeal."

Justimus in the second century writes, (page 102), "Since we through Christ are converted to the true God, we are sanctified at baptism and call upon him as our helper and call him our Redeemer. Before the power of His name, Satan himself must fear and tremble."

-Compiled by J. E., Quarryville, Pa.

## Editorielles —

### Sind wir bereit im Frieden von hier zu scheiden?

Ein Lied aus dem Englischen

Wenn du wüsstest daß Morgen die Sonne,  
Zum letzten aufstünde für dich;  
Du würdest dann müssen hinüber,  
O sag mir! Was wirst du jetzt tun?

Chorus—

Was wirst du tun? O! was wirst du tun?  
Wenn Morgen die Sonne zum letzten aufstünd;  
Was wirst du tun? O! was wirst du tun?

Wenn du wüsstest daß Morgen am Mittag,  
Jemand dort wird singen für dich;  
Heut mußt du vor Jesus erscheinen,  
O sag mir! Was wirst du jetzt tun?

Wenn du wüsstest daß Morgen am Abend,  
Die Stimme dort sprechend zu dir:  
Deine Seele mußt hinüber zum Richter,  
O sag mir! Was wirst du jetzt tun?

Solche Lieder sind schön zu singen, uns miteinander zu erinnern an dem letzten Lebens-Tag, ja an dem letzten Stunden-Schlag wenn wir die Welt verlassen würden. Es ist gut an diesem zu denken, aber wir wissen nicht wenn die Zeit kommt, so wollen wir ja täglich und Stündlich bereit sein im Frieden von hier zu scheiden. Ein mancher Mensch aber, würde nicht tun heute was er so tut, wenn er wüßte daß dies sein letzter Lebens-Tag wäre auf dieser Erde.

Wenn wir aber herunter kommen wollen zum richtigen Stand-Punkt, wollten wir nicht nur christlich leben heute dieweil wir meinten daß dies unser letzter Lebens-Tag war. Das christlich Leben soll kommen aus Liebe zu Gott. Die Liebe zu Gott ist der Ursprung von dem wahren seligmachenden Glauben. Darum wollen wir uns prüfen von Zeit zu Zeit. Der Apostel warnt uns mit diesen Worten: „Versuchet euch selbst, ob ihr im Glauben seid; prüfet euch selbst.

Oder erkennet ihr euch selbst nicht, daß Jesus Christus in euch ist? Es sei denn, daß ihr untüchtig seid.“ 2 Kor. 13, 5.

Nach meiner geringe Erkenntnis will dies uns sagen: Wenn wir nicht erkennen daß Jesus in uns am wirken ist, so wäre unser Glauben noch nicht rechtschaffen vor Gott. Er macht die Sache wichtig mit den Worten: „Versuchet euch selbst,“ und dann „Prüfet euch selbst.“ Wenn wir dann nicht vernehmen daß Jesus Christus in uns wirkt, so wären wir untüchtig. Ein Ausleger sagt: Unser Glauben wäre tot, unsere Hoffnung eitel und vergeblich und unsere Religion wertlos. O wie bedauerlich wäre doch das?

Wenn wir aber uns versuchen (examine) wollen, uns prüfen ob wir im rechtschaffenen Glauben am leben sind ist es schön alle Morgen zu denken, vielleicht möchte dies mein letzter Lebens-Tag sein auf Erden. Dann kommen ohne Zweifel manche Gedanken. Wie und wo könnte ich noch mein Leben verbessern? Es ist wohl noch vieles das Gott mißfällt in meinem Leben. So habe ich große Ursach alle Morgen wieder zu Gott beten um Vergebung und weitere Leitung und Führung.

Um diese Zeit vom Jahr habe wir wieder viele Ankömmlinge in der Unterricht am kommen. Sie begehren ein Ausgang zu machen von die arge und böse Welt, ein Eintritt zu tun in die Arche des neuen Testaments, ein Bund und Frieden auszurichten mit Gott und seiner Gemeinde.

Warum ist es ein arge und böse Welt? Ist es nicht um die Sünd und Ungerechtigkeit von die Menschheit? Inn die Menschen nicht im ganzen leben so wie sie sind vor der Sündflut? Da heißt es: „Sie sind Fleisch worden und wolten sich meines Geistes nicht mehr strafen lassen.“

Dieser Sinn ist als noch unter die Menschheit heute, sie wollen sich von Gottes Geist nicht mehr strafen lassen. Manche junge Seelen möchten vielleicht sagen, wir sind nicht von solche Menschen, die uns von Gottes Geist nicht wollen sagen lassen. Denket aber daran, ihr bekennet, ihr wollet ein Ausgang machen von die arge und böse Welt. Was nicht gut ist, das ist böse. Wir tun alle aufwachsen von sündlichem Samen, und ohne Zweifel ist viel Böses in unserm Leben; dann müssen wir Ueberwinder werden über die inne Woh-

nende Sünde.

Hierin müssen wir als Bischöfen und Diener der Gemeinde wohl zusehen daß wir die Wichtigkeit klar machen zu die junge Leute, was es eigentlich nimmt ein rechter Ausgang zu machen von die arge und böse Welt. Ich habe oft bang auf meiner Seite daß wir es nicht klar genug machen können. Die junge Sprößling an einem Baum können verdorben gehen, und jemand kann Schuld haben daran. O! wie können wir uns so leicht verschulden in dieser Hinsicht. Ihr liebe junge Seelen denkt daran wie die Bischöfen und Diener oftmals wachen über eure Seelen als die da Nachenschaft dafür geben sollen.

Hier ist es schon zum ersten in die Eltern ihre Hände, sie machen ein Anfang zu die Sache. Was schon im Elternhaus veräuht und verfehlt wird kann später die Gemeinde dadurch viel Schaden leiden. Wenn es nicht gut geht unter die Jugend hört man öfters sagen: „Die Eltern sind die Schuld,“ und wir glauben es tut auch oftmals fehlen hier. Wir haben es erfahren in unser Zeit wo mußte gearbeitet werden in der Gemeinde an junge Leute wo die Eltern sich hören ließen, und wie es uns dünkt nicht im rechten Sinn. Gott aber sei gedankt, solches war nicht immer der

Fall. Wir waren auch dabei wo die Eltern gut geholfen haben. Wir loben was lobenswert ist.

Es nimmt uns alle wenn wir die Sache auf besserem Wege bekommen wollen. Es braucht verbesserung überall. Wo ist eine Gruppe die da meint alles vollkommen zu haben? Wenn eine solche ist irgendwo, dann kann ich den nicht dabei sein; doch gibt es uns nicht Unrath laß und träg zu sein. Wir wollen vielmehr Ernst anwenden wieder aufzurichten die lässige Hände und die müde Kniee, und gewisse Tritte tun mit unsere Füße daß wir nicht strandeln wie ein Lahmer, sondern vielmehr gesund werden.

Wenn wir so ans Schreiben gehen denken wir fast immer wie wir fühlen wenn wir aufstehen vor dem Volk um die Lehr zu führen. Was können wir sagen das jemand noch kann eine Hilfe sein zur Seligkeit? Oder besser zu sagen: Was kann der Herr durch uns arme Diensthoden noch vor Herzen und Ohren bringen welches uns näher zu Gott führen könnte. So auch mit dem Schreiben, was können wir mit Gottes Hilfe auf Papier tun das uns näher zu Gott führen könnte und die Gemeinden helfen aufbauen?

Wir beschließen wieder für diesmal. „Betet ohne Unterlaß.“

## Die Gefallene Kirche

Sieh deine Diener, Herr, mit Leid  
Auf die Zerrüttung sehen,  
Die in der Kirche weit und breit  
Zu dieser Zeit geschehen;  
Wo einstmals dir die Andacht galt  
Wo du ein Heiland Allen,  
Da sind die Herzen stumm und Kalt  
Die Kirche ist gefallen.

Die Gutgestellten Hirten nur  
Nach Gut und Ehre streben,  
Verschwunden scheint die letzte Spur  
Von gottgeweihtem Leben,  
Den Geist der Andacht spürt man nie  
In ihren reichen Hallen;  
Sie führen und verführen sie—  
Die Kirche, die gefallen.

Die Glieder wandeln nicht den Pfad,  
Den Christus einst beschritten,  
Sie folgen ihrem eignen Rath  
In Prunk und losen Sitten;  
Und diese nennt man Christen jezt,  
Weil sie zur Kirche wallen,  
Doch ist durch ihre schuld zuletzt  
Die Kirche tief gefallen.

Daß obige Gedicht stimmt gut ein mit dem heutigen Tage. Jetzt sieht man viel verwirrung in die Gemeinden mit viel gleichstellung der Welt bis daß man nicht unterscheiden kann was Welt oder was Christus angehört. In Römer 12 sagt es „Stellet euch nicht dieser Welt gleich sondern verändert euch durch erinnerung eures Sinnes.“

Ein Mensch der sich nicht der Welt gleich stellet kann man merken wo immer er geht. Gott sei gedankt daß unsere Obrigkeit giebt uns die religions-freiheit unser Glauben zu leben in Frieden.

Aber denn Haarrschmuck und Flatterbus ist Fleischelust, sagt uns die Schrift, und Fleischelust ist Sünde. Es ist schade daß man sehen muß wie ein teil von die Jugend sich aufführen, das kein Scham oder Gottesfurcht zu sehen ist.

Ich hatte mal eine rede gehabt mit ein Jüd der bei mir war auf business. Sein Gespräch hat sich so zugetragen daß ich merkte daß er ein Jüd war. Dann fragte ich ihn, „Bist du ein Jüd?“

Er antwortete, „Ja, aber warum fragest du? Ich will jezt von andere Dinge sprechen denn ich will nichts reden vom Religion.“

„Warum nicht?“ fragte ich ihn, „Denn ich werde gerne hören von dir wie ein Jüd sein Leben ist.“

Dann sagte er, „Es hat drei verschiedene Ort von Juden. Die Alte Orthodox sind die Alte Mennoniten gleich alleine daß sie glauben nicht daß der Messias noch gekommen ist. In ihre Kirche, oder synagoge, sitzen daß weiblichen Geschlecht alle oben auf dem Gelych und das männlichen Geschlecht sitzen alle unten daß die Weiber nicht gesehen werden. Durch die Predigt sollen sie frei sein von fleischlichen Gedanken.“

„Nun kommt die andere Art von Juden. Die sitzen alle unten an aber die Weibslent sitzen alle auf der linken Seite der Stube und die Mannslent sitzen zur rechten Seite.“

„Dann ist die dritte Art, von welchen ich eines bin. Die machen mehr die Welt mode nach und sitzen alle durcheinander.“

Es ist schade daß so viel von die Weltmoden in die wehrlose Gemeinden eingeschlichen sind. Aber der „Nach-nichts Geist“ ist immer dabei und er sagt uns wie zu die Eva gesagt war, „Hat Gott gesagt?“

Wenn sie diese Stimme zuhören so kommt es leicht wie es ist heut zu tage, das man die Christenbekenner kaum kennet von die Welt. Alle Christen hören gerne von der Reich der Herrlichkeit. Denn sie meinen schon von ferne daß es ihnen sei bereit. Aber wenn sie hören sagen das man Christe Arenz muß tragen, wenn man will sein Jünger sein? Oh so stimmen wenig ein.

—A.W., Floradale, Ontario

# WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE GROWN

The reins hung loosely in the hands of old Jacob Otto as his all-purpose mare slowly plodded down the narrow dusty road. Jacob bent his head down as a hanging branch swished against the top of the buggy. The years had laid deep grooves in the kindly old face, but the eyes still shone clear blue as they had twenty years before.

Jacob was lonely and his heart was sad. For many years he had been as a father to his congregation, but now the time had come that he must consider something different. His health was broken and he was ready to give his office to a younger man. But who shall it be, he questioned.

Should the lot fall on Joe, I think he'd do well. He's not only concerned about things but he's one to take action. He's one that would get some things done. Yet Joe is kind and considerate and not easily angered.

What about Andy? Suppose the lot would fall on him? He's young and hasn't been in the ministry more than a year. He's intelligent and willing to learn. I think he'd do all right, too.

Then there's Bert. He's walked many years with me, and still he's not an old man. He has a large family and his children are not quite grown yet. Bert has a heavy responsibility there, and I know he realizes it. He's a humble man and softspoken and will pursue peace.

Who shall it be? I know each of the three put their trust in God, and is well qualified for the ministry.

Jacob Otto watched the farmers plowing on the hillside as he concentrated on the forthcoming ordination. In the distant field he saw Bert plowing with his team of four horses. The lead horse had his neck arched and seemed to have his eyes glued on the furrow ahead. The lead horse should be very careful where he walks and so it should be with the Bishop, thought Jacob. He should be very careful where he walks. The other three must also do their duty, and be good examples to the flock. When the four pull together then a lot of work will be accomplished.

The next Sunday the lot fell on Bert. Bert felt the other ministers were all better qualified for the Bishop's office than he was. Yet he knew that with the help of God the burdens would be lighter. He was glad that he still had Jacob Otto to go to for advice.

Bert seemed to fill his office well. The church members had confidence in him, and he loved them and was concerned about the salvation of their souls.

Bert considered himself fortunate — if he had to be Bishop — that it could be in the Otto district. Everybody in this large community was acquainted with the Otto district. Jacob Otto was often called upon to help settle differences in other churches. He was a wise and spiritually-shrewd Bishop. He knew what was good for the church and he could regulate his duties well, so that peace prevailed. Not only did peace prevail but the August-September, 1972

brothers and sisters loved him and wanted to be obedient. Because of this the Otto district was known as one of the most conservative districts in the community.

Here the homes were more of the old fashioned type. There were the thick dark curtains at the windows. Most of the woodwork was still painted a plain blue. The Round Oak heater dominated the living room surrounded by several hickory rockers. A plain library table was usually found under the clock shelf with the Bible on top. In the kitchens one could not find many fancy built-in work tables. The clothes of the family were made for comfort and modesty only.

Yes, Bert knew he had much to be thankful for. Of all the church districts, he felt he had the one that would be the most easily governed.

At first things seemed to go very well in the church. If they didn't in the home, nobody knew it but the ones concerned. Lisbet, his wife, was a kindfaced, modestly-dressed woman and his children seemed like the average children.

But the time soon came when Bert's children reached the adult stage. Mattie, the oldest, was a good worker at home. Then she started going to the singings. This wasn't anything to be alarmed about, for that was only natural when a girl reached the age of 16 or 17.

When Mattie was almost eighteen her brother Sam became sixteen. Bert wished Sam would wait until he'd be older to go with the young folks. No, Lisbet argued, Mattie looked forward to the time when Sam would be grown so she would have a way to go.

"But a boy at sixteen is not grown in the mind," Bert returned.

When the next Sunday evening came, Sam took Mattie to the singing. Not long afterwards Sam started mixing with a wild crowd. This grieved Bert. He tried to protect his second son, Joel, so that he wouldn't be influenced by Sam.

When Joel became sixteen, Sam decided he wanted to work at the mill in a small town. "No," replied Bert, "I'll be needing you at home."

"But James is almost fifteen and Joel is now sixteen and the other boys can help too," Sam said.

"If you do work away, I'd rather get a job for you on a farm," explained Bert. "Amos Miller isn't well and I'm sure he could use help."

"But I doubt if Amos could pay for hired help," Lisbet spoke in. "If he'd work at the mill it would sure help us with expenses."

In the end Sam worked at the mill. But it wasn't long until he was reluctant in giving his paycheck home. "Lots of good that does us with him working away and coming home to eat," complained Bert. "He spends his money so that he doesn't have it, and neither do we."

Not many days afterward a shining car drove in the lane and parked in front of the house. Sam crawled out. This cut Bert to the heart. That evening he spoke to Sam and tried to persuade him to do differently. At other times he would at least listen to what was said even if he didn't always obey. But tonight he was in a hurry to go away. He paid no attention to what his father said.

"He's a rebellious child," said Bert to Lisbet. "He can have his choice of obeying and staying with us, or leaving."

"But we can't chase him away." There was fear in Lisbet's voice. "If we do that he may go completely astray. Here we can still talk to him."

"I couldn't talk with him tonight and I suppose that's the way it'll be from now on, and we won't be chasing him away. He'll have his choice. Just think of the other children that are not grown." Bert unloosed his watch strap from the suspenders and laid it on the bureau. He felt weary and tired, and longed to be on a mountain top alone as Jesus was, to pray and weep the night through.

In the end Sam had his way. Though disobedient, he still stayed home.

Even before Joel, the second of the boys became eighteen, he was following in the footsteps of Sam. It was soon evident that the third of the boys would do the same.

By the time Sylvia, the second of the girls, had reached

the age of sixteen, Mattie came on age.

One Monday morning she came downstairs excited. "You know," she told her mother, "last night at the singing one of the girls said there's an opening at the garment factory. I told her to apply for me at once."

"I didn't say anything to Dad yet about you working away so I don't know what he'll say," answered the mother.

"I'm sure I know what he'll say," Mattie said "He won't let me go."

Mattie was partly right. Her Dad didn't want to let her go...to the garment factory.

"I don't care if you work away," he said, "if your mother can spare you, but I do care where you work."

"A lot of other girls are working there, too," answered Mattie a little disgruntled.

"I'm sure there are but it would be best to help those of our faith. There are many who need a maud."

"I think it better for her to work at such a place as the factory than in a home in town where there is T.V." Lisbet defended Mattie.

"I suppose in that way it's best," Bert admitted, "but neither place is too good. Even if she'd get more wages at the factory, it doesn't say she'll save more money than those who work as maud in the Amish homes."

Bert stood at the barn door the first morning that Mattie went to work. She laughed as she ran out to a van which looked to be already full of working girls. Mattie was carrying her bonnet and a dinner bucket. Only a few of the other girls wore bonnets. Bert felt discouraged.

Bert was worried. Troubles were all around him. The world and its fashions were creeping into the church and overpowering it. Along with the fashions came other evil works of the world. Maybe the aged bishop would have some advice for him.

One day when Bert was working in the fields, he saw Jacob Otto's horse and buggy coming down the road. Quickly he walked out to the road to talk to him. "Certainly is a nice day, Bert said in greeting.

"Yes, it is," answered Jacob. "I haven't been away for such a long time then today the sun shone warm and I felt some better so I decided to go and get the horse shod."

"I should've come over and visited you, and also to talk about a few things."

"I've heard that you've been having some trouble." Jacob rested the reins on the dashboard.

"Seems trouble is all around-- wherever I look." With his foot Bert kicked a chunk of mud from the buggy wheel and rested his foot on the spoke.

"We must watch that we don't become too disheartened. God is still able to help us. I think some of the trouble comes from the times we're living in."

"It seemed you never had much trouble while you were leading the church, and it seems it's getting worse as time progresses."

"I've had my times of trouble too but I had the help of the parents and things seemed to straighten out somehow."

"Well, everything seems to be coming into the church. It seems at times like a sinking ship." Bert looked despondent.

"The church won't sink until the homes become weak first." Jacob sat forward on the buggy seat and motioned with his finger to give more emphasis to his words. "Unity is what we need. We need it on the preacher's bench and I think we still have it there, but it's also greatly needed in the homes. The parents should be united to try and keep the home as a Christian home should be."

Tears filled Bert's eyes as he looked down towards the ground. "I know that's true but the saying is that a man doesn't know his wife until the children are grown..." There was a brief pause. "I..I know our home is not as it should be."

Jacob didn't answer right away. He blinked back sympathetic tears. "I..I know," He finally began, "that you wouldn't want it that way, but the ministers and their families should strive to be a good example to the

church. I know the battle is hard, for Satan knows if he can win them he can do much more harm to the church."

Bert nodded in assent. He couldn't speak.

"Well, we can still pray," said Jacob picking up the reins. "We are weak human beings but God is almighty and He can change things. Well, I should be going but I hope it will go better soon, in the home as well as in the church. Giddap." He tugged on the reins.

Things did not improve as the years passed. Old Jacob Otto died. The Otto district was not the same anymore. It was just like any of the other churches that surrounded it...drawing closer to the world. People were surprised at the change that it had made for in some ways it was more advanced than the other churches.

Bert's children married one by one. Lisbet urged that they move into the Dahdy house and let one of the children do the farming. Bert was not ready for the dahdy house. He didn't want to become a day-laborer. His sons didn't care for the farm, but one of the married girls insisted on living at home. So the dahdy house was remodeled and the daughter moved into the large house.

"Did you see Bert's house?" asked one church member of another. "I heard say it looks quite fancy with all that expensive stuff on the walls and linoleum on the floor."

"Yes, we were there," said the second one, "the house is quite a bit larger than it used to be. It doesn't look too much like a dahdy house anymore."

"That's what I heard say, but I certainly didn't think that Bert would want a house like that."

"He didn't. I suppose that was his wife's ideas again. I guess she doesn't realize what an important position she holds as a Bishop's wife."

"Maybe she doesn't but the ministers' wives can be a big help to the church, and then again they can do a lot of harm."

"You certainly said it. When she loves hochmuth, then it seems the minister's power in the church is somewhat shackled. His work is hard enough, even if he has a wife that stands by him and helps him along."

It was Sunday after church.

Lisbet tied the net cap of the child in front of her and smoothed down her silky white apron over the pink flared skirt. The child smiled up at her grandmother than ran after the other children, her little strap patent leather slippers clicking on the floor as she went.

Lisbet turned to the aged Mommy beside her, and said, "Grandchildren are certainly a joy."

"Yes, they are a joy but it brings me sorrow too when I see how things are going and what effect it may have on their future," replied the Mommy.

Lisbet turned a long sober face toward the Mommy. "Yes," she said with a sorrowful accent to her voice, "we don't know what they'll have to face yet."

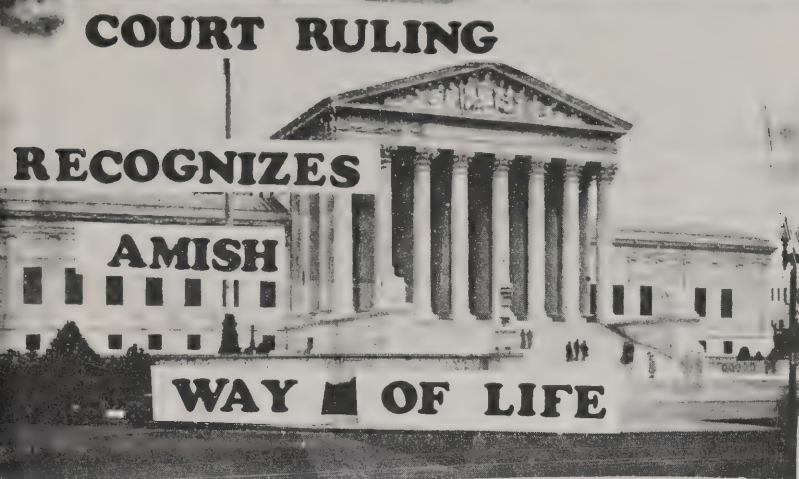
"The way some of the young folks obey now, I wonder if it will improve until these little ones are grown?"

"It does make a person wonder, doesn't it?" Lisbet continued in the same mournful tone, "anyone who has young folks knows what a hard time it is to raise them. We can at times talk and talk and nothing seems to do any good anymore."

The elderly Mommy looked over into Lisbet's face. She thought it sounded as if the younger woman was about to cry. But Lisbet was tearless. Her head was bowed and she sat with hands folded on her lap. The wise aged Mother knew better. "Whenever there's trouble and sin someone has to pay for it. Someone..."

"That's true, very true." agreed Lisbet. ■■

Did you know that the word "babble" came from the time when the tower of Babel was being built? The people couldn't understand each other anymore and it was just so much "babbling."



The Supreme Court of the United States has recently ruled that the state does not have the authority to force Amish parents to send their children to high school. The unanimous opinion of the court was that the State of Wisconsin was in error in attempting to label three Amish parents as criminals because they refused to send their children to high school.

The three parents were Jonas Yoder and Adin Yutzy, members of the Old Order Amish church of Green County, Wisconsin, and Wallace Miller, a member of the Conservative Amish Mennonite church in the same county.

The three children, Frieda Yoder 15, Vernon Yutzy 14, and Barbara Miller 15, had graduated from the eighth grade of the public school. When the parents refused to send them to high school, the county superintendant took action to bring them before the county court. Here they were fined the minimum fine of \$5.00 for such an offense.

A group of friends of the Amish took up the defense of the case and appealed the conviction. The appeal court upheld the verdict but when it was taken to the Wisconsin Supreme court, the court ruled in favor of the defendants. The State of Wisconsin was not satisfied with this decision and took it to the U.S. Supreme court. After a considerable length of time the hearing was finally held on December 8, 1971. The decision of the court was not given until May 15, 1972.

The committee who took up the defense made some painstaking efforts to see that the court was informed of the facts in the case. Dr. John A. Hostetler and Dr. Donald A. Erickson also testified at the hearing and answered questions concerning the Amish religion, their life and practices.

Chief Justice Warren Burger delivered the opinion of the court. All the other judges agreed, however Justice Douglas dissented in part.

Chief Justice Burger outlined in detail the reason why the court gave a ruling in favor of the Amish. It is surprising that anyone in such a position would have such a keen insight into the principles of our faith. In reading over the forty pages of the court's opinion, one is challenged to take more seriously our way of life and to strive to live up to the opinion which this court has of the plain people.

#### FAITH AND LIFE NOT DIVIDED

The state of Wisconsin claimed that religious freedom is the right for each one to believe as they wish, but that their actions must come under the regulations of the state. The Supreme court rejected this idea by pointing out that the religion of the Old Order Amish can not be separated from their daily living, or in the words of Chief Justice Burger, "the Amish religion pervades and

determines virtually their entire way of life."

He goes on to say that the Amish way of life and their method of educating their children is a basic part of their religion the same "as baptism, the confessional, or a sabbath may be for others."

The court apparently realized that for the Amish "to believe is to act" regardless of any man-made ordinances to the contrary. When we go back several hundred years to the time following the reformation, we find that the Pietists had a kind of religious freedom in which they could believe as they thought was right in their hearts as long as they conformed to certain requirements of the state church by baptizing their infants and going to confessional once a year. The Anabaptists refused to do this and suffered severe persecution in order to live out their beliefs.

This is the stand that the State of Wisconsin took, namely that the Amish could believe as they wish and go to church when and how they wished, but during the week they must conform to the laws of the state and send their children to a state recognized school until they reach the age of 16. The Supreme court ruled that to force the Amish to do this would be compelling them to do something against the tenets of their religion. Such action would present a real "danger to the free exercise of religion which the First Amendment was designed to prevent. As the record shows, compulsory school attendance to age 16 for Amish children carries with it a very real threat of undermining the Amish community and religious practice as it exists today: they must either abandon belief and be assimilated into society at large or be forced to migrate to some other more tolerant region."

The report goes on to say that one of the main reasons for the clause guaranteeing freedom of Religion in the First Amendment was to prevent the evil of forced migrations of religious minorities.

#### THREE CENTURIES OF CONSISTENT PRACTICE.

The report of the court referred at least eight times to the fact that the Amish have nearly three hundred years of history behind them as a church group. ( Tracing the ancestry of the Amish back through the Anabaptists would provide nearly four and a half centuries of history, but the name "Amish" first came into use about 1695.)

Chief Justice Berger pointed out that the beliefs and practices of the Amish are not some new-fangled brain-storm which someone just thought up recently. He says, "It can not be over-emphasized that we are not dealing with a way of life and mode of education by a group claiming to have recently discovered some progressive or more enlightened process for rearing children for modern society. Aided by a... long history as a successful and self-sufficient segment of American society, the Amish in this case have convincingly demonstrated the sincerity of their religious beliefs... the vital role which belief and daily conduct play in the continued survival of Old Order Amish communities... and the hazards presented by the State's enforcement of (its laws)."

The court ruled that the First Amendment applies only in cases of religious belief, and not in cases of mere personal preference. It noted the case of Thoreau, a well-known naturalist, who chose to isolate himself from the world and live in the seclusion of Walden Pond. The court stated that his reasons were personal and philosophical instead of religious and said that the First Amendment would not apply in his case.

The court goes on to say, "However we see that the record in this case abundantly supports the claim that

the traditional way of life of the Amish is not merely a matter of personal preference, but one of deep religious conviction... intimately related to daily living. That their religious practice stems from their faith is shown by the fact that it is in response to their literal interpretation of the Epistle of Paul to the Romans, "Be not conformed to this world." This command is fundamental to the Amish faith.

The court gave its opinion that there were no fundamental changes in the beliefs and "life style" of the Amish in nearly three centuries. It goes on to admit that such a pattern is "difficult to preserve against the pressure to conform. Their rejection of telephones, automobiles, radios and television, their mode of dress, of speech, their habits of manual work do indeed set them apart from... society. These customs are both symbolic and practical."

The report points out that in the Middle Ages, some of the important values of the civilization of the world were preserved by members of religious orders who isolated themselves from all worldly influences against great obstacles. "There can be no assumption that today's majority is 'right' and the Amish and others like them are 'wrong.' A way of life that is odd or even erratic but does not interfere with the rights of others is not to be condemned merely because it is different."

In excusing the Amish from the two additional years of high schooling, the court says, "The purpose of such an exemption is not to support, favor, advance or assist the Amish, but to allow their centuries-old religious society, which was here long before the advent of any compulsory education, to survive free from the heavy impediment which (such a) law would impose." The court makes it plain that the exemption is not necessarily limited to the Amish but that anyone else who would qualify could also claim the exemption. However it does state that "few other religious groups, or sects could make such a convincing showing" as the Amish.

#### REASONS FOR REFUSING HIGHER EDUCATION

The court pointed out that the Amish object to higher education because the values it teaches is in opposition to Amish values and their way of life. The high school tends to emphasize intellectual and scientific accomplishments, self distinction, competitiveness, worldly success, and social life with other students. It takes the Amish child away from his community during a crucial period of his life. It is during this period that the child must acquire the Amish attitudes favoring manual work and self reliance, and also learn the particular skills needed to perform its duty as a farmer or housewife.

The court accepted the testimony of Dr. Hostetler that forced high school attendance would result in psychological harm to Amish children because of the conflicts it would produce and might even eventually destroy the Old Order Amish church community as it exists today. Modern education in rural areas is now largely carried on in consolidated schools at a great distance from the child's home and is altogether strange to his daily home life. The court pointed out that "the record so strongly shows the values and programs of the modern secondary school are in sharp conflict with the fundamental mode of life required by the Amish religion. The conclusion is inescapable that secondary schooling, by exposing Amish children to worldly influences... and by interfering with the religious development of the Amish child at the crucial stage of development, contradicts the basic religious tenets of the Amish faith, both as the parent and the

child."

#### EXCELLENT RECORD

The findings of the court pointed out that "the Amish have an excellent record as law abiding and generally self-sufficient members of society."

At another place it says, "its members are productive and very law-abiding members of society, they reject public welfare in any of its usual forms. Congress recognizes their self-sufficiency by authorizing exemptions from the obligation to pay social security taxes."

The report includes the following statement, "the Green County Amish have never been known to commit crimes, none have been known to receive public assistance and none have been unemployed."

#### AMISH BELIEVE IN EDUCATION

Chief Justice Burger, in his report pointed out, "It is neither fair nor correct to say that the Amish are opposed to education beyond the eighth grade level. What the record shows is that they are opposed to conventional formal education of the kind provided by the high schools."

At another place he says, "The Amish do not object to elementary education through the first eight grades because they agree that their children must have basic skills in the 'three Rs' in order to read the Bible, to be good farmers and citizens and to be able to deal with non-Amish people when necessary in the course of daily affairs. Whenever possible, they have established their own elementary schools in many respects like the small local schools of the past. The Amish believe that higher learning tends to develop values... that alienate man from God."

#### LEARNING THROUGH DOING

The Supreme court recognized the fact that the education of Amish children does not stop when the child quits school. "Amish society emphasizes informal learning-through-doing, a life of intellect, wisdom, rather than technical knowledge, community welfare rather than competition, and separation rather than integration with the worldly society."

The court accepted the testimony of Dr. Erickson who showed that the Amish succeed in preparing their high school age children to be productive members of the community. Dr. Erickson stated that he considered the Amish method of learning-through-doing to be ideal and perhaps superior to ordinary high school education. He said, "I would be inclined to say they do a better job in this than most of the rest of us do. It seems to me the self-sufficiency of the Amish communities is the best evidence I can point to—whatever is being done seems to function well."

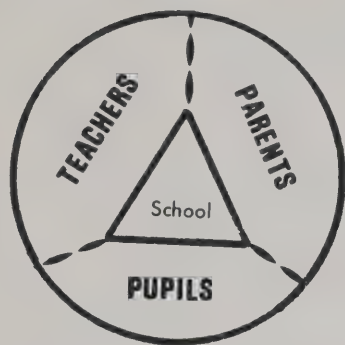
The Chief Justice says that the employment of children between the ages of 14 and 16 on family farms under the guidance of their parents is "an ancient tradition" which does not conflict with the intent of school and labor laws. He goes on to say that there is no evidence to suppose that Amish employment of their children on the farms is harmful to the children's health or well-being.

He said the value of education must be considered in terms of its capacity to prepare the child for life. There is no evidence to suppose that administering several years of high school education instead of the informal learning-through-doing at home would better prepare the child for life.

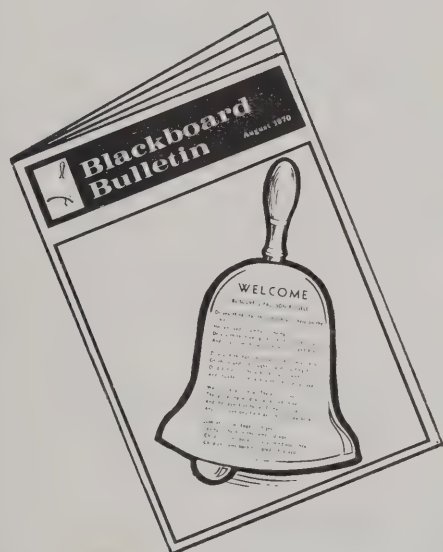
#### DOOMED TO A LIFE OF IGNORANCE

The Chief Justice had little patience with the State of Wisconsin's charge that the Amish children are doomed to a life of ignorance. "No one can question the state's

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  - ◆ **THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME BEHAVE** In this story an ex-teacher tells how she started teaching with one determination— she wasn't going to be strict or grouchy. This is a worthwhile story for parents as well as teachers.
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  - ◆ **EARLY PRINTING AND BOOKS** On "Pupils' Pencils Page" three fourth graders from Burton, Ohio, tell what they learned about how printing was done long ago.
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duty to protect children from ignorance but this argument does not square with the facts disclosed in the record. Whatever their peculiarities, as seen by the majority, the record strongly shows that the Amish community has been a highly successful social unit within our society even if apart from the conventional 'main-stream.' Its members are productive and very law abiding."

At another place he says, "The State argues that if Amish children leave their church they should not be in a position of making their way in the world without the education available in the one or two additional years the state requires. This argument is highly speculative. It rests primarily on the State's mistaken assumption that the Amish do not provide any education for their children beyond the eighth grade, but allow them to grow up in 'ignorance.' To the contrary, not only do the Amish accept schooling through the eighth grade level, but con-

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tinue to provide what expert educators call an ideal vocational education for their children in their growing years.

"There is no evidence to show that upon leaving the Amish community Amish children with their practical agricultural training and habits of industry and self reliance would become burdens on society because of educational shortcomings. There is nothing in the record to suggest that the Amish qualities of reliability, self reliance and dedication to work would fail to find ready markets in today's society. The Amish alternative (learning-through-doing) has enabled them to function effectively in their day-to-day life under self imposed limitations, and to survive and prosper as a separate and highly self sufficient community for more than 200 years in this country. This in itself is strong evidence that they are capable of fulfilling their responsibilities

without attendance beyond the eighth grade."

#### JEFFERSON ON EDUCATION

The State of Wisconsin argued that Thomas Jefferson, one of the authors of the Constitution, declared that education is necessary to prepare citizens to participate effectively and intelligently if freedom and independence are to be preserved. Jefferson was further quoted as saying that education prepares individuals to be self-reliant and self-sufficient participants in society.

The court acknowledged these facts but pointed out that all education must be assessed in terms of its capacity to prepare the child for life. It went on to assert that there is nothing to indicate Jefferson meant that compulsory education was necessary beyond a basic education. Jefferson was quoted as saying he felt that each citizen should have the ability to "read readily in some tongue, either native or acquired." He was reluctant to force instruction of children "in opposition to the will of the parent." The court clinched the argument by saying that it appears that the members of the Amish community might very nearly fulfill the ideal of Jefferson's "sturdy yeoman" which he considered as the basis of democratic society.

#### SCHOOL LAWS IN THE PAST

The Court pointed out that compulsory education beyond the eighth grade is a very recent development in our history. Less than 60 years ago almost all of the states were satisfied with completion of the eighth grade. Even today an eighth grade education fully satisfies the requirements of at least six states, and eight more will allow the children to quit if they are gainfully employed.

The court pointed out that one of the main reasons for putting the age limit to 16 was to keep children off the streets and out of factory jobs. Neither of these two reasons would apply to Amish children who work on the family farms. "Compulsory schooling to age 16 is aimed not merely at providing educational opportunities for children, but as an alternative to the undesirable consequences of unhealthy child labor displacing adult workers, or on the other hand, forced idleness."

#### VALUE OF PARENTAL GUIDANCE

Chief Justice Burger recognized the responsibility of parents in training their children when he said, "the values of parental direction of the religious upbringing and education of their children in their early and formative years have a high place in our society. If the State is empowered to 'save' a child from himself or his Amish parents by requiring an additional two years of high school education, then the State will in a large measure influence, and perhaps determine, the religious future of the child. The history and culture of western civilization reflect a strong tradition of parental concern for the nurture and upbringing of their children."

He also quoted from an earlier decision which said, in part, "The fundamental theory of liberty excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the State, those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

#### PROSPECTS OF CONFLICTING INTERESTS

Chief Justice Burger delivered the opinion of the court, but several of the other judges disagreed in part and pointed out at least two areas of possible trouble in the future. Justice Douglas pointed out he agrees only in so far as the wishes of the children correspond with the

## AMISH SCHOOL DECISION

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wishes of their parents. He does not recognize any authority of the parents to guide and train their children and would be willing to penalize them for refusing to give their consent for the children to go to high school if the children wished to go. It is clear that Justice Douglas did not share fully the opinion of the court and he expresses himself in clear language.

"I think the children should be entitled to be heard.

While the parents normally speak for the entire family, the education of the child is a matter on which the child will often have decided views. He may want to be a pianist, or an astronaut, or an ocean geographer. To do so he will have to break from the Amish tradition.

"It is the future of the student, not the future of the parents that is imperilled in today's decision. If a parent keeps his child out of school beyond the grade school, then the child will be forever barred from entry into the new and amazing world of diversity that we have today. The child may decide that this is the preferred course, or he may rebel. It is the student's judgment, not his parent's, that is essential if we are to give full meaning to what we have said about the Bill of Rights and of the right of students to be masters of their own destiny. If he is harnessed to the Amish way of life by those in authority over him and if his education is cut off, his entire life may be stunted and deformed."

#### WHAT IS AN ACCEPTABLE EDUCATION

The other point which may cause trouble is as to what a basic education consists of. Justice White pointed out that the court considers it necessary to have an education when he said, "This would be a very different case for me if the defendants claimed that their religion forbade their children from attending any school at any time and from complying in any way with the educational standards set by the State. Since the Amish children are permitted to acquire the basic tools of literacy to survive in modern society by attending in grades one through eight,...I agree with the opinion of the court.

"In this case, although the question is close, I am unable to say that the State has demonstrated that Amish children who leave school in the eighth grade will be intellectually stultified or unable to acquire new skills later. Decisions such as this concerning exemption from compulsory school attendance laws will inevitably involve close and repeated scrutiny of religious practices...

"I join the Court because the sincerity of the Amish religious policy is uncontested, because the adverse effect of the state's requirements is great and because the State's interest in education has already been largely satisfied by the eight years the children have spent in school."

The opinion of the court also pointed out that a number

of states have worked out a plan for "vocational schools" for students who are through the eighth grade but still under sixteen. It was also brought out that the defendants in this case tried to work out a similar plan with the State of Wisconsin but at that time were refused by the State. It goes on to say that there is no reason to believe that a working agreement could not be made with the State of Wisconsin now which would satisfy the demands of the state in the form of a "vocational school."

#### WHAT SHOULD WE LEARN FROM THE DECISION?

The first reaction among the plain people on hearing the court's decision was gratefulness that the highest court in the land has recognized their efforts to be self-sufficient, law-abiding citizens and has granted them religious liberty as far as schooling is concerned. This is undoubtedly the most favorable decision for the Amish ever handed down by the Supreme Court.

The other impression that one gets on reading the decision is that although there is some reason for rejoicing, there is no reason whatsoever for relaxing our standards. As pointed out in the foregoing article, the reason the exemption from high school was granted was because the Amish as a group have proven that they do try to take care of their own children, and teach and train them what they ought to know to make their way in life.

The court stated repeatedly that since the Amish do believe in providing a basic education, since they do teach their children to be self-reliant, industrious, and even that "they must learn to enjoy physical labor," and learn to get along with themselves and their neighbors, do not depend on the government for welfare, then they are entitled to the exemption they ask. If it could have been proven that the Amish are slack in caring for and in teaching and training their children, then it is very doubtful that the court would have recognized their request for exemption.

The court saw the religion of the Amish as a "way of life" and that their everyday living is regulated by what they believe. This is in direct opposition to the popular

churches, many of whom believe that their religion is something which is to be lived on Sunday. Naturally, it presents a challenge to us to live the kind of life as set forth in the opinion of the court. Are we really worthy of such an opinion?

Another impression which stands out forcefully is that although we should feel very thankful for the opinion of the court, we can not depend on it over the years. We need only think back a few years when a similar case was appealed to the court (State of Kansas vs. Garber, 1969) when the Supreme Court refused to hear the case and in effect upheld the charges of the State of Kansas. The courts base their decisions on various principles, sometimes one, sometimes another. We have no guarantee that if a similar case were brought before the court within several years time, that the opinion would be favorable.

Nor do we need to depend on the opinion of the Supreme Court or any other court. Our Anabaptist forefathers suffered persecution and even martyrdom rather than to go against their understanding of the Bible. If the Supreme Court would have ruled against the Amish in this case, then it is doubtful whether the decision would have influenced many Amish parents to send their children to high school. True, they may have had to accept the consequences, and be branded as criminals, or had their property confiscated. Or they may have migrated to other states which are more favorable. (Apparently one of the families involved in this dispute has migrated to another state.)

In short, although we are thankful for a favorable decision, and should strive to live up to the opinion of the court as far as our educational standards are concerned, we should not allow it to influence us in becoming slack in our standards. What we do, we should do as to serve God and not man. We should be diligent in providing a satisfactory education for our children because we believe it is the right thing to do, and to train them and bring them up as the Bible teaches, in the "nature and admonition of the Lord."

## I've Still Got Plenty Of Time



Andrew Eicher glanced at his wife as he took his coat from the hook by the door. She seemed unusually quiet this morning. Did she sense his uneasiness? Andrew didn't know why he was so nervous. He had gone with Harry Gable before to take cattle to the sales barn, but this morning he had a strange feeling that something was going to happen.

There was the sound of a truck in the lane. "I must be going, Mary," Andrew tried to sound cheerful. "I can't tell how soon I'll be back so don't wait on me for dinner." A cloud of snow swirled about him as he ran toward the waiting truck.

"All set?" Harry Gable asked as he finished lighting a cigarette before starting the engine. The snow had drifted quite a bit in the lane and the truck lurched and

(A true story of a man who thought he was too young to die. Names have been changed.)

swerved down the hill. Suddenly Andrew's thoughts went to the little bridge. Would it be strong enough to hold such a heavy truck?

Andrew wished he had stayed at home. They crossed the bridge safely and after what seemed like a long time they were driving on open road. Andrew breathed more easily. Perhaps his fears were groundless after all. He began to pay attention to some of Harry's light-hearted talk. Harry was an interesting man but now and then he would try and brighten his conversation with words that made Andrew shiver.

Harry was a good neighbor, but his spiritual carelessness alarmed Andrew. He was a jolly, reckless fellow, obviously trying to get the most enjoyment out of life while he was young.

Once again an incident ran through Andrew's mind which had happened only a few weeks earlier. Several of the neighbors had been talking together when one of them made a remark about the kind of life Harry led. "Don't you think you're a little careless? Some day you might have an accident or something. Would you be ready to

die?"

"Me, die? ha, ha," Harry had laughed. "I'm young and I've still got plenty of time to change before I die."

These words had rung in Andrew's ears for days afterwards. How he wished he could help this man. Would there be anything he, in his weakness, could do to make an impression on him? If there were some way to make him see the need of changing his ways — now. Suddenly he was aware that the driver was watching him.

"What's the matter, chum? Got something on your mind?"

"There's the sales barn just ahead," Andrew changed the subject quickly as they approached the railroad track. "I thought they used to have a guard—" Andrew glanced out past the driver just in time to see the glaring headlights of the locomotive. It was practically upon them. There was a terrible crash, and pain, then total blackness.

Meanwhile on a busy downtown street a man glanced nervously at his watch as the already crowded street car stopped for more passengers. "Can't you go faster?" he yelled at the driver. "The train was due three minutes ago."

A few minutes later he got off and started running down a side street toward the sales barn. As he rounded a bend, he came upon a large crowd of people huddled around the still steaming engine. Once as the crowd parted to let the ambulance through, the man caught sight of the flattened remains of what was left of the truck. There was blood and dead cattle scattered over the truck and a man was being loaded into the ambulance. It was too much. Just then someone said to the man, "Hey, aren't you supposed to be the guard here? Why weren't you on duty? You might have saved that poor man's life." Later the same day the guard was taken to the hospital with a nervous breakdown.

Meanwhile the mangled bodies were identified and the families were called to the hospital. Andrew's young wife, accompanied by his widowed mother, arrived at the hospital and met Dr. Donald in the hall. In answer to their unspoken question, the doctor shook his head sadly and said, "Mr. Eicher is alive, but he has a broken neck. He'll hardly make the night."

All night long they watched over him, and prayed without ceasing. Andrew, who had always been so strong and hearty, so good-natured and kind, suddenly he lay here with almost no hope for his life. Morning came and he was still breathing.

Days turned into weeks and he was still bravely hanging onto that tiny thread which we call life. As they watched over him day by day, his loved ones became more anxious. Would he ever open his eyes again? Would he continue to live on like this, a tangled unconscious heap?

One morning Andrew's mother was seated at the bedside as Dr. Donald entered the room. He knew she was a brave woman for he had watched with her at the death-bed of her husband as well as two little daughters. The mother knew that her son was nearing the crisis, the time when he would turn one way or the other, and she wanted to be there to see which way he would go. The doctor seated himself at the foot of the bed and for what seemed to be a long time stared at the silent face.

At last he spoke, "Mrs. Eicher, I think— I think he's going to make it." It was not long before Andrew made a turn for the better. As soon as he was strong enough, he began to inquire about Harry. The nurses would tell him

nothing so the first chance he got he asked the doctor.

The doctor looked at him gravely and hesitated as he answered, "Mr. Eicher, your friend never found out what happened. He was instantly killed."

Harry dead! Killed instantly! Then there was no time to repent. Like lightning the words shot back through Andrew's mind, "Ha, I'm young and I've still got plenty of time to change before I die." How wrong he had been! Andrew felt a little guilty for not trying harder to make his neighbor see the right way while he had the chance. Lying in the hospital week after week, Andrew had plenty of time to think. He became more and more grateful for having his own life spared. He began to feel that the Lord had planned something for him to do. He wanted to dedicate the rest of his life to that work which would be shown him in due time.

Within three months Andrew was released from the hospital with a large white brace around his neck. Summer came and he was able to work a little. He would never be the same robust man but he was glad to be home and gaining strength.

Twelve years later he was in the lot when a preacher was to be ordained. Was this to be his calling? Was this why the Lord had spared him? But the lot fell on another.

Two years later a deacon was needed and Andrew was again in the lot. This time he was ordained. The Lord's plan was being fulfilled.

Now Andrew is faithfully trying to fulfill his duties but his mind often goes back to a neighbor he once knew and the memory of those careless words bring back fresh pain and renew the urge within him to bring young souls to rependance, "Ha, I'm young and I've still got plenty of time to change before I die."

■ ■

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#### DID I NEGLECT TO PRAY?

The road is rough and rocky  
The hills are, oh, so steep;  
The heartaches seem unbearable,  
So many souls asleep.

My conscience burns within me;  
Have I helped those gone astray?  
Or was I much to busy,  
Did I neglect to pray?

The duties of this careworn world  
Press on me every day,  
And oft times crowd the sunshine out  
And causing souls to stray.

Tis then I feel my weakness  
When those that I love so  
Choose to walk the highway broad  
And scorn the streets of gold.

So help us, Lord, oh help us,  
Please take us by the hand  
And lead us through this toiling life  
Into the Promised Land.

—E. D., Ohio

---

An education isn't how much you have committed to memory, or even how much you know. It's being able to differentiate between what you do know and what you don't. It's knowing where to go to find out what you need to know; and it's knowing how to use the information once you get it

# THE HISTORY OF SILVER CREEK BRAVE



A neighbor of mine, John Weaver planned to attend the New Holland horse sale and he invited me to go along. This was readily accepted as I was interested in seeing a Belgian colt that was to be sold that day. We raise colts and I hoped it would match one of ours. But we were also needing another driving horse to replace our "Old Faithful" who was now twenty-two years old, and sometimes went a bit lame.

"Over there's a horse that may suit you," Harry Martin told me at the sale. He had seen the horse hitched and driven that morning, and the behavior was good. I was interested immediately and looked the horse over. He seemed to be a good prospect. Although a bit thin and rough haired, there was evidence that he would have good size and type if well fed. He was coming five, and when he went through the auction ring, the price was reasonable so I bought the horse. On our way home that day I told John, "If that horse proves good, this day is well spent."

A local trucker brought the horse home that evening. Everything passed without undue incident. The horse was quiet and gentle in the stable, responded good in every way. But we were still expecting some undesirable quality to be found.

The first time we hitched him, we used the breaking cart but it seemed needless. He stood quietly as we hitched him, waited for the word to go and drove nicely. There was no sign of balking, uphill or anywhere. He took the down grades as steadily as an old horse. All in all, he seemed to be well trained. The dealer after the sale had told me, "You will like that horse." We were now ready to believe him.

Soon we were hitching him to the carriage, driving to church, to town, on short trips and long trips. Once I wanted to go to Blair county and drove eight miles to meet a schedule. My wife went along and drove home along through Ephrata.

We decided the horse was just what we had wanted. At first he seemed to be a bit slow and needed some urging. But as he picked up appetite, his need for urging decreased. We simply couldn't understand why such a good horse was ever put up for sale. That is until one evening as we were driving home from Ephrata.

We were travelling along so nicely and almost half way home. As I drew in on the reins to make a left-hand turn, he refused to slow down. I pulled harder but he would not respond. Then he started kicking, not just once, but like a veteran runaway and a kicker. He kicked up over the crosspiece time and again striking the front of the carriage. But as mercy would have it there was no other traffic in sight and he went so fast that he soon fell, bringing the runaway to a sudden halt.

August-September, 1972

My wife and I were not hurt and damage to the buggy was only slight. But now the secret was out. He was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and this was the reason we had gotten the privilege (?) of buying him in the first place.

We were impressed how needful it is to be cautious in selling an unsafe horse to or through dealers. The truth is that most dealers seem to have a greater love for money than they have a concern for the good of their customers.

We tried to trace the horse but could find very little of the circumstances preceding the sale of this horse at the New Holland sale. The dealer's report, the registration papers and the transfers seem to indicate that he had passed through several states.

We still have the horse. If any of the readers can report anything on the past history of Silver Creek Brave we would appreciate hearing from them.

-John and Alta Rhodes, Stevens, Pa., 17578.

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Some are like canoes, need to be paddled.

Some are like wheelbarrows, not good unless pushed.

Some are like kites, if a string isn't kept on them they will fly away.

Some are like kittens, they are more contented when petted.

Some are like footballs, you can't tell which way they will bounce next.

Some are like blisters, they will show up after the work is done.

Some are like trailers, they have to be pulled.

Some are like lights, they keep going on and off.

Many, thank God, are like the North Star, when you need them they are dependable, ever loyal, and a guide to all.

By Mrs. Monroe Kuhns

We had just finished eating dinner last week one day when my husband said, "Come on children, and I'll read the Sammy story to you."

The whole family gathered around the kitchen table to enjoy their favorite story. Everyone was anxious to hear what Sammy had to encounter this time.

The whole family laughed heartily as the story about the black pepper in the cake was related. When it was finished, the children hustled to their work and Mom and Dad planned how the chores could be arranged early as company was coming that evening for supper.

The kitchen was still to be cleaned and two freezers of ice cream to be made. I planned a simple hot course for supper with strawberries and home made ice cream for dessert.

As I fried the chicken, fixed dressing and helped daughter stir the ice cream together everything seemed to be going extra smooth and we were all looking forward eagerly to the arrival of the guests.

We were very careful to make the ice cream tasty and I added more cream and sugar than usual. We even put in some Eagle Brand condensed milk this time.

At four o'clock Daddy mashed the ice for us and the children started cranking. We had a two-gallon freezer and had also borrowed Grandpa's gallon freezer.

"You two do the cranking now," I told 12-year old daughter and 8-year-old son, "and I'll get everything ready and set the table."

After some time an excited little 6-year-old boy came with a spoon of ice cream. "This is from the little freezer," he said.

I tasted it and said, "Yummm, it's really good."

Soon she came running with another spoonful of ice cream I could tell from the expression on her face that something was wrong. "Why, what's wrong?" I asked as I took the spoon to taste it for myself.

"It's all salty," she cried. Indeed it was salty.

"What did you do?" I asked as I hurried after her to investigate. I found eight-year old son sitting dejectedly on a stool. "What did you do?" I demanded of him. I could feel something not so nice rising inside of me. Something similar to a storm- a storm with a lot of pressure behind it.

I opened the freezer. The creamy stuff looked simply delicious but when I took another bite, uhhh, it was salty, and salty clear down to the bottom. "Oh, my, what shall we do now?" I cried. "I don't have any cream to make any more ice cream and they're coming in half an hour."

When I examined the freezer, I found that the hole to let out the salt water was plugged. In sloppy eight-year old fashion he had cranked and cranked, never thinking to look about the salt water as it rose higher and higher and finally went over the rim.

"Hurry and take this freezer and dump it into the pig pen," I told him. "Maybe I can still cook some more ice cream before they come."

Our guests arrived at exactly the appointed time. Supper was only a little late, and the second freezer was slightly harder than frozen custard as we didn't have enough ice. But in spite of all the commotion, the evening turned out surprizingly well.

The guests left for home but for some reason Mother couldn't feel right. Before eight-year old Stephen went to bed I told him, "I'm sorry I talked angry to you about the ice cream."

"You weren't angry," he said simply.

"Oh yes, I was," I said. "I was very angry on the inside."

"I can't believe it that you were," he declared. "Good night, Mom. See you tomorrow morning."

A person has three names: the one he inherits, the one his parents give him, and the one he makes for himself.

The last one is the most important. "O Lord, reform thy world...beginning with me." I am only one, but I am one. I can't do everything, but I can do something. What I can do I ought to do, and what I ought to do, by the grace of God, I will do!

## WANTED:

We would very much like to obtain old issues of the BUDGET for use in our historical research. Do you have any copies of the BUDGET from 1893 to 1950 which you would sell us? If so, list the issues with the price you want and contact:

Historical Editor  
Pathway Publishers  
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

## TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

The Bible Contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,175 verses; 1,189 chapters; 66 books; The longest chapter is the 119th. Psalm; the shortest and middle chapter, 117th. Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th. of the 118th, Psalm. The longest name is in the 8th. chapter of Isaiah. "And" occurs 46,627 times; "Lord" 1,855 times. The 37th. chapter of Isaiah and the 19th. chapter of the 2nd. book of Kings are alike. The longest verse is the 9th. of the 8th. chapter of Esther; The shortest verse is the 35th. of the 11th. chapter of John. In the 21st. verse of the 7th. chapter of Ezra is the alphabet. The finest piece of reading is the 26th. chapter of Acts. The name of God is not mentioned in the book of Esther, but it contains

Knowledge, wisdom, holiness, and love.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FAMILY LIFE

# DAILY ABCs

Apply thine heart unto instruction, and thine ears unto the words of knowledge Proverbs 23:12

Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets have gone out into the world I John 4:1

Comfort your hearts, and establish you in every good word and work II Thessalonians 2:17

Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts; which war against the soul I Peter 2:11

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of the evil man Proverbs 4:14

Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind I Peter 5:2

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness Psalm 29:2

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time; I Peter 5:6

In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works: in doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity I Titus 2:7

Judge in yourselves: is it comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered? I Corinthians 11:13

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life Proverbs 4:23

Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than ourselves Philippians 2:3

Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you I John 3:13.

Neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying which is in faith, so do I Timothy 1:4

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together Psalm 34:3

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perserverance and supplication for all saints Ephesians 6:18

Quench not the spirit I Thessalonians 5:19

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord Acts 3:19

Sound speech that cannot be condemned; that he that is of contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you Titus 2:8

Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ II Timothy 2:3

Use hospitality one to another without grudging I Peter 4:9

Verily, verily I say unto you thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God John 3:3

Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it Proverbs 3:27

Xamine yourselves whether ye be in faith, prove your own selves II Corinthians 13:5

Ye, therefore, beloved, seeing you know these things before, beware, lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness II Peter 3:17

Zealous, therefore and repent Revelation 3:19

Selected from the Bible by Anna Eash

## SO YOU'RE GOING ON A TRIP?

- Should I take that trip this summer?
  - If I do, will I find time to visit the sick, the widows and the fatherless?
  - Will I neglect things at home while I am gone? Do I really need the change because of my health?
  - Will the time and the money I spend be well spent? Will the trip lay up treasures in Heaven for me, or will it be accounted against me as pleasure seeking?
  - Will the sights I see be a blessing to others when I explain it to them later or will it be only for myself?
  - Will I go to make a name or seek honor for myself? Is it right to take a vacation away from the Lord's vineyard?
  - Can I be a light to the world on this trip or will the world influence my way of thinking and my actions? Considering everything, will this trip strengthen me spiritually and bring me closer to God? Let me think.
- A.J.C., Deleware.

## AWAKING THE SLEEPERS

"Awake, thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. 5:14).

It is human nature to think, "This does not mean me, I am awake." We are apt to think this is calling the worldly people but who are the worldly people? Anyone who is without Christ is a worldly person. Many people think that because they are a member of a church and obey certain standards, then they are also Christians. Again we are apt to think, "Yes, this is how it is in the worldly churches." We never stop to think that this may be the case in the plain churches, too. There are too many idle members, who are content in that state.

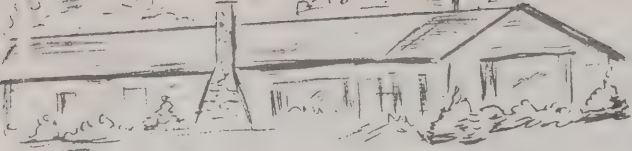
We can take part in all the ordinances and activities of the church, wear plain clothes, and deny ourselves certain conveniences but this in itself will not make us Christians. What does the Bible ask for? A second birth. "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3).

We need conversion, (Matt. 18:3), repentance, (Matt. 4:17) and a whole new man (2 Cor. 5:17). This adds up to a whole new life. We can not gradually improve ourselves until we are finally good enough for God's kingdom.

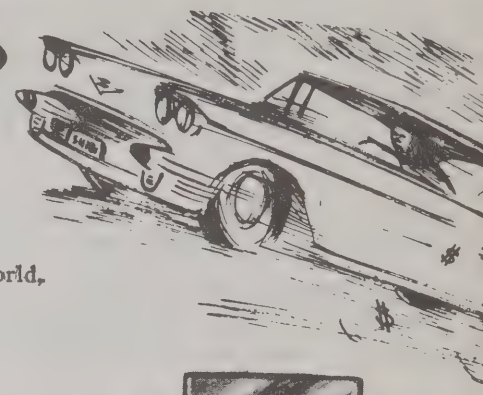
It seems today there are so many young people who join the church but never have a change. Baptism is an outward testimony of an inward change. If there has been no change of life then we are still not Christians.

The church is at fault in accepting such persons as members. The acceptance of unconverted members is a deadly poison to the church. If too many such members are accepted, the church dies spiritually. Then it will only be an organization, and not an assembly of the children of God. Could it be possible that some churches, yes, even of our plain churches are very near to this point now and need to be awakened:

- Author's name withheld.



# THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD



The Church and the World walked far apart  
On the changing shore of time;  
The World was singing a giddy song,  
And the Church a hymn sublime.

"Come give me your hand," cried the merry World,  
"And walk with me this way;"  
But the good Church hid her snowy hand,  
And solemnly answered, "Nay,

I will not give you my hand at all,  
And I will not walk with you;  
Your way is the way of eternal death,  
And your words are all untrue."

"Nay walk with me but a little space,"  
Said the World with kindly air;  
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,  
And the sun shines always there;

Your way is narrow and thorny and rough,  
While mine is flowery and smooth;  
Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,  
But in circles of joy I move.

My way you can see is a broad fair one  
And my gate is high and wide;  
There is room enough for you and for me,  
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,  
And gave him her hand of snow;  
And the false World grasped it and walked along,  
Saying in accents low:

"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,  
I have gold and pearls to wear;

Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,  
And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain white robes  
And then at the dazzling World.  
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip,  
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"  
Said the Church with a smile of grace;  
Then her pure white garments drifted away  
And the World gave in their place

Satins and silks and seal skins rare  
And roses and gems and pearls;  
And over her forehead fell her bright hair,  
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,  
"I'll build you one like mine,  
With Kitchen for feasting and Parlor for play,  
And furniture never so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house—  
Splendid it was to behold;  
Her sons and her daughters met frequently there,  
Shining in purple and gold.

And Fair and Festival—frolics untold.  
Were held in the place of prayer.  
And maidens bewitching as sirens of old,  
With worldly graces rare,

Invented the very cunningest tricks,  
Untrammelled by Gospel or Laws.  
To beguile and amuse and win from the World,  
Some help for the righteous cause.

The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church,  
And whispered, "I know thy sin;"  
Then the Church looked sad and anxiously longed  
To gather the children in;

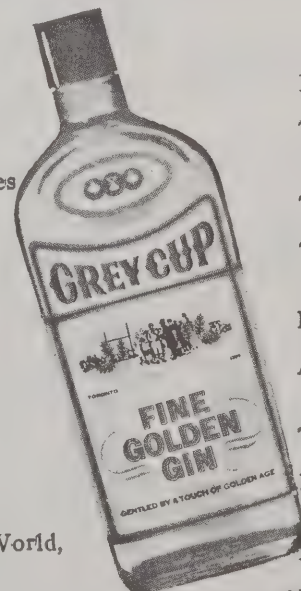
But some were off at the midnight Ball,  
And some at the Euchre or Play;  
And some were drinking in gay saloons,  
As she quietly went her way.

Then the sly World gallantly said to her,  
"Your children mean no harm,  
Merely indulging in innocent sport;"  
So she leaned on his proffered arm.

And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers,  
As she walked along with the World;  
While millions and millions of precious souls  
To the horrible pit were hurled!

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"  
Said the gay world with a sneer;  
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales,  
Which I do not like them to hear.

They talk of Judgment, a coming Lord,  
And the horrors of endless night;  
They warn of a place that should not be,  
Mentioned to ears polite!



I will send you some of a better stamp,  
Modern and brilliant and fast;  
Who will show how men may live as they list,  
And go to heaven at last.

The Father is merciful, great and good,  
Loving and tender and kind;  
Do you think He would take one child to Heaven  
And leave another behind?

Go train your teachers up to the times,  
Adopt the stylish way;  
We all want entertainment fine,  
And only that will pay."

So she called for pleasing and gay divines,  
Gifted, and great and learned,  
And the plain old men that preached the Cross  
Were out of her pulpits turned.

Then Mammon came in and supported the Church  
Renting a prominent pew;  
And preaching and singing and floral display,  
Proclaimed a period new.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World,  
"Far more than you ought to do;  
Tho the poor need shelter, food and clothes,  
Why need it trouble you?

And afar to the heathen in foreign lands,  
Your thoughts need never roam;  
The Father of Mercies will care for them,  
Let Charity begin at home.

Go take your money and buy rich robes,  
And horses and carriages fine;  
And pearls and jewels and dainty food,  
And the rarest and costliest wine.

My children they dote on all such things,  
And if you their love would win,  
You must do as they do and walk in the ways  
That they are walking in."

Then the Church her purse-strings tightly held,  
And gracefully lowered her head,  
And simpered, "I've given too much away,  
I will do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from the door in scorn,  
And she heard not the orphan's cry;  
And she drew her beautiful robes aside  
As the widows went weeping by:

Her Mission treasures beggarly plead,  
And Jesus' commands were in vain:  
While half of the millions for whom He died  
Had never heard His name.

And they of the Church and they of the World,  
Walked closely hand and heart,  
And none but the Master, who knoweth all,  
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,  
"I am rich and in goods increased:  
I have need of nothing and nought to do,  
But to laugh and dance and feast."

And the sly World heard her and laughed within,  
And mockingly said aside,  
"The Church has fallen, the beautiful Church,  
And her shame is her boast and pride."

Thus her witnessing power, alas! was lost,  
And the perilous times came in;  
The times of the end, so oft foretold,  
Of form and pleasure and sin.

Then the Angel drew near the mercy-seat,  
And whispered in sighs her name;  
And the saints with anthems of rapture hushed  
And covered their heads with shame.

And a voice came down from the hush of heaven,  
From Him that sat on the throne:  
"I know thy works and what thou hast said,  
And how thou hast not known.

That thou art poor, and naked, and blind,  
With pride and ruin enthralled,  
The expectant Bride of the Heavenly Groom,  
Now the harlot of the world'

Thou hast ceased to watch for that Blessed Hope,  
And hast fallen from zeal and grace;  
So now, alas! I must cast thee out,  
And blot thy name from its place."

—Selected.

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

# New Names Among the Amish

by David Luthy

Any Amish person immediately recognizes the names "Yoder and Stoltzfus" as being common Amish last names. But what about "Flaud and Swantz?" People in Lancaster Co. will easily recognize "Flaud" as being an Amish family name in their community, but will people in Kalona, Iowa? No, the "Flaud" name will seem strange to them, just as strange as the name "Swantz" from their community will seem to the people of Lancaster County.

In this issue and the next we will be printing the history of about 26 family names that entered Amish society in America and have been present for at least two married generations.

## Anderson

In 1873 a 21-year-old boy named Augustus Walbus left his native home of Copenhagen, Denmark to avoid rigid military training. He and a few friends made their escape in a small boat and were later picked up by a ship and taken to America. After his arrival in the new country, Augustus traveled westward to Chicago where he found a job on the B. & O. Railroad working on the tracks. His foreman was a Swedish gentleman named Anderson. For some unknown reason Augustus decided to change his own name to that of his foreman. He legally changed his name to John Anderson.

The B. & O. Railroad tracks ran from Chicago east-

ward and passed through Nappanee, Indiana. Part of the railroad crew, including John Anderson (Augustus Walbus), had their room and board at the home of an Amish minister, David Hochstetler, three miles west of Nappanee (presently the John M. and Glenn Miller farm). During his stay in the Hochstetler home, John Anderson became acquainted with the Amish people, their language, their church, and also a daughter of the Hochstetlers named Lovina.

David Hochstetler was ordained a bishop and in the late 1870's decided to move to the new Amish settlement southwest of Nappanee in Newton County. He and his family settled on a farm northwest of the town of Mt.

Ayr. John Anderson soon showed up in Newton County in quest of Lovina. Before permission was granted for the marriage, John learned the German dialect and joined the Amish church. (It is not known in what religion he had been raised.) On November 18, 1880 he and Lovina were married. John was 27 and his bride 19.

The Andersons settled down to married life in a log cabin near the village of North Star. They lived in Newton County all their married life. John was a farmer. When he died in 1921, Lovina made and sold quilts. She died in 1939. Both are buried in the Amish graveyard in Newton County, now an extinct Amish settlement. Their farm was owned by their son Menno until 1971 when it was sold out of the family.

Ten children were born to John and Lovina Anderson, eight of whom lived past infancy. Only three of the children were lifetime members of the Amish church: Simon, Albert, and Elizabeth. Albert was ordained as minister in 1924 in Newton County and a year later as bishop. In December of 1950 he moved to Millersburg, Indiana where he had the south half of Noah Bontrager's church district which had been divided. Simon's son, Noah, was ordained to the ministry in 1967 in the Southwest Nappanee District.

Because most of John Anderson's descendants joined higher churches, there are only three male descendants today who bear the "Anderson" name in the Amish church: Eli S. of Holmesville, Ohio; Noah S. of Nappanee, Indiana; and John A. of Arcola, Illinois.

## Bawell

The original spelling of this name was "Bawel." Philip and Grace Bawel came to America in 1854, arriving in New York but settling in Baltimore, Maryland. They came from Fransheim, Germany and brought their four sons to America to avoid military service in Germany. What religious denomination they belonged to is not known.

The Bawels were not in America very long before the parents decided to return to Germany for an unknown reason. Two of their sons, Henry and Daniel, remained in America. Henry was eighteen and was likely reluctant to return to Germany where a boy his age was certain to face military service.

The next known fact about Henry is that he joined the Amish in Maryland. This likely occurred at Long Green, Maryland where there was an Amish church in the middle 1800's. The church was located in Baltimore County and thus close to where Henry lived. The only other Amish church in the state was the one in Garrett County over the mountains at the western edge of the state. Another reason for assuming that Henry joined at Long Green was that a number of Amish families there had formerly lived in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania; shortly after Henry joined church he moved to Mifflin County. It is likely that he moved there because of his contacts with the former Mifflin County Amish living at Long Green.

On February 11, 1866, Henry Bawel married an Amish girl, Cathern Calpetzer, in Mifflin County. Like her husband, Cathern was of non-Amish background. Her mother had died when she was a baby, and an Amish family (Joseph Miller) raised her. She was 21 when she married, and Henry was 29. They had ten children, nine of whom lived—five boys and four girls.

When Henry and Cathern married in 1866 there were two Amish churches in Mifflin County: the Samuel King church (Byler gma today) and the Abraham Peachey church (Renno gma today). It is believed that the Bawels were members in the Abraham Peachey church. Then in 1911 this church had a division forming what today is the Speicher or Beachy Amish church; six of Henry Bawel's children went with this split. One other joined the Mennonites; two others, Daniel and Rachel, remained with the Old Order Amish.

Daniel Bawel was born in 1878, the youngest son of Henry and Cathern and the only son to remain with the

Amish church. It is from him that the present Amish "Bawells" descend. His wife, Mary Fisher Bawel, is credited with adding the extra "l" to the spelling of the name, thinking it would make it easier for people to pronounce. (The accent is on the first syllable, and the "a" is pronounced like the "a" in "ball.")

Daniel's wife was from Lancaster County, and he moved to that community when they married in 1903. Today the "Bawell" name among the Amish is found only in Lancaster County where there are three household heads bearing the name, two are Daniel's sons and one is his grandson.

## Bowman

At first glance many people would say "Bowman" is a Mennonite name. And they are right for it is commonly found among the Mennonites in Pennsylvania. But the first Amish "Bowman" was not raised in the Mennonite church—rather in the Old Order Dunkards.

John J. Bowman was a Dunkard living near Meyersdale, Pennsylvania. In 1864 he moved to Elkhart County, Indiana near the town of Goshen. He joined a small Old Order Dunkard congregation there; but two of his children, Hezekiah and Margaret, became acquainted with the Amish youngfolks in the area and decided to join the Amish church. It is not known in what year Hezekiah and Margaret joined the Amish or if they joined at the same time. In 1879, though, Hezekiah married an Amish girl, Lydia J. Miller. They made their home near Millersburg, Indiana. It was in this community that their only two children were born: Katherine was born in 1880 and Harvey in 1889.

Hezekiah's sister Margaret, who had also joined the Amish church, married John Chupp and was a faithful member of the Amish church all her life. But since her "Bowman" name was lost through marriage, it is from Hezekiah that the Amish "Bowmans" descend.

Harvey Bowman, Hezekiah's only son, was married to Lizzie Miller of Millersburg, Ohio in 1910. The young couple set up housekeeping near Harvey's parents who had moved to a farm four miles southwest of Lagrange, Indiana. Harvey and Lizzie were married only four years when Lizzie had a miscarriage and contracted the flu. She was buried with her little son in her arms. Harvey was then a widower until May 15, 1917 when he married Lizzie Lehman, daughter of Bishop Sam Y. Lehman of Lagrange County.

In 1923 Hezekiah and his son Harvey decided to move to Holmes County, Ohio, settling together near Mt. Hope on a hundred acre farm. Since neither Hezekiah nor Harvey was very healthy, they could not do much farming. They decided to build a harness shop.

At Hezekiah's death in 1929, Harvey was left with the 100 acre farm and the harness business. The harness business grew, and in 1937 Harvey moved to a fifteen acre place a mile and a half south of Mt. Hope. The new place had a bigger shop and two houses. At this time his family consisted of nine children. A month after they moved to the new place the tenth child was born (actually the eleventh as one had died in infancy). What might have been a joyous occasion was actually the saddest time in the Bowman home. Prior to the birth, the children had contracted scarlet fever and were quarantined in one house on the place. Harvey and his wife Lizzie stayed in the other house where the baby was born. Lizzie became sick, and as the days passed she grew worse instead of better. She realized that she was going to die and begged to be able to see her children for the last time.

The Bowman children were still under quarantine in the other house; according to the law, Harvey dared not bring them over. But his wife pleaded to see them. Finally he got them and they stood around her bed—a full circle of nine children. The baby, Daniel, was beside his mother on the bed. Lizzie admonished her husband to be a Christian father and admonished each child separately. She told them to be obedient to their father and to live a peaceful Christian life without pride. She

then stretched out her hand to each child for the last time and said good-by. She died a short time afterwards, it being but a week since baby Daniel's birth.

Harvey Bowman was 49 when his second wife died. They had been married twenty years. Six years later in May of 1944, Harvey married a third time. His wife was Lizzie Miller Mast, the widow of David S. Mast. (It is interesting to note that all of Harvey's three wives had the same first name, Lizzie.) No children were born to this marriage. She preceded Harvey in death by two years, dying in 1962.

On her death bed Harvey's second wife, the mother of all his ten living children, had admonished her children to keep the Faith. One son and one daughter did not join the Amish church, but the other eight children did. Twenty-two grandchildren are also members of the Amish church today.

The "Bowman" name among the Amish is found in Holmes County, Ohio with one exception: Daniel, the youngest of Harvey's children, lives in Lagrange County, Indiana. One "Bowman" has been ordained in the Amish church, Harvey's oldest son Samuel is a deacon. Two of Harvey's sons, Daniel and Joseph, have carried on their father's and grandfather's occupation of harness making—one in Indiana and the other in Ohio.

## Bricker

The *Mennonite Cyclopedic Dictionary*, printed in 1937, lists the name "Bricker" as being a Mennonite name of Swiss origin. But it was not found among the Amish until quite recently.

Walter Bricker was born in Holmes County, Ohio in 1916, the son of David Bricker who lived one mile east of Sugarcreek. Either Walter's father or grandfather had left the Mennonite church; it is not certain which. At any rate Walter was not raised in any church. His mother died when he was two years old. He and his father traveled from place to place in Holmes County, his father working here and there but owning no place of his own. They came in contact with Amish families quite often and Walter learned to speak Pennsylvania "Dutch" as a child.

When Walter was twelve, he and his father left Holmes County for Geauga County in search of work which they were unable to find in Holmes. Four years later Walter's father died, and Walter went to live with an Amish family, the Andy F. Bylers. The following year, 1933, he joined the Amish church and the next fall married Jemima Weaver. Nine children were born to them, five girls and four boys—all members today of the Amish church.

Walter is not a farmer by occupation. For twenty-eight years he has worked on the railroad. Presently he works with the Baltimore & Ohio repair crew as flagman and also operates the big machinery used in working on the track. He, as well as a few other Amishmen, works on the Painsville-Warren section.

The name "Bricker" among the Amish is found only in Geauga and neighboring Trumbull County. There are five married Amishmen who bear the name. There are 36 grandchildren but none yet are old enough to have joined the Amish church.

## Cross

John Cross and two of his brothers came to America from Ireland. John and his wife Alice lived east of Goshen, Indiana. They had a family and were rather poor. About 1875 Mrs. Cross died. One day an Amish couple, Sam Rabers, stopped at the home to visit the motherless Cross family. The Rabers had been in Goshen shopping and decided to stop on their way home to Middlebury. Since they had no children of their own, the Rabers wondered if maybe they could take the baby of the Cross family, George, into their home. Mr. Cross decided that they could.

George Cross grew up in the Sam Raber home south of Middlebury. He was eighteen months old when he came to live with them and soon forgot that he had ever had

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another home. When he grew up he joined the Amish church. He then married Fannie Eash in 1897. They had a family of ten children.

Some years before George died in 1929, he left the Amish church and joined the Mennonites. A number of his children had been members of the Amish church at one time but later also left the church. Mahlon Cross, George's oldest son, was yet Amish when his first wife died in 1938 leaving a family behind. The baby, Mahlon Junior, was taken into his mother's sister's home and raised Amish. He later joined the Amish church in Lagrange County and is the only Amishman bearing the "Cross" name today.

## Flaud

Around 1871 or 1872 a Lutheran couple, Jacob and Elizabeth Flaud, living in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania joined the Amish church. They were dissatisfied with the Lutheran church for various reasons, but what brought the decision to a head was when the Lutherans installed an organ in the church house. The Flauds felt this was going too far.

At the time the Flauds joined the Amish church, they had a fourteen-year-old son Amos. In a few years he, too, joined the Amish church. In 1894 he married. He and his wife Leah had three sons: Jacob, David, and Christian. All three sons joined the Amish church and married, but David and Christian had only daughters so the "Flaud" name did not continue past them. Jacob, however, had two sons both of whom are Amish and married.

Today there are three family heads in Lancaster County bearing the "Flaud" name and one in Franklin County, Pennsylvania.

## Huyard

The "Huyard" name is not very old, having originated from "Huyett" a common English name. In the 1850's in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania a man named Moses Huyett changed his name to "Huyard." His reason for doing this was that he had an ungodly neighbor who also had the last name of "Huyett." This neighbor was known throughout the area for his drinking and dishonesty. So to protect his reputation and to avoid anyone thinking there was any connection with this man, Moses Huyett changed his name to "Huyard."

Moses Huyard was married and had a family of four boys and three girls. They were a rather poor family and lived in the hills north of Terre Hill near the village of Muddy Creek (which today would be Route 1, Denver, Pennsylvania). One of Moses' sons was Isaac. At the age of twelve he began working for an Amishman named Jonathan Lapp. Jonathan was married but childless and needed a farm hand.

It is thought that Isaac made his home at the Lapps for quite a few years, but when he was twenty-one he left to attend college. He had a desire to teach school, and a college education would prepare him for this. So he enrolled at Millersville Normal School, a teachers' college in the western part of Lancaster County. The college is today called Millersville State College and its records show that Isaac Huyard attended there for two terms: 1886-87 and 1887-88. The records do not list him as graduating from the college. He likely only needed a few years of college education to get a job at teaching, for the following two terms he taught grade school.

In December of 1891 Isaac married. His bride was Mary Zook, a daughter of David Zook whose farm lay next to Jonathan Lapp's where Isaac had lived. Isaac had been raised Lutheran, and Mary was a member of the Amish church. To get married they went to a Mennonite Bishop, John Graybill. Mary was expelled from the Amish church. But soon after the marriage both she and Isaac took instructions to join the Amish church, he for the first time and she for the second. They were accepted as members and remained faithful to the church until their deaths.

Isaac and Mary purchased the Jonathan Lapp farm and set up housekeeping. They had one daughter and

three sons: Moses, Isaac Junior, and David. All three sons joined the Amish church but it is from Moses, the oldest son that the present Amish "Huyards" descend for his four boys were the only grandsons of Isaac to remain Amish. David, the only son of Isaac's yet living, is Amish and lives on the Huyard homestead which is farmed by his son Isaac who is a member in the Weaverton church. The name "Isaac" has been frequently used by Isaac Huyard's descendants; there are four "Isaac Huyard's" on Route 1, New Holland today.

The name "Huyard" among the Amish is found only in Lancaster County where there are five household heads with that name.

## Kline

In 1867 an Amish couple, David Troyers, of Holmes County, Ohio heard of a poor family in the neighborhood of Bunker Hill that wanted to place some of their children into foster homes. The family was named Kline and the father's name was Benedict. He had an undesirable habit for which he spent most of the little money he earned and was not able to support his family. When the Troyers approached the Kline home in their buggy, a seven-year-old boy came running to open the gate. It occurred to Mrs. Troyer right then that he was the child they wanted. Inside the house she told the parents that she wanted the nice little boy who had so eagerly opened the gate. So that is how Edward Kline came to live among the Amish. Since he was not legally adopted, he kept his name of "Kline."

Edward Kline was born on March 14, 1860. It is not known in what religious denomination his parents had raised him, if any. As he grew to maturity in the Troyer home he had a desire to join the Amish church and was baptized, but the date is unknown. In December of 1882 he married Joseph Gingerich's daughter Sarah. They settled on a farm two miles southeast of Berlin (the farm is presently owned by Dan N. Yoder whose wife is Edward's granddaughter). There they raised a family of eleven children, seven boys and four girls. All of them joined the Amish church. Three of Edward's sons, Joseph, John, and David, are yet living (1972). Edward died in 1952 at the age of 91 and is buried in the cemetery on what used to be the Benjamin Yoder farm  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from Edward's farm.

Today there are 28 male descendants who bear the "Kline" name and are members of the Amish church. All of them live in Holmes County. Two of Edward's grandsons have been ordained: Jerry (David) Kline as minister in 1959 and Levi (Daniel) Kline as deacon in 1963.

Edward had a younger sister Mary who was also placed in an Amish home. She lived with the Levi Miller family. When Mary was fourteen the Millers moved to Kokomo, Indiana and Mary went back to live with her real parents. But she got so homesick for the Levi Millers that she went to Indiana. She lived there with the Millers, and Mr. Miller sent her folks some money now and then for her wages.

Mary Kline had a desire to join the Amish church and was taken in as a member. Later she married Benjamin Hochstedler and lived in the Amish settlement at White Cloud, Michigan (now extinct). Her husband was killed there in an accident while going home from a farm sale with a team of horses. Later she married Simon Chupp and lived in the Newton County, Indiana settlement (now extinct) where she died and is buried. Some of her descendants from her first marriage joined the Amish church, but of course do not bear the "Kline" name. A son, Levi B. Hochstedler (aged 82) is a deacon at Shipshewana, Indiana.

About ten years ago the Klines gathered for the funeral of Amanda Kline Yoder, a daughter of Edward's. After the service some of the relatives began talking about their ancestors Benedict and Barbara Kline, Edward's parents. Someone said he thought they were buried not very far away. So two men decided to walk over to the

cemetery (near Bunker hill) to see if they could locate the graves. One of them had this to report: "I was surprised to find the name spelled "Cly" on the tombstone. I had often wondered why they call us "Gly" in Pennsylvania 'Dutch.' Why or when the name was changed to 'Kline' I don't know. I wonder if the name doesn't mean small in Swiss as the Klines were mostly short and stocky and really strong. There are stories told of the strength of some of Edward's sons such as lifting a 300 pound barrel of salt onto a wagon and pulling a plow through the ground."

The mystery of the "Cly" spelling on the tombstone is one which will likely remain unsolved. Professor Richard Beam, who has worked for many years with Pennsylvania "Dutch" words and names, was unable to solve it when written recently. He did not think that "Cly" was "small" in the Swiss language. There is the possibility that the man inscribing the tombstone made a "C" by mistake instead of a "G". But that still does not explain why the Klines are called "Gly" in Pennsylvania "Dutch." "Gly" means "soon" as in "Mia wella gly gay: We want to go soon." It doesn't mean "small."

## Kramer

On April 12, 1832 in Ungershausen, Germany a son was born to Friedrich and Margarete (Schopf) Kramer. They named him John and three days after his birth took him to the Lutheran church in the village to have him baptized, the record of which can still be seen there today. Some years later John's parents both died and he was left an orphan. He worked out from place to place. The future did not look very bright to him. At that time in Germany the society was divided into three classes: rich, middle class, and poor; to climb from one class to the next was difficult, if not impossible. Usually a person who was born poor died poor. John Kramer was poor and had nothing to look forward to in Germany but a hard life. He also did not look forward to taking the three years of compulsory military training when he would turn 21. John had heard of a country, America, where the poor could better themselves. He dreamed of going there.

One day in 1853 as his twenty-first birthday was drawing near, John decided to leave Germany. That evening he had a date with a girl but did not tell her about his plans. Afterwards he left the village secretly in darkness and headed for the sea coast. He had no money to pay for his passage to America; so when he came to the harbor, he slipped aboard a ship and hid. Thus, John Kramer traveled to America as a stowaway.

It is doubtful that John remained in hiding longer than it took the ship to be well on its way to America. It is not known for sure but is assumed that he was required to pay his passage on the ship by working a few years in America as an indentured servant, a practice which was very common in those days. Someone in America would pay the ship captain for the person's passage and then the passenger was legally bound to that person to work for him from three to five years. For poor people it was the only way open for them to come to America:

John's relatives today believe he landed at Philadelphia, but how or why he came to Holmes County, Ohio is a mystery to them. Perhaps he had heard of the large German settlement there; since he could only speak German, it was natural that he would seek out a German settlement. It is not known for whom he worked in Holmes County, but it was likely for an Amishman since in less than two years he had joined the Amish church. On November 11, 1855 he married Daniel Swartzentruber's daughter, Barbara.

John and Barbara Kramer set up housekeeping on a farm between Berlin and Walnut Creek on what today is known as the "Andy Burkholder farm." They raised a family of six children there. Then in 1876 when he was just 44 John came down with typhoid fever and died. He was buried in the Roman Raber cemetery not far from his farm. This left his wife alone to raise the six children, the oldest being fifteen.

In 1897 Peter, the oldest of the Kramer children, moved with his wife to the new Amish settlement in Madison County, Ohio which had been founded the previous year. Several years later two of Peter's brothers also moved there. The "Kramer" name was, thus, removed from the Amish settlement in Holmes County and became common in Madison County where it is still present today. But the name is most commonly found now at Jamesport, Missouri where one of John Kramer's grandsons is an Amish bishop and his namesake.

Kuhns

Samuel and Mary (Shank) Kuhns lived in Holmes County, Ohio. Sam was a shoemaker by trade. When his wife died at an early age and factories began making shoes, he found that he could not support or properly care for his children. Some of the children were placed in neighboring homes. One son, Tobias, was taken in by an Amish family. It is not known how old Tobias was at the time, nor is it certain in what religious denomination he had been raised, but it is thought that his parents were either Lutheran or Methodist.

After living among the Amish for a number of years, Tobias joined the Amish church. When he was 22 he married Faronica Weaver, a daughter of Peter S. Weaver of Walnut Creek. The wedding was at Trail and took place in 1852. Tobias and Faronica, or Fanny as she

was more commonly called, set up housekeeping near the Daughty in Holmes County. Tobias owned a water-driven saw mill. It is said he was a strong man and a good swimmer, being able to swim across his mill pond with one of his boys on his back.

Tobias and Fanny raised six children. Later the family moved to near Mt. Hope. Their farm was the first place north of the town on the west side of the road owned today by Roman J. Miller. Tobias died in 1887 when he was 57; his wife was a widow 22 years until her death in 1909.

Today there are numerous descendants of Tobias Kuhns who are members of the Amish church and bear the "Kuhns" name. They are found chiefly in the Nappanee, Indiana area where all but one of Tobias' children settled. The name is found to a lesser extent in the following Amish communities: Holmes and Geauga County, Ohio; Lagrange County, Indiana; Arthur, Illinois; Versailles, Missouri; and Smicksburg, Pennsylvania.

Eight "Kuhns" have been ordained to the ministry in the Amish church, two as deacons and six as ministers. Presently there are five Amish ministers with the "Kuhns" last name; three in Nappanee and one each in Holmes and Geauga County.

**NEXT MONTH:** Part 2 of "New Names Among the Amish"

CHILDREN'S SECTION

FUNNY FACE

by David Luthy

Henry Shetler wondered who the new boy was at school but didn't ask his name. He gave him a new one — FUNNY FACE.

Henry Shetler trotted down the gravel road. His shiny black lunchbox swung at his side. "I hope to get to the corner before the other guys pass," he said to himself. He could plainly see the crossroad up ahead and so far hadn't seen anyone cross the road he was running on. Henry slowed from his trot to a fast walk. "If I see them now, I can yell for them to wait on me. But they'd probably see me coming and wait on me anyway."

It was August 31st and the first day of school. Henry didn't want to be late, but he wanted most of all not to miss his seventh-grade classmates. He always enjoyed his walks to and from school with them. Just as Henry was wondering if his friends had gone real early and passed the crossroad, he saw them.

"Hi, Andy. Hi, Sam," he greeted his friends. His breath came in short gasps.

"Are you that eager to go back to school?" laughed Andy. "You look like you ran all the way."

"Oh, I just ran part of the way," answered Henry.

"Is that a new ball glove you've got?" questioned Sam, noticing the glove fastened to Henry's leather suspender

and hanging at his side.

"No, it's the one I got last spring right before school let out," said Henry. "It isn't new any more, but isn't very old either."

"Oh, that's right; I remember you got one," said Sam.

"Hey, Henry," said Andy, "Do you think we'll have as much fun playing ball now that Wayne's out of school? I always liked to be on his team. He used to hit a homerun about every day."

The three boys continued talking about softball, their teacher, and other school things. Soon they were entering the playground. There were a few small children playing at the swing set. Just as the boys were approaching the school house, the door opened and a boy about their size stepped outside.

"Who's that?" asked Henry in a low tone of voice.

"I don't know," said Andy.

Sam shrugged his sholders. "I don't know either."

"Hello," said the boys awkwardly and entered the schoolhouse without another word.

Once inside the cloakroom, Henry said to the others. "Who is he anyway? Did you see the freckles on his

face?"

"See them!" exclaimed Andy. "A person would have to be blind not to have seen them. They're all over his face."

"And his nose is sort of long and pointed," added Sam.

"Funny face," said Henry. "Maybe that's his name-- Funny...Face."

The boys laughed together. Then they left the cloakroom and went out onto the playground. Henry had gotten a ball and bat from the cloakroom closet and ran toward the spot where homeplate had been the year before. "Okay, I get to bat first. Whoever catches five of my fly balls gets to take my place at batting. Fair?"

"Sure," said Andy.

"Hey, you guys," said Sam drawing closer to them. "Here comes uh Funny Face. Maybe he wants to play too."

The strange boy walked up to the others and smiled. "Is it all right if I play ball, too?"

"Sure," said Andy. "Henry gets to bat first and whoever catches five of the balls he hits gets to be next batter." He paused and looked at the boy. "Do you go to school here?"

Henry almost blushed at the suddenness of Andy's question, but he was glad he had asked it, for he was very curious too who this new boy was.

"Yes," answered the boy. "My name is Elmer Burkholder. I'm in the seventh grade. What grade are you guys in?"

The boys looked in surprise from one to the other. "We're all in seventh too," answered Henry.

"But you don't live in our district, do you?" questioned Sam.

"No," said Elmer. "We moved into the south district last month and my sister and I should really go to Oak Ridge. But the school board there said their school is more crowded than here at Maple View and we are closer to this school anyway. So we came here."

The boys' curiosity was satisfied and they began to play ball. Henry took his turn at batting. Andy caught the first fly ball and Sam the second, but then Elmer caught three in a row. It wasn't long before Henry had to give up the bat to Elmer.

As he stood in the right side of the playground waiting for Elmer to hit the ball his way, Henry thought to himself, "Funny Face can catch the ball real good, but I wonder if he can hit it. You'd think his long nose would get in the way." He laughed at his own joke wishing Sam or Andy were close enough to tell and laugh with him.

Elmer wasn't finished with his turn when other boys came out to join in the game. "Who's that guy batting?" Henry heard an eighth grader ask Sam.

"Elmer Burkholder," answered Sam. "He's new and in seventh grade."

The game continued until the bell rang. The boys ran for the schoolhouse and put their ball gloves in the cloak room. When they were inside the classroom and seated, their teacher said, "Hello everyone. I'm real happy to see you all back again this year. Now, before we go further I should say that we have seven new pupils this year--five first graders, one fifth grader, and one seventh grader. You all know the first graders and maybe you have met the other two new pupils on the playground. But in case you haven't I'd like to introduce them to you now. Martha Burkholder is in the fifth grade. And in the seventh grade is her brother..."

"Funny Face," whispered Henry into Sam's ear as the teacher said the correct name. Sam was seated at the desk directly in front of Henry and could hear what Henry said, but the other pupils didn't notice or hear anything at all.

The first day of school was only a half day of school, so when noon came, the pupils were dismissed. Henry, Andy, and Sam walked home together.

"Say that new guy, Funny Face, can play ball all right," said Andy.

"Yes," nodded Sam. "Maybe we'll have some good

games like we had last year."

The boys chatted on about this and that, and each time one of them referred to the new boy in their grade, they called him Funny Face instead of his real name. The nickname which Henry had given him in the cloakroom was sticking.

The next day was Friday and a full day of school. The first period was arithmetic; then came English. During English class the teacher asked the seventh graders, "Who remembers what an adverb is?"

Henry began to raise his hand but pulled it quickly back down.

"What were you going to say?" asked the teacher.

Henry shook his head. "I had in mind you asked what an adjective is."

Elmer Burkholder raised his hand.

"Yes, Elmer. Do you know?"

"An adverb is a word which modifies an adjective, verb, or other adverb," he said with a slight pause before the final words.

"Good," smiled the teacher. "That's right. Now can you give an example of an adverb?"

Elmer was silent for a few seconds and then said, "It is a very hot day. Very is an adverb."

"Very good," praised the teacher. "That's correct. Day is a noun; hot an adjective, and very an adverb."

The English class continued and the teacher explained the assignment for Monday. It was a review lesson of adjectives and adverbs. As the pupils returned to their seats. Henry thought to himself, "Funny Face isn't just a good ball player; he's a good student too."

That noon the uppergrade pupils chose sides for a softball game. Some of the girls helped so that there were enough players for two sides. Henry and Elmer were on the same side; while Sam and Andy were on the other. The game wasn't going very long before it was obvious that the sides were well matched. The score was tied 4 to 4 going into the fifth inning.

"We won't have much more time to play," said Henry to the other boys beside him waiting their turn to bat. "If we just had Wayne here from last year to hit a home run for us with a couple of us on the bases; then we'd win."

Three of Henry's teammates took their turns and each either struck out or hit a fly ball that was easily caught. The other team came up to take their turn at batting.

"Maybe the game will end in a tie," Henry comforted himself. That would be better than losing."

But the game didn't end in a tie. The team scored a run and the bell rang ending the game and declaring them the winners.

Henry kicked his ball glove as if to protest the defeat. He had wanted very badly to win. As he bent to pick his glove up he saw some one at his side.

"Don't take it so hard. We can try again Monday noon," said Elmer to Henry. "Maybe we'll beat them then."

Henry's neck felt hot from the exercise but also from his determination to win the game. But as he walked toward the schoolhouse he thought, "Funny Face is right. There's always Monday to try it again."

The next day was Saturday and no school. In the forenoon Henry helped his dad clean out the pig pens. As they were working his dad said, "I was planning to go to town this afternoon to get some things at the mill, but now I'm wondering if I hadn't better stay and get the farrowing crates ready. Maybe you could go to the mill,"

Henry's eyes lighted up at the suggestion. "Sure, what do you want me to get?"

"Well, you should take some corn in to get ground and mixed with molasses and bran. We also need some farrowing chow and a couple of bags of chicken feed. I'll make a list for you to take along."

Henry was glad to get to go to town alone. It made him feel a little older to think that his dad trusted him with the team. "Of course, we've got a real good team," he told himself. "Alex and Prince are safe enough for even the women to take to town." He chuckled as he imagined

his mother standing on the wagon driving the work horses to town, her shawl flapping at her sides.

After Henry had eaten dinner, he harnessed Alex and Prince and hitched them to the box wagon. His dad came over as he was climbing into the wagon and said, "Here's the slip of paper with the things on it that I need. Just tell them to charge it. And Henry..." He paused a little and then said, "Be careful on the road."

"Aw, Alex and Prince are good horses," smiled Henry. "They won't act up."

"I'm not worrying about the team, son. But keep your eyes on the cars and keep out of their way," cautioned Dad. "Drive on the shoulder of the road where it's wide enough."

Henry clicked to the team and drove out the lane. It was only three miles to the mill, and it did not take long for the horses to go there. As Henry rocked with the swaying motion of the wagon, he thought of the team he was driving. "Dad had Alex and Prince for as long as I can remember. They sure are a nice team, always gentle, traffic safe, and real workers. It will be too bad when one of them gets too old to work any more."

When Henry entered the small town and came to the mill, he saw quite a few other wagons waiting in line. He recognized Levi Yoder's team, Mike and Duke. "Mike sure is a big horse," thought Henry. "But he isn't worth his feed. I heard he ran away for Levi a week ago."

Henry waited his turn in line. Alex and Prince stood perfectly still, patiently waiting until Henry clicked to them to move forward. Every so often Henry turned to look at the team that had pulled in behind him a few minutes after he had arrived. One of the horses was quite restless and chomped its bit and kept crowding forward trying to reach into the box wagon to get at the corn. The man kept pulling on the lines every few seconds and telling the horse to stand still.

"I'm sure glad I don't have to be yelling at the team all the time like that," thought Henry. "And if we had a team like that, I wouldn't have gotten to drive it alone to town. And I wouldn't have wanted to either."

Soon Henry's turn came and he got the feed that his dad had written on the list. When the bags were loaded on the wagon and he had the bill, he drove the team to the mill's hitching rack and tied the horses. He took the bill inside the mill's office where he wanted to get some veterinary supplies which his dad had also written on the list.

When Henry returned from the mill's office, he saw two women walking in front of the row of teams tied at the hitching rack. Both women held a camera. "Tourists," he told himself. He backed up to where he wouldn't be seen. He was out of the women's line of sight but yet could easily hear them talking.

"Aren't they lovely horses," exclaimed one woman. "I just have to have a picture of them."

"Oh, let's not take the shot from this side," said the other woman. "This horse here isn't nice looking like the others. Let's go down to the other end and get a picture from that angle. Then this funny looking horse won't hardly be in it."

The first woman looked at the horse which her friend had pointed out and said, "Yes that one's face is funny, I agree. It's as if some one spilled an entire can of white paint on it instead of being streaked with just a brush width of white. Who'd want a horse like that when there are so many nicer looking ones?"

At first Henry couldn't imagine which horse the women were referring to. But then it dawned on him that Alex had an entirely white face. "A lot they know about horses," Henry fumed. "Why Alex is better than most horses, no matter how he looks."

Henry took a step forward and saw the women now standing at the other end of the hitching rack admiring Mike. "Oh, isn't he a lovely horse," he heard them saying. "He's such a pretty golden color and so much bigger than the rest."

"Bigger but not worth as much," Henry felt like calling to them but kept silent.

"He's such a pretty horse," said one of the women. "Let's take a picture of him and then one of the whole rack of them."

The women set their cameras and took the pictures. They walked on down the sidewalk toward the main part of town. Henry untied his team and stroked Alex's broad white face. "They don't know anything about horses," he said as if Alex knew that the women had laughed at him.

As he drove toward home, Henry could think of nothing else except what the two women had said. Never before had it occurred to him that Alex wasn't as nice a looking horse as many others. It had never seemed important to him. "And it still isn't important," Henry told himself. "I like Alex for what he is, not for how he looks. Why, he's a good worker and never runs off. Old Mike is lazy except when he thinks it's time to run off. I wouldn't trade Alex on a dozen Mikes even if some women think Alex has a funny face."

Henry studied his last words. They seemed extremely familiar. "Funny face, why that's what we call Elmer Burkholder." Henry was silent for nearly a mile. He no longer whistled as he had on the way to town. His mind was filled with thoughts--thoughts of women, horses, Elmer Burkholder. Soon it was very clear to him. "I looked down on Elmer the same way those women looked down on Alex," he told himself. "I wasn't being fair. Why Elmer is friendly, a good ball player, and smart. What does it matter if he has freckles and a larger nose than most boys have?"

Henry came to a new realization that afternoon, "It isn't how nice a person's face looks that matters, but what is on the inside of him."

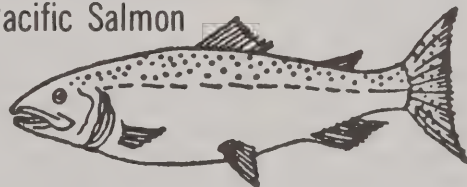


## Along Nature's Paths

# DOTTY

## The Story of a Pacific Salmon

by Titus



It is a cool, clear stream in Oregon where Dotty first swims about. For over two months she has lain on the shallow stream bottom, a slowly developing salmon egg. Now it is early January and she is able to swim some. What a queer looking fish she is; she does not have the graceful slender shape of her parents, but is short and very thick around her middle. She is only an inch long and on her stomach carries a bulge called a "yolk sac." From this she will eat for the next two months, not using her mouth but absorbing the "yolk sac" into her body.

Dotty realizes she is no longer merely an egg. She feels that she can swim and moves about even if her bulging stomach makes her swim awkwardly. She is not alone in the stream but is part of a "school" of tiny salmon like her. Dotty and the others are just learning to swim when a large fish swims rapidly toward them. Something tells the little salmon to scatter. Dotty is near a flat rock on the stream bottom and darts under it. It is a good thing that she does, for she avoids becoming part of the large fish's breakfast. The fish catches the salmon which have not reached a hiding place and swallows them. This is Dotty's first lesson that the stream contains danger.

For two months Dotty remains hidden under the flat rock enjoying its safe shelter and eating from her "yolk sac." But one day the "yolk sac" is empty and she must leave her hiding place to search for food. She does not,

though, venture far away from the flat rock. She goes just far enough to find small insects and plants to eat. Then she hurries back to her hiding place. In about three more months she gets an urge within her to leave the rock and swim downstream. By now she is five inches long and covered with silvery scales. As she swims she notices that many other salmon her size are also swimming in the same direction. Dotty does not realize it but her journey is going to be a long one and will take her several hundred miles to the Pacific Ocean. Neither she nor the other salmon have decided to go; it is something which they must do. Some can not decide to go and others stay. Something has told them all to go. This something is called "instinct" and was given to them by their creator, God, many many years ago.

Dotty is a fine looking salmon now, quite sleek and shaped much like her parents, only much smaller. She is large enough, though, to eat fish smaller than herself, and that is what she lives on as she travels with the stream's current to the ocean.

She soon learns to instantly spot the colorful flash of an approaching trout and to dodge out of its hungry path. But one day as she is herself hungrily chasing a small fish, Dotty is startled by a motion in the water beside her. With a rapid glance she sees no large fish in pursuit of her but what looks like a stick in the water; suddenly the stick-like object disappears. Frightened, Dotty darts for shelter in the weeds and dark places along the stream's edge. There she waits before cautiously continuing her trip downstream. What she does not realize is that the stick-like object was the beak of a large bird standing in the water fishing. It had nearly speared Dotty for its supper, and her trip to the ocean would have been over.

Neither Dotty nor the other salmon are in a hurry to leave the stream. It takes them several months to reach the Pacific Ocean. When they arrive they notice that the water is very salty. Their water in the stream was clear and fresh, but they have no trouble adjusting to the new water. They notice, too, that there are other types of salmon which have come from streams along the coastline from northern California to northern Alaska. Dotty and the salmon from her stream are the Chinook type, but they meet four other kinds of salmon in the Pacific Ocean.

Not only does Dotty find the ocean larger than her home stream, she also finds the fish that try and capture her much larger. She is horrified at her first sight of a shark which gobbled down a half dozen of her companions at one time, and then returned for more! The "school" of salmon was very large and Dotty escaped being caught by the shark, but it taught her to fear the razor-sharp teeth of her largest enemy.

As the months pass, Dotty grows. She now weighs ten

pounds and is shaped very much as her parents had been. Her coloring is smoky and the black dots common to Chinook salmon are clearly seen on her back and fins. Each day for her is an eventful one and seldom does a day go by that she does not see some of her "school" eaten by larger fish. But one day a new enemy enters the "school." Its shape makes Dotty think of the water snakes which had harmlessly swam in her home stream. But what she does not realize is that this snake-like creature is not a harmless snake at all. It is the dangerous lamprey which does not eat the salmon but attaches its round mouth to a salmon and sucks the blood out over a period of days until the fish is dead. Dotty is not bothered by the lampreys, but many other salmon soon have lampreys dangling from their sides.

After several years of ocean life, Dotty has another strong urge. This time it tells her to return to the stream where she was born. Once again there is no choice in the matter. The instinct which had compelled her to leave the stream now tells her to return. As she swims the many miles through the ocean to the opening of her stream, she is not alone for her entire "school" has felt the same urge. Their number is considerably smaller than when they left the stream two years before, for many were not so lucky to avoid being caught by the many ocean dangers—the sharks, lampreys, seals, sea lions, sea bass, and diving birds.

The trip upstream is much harder for Dotty and the other salmon than it was swimming downstream. Now there is no current to carry them along; they must swim upstream against the current. Nor can they easily catch the smaller fish which now have the current to help speed them away from danger. The salmon do not eat as they swim upstream. They were nice and fat, 25 or more pounds, when they left the ocean. But each day as they battle the current upstream, they lose weight. And much of their energy is spent when they come to small waterfalls. On the trip downstream they could sail over the edge with no effort, but now they must leap up the front of the waterfalls, some as high as ten feet.

Dotty, like all salmon, is a good leaper; but sometimes a waterfall is so tall that she must attempt to jump it a number of times. Each time that she misses, she falls back on the rocks below, bruising her tired body. Finally she manages to thrust herself upwards ten feet straight into the air and lands safely on top of the water fall. But she must quickly swim onward against the strong current lest it sweep her back over the waterfall. Some salmon in her "school" are not so fortunate and die on the rocks below the waterfall.

The waterfalls are not the only barriers Dotty has to pass. There is another larger danger—fishing nets. No nets had been stretched across the stream on her journey to the sea, so she is caught unawares when she meets one on her trip upstream. The stream is blocked; she can travel no further. Then the next morning the net begins to lift her and her "school" upwards. Dotty panics and thrusts her body against the net, trying to squeeze through the narrow openings. Other salmon do the same thing and one strand of the net breaks letting some of them slip through. Dotty swims toward the tear in the net and escapes just before the net is lifted from the water. The "school" now is very small.

Several months pass before Dotty and the few remaining salmon reach the quiet, shallow pools where they were born. Dotty is no longer the heavy beautiful fish she was when she began her trip home from the ocean. She has not eaten and her sides are thin. They are also bruised and torn. Some of the scales which had black dots on them are missing, replaced with scars. She is a tired and worn out fish. But she has enough energy to dig a shallow trench in the gravel bottom of the stream and to spawn (or lay) her thousands of eggs in it.

Dotty's work is completed once she has spawned. The next day she dies, as all salmon do after spawning. The gentle current carries her body tail first down the stream to be eaten by one of the dangers she had so carefully avoided during her life. Maybe a grizzly bear will dip

## STORIES TO REMEMBER

Here are 23 stories which appeared in the 1968-1970 children's section of FAMILY LIFE put up in book form for home libraries. These are stories with lessons or nature stories but not Bible stories. Ages 8-14.

224 pages

\$3.00

her out with his giant paw or a hungry heron will spear her with its beak. But it matters not now. Dotty has left behind her thousands of eggs—the promise of more salmon to fill the stream.

## Saving the Salmon

There are not nearly so many salmon on the Pacific coast as there once were. Two principal reasons for the decrease in the number of these fish are: first, the bad fishing practices; and second, the many things that man has done that interfere with spawning. The people in the Pacific states, Canada, and Alaska are worried about the future of the salmon industry. They think that unless we do more than we are now doing to protect the salmon, these fish will disappear from the Pacific coast.

The number of salmon has been greatly decreased by bad fishing practices. There has been much waste from catching salmon before they are full grown. There has also been overfishing, both in the streams and in the ocean near the shore. When a school of salmon is making its way from the ocean to the spawning grounds, there are so many in the water that it is easy to catch them. Some fishermen catch as many as they can and give no thought to the effect upon the future of the salmon industry. The result is that fewer and fewer salmon have lived to return to their spawning places. Laws have now been passed, however, forbidding fishing except at certain times of the year, and forbidding anyone to catch salmon that are not full grown.

As the salmon journey up certain rivers, they are sometimes stopped by dams which man has built. The fish cannot get over these dams, but they keep on trying until they are so bruised that they die. This means that they never reach the spawning grounds to lay their eggs. In recent years fish ladders have been built in some



rivers to help the salmon get over the dams.

Mills have been built along some of the streams, and from them waste material has been thrown out into the running water. Salmon will not spawn in dirty water.

### Some Facts About Salmon

1. The largest salmon is the Chinook and can weigh as much as 100 pounds.
2. The smallest salmon, the Pink, can weigh as little as 3 pounds.
3. Japan is the leading salmon fishing country followed by the United States, Russia, and Canada.
4. A single female salmon can spawn (lay) as many as 10,000 eggs at one time.
5. Out of the 20 most commonly caught fish, salmon ranks only 17th in tons caught.
6. Millions of cans of salmon are sold in grocery stores each year.

They want pure, cold water for spawning. Plans have been made lately to stop the emptying of any kind of waste into salmon streams.

Besides the things that may keep the full-grown fish from getting back to their spawning grounds, there are things that may happen to the young fish. Many young salmon, as they are on their way downstream to the ocean, swim into irrigation ditches and die there. Such ditches are now being carefully screened so that the young fish cannot swim into them.

Although these plans will help protect the salmon industry, many people think they will not help enough. For this reason, millions of baby salmon are being raised in fish hatcheries. The young salmon are put in streams from which they can easily reach the ocean.



## THE UNIMPORTANT MAN

The time came when the Israelites once again turned away from God and prayed to idols and did wrong. God punished them by allowing the Midianites to come into their land. There were hundreds and thousands of Midianites, and every time the Israelites had their fields planted and ready to harvest, the Midianites would begin to move in. They would swarm over the land like a plague of grasshoppers, so many of them that they could not even be counted. Their tents were everywhere, and when at last they moved on, they would leave the land behind them barren and wasted and looking like a desert.

Since the Midianites devoured all the crops the Israelites could grow, soon the people were hungry for food. Their sheep and cattle were thin and starving, too. The whole land was in misery.

In their suffering, the Israelites remembered again to pray to God. They cried out to the Lord for mercy and for forgiveness for their sins.

At this time a man by the name of Gideon was threshing wheat in a hidden place where he hoped the Midianites would not find him. Because if they found him, they would take all the wheat from him. As Gideon was threshing, suddenly an angel appeared to him and said, "The Lord is with you, you brave man."

Gideon looked up from his work. He did not know it was an angel, but thought it was just an ordinary man. Gideon said to the stranger, "If the Lord is with us, why do I have to hide like this to thresh my wheat? Where are the wondrous deeds of God that we used to hear our fathers tell about? God isn't with us as you can see; he has left us and we are the slaves of the Midianites."

The angel turned to Gideon and said, "Go with the strength you have and save Israel from the power of Midian, for I am sending you."

"Oh," said Gideon, "how could I ever save Israel? Don't you know that our family is the most unimportant one in our whole tribe, and even out of our family, all the others are greater than I am."

"Don't worry about that," said the angel. "I will be with you and you are going to drive out the Midianites to the very last man."

Gideon was nearly overcome by the words of this stranger. He asked him to wait until he could go and prepare him a gift. The angel promised to wait until Gideon returned.

Quickly Gideon ran and caught a tender young goat and prepared the meat. He also baked some cakes. Then he hurried back with the food for the stranger who still

waited at the threshing spot.

But instead of accepting the food, the angel said, "Put the meat and the cake on the rock there."

Gideon obeyed. Then the angel took the staff in his hand and touched the food with the tip of it. Instantly fire flashed up from the rock and burned the food. At the same time the angel disappeared from sight.

Suddenly Gideon realized that he had been talking with an angel. Terribly frightened, he cried out, "Alas, Lord God, I have seen the angel of the Lord face to face!"

"Be calm," the Lord answered him. "Don't be afraid; you won't have to die."

With a thankful heart for these comforting words, Gideon built an altar to God.

That same night God spoke again to Gideon, "Take that seven-year-old spare ox, and tear down your father's altar to Baal. Cut down the idol pole beside it, too. Then I want you to build an altar to the true God, and use the wood from the idol pole to offer a burnt sacrifice. Offer the spare ox on the altar."

Troubled thoughts filled Gideon's mind. The people were taken up with idol worship that even his father had an altar to the idol Baal. What would happen if he tore the altar down? Gideon was afraid. He was afraid to tear the altar down during the day, but he still wanted to obey the voice of God. So he awoke ten of his servants, put a yoke on his spare ox, and silently they went out into the darkness.

The next morning early the people came to pray to the idol Baal that Gideon's father had set up. But they got a surprise. The altar was smashed and destroyed. The idol pole that had stood nearby was cut down. In their place stood an altar to the God in heaven, and an offering still smoking upon it.

"Who did this?" the angry people began to ask. Finally someone said, "It was Gideon, the son of Joash."

The people went storming to Joash. "Bring out your son Gideon," they demanded, "so we can kill him. He has destroyed the altar of Baal."

But Joash did not let the people frighten him. "You mean Baal is such a weak god that he can't take care of himself?" Joash asked. "Is he such a poor god that you have to defend him? Surely if he is any kind of a god at all he can look out for himself."

Meanwhile the Midianites moved into the valley of Jezreel and began devouring the people's crops again. As Gideon saw them, he felt a new power surge through him—it was the spirit of God stirring him to save his people. At once he sent messengers through the land to call together an army.

While the people gathered, Gideon wanted to be very sure that God really would help him. Gideon took a fleece of sheep's wool and said to the Lord, "I am putting this woolen fleece on the threshing floor. If this night dew comes on the fleece alone, while all the ground is dry, I will take it for a sign that you really will deliver Israel by my hand as you promised."

The next morning Gideon hurried out to the threshing floor. All the ground was dry, no dew anywhere, but the fleece of wool was so wet that Gideon squeezed out a bowlful of water.

The next night Gideon said to the Lord, "Please don't be angry with me if I ask for one more sign. This time let the fleece be dry, but let all the ground around be wet with dew."

That night God did so, he caused the fleece to stay dry while dew fell elsewhere. Gideon's courage was renewed.

Thirty-two thousand men gathered around Gideon to help him fight. In comparison to the great number of Midianites, this was still just a handful. But God wanted to show Gideon and the rest of the Israelites that he could deliver the people without a great and strong army. The Lord said to Gideon, "You have too many soldiers. I'm afraid that when you win the victory, the people are likely to feel proud, as if they did it themselves. Tell your soldiers that anyone who is afraid can go home."

When Gideon told his men all who were afraid could go

home, at once men all through the camp began packing their things to leave. For they certainly were afraid. There were so few of them compared with the countless numbers of Midianites. The men kept on leaving until twenty-two thousand had left, and only ten thousand remained.

Still God said, "There are too many. Bring the men down to the creek and I will show you which ones should stay."

Gideon led the men to the creek. God told Gideon to watch carefully how they drank. Some of the men threw their weapons aside and dropped to their hands and knees to drink. Others held their weapons ready for a surprise attack and only dipped the water to their mouth with one hand. They lapped the water from their hand like a dog drinks. Those who knelt to drink were put on one side. Those who lapped from their hand on the other side. Then all those who had knelt were told to go home.

When they had left, only 300 men remained. Gideon no longer had an army left, just a small band of men. But they were filled with courage and faith in God, and that was all God needed to deliver his people from their enemies.

Since he now had such few men, God wanted to give Gideon added courage. That night the Lord said to Gideon, "If you are afraid to attack, take your helper with you and go down into the camp of the Midianites. When you hear what they are saying you will have the courage you need."

So Gideon took a helper and the two of them stole quietly into the camp of the Midianites in the darkness. They listened outside a tent. Inside two men were talking. "I had a dream," the one man said. "I dreamed a round loaf of barley bread was rolling into our camp. It struck our tent and threw it upside down."

"That can only mean one thing," said the other man fearfully. "That loaf of barley bread is the sword of Gideon. God has delivered all of us Midianites into Gideon's power."

When Gideon heard these words, he fell on his face before the Lord. It gave him courage to know that the Midianites were afraid. He hurried back to his men and said, "Rise up, for the Lord has given the camp of the Midianites into our hands."

Gideon divided the three hundred men into three groups. He gave each man a trumpet, an empty pitcher, and a torch. He told them to hold the torches inside the empty pitchers so their light would not be seen.

"Watch me and do as I do," Gideon told his men. Then he led them very quietly through the night to the camp of the enemy. He stationed his brave men all around the camp of sleeping people. When everyone was ready, Gideon put his trumpet to his mouth and blew a mighty blast.

In an instant all the other men did the same, blowing their trumpets loud and long. Then Gideon broke his pitcher, and his torch flashed into sight. All around the camp his men broke their pitchers too, crying out with Gideon, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

The frightened Midianites sprang from their sleep, awakened by the deafening noise. All around them torches were waving, trumpets blowing and men shouting the name of Gideon. The Midianites thought they were surrounded by a great army. In the darkness they could not tell friend from enemy. All they could think of was to escape. They fled from their tents, running in wild confusion, slashing and killing and trampling each other. Added to the noise of Gideon's men were cries of pain and fighting.

As the Midianites fled, those that weren't killed or trampled in the confusion, were pursued by Gideon's men and other Israelites who came to help. In one night the enemies were completely destroyed so they never again returned to bother the people of God. Gideon had thought he was unimportant, but God was able to use him to deliver his people and show his strength in a wonderful way.

-E. S.

Family Life

The First Case of Polio (con't from page 46)

Children's Hospital on Monday April 21st. By that time my temperature was normal again and I did not feel sick. The damage was done. I was almost completely paralyzed from the waist down.

I was put in an isolation room for one week. On the 25th I started getting hot packs. They were left on 1 1/2 hour then off 1/2 hour, and then back on again. It was a relief to get that last pack off in the evening. Then a bath was given and the bed changed.

Visiting hours for isolated rooms was only 15 minutes. Then the visitors had to stay outside in the hall. After the first week, visitors could stay one hour. From 2 to 3:00, I can still hear them announce, "It is now 3 o'clock and visiting hours are over."

By this time more Amish children were coming in. Since I was the oldest and the only one that could speak English, the nurses would come and ask me how to say certain words in Dutch so they could speak to the little ones.

Soon after I came out of isolation I was taken to the ground floor for therapy everyday but Saturday and Sunday. This included whirlpool bath, exercise and muscle stretching.

A bar was placed over my bed so I could turn myself from one side to the other.

Someone from home came to see me every 2 or 3 days. This I really looked forward to. The thought of going home was pushed from my mind as much as possible.

As more polio patients came in we were moved from one room to the other to keep the age groups together—or however it was best. My first roommates were little boys, about the age of two. Sammy, and then Danny. Next was Lydia, the daughter of Bishop Menno Beachy. She was five.

It meant so much to me to be able to help these little ones. I would tell the nurses what they wanted. I remember combing and braiding Lydia's hair once. I had to do it lying flat on my back, so it probably did not look very neat.

Later Lydia and I were moved into another room and we got another roommate. Velma Jones who was fifteen. A few days later Lydia started with measles so she was moved into still another room.

By July 5th, eighty polio patients were in the hospital. On the 6th of August twenty were moved into a church house. Five came in on the 15th and five on the sixteenth, making a total of 318.

The use of my muscles were very slow in coming back. Every little gain meant much to me. On the last of June I was fitted with shoes, and wore them in the day time—the first sign of getting on my feet again. I was still in bed and could not sit up.

On August 18th I was measured for braces for both legs and for my back. Soon after that I got only two hot packs a day. Now I could move about more and get my arms ready for crutches. I could not sit up in bed or be on a wheelchair until after I got the braces, on September 2nd. The first two days I walked between rail bars. This was done having someone holding me all the time. On September 16th I took the first two steps by myself with crutches. By the 23rd I was walking around in the hall.

On the morning of the 30th the doctor came into my room with the good news, "As soon as your wheelchair comes in, you can go home."

Sleep just wouldn't come that day in my rest hour, from one to two o'clock. My thoughts were at home. Could it

August-September, 1972

be true?

Dad and Mother came at 2:00 and I told them what the doctor said. Dad didn't lose any time in going to see if the chair was there. Sure enough it was!

Nineteen years have passed since then, and I can so well remember that day. How good the supper of bean soup tasted! And then there was the joy of being able to dry the dishes again!

Soon I started taking chiropractor treatments. (If only the chiropractors and M.D.'s could have worked together!) I then didn't wear my braces everyday as the Akron doctor had wanted me to. They were a help in getting me to start walking again. But until October the 20th I could walk a little without braces if I had hold of something.

When I went back to Akron for my regular six weeks checkup, the doctor thought it was wonderful the way I was gaining. In January when I went to see him again, he wanted to see me walk without braces. Then he looked at Dad and asked, "Does she get chiropractor treatments?"

Dad told him that I do."

"She doesn't have to wear the braces anymore," the doctor said. "If it hasn't done any harm so far, it isn't going to." I was still on the wheelchair part of the time.

I am now able to get around in the house with one crutch, which fits around my arm, but I use two for outdoors. I feel this experience has been worth a lot for me.

-Susie Miller, Baltic, Ohio

(Susie now operates a gift shop near Farmerstown, Ohio. See the catalog for handicaps.)

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HOME REMEDIES and suggestions.....

The white Lily flowers fried and put in alcohol will keep a number of years. Leave for using till petals look soaked. Is very good to put into your dentures (false teeth) if gums are sore. Will also provide for a cushion for gums and is good for healing. Is also good to put on boils. But do not take internally. (The dutch name for this is "Lily Drum." -Sarah)

-Mrs. David Martin, Waterloo, Ontario

#### An Arthritic Tonic

6 lemons squeezed and cut up

1 pint alfalfa honey

1 small can cream of tartar

1 teaspoon epsom salts

Pour 1 quart boiling water over the above ingredients.

Let stand over night. Strain and keep liquid in refrigerator. Take one tablespoon in the morning and at bedtime.

A doctor gave me this recipe for arthritis. -E.A.B.

What is the best way to get rid of warts?

-A reader, Pennsylvania

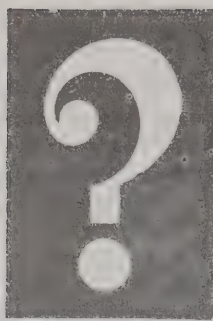
Bargain Counter (con't from page 6)

said, that we can often tell what is in a mother's heart by the way she dresses her children. Didn't Betty realize what the Bible teaches about pride and decorations on the clothing?

What should Katie say when her own children ask her, "Mom, are we allowed to have the kind of shoes Susie wears?"

Katie wondered what she should do. Ought she to have a good talk with Betty and tell her what the results would be of the way she was doing? Would Betty accept it if she did talk to her? Katie wanted more time to think.

"Well, here we are at home already," Betty said. "We sure had a nice shopping trip." ■■



## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

### WRONG IN MAKING A MOVE?

When a family moves away from their relatives and the place where they were raised, they are doing wrong according to some people's thinking. Is it anything out of the way to move to another locality if we feel it is better at that place for us. Some people move to where they "dress lower" and are more strict because they feel this would be better for their children. Some go for a different way of making a living.

Since each family has its own living to make, wouldn't it be better if they could do it where they enjoy their work and where they think is the best for them. We aren't all alike and can not all live in one place. Didn't God tell Abram to leave his relatives? Isn't it possible that God would talk to others the same way today?

-Don't Like To Be Crowded

??

### ANSWERS TO

#### DOES NO ALWAYS MEAN NO?

In the first place I think we should be careful before saying no. Think about it and then give your answer. Even after you have said no, if you see you shouldn't have, then it is all right to change your answer. But if you are right and say no, then stick to your answer. Don't give in, in any way just because of coaxing.

If the dress is too short, then lengthen it or put it away so it is no longer a temptation. If it is really too cold outside then be firm. But in all things we must use common sense in saying no.

- A Missouri Grandmother

I believe I know what you mean by asking if no always means no. In our home Mother felt the same way. It was always obey- or else. Mother loved us and I truly believe she felt it her duty to try and break that "self-will." But my parents have had the sorrow and heartbreak of seeing half their children leave the church-and many of its teachings.

My husband grew up in a different home. There the children had much more choice in small matters that didn't really matter. But they were expected to obey on matters where a spiritual or moral value was concerned.

I suggest you study "More than Discipline" in June Family Life and also read again "It's Too Late To Start Over" February, 1971. I also liked the child training articles but feel that one part hasn't been covered much-and that is the different nature of some children. The amount of discipline that works well for one child may not work for the next one.

Our own children are far from perfect and I have often wondered if there aren't times when all parents have to wonder if they are doing the right thing. Often until they see they made a mistake, it is too late.

- Concerned Mother

If we parents want to save ourselves a lot of grief and heartaches then we must always be firm with our children, and not only when our temper happens to be more on edge. Let spiritual love and common sense be our guide. Both parents must work together if obedience without question is to be expected. I feel this is the only way we should be satisfied.

A child dropping himself on the floor if things don't go to suit his childish nature is plain evidence that firmness has not been practiced by both parents at all times as necessary.

- Missouri Grandfather.

Our motherhood talents vary, therefore, unlike you, I am not natured to be firm. But from down deep within me a still small voice urges me to try and make my words good. I sometimes fall short and then I have to ask God for help, also that he awaken a desire in these children so they will want to obey.

When I was a hired girl I noticed that it quickly spoils a child to be threatened and then not carried out. It tends to teach them to be slippery and use half-truths.

When we see where others do not succeed in controlling their children we tend to sympathize, which is right, but we should also take it as a warning for ourselves for we are all weak persons. We should work diligently to guide the children away from frivolity into the quieter paths so the fear of the Lord can grow in their hearts.

- Missouri Mother.

When children ask to do something or go someplace and the parents say no, then they should not be allowed to ask the second time. If we change our minds and say yes, then they will always ask again. If we blame them for something they didn't do and later find out our mistake we should tell them we are sorry. If we say no and the child just keeps on begging for permission, then I think it's our own fault. We can take an example from the Bible how Balaam kept asking God to let him go and curse the Israelites, and how it turned out. I think it would be better not to make a decision right away than to say no and then change it.

- Delaware.

We parents should stick to our rules unless we see we're wrong. Then we should admit it. It will be easier for the children to own up to their faults and mistakes if they see the parents do so.

- Hartville, Ohio.

When we were small, Mother used to tell us, "You dare not do this or you will get punished." Then after thinking over it, that certain things may perhaps not be so bad after all, she still thought it best to stick to her words so that we would learn that she means what she says. Of course it was the same way when we were grown. We thought it was a bit strict at the time but in later years we were thankful for parents who were concerned of our welfare. Now when we hear folks lament over their grown young folks, that they just don't listen, I have to wonder, did they perhaps fail when the children were young? Perhaps the parents had too much natural love and let their little girl wear out-grown dresses because she liked them so good. Apparently the parents did not have enough Christian love to stick to their words.

- Iowa.

It is not always easy to have an answer for every circumstance, especially if we look back now that our family is grown and all gone.

I think it is necessary that our children understand that we mean what we say. For this reason it is important that we think before we speak. We must be satisfied that we have a justifiable reason before we say no. If we later see another answer would have been better, I believe we win the children's respect more by changing our answer. But we should never change our answer just because the child keeps pleading.

I remember once when one of our boys asked for something which we did not think would be good for him. So he kept on pleading. I finally told him since he doesn't seem to believe me when I say no, would he then believe me if I said yes? I have seen children make a scene in public to get their own way. It was plain to see that they

thought the parents would consent rather than to make a show in public. The sad part of it was that it worked, but not to the good of the child.

I once worked with a young man who had a very nice personality, was upright and clean, no tobacco or strong drink but coming from a community where most of the young folks were not that way. He told me, "I never had a short word with my father, I always knew that he meant just what he said." Proverbs 29:15; "A child left to himself brings his mother to shame." Children who are not corrected and disciplined lack security.

-J.E.M., Virginia.

The two illustrations given were for the child's well-being, one physically, the other spiritually. By giving in to repeated coaxing and crying we are actually being cruel to the child. Are these not the signs of rebellion on the child's part and if not broken at a very tender age, will bring much sorrow and regret later on. If not repented of in later years it will bar ones soul from the heavenly inheritance for rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry (1 Samuel 15:23.)

I think we should take time to explain why we say as we do and answer the child's question on a child's level. Once when I was at a quilting at a friend's house, her nine-year-old son came in to ask if he could ride along on the tractor of a neighbour boy working in the field.

"No, you may go no further than our yard," the mother replied firmly.

"Why can't I?" he ask respectfully.

"Because it's so dangerous. You might fall off and be hurt or even killed," she explained patiently.

"Oh," he replied, his eyes opening wide. With that he resumed his play, no longer doubting his mother's decision.

I remember vividly my first year in a consolidated school where I was the only one in our room from our church. I simply couldn't understand why I couldn't be dressed like the other children. I wasn't teased or mocked, but I often cried to my parents about this. They remained true in their convictions (which I am grateful for now) but I believe if they would have taken the Bible and shown me the verses concerning the adorning of women, explaining their meaning to me, it would have made me feel much better.

Giving in to the coaxing or crying of our children seems to be one of Satan's most successful tools in our day. One can see the results everywhere in the youth of our society but sadder still is the thought that this may be the source of much of the "unzucht" among the young people of some of our plain churches. - Pennsylvania.

I think no should mean no, but perhaps sometimes through weakness or if we are in a bad mood we will scold and say no where it could have been yes, or the other way around. I remember once when our child was disobedient, I punished it harder than I should have. Later after thinking over it I told the child I was sorry for the hard punishment. But I also told the child it is meant to listen when being called.

Like I once heard someone say that some people love their children so much and let them do as they please, everything they do is right. In this way, they could love them straight to hell.

- Cares for the Children, Pennsylvania.

#### ANSWERS FOR SICK AND TIRED (Continued from last month)

I don't know where the custom of bundling ever started but some people claim it was from the days when houses were unheated and fuel was scarce. If this is the case, then there would not even be that excuse to keep up the practice.

If each girl's parents would be concerned enough to forbid this then the problem would be easily solved. When my parents were young, the boys went to see their girls every fourth Saturday night, then there were no dates on Sunday. My parents took their stand against bed courtship even when others practiced it. When we grew

up they asked us to do the same. Looking back now, I have no regrets at all. I never felt I had any less friends just because we didn't go along with what the others did. The thought has come to my mind, is someone anywhere able to give one good reason for keeping up the practice. There are a number of reasons why it would be better not to. I Thess 5:22 alone would be sufficient reason if there were no others, which there are.

It is a custom which has been with us for several generations, just how long, I don't know but why it is not stopped I can't tell for it is dimming our light in the eyes of others. Let us be careful that while we are so concerned in matters of dress and plain clothes (which is important enough in its place) we become like the Pharisees and lose sight of that which may be much more important.

- Concerned.

When I was young I had that confused feeling although I don't think my parents or anyone else were aware of it. My dad always felt that if you're against smoking and bedcourtship it is apt to lead you off to a higher church. Once before I was married, I told him I don't think it is a good practice. He told me in a nice way that I shouldn't feel that way about it as it is apt to "lead off" and that what really counts is how you act during courtship. Of course I didn't have the nerve to take my stand to be considered an odd-ball among the young folks. but now I wish I would have. There is simply too much temptation.

About that time a close relative whose oldest children were together with us a lot left the Amish and joined a higher church. Their older children didn't want to change at first as they had their company with the same group of young folks we were with. Finally, they left also and didn't have anything to do with the same young folks. It seemed to me they lived so much a cleaner and better life and had better moral standards. Their dress was even more modest at the time than ours was. For awhile I felt sure they did the right thing to change. Although I don't want to judge them, I don't feel that way about it now.

I think we as parents should help our young people and give them worthwhile things to do like singing for or visiting sick and shut-ins. Maybe they could have a project to raise money for the needy and come together and work on it. There could be apple snitzings, etc, Some of the parents could be with them to help and encourage them. In 1 Cor. 14:30 it says let all things be done decently and in order.

- Concerned.

I am glad this subject was brought up in Family Life as it may be a help in putting a stop to this practice. But I would like to bring up another practice which is sometimes found among people who wouldn't think of practicing bed courtship. This is the practice of lying on a couch and perhaps with lights out yet. My mother always said this is even worse than bed courtship.

I am a grandmother now but I am still thankful for the teaching my mother gave us girls. If we had more mothers like her I believe there would be more couples come to the marriage altar pure.

- Concerned.

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#### THE TRUTH IS STRONG

The truth is strong but mix in just a little untruth and it can no longer be considered the truth. Whatever we add to the truth to make it appear stronger than it really is, destroys it.

Let us speak the truth, all the truth and nothing but the truth at all times under all circumstances to all people. Then they can believe what we say. Let us uphold the truth and then the truth will hold us up. Now let us take a look at a lie. Add as much truth as you like and it still remains a lie. A lie is weak and it will not stand up. So let us support the truth and then the truth can support us.

-By Simeon Borman.



### TOO BUSY

Too busy to read a chapter a day,  
 Too busy, yes, much too busy to pray,  
 Too busy to think of our wasted past, —  
 This whirlwind of life we know won't last.  
 Too busy to speak a word of cheer  
 To the heartbroken friend who stands so near,  
 Too busy to help lift his heavy load  
 That he's trying to carry on life's rough road.  
 Too busy gathering in dollars and dimes  
 For more worthwhile things we haven't the time.  
 The devil whispers, "Hurry, grab your share,  
 Why waste so many hours in prayer?"  
 Too busy to heed the orphan's cry  
 And with a glance we hurry by.  
 Someday we'll lift our voice to the sky  
 For not one of us is too busy to die.  
 Perhaps when we reach the pearly white throne  
 God will be too busy to call us His own;  
 So let us calm down to a slower pace  
 To be ready to meet Jesus face to face.

- Selected by Mrs. Susie Weaver

At this time of year most homes have plenty of food from the gardens but there are times when a mother is in a hurry and should get a quick meal. It is then when tasty leftover dishes are welcome. A friend from Pennsylvania wrote that once when they were in a hurry her husband suggested she take the little bit of hamburger they had left, then open a can of green beans (leftover beans will do), add milk, salt and pepper. She fried the hamburger with onions before adding the beans and milk. This was served over bread and butter and they found the dish surprisingly good.

Most mothers welcome new ways of making leftovers. When my mother had a broken pie crust she would crisp it. Then she would break it into about 1 inch square pieces and stir them into applesauce. Fold whipped cream into the applesauce before serving.

Two tablespoons soda was omitted from Mrs. Tobe Hostetler's grape-nut recipe. Grape-nuts is good when a little cream is added—one cup to the large batch. Hostetler's grape-nuts shouldn't be crumbled until cool.

A neighbor who butchers a lot of chickens said they keep the water temperature at 145 degrees for the best results, when scalding.

And it happens that another friend had written in about the same time advising to use a handful of baking soda in scalding water to make it easier to remove pin feathers from old hens. This has proven very successful.

We have been receiving some very nice prayers for children lately. A friend from Pennsylvania writes:

"Some time ago my mother had a young couple visit in her home. The wife was a German girl who married a boy from Pennsylvania, after a visit to our country. During the conversation my mother mentioned the following prayer. She had learned the prayer from her mother years ago. The young woman said she was also taught this very same prayer by her mother and it is a prayer taught to most German youngsters.

Ich bin klein;  
 Mein Herz mach rein;  
 Lasz niemand drin wohnen  
 Als Jesus allein. Amen.

("I once heard a Bishop from Illinois mention the above prayer in his sermon. He said older people can also say the same prayer, but they should say, "Mach mich klein."  
 -Aunt Becky)

### Sweet Buns (Kindern Wecklin)

4 1/2 tin cups sweet milk (scalded)  
 4 1/2 tin cups sugar  
 2 1/2 tin cups sweet cream  
 2 teaspoons soda  
 2 tin cups yeast sponge (made of 2 packages yeast, luke warm water and flour enough to make a paste). Stir this down several times then add to above mixture. The tin cups are bigger than 1 measuring cup. They would be like 1 1/2 measuring cup. -Mrs. Melvin C. Bontrager, Indiana

### Good Cabbage Recipe

4 quarts shredded cabbage  
 1 pepper (if you wish)  
 2 medium onion  
 Then heat: 1 1/2 cup sugar  
 3/4 cup vinegar  
 3/4 cup salad oil (Mazola oil)  
 1 tablespoon salt  
 1 teaspoon celery seed

Bring this to a boil then pour over cabbage.  
 It keeps a long time in ice box. -Mrs. L.B., Indiana

### Batter For Deep Fat Frying

1 cup flour 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 2 teaspoons baking powder 2/3 cup sweet milk  
 2 eggs 1 tablespoon melted butter  
 Add salt and baking powder. Sift again. Add beaten egg yolks, milk, and then the beaten egg whites and melted butter.

This is good for fish or cooked chicken.

Two batches makes enough for 3 fryers.

### Perfection Salad

1 level tablespoon knox sparkling gelatin  
 1/2 cup cold water 1 tablespoon salt  
 2 cups boiling water 1 cup cabbage finely shredded  
 1/2 cup sugar 2 cups celery finely cut  
 1/2 cup mild vinegar 2 pimientos finely cut

2 tablespoons lemon juice 1/4 cup red or green peppers  
Soak gelatin in cold water about 5 minutes. Add boiling water, sugar, vinegar, lemon juice, and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into a wet mold and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise dressing or cut salad in cups and serve in cases of red or green peppers.

—Mother's Cookbook

#### Onion Bacon Bread

1 package active dry yeast 2 tablespoons sugar  
1/4 cup warm water 2 teaspoons salt  
2 medium sized potatoes 1 tablespoon shortening  
5 3/4 to 6 1/4 cups white flour

Peel and cook potatoes, use potato water and add cold water to make 1/4 cup. Soften yeast in this. Mash potatoes; add sugar, shortening and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Stir in 2 cups of flour; beat well. Add the softened yeast; mix. Add enough of remaining flour to make moderately stiff dough. Turn out on lightly floured surface; knead till smooth. Shape in a ball place in greased bowl, turning once to grease surface. Cover. Let rise till double in size. Place in greased cake pan. Let double in size. Cover with minced onion and chopped bacon. Bake. We like to eat it hot with potato soup. —Miss Edith Brubacker

#### CAN WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER?

Once a girl friend, I'll call Eva, told me an incident with another friend which caused hurt feelings. She ended saying, "I can't understand her."

Then several weeks later I visited at this other friend's house and she mentioned another incident which caused her to say, "I can't understand Eva."

From what was said I couldn't understand the two girls' motives but this set me to thinking. There were probably reasons for them that weren't explained.

Since no one is perfect we'll make mistakes. Quite often if we'd be in the others' shoes, things would look different and we might even make more mistakes than they did.

There are some people who think there is only one way to do some things right. While others are set on their ways, too. Why? A lot is how one was taught and is used to do things. In farming and housekeeping we can see a big difference in some of the ways the work is done. Then some get blamed to be sloppy or other too particular—which is true, sometimes. But sometimes it only seems that way because the others are used to do it differently.

We hear people saying, "I think it is awful the way some people's children behave or are spoiled." Then the next people are blamed to be too strict. Some children naturally, are more mischievous than the next, so they need more stricter discipline than the others.

To go deeper it is hard to understand why there are so many different religious groups. Especially those that are about alike but think it has to be the way they have it. I feel the way we were brought up with is the best. (If it's following what the Bible teaches.)

Some wonder which is the right church. Once when my father was away from home a stranger asked him, "What will become of all the different religions?"

Father's answer was, "I don't know but there is only one God."

We also know there is only one way we can enter heaven. Jesus said in St. John 10:9, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and

out, and find pasture." By surrendering all, taking up the cross and following Christ.

There are some people that we find are rather hard to get along with but we don't help them by talking over them. If we possess enough love, we can forgive their shortcomings even if we find them hard to understand.

I found by going in love to talk about a misunderstanding can draw friends close together.

— A. M., Pennsylvania

#### A Mother's Love

As I'm working each day through,  
With five small children there's lots to do,  
Washing, cleaning, clothes to mend—  
A list that seems to have no end.

When my little ones get ill  
My work will pile up higher still;  
The day has ended, with not much done  
But taken care of each one.

When prayers are said and they're asleep.  
(My love for them is, oh, so deep;)  
Often I will stand and weep  
And pray the Lord their souls to keep.

As I peer at their sleeping forms  
And think of all the trials and storms  
They will in life still have to face,  
Once again I pray for grace.

—Mrs. G. J. H., Middlebury

#### Some Mothers Write

One day while I was away, one of the oldest girls was left to care for the younger ones. After dinner the youngest one, almost two years old, was supposed to take her nap. She didn't want to go to bed. Her sister coaxed her and tucked her to bed. A little later she came walking shyly into the kitchen, knowing she was not very obedient. Her sister gave her a stern, sharp look. "Gu mya, (good morning)," came her quick little reply. —A Mother of Pa.

We have had a lot of half-dead flies buzzing around lately, and one day Daddy said, "There's too many flies around here," and he proceeded to spray for them. The flies were soon gone. A day or so later we were at the table and he looked around at our four pre-schoolers, and teased, "My, but there's too many children around here!"

Our four-year-old quickly suggested, "Spray for them, Daddy!" —Mrs. J. B., Pennsylvania

#### A TEENAGER WRITES—

When cooking red beets put in some butter for then they won't boil over. —P. B.

Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



God can do  
for us  
what we  
can't do  
ourselves.  
Aunt Becky



Dear shut-in patients;

Is there discouragement among you? Are there times when you feel you aren't worth a thing to humanity and you wonder what your purpose is in this life?

Tonight I feel compelled to sit down and tell these beloved people what a blessing they can be to the home. What a lesson they can teach us all when we see their quiet resignation to their lot.

From childhood days my parents tried to teach us to give up our self-will, to learn to be patient when illness comes, and not to make it worse by self-pity. Now as I get older this lesson comes home more forcefully; though I, too, must strive to achieve this more fully. For in patience lies the blessing of contentment. People and their circumstances have shown me that it is not material welfare or health that brings happiness, but resignation to their lot—a willingness to accept what the Lord sends.

These people are such an inspiration to me and it is my prayer that they can continue on this road until the dear Lord calls them home to their eternal reward.

In our home family sickness and handicaps are not uncommon. Mother has a heart condition, Dad lost his right arm many years ago. A sister is crippled from rheumatoid arthritis. A married sister is a long-standing rheumatic case. We have the privilege to learn much from such people to keep faith in the Lord and accept what comes.

My 18-year-old sister that has arthritis since the age of three is a special blessing to the home. She can't walk alone or remember a healthy day. There has been a time when she was unable to wipe her nose, wipe away a tear, or scratch an itchy spot. But at the present she again enjoys to eat alone and to write letters. Some crocheting, if her eyes allow it, is also a past time. She gets a lot of mail, and she says she has many blessings.

She must be special to us as when a member of the family has a secret she is usually the first to be told. Her cheerfulness has brought her many friends, young and old. She loves children and needless to say, "Daddy's" is an especially attractive place to ours because she is there. She has the time to listen to them, play and read with them and to teach them.

Our 4-year-old—her name sake—sends her cut-outs and drawings for her to discard or keep as she pleases. It is the parents' duty to teach them spiritual values but these lessons have more meaning because they have this crippled aunt.

When sick and discontent, we need only remind them of their aunt Sarah and how she can't remember a healthy day, without pain.

Her visits to our home seem few to us and she does need assistance in many ways, but the value she puts in-

to the home more than makes up for it all.

When she joined church she was unable to attend instruction class and be baptized in church with the rest of the class. She didn't want to be burdensome, which she wasn't really. There was always a good attendance when they had special meetings for her at home and over a hundred were there when she was baptized. More tears were shed that day than when a whole class is baptized in church. This was probably because of her utter helplessness. The Lord must have seen her mission was greater this way.

I know such people don't want praise, but surely it does no harm to let them know they are appreciated by us and are not forgotten.

Truly, patient shut-ins have a special place in our hearts.  
-By a sister



#### IF WE ONLY KNEW

If we knew the woe and heartache  
Often waiting down the road,  
If our lips could taste the wormwood,  
If our backs could feel the load;  
Would we waste our day in wishing  
For a time that never can be?  
Would we wait with such impatience  
For ships to come from sea?

Strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet voiced bird has flown;  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Until the lovely flowers are gone;  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem to us so fair  
As when winter's tiny snowflakes  
Shake their white down in the air.

So let us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of today  
With the patient hand removing  
All the briars from our way.

Ruth Harter, Applecreek, Ohio



#### THE FIRST CASE OF POLIO

There wasn't anything unusual about the beginning of the year 1952 except that this was the first term of school after I had passed the eighth grade. So my help at home was much appreciated by Mother, being my seven brothers are all older than I. I have one sister. She was eleven at that time and I was fifteen.

On April 15th I started with sore throat but kept on working. By the next day I was sore all over and had a headache. Until Thursday I had fever and my head ached as it never had before, or did since.

Two days passed. By then I could not stand on my feet. It was decided I should have a doctor. He thought it may be polio and he would be back on Sunday. Since this was the first case in Holmes County, we really did not know what to expect.

Arrangements were made for me to be taken to Akron

(continued on page 31)

Family Life



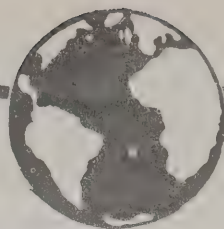
# Harvest-time.

LONG in the strange, dark under-  
world,  
The little waiting seeds lay curled ;  
Then, fed by sun and rain and dew,  
They felt their life stir—and they  
grew.

And now the golden-harvest day  
Fulfil the hope of March and May—  
The joy forecast in summer's prime  
Blesses the happy harvest-time.

O Thou, whose sunshine brings to birth  
All the fair things of Thy fair earth,  
Sow in our waiting hearts the seeds  
That have their fruit in noble deeds !

E. NESBIT.



## AN OVERSIZE PROBLEM

According to a recent survey, about one out of five persons is overweight to some extent. Individuals are alarmed about it and concerned enough to spend \$400 million a year in the U.S. for reducing drugs, diet fads, and treatments. Physicians, too, are becoming concerned about it and have organized the American Society of Bariatrics, to study the problem of obesity (overweight). At a recent meeting in Washington D.C., they admitted that, so far, medical science has done very little to help the overweight persons in any significant way.

Being fat is a sickness, according to one doctor. If you are only 10 pounds too heavy, you are only "mildly sick." But if you have 75 pounds extra then you can be considered as "deathly sick." The extra fat which is spread over the body strains your heart, raises your blood pressure, blocks your arteries, hinders you from getting around as you would like to and may shorten your life.

One of the first and most important steps in finding a cure for a sickness is to try to discover the cause. In this

case it is usually not hard to do. A very small percentage of overweight persons are that way because of thyroid gland which does not function properly. The medical doctor can determine this with a few simple tests. If this proves to be the case it can be corrected by medication.

For the vast majority of persons who are overweight, the problem is caused by wrong eating habits. What you weigh now is likely to be the results of your lifetime eating habits. Mothers are often to blame if their children are overweight. Too often they stuff them from childhood with rich, high calorie foods and when the child grows up, he keeps on eating in the same way.

The body needs a certain number of calories for the days activities. If the food we eat provides more calories than is required, the excess is changed into fat and stored in the body for future use. The simple way to keep from getting overweight is not to eat more food than your body needs.

The way to reduce weight is to eat less food than the body needs for its days activities and then it will use up some of the reserve supplies of fat.

The number of calories you need in a day depends on how big you are and how hard you work. A school teacher who sits at his desk most of the day may get by on 2,200 calories. The same man doing carpentry work may use up 3,500 calories and if he is doing hard manual labor such as putting up hay he may need as much as 5,500.

To lose weight and stay there requires a considerable amount of determination. If your weight was acquired over a lifetime of improper eating habits, then it will take a lifetime of self control to change those habits. You must realize that to continue in your present route means that you are heading for trouble. You must be aware of the fact that to be overweight poses a danger to your health and your well-being and then make up your mind that you will reduce on a permanent basis. Crash diets are usually worse than useless. Anyone who thinks he can lose weight in a few days or weeks, and then go on living the same way he does at present is headed for trouble.

The best way to get and stay on a sensible diet is to face up to the fact that overweight is something you don't want. You must realize that it is unhandy and costly, but above all, that it is outright dangerous to your health. Studies show that overweight people are more apt to have a life-threatening or disabling disease than those who are normal weight. In persons who are considerably overweight there is a markedly higher incidence of the following conditions: diabetes, arthritis, heart disease, gout, high blood pressure, kidney disease, excessive cholesterol, hernia, thyroid disease, colitis, peptic ulcers and varicose veins.

It might be in order to mention that some people are overweight because of emotional problems. A wife who cannot please her husband may indulge in her favorite food during the day to compensate for her feelings of frustration. Some people have the habit when things go wrong to stop and eat something. In a days time this can add up to a lot of food. Such persons should get at the root of their problem and remove the cause. The family doctor can be a help in giving advice.

Many people feel that the reason they are overweight is because their bodies are better at digesting their food and extracting energy from what they eat. This is very rarely the case. Doctors tell us that nearly everyone has a nearly-perfect digestive system. It is true that something can go wrong with the digestive system and then they get thin. But it is very seldom that anyone has noticeably better "food conversion" than the average

(continued on page 8)

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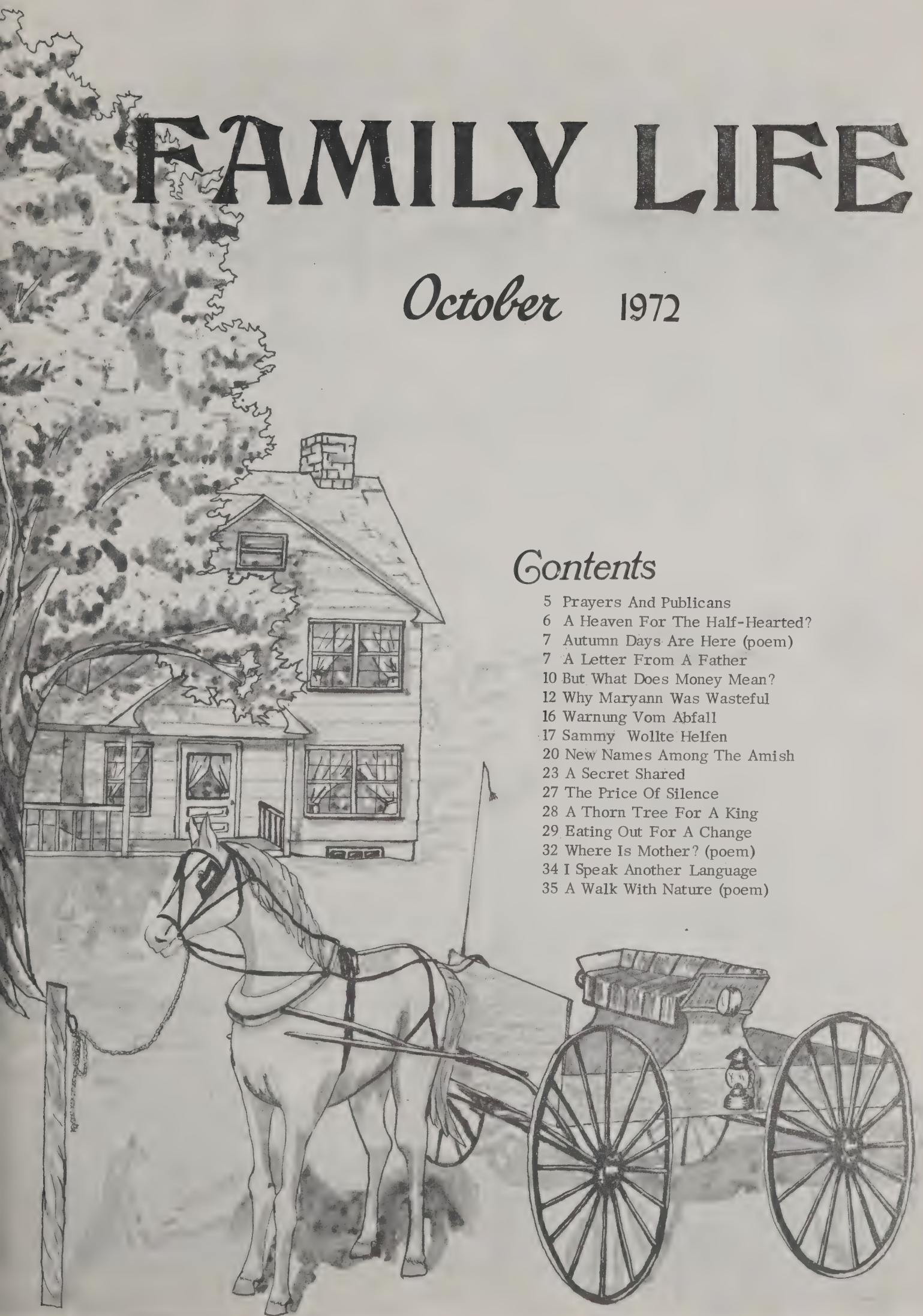
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# FAMILY LIFE

October 1972

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# letters to the editors



## SCARED THE WRONG ONE

The story about the firecrackers in the August "Fireside Chats" reminded me of the story my grandfather once told me. He had a neighbor, an old Order Mennonite, who used to say the Scriptures say, "If a man would know what time of the night the thief would come, he would watch." From this verse he understood it would be all right to shoot into the air.

One night he was watching and he saw the form of a man going toward the chickenhouse. There was only one door to the chickenhouse and the thief was headed for that door. Quickly he got his shotgun which he had ready with a low charge of powder. He knew the chickenhouse was far enough away that he would not seriously hurt him, but he wanted him to feel it and give him a good scare. So he let him have it.

The thief ran into the chickenhouse and since this was the only door, he waited for him to come out again. The thief did not come out and the man was afraid to go into the chickenhouse to see if he had killed or hurt him. The next day he found out the thief had cut the wire at the back window and escaped there.

The man confessed that he would never do such a thing again. All night long, he was praying and worrying lest he had hurt or killed someone. He paid dearly for his shooting for he almost had a nervous breakdown, - all about a few chickens. It shows that God's ways are still the best, see Rules of A Godly Life, page 6, rule 6.

- Amos B. Martin, Pennsylvania.

## STILL WORSE THAN A SPLIT?

I always enjoy the "Views and Values," but I felt there are two sides to the article "Learning to Live Together" (July issue). I wonder if the author realized how the Amish church started? Wasn't it through a split? If they would just have given up to the other side for the sake of peace, where would the Amish be today?

It's like one of our preachers once said, "We could all be one church if the plain ones would always give up to the modern ones." Perhaps if the ministers and bishops and all the members of the churches would keep all the rules of the Bible, a church would never come to the place where there are two groups like is the case in a lot of our churches today. But we can see so much of ministers and parents giving up to worldly things, just for the sake of peace, justifying themselves in the thought that the devil was thrown out of heaven because he accused his brethren day and night and they don't want to be blamed for "picking." It seems whoever wants to keep order in the church gets blamed for such things. I wonder which is really the worst, a split, or the whole church dragged down the road to worldiness and in the end destruction?

- Pennsylvania.

## WORKING FOR HIGH WAGES

The story, "A Too Nice Place to Work" (May Issue), shows us how easily we can loosen up on our convictions if we walk deliberately into places where temptations exist.

Here in our community, girls do day work in fancy homes in town for twelve to fifteen dollars a day. When sickness comes in the church or a baby arrives, they

aren't available because of their day work.

Whose fault is it if the girls who work in town think they can't spare a day or a week or several weeks to help someone who needs them in the church? Maybe they don't realize how much they are appreciated if they help where they are needed. I believe God will reward them if they give of their time to help those in need.

On the other hand, the girls should get a reasonable wage if they work for people in the church. There are times when a girl should offer to help someone without pay if the circumstances are so that they can not pay.

- Northeastern Ohio.

The stories in Family Life about the nice places to work brought back memories of my experience while working at the home of one of our church members. The man of the house started petting me but I always managed to get away before he got any further. I hated to be left alone with this man. I was only 14 years old at the time and I knew nothing at that time as to what a man would do.

Now I am married and have three girls of my own. I would not want to send them into the world to work, but I also warn them, "Beware lest there be wolves among you dressed in sheeps clothing." We are all human and must strive to keep on the narrow way that leads to Heaven.

- Pennsylvania.

## SATISFIED WITH NECESSITIES

I thought the article, "I am Rich" (April issue) was very good. I am thankful that there are still people not too busy trying to get rich in material things to take time to write such letters. If only we, who are called plain people, could be satisfied living simple old-fashioned lives and living close to nature with more time to prepare for eternity.

I sincerely believe that anyone who is satisfied with necessities can make a living without carrying on so big that they have to have modern equipment to get the work done.

Why couldn't we live a simple life like the Creator planned instead of thinking that we have to add all kinds of chemicals to our foods and to our livestock feeds to make them grow faster. Also poisonous sprays on garden things and fruits which cannot be healthy.

I also thought the article about staying out of one ditch without falling into the other one was very good and could also be applied here. The right way is indeed very narrow but I believe God will show us what to do if we are not too busy to be shown.

- S.F., Ronks, Pa.

## KEEP ON WORKING

I liked the article "Wanted- Grandparents, relatives, (continued on page 5)"

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### BUT SHE REMEMBERED

Today I received a letter from a woman who had moved away from our community about five years ago. I opened it eagerly as I had written her not too long ago about a question I had.

The first line read, "First I will thank you for the sympathy shown toward us four years ago by sending a small message to us."

I tried to think, four years ago? Now I remembered, her life companion had suddenly passed away, but had I sent her a card or a letter? I didn't remember- but she did. And that reminded me- there was a bereaved family in our midst right now whom I had meant to write a few lines but hadn't gotten around to it. Without this reminder, I might have forgotten it altogether.

- M. Burkholder, Pennsylvania.

### IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE

It was a warm sticky summer evening when I went to a nearby shopping centre to do some shopping. I was wearing what I thought was a long dress and I am ashamed to confess that there was a wee bit of envy and resentment in my heart when I saw the other girls and women in the store wearing cool shorts, halters and mini-skirts. Why do I always have to look so different and wear such clothing in this kind of weather, I thought. There's probably no one in this whole store that doesn't think I'd be smarter to dress a little cooler. It probably doesn't mean a thing to anybody in here that I dress this way except to think I'm dumb.

As I was walking along, I heard a voice behind me, "Say, it sure is nice to see a young girl dressed decently", a man was talking and he was in earnest. "When you see all these women wearing barely anything, it almost makes you sick." With that he turned and walked away. I was left with a warm glow around my heart and a changed outlook. I decided that if it meant something to him, it probably does to a lot more people. No longer did I resent looking different for I was glad I could.

- M., Indiana

### HE ONLY TASTED IT

Last night our 3-year old son woke me from my sleep calling for a drink of water. He is usually a sound sleeper and seldom wants anything during the night.

I got up, went to the kitchen and got him a cold drink. I went to his bed and handed it to him. He took only a few sips and then headed back to bed. "Well, you didn't even want much," I said.

He went to sleep and I went back to bed but I was thinking. God gives us the "water of life," but so many, it seems, don't even want it. Some people who grow up without hearing the Word, rejoice and are very glad when they hear it. But too many of our own people, who grow up hearing it all their lives, refuse to take it. If the Gift of God would cost a lot of money, how hard we would work to obtain it!

- Pennsylvania.

### TO DRINK THE OCEAN DRY

The other evening I was riding home after a hard day's work. I was discouraged and sorely depressed. As I was thinking over my troubles and what could be done about it, suddenly like a flash of lightning a verse came to my mind. "My grace is sufficient for thee."

When I reached home I looked it up in the original and it struck me in full force, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

"It surely is, Lord," I said and my heart was exceedingly glad. It seemed to make all my worries so absurd. It was as if some little fish was worried about drinking the river dry, and the river would say to him,

"Drink away, little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee."

Or it might be like a little mouse in the granaries of Egypt after the seven years of plenty, being worried that it would die of the famine and Joseph would say to him, "Cheer up, little mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee."

Again, I imagined a man up on top of a lofty mountain saying, "If I breathe so many cubic feet of air every year, I am afraid I will exhaust the atmosphere." The earth might say to this man, "Breathe away, o man, and fill thy lungs for my atmosphere is sufficient for thee."

To him who believes, a little faith will bring your soul to Heaven, but a greater faith will bring Heaven to your soul.

- I.K., Denver, Pennsylvania.

### ONLY REMEMBERED BY OUR PRANKS

When I was still a girl at home, we had visitors one day from the community where one of my girl friends lived. I noticed that one of the boys was looking at me with a puzzled expression. Suddenly he pointed his finger toward me and said, "Oh, I know you. You were one of the girls who were walking on top of the board fence at our neighbors about four years ago."

My mother looked at me in astonishment, as she hadn't known anything about it. I had almost forgotten it myself but we lived close to a railroad and had often practiced walking on the tracks and the board fence was not much different.

Only this summer I met a young man who lived in a home where I worked as a hired girl when he was only four or five years old. At first he couldn't remember me, but then he said, "Yes, I believe you used to give us chewing gum and sometimes you had cardboard wrapped up in it instead of gum."

I was just thinking since that how often it happens that people remember our pranks better than our faces and often it is things we wouldn't wish to be remembered by.

- M.B., Pennsylvania.

### HE DIDN'T COME

Recently on a Sunday afternoon I was at a home where five or six families were gathered to visit. There was a lively conversation going among the men folks all afternoon about world conditions, church conditions and farming. Then one person remarked that the coverings (prayer veil) get so small that they can hardly be called a covering. But this man wasn't talking about his own church. He was talking about other people. When someone suggested that there would be a need for improvement in his own church, he was quiet.

After awhile he started talking about the shortcomings of a certain man who again was not of the same church. Others joined in and finally got so far as to say that there are some people in mental institutions who are not so bad off as he is.

It so happened there was one man in the group who didn't agree with what was being said. He spoke up and said, "You have now given your opinions of this man so I would like to say a few words. This past winter I was in an accident and was unable to walk for quite some time. Now this poor degraded farmer you have been talking about visited me at least five or six times and I never noticed that he said anything out of the way while he was at our place. But as to the ones who were now talking about him, I can't recall that any of you ever visited me once."

The conversation was ended immediately.

I have heard it said that if you talk about other people's faults, you are not getting a higher grade by God, but a lower grade.

- T.H.N., Pennsylvania.

This month's historical section of Family Life contains another installment of new names among the Amish. It is interesting to note the different circumstances which brought these new names into the Amish communities as well as to see the different spellings of the same name.

It might also be interesting to find out where some of the Amish names have gone. Several weeks ago the field agent for a book publishing company here in Canada stopped in to show us the books which his company has to offer. He introduced himself and gave his name as "Neuen." After he was finished with business, we started to talk about the background of the different churches. I soon saw that he was quite well acquainted with the Amish churches and he finally said that he comes from Indiana. He also said that his grandfather was Amish.

On further inquiry I found out that this man's name was actually "Neuenschwander" but in dealing with the public he found it too cumbersome so he changed it to "Neuen."

Of course, no one would have connected his name with "Neuenschwander" any more than they would have been able to see any connections between him and his Amish grandfather.

The last several months we have received an unusually large number of unsigned letters. Some of them contained comments, articles, or questions which were intended for publication. We have said it over and over again that anyone submitting anything intended for publication should sign their name to their letter, or on the outside of the envelope. If they do not wish to have their name published, all they need to do is say so on the material they submit.

Some questions were sent in which we would have liked to answer privately, but since we had no address, we are unable to do so. We are saying it once again, if you have any questions, comments, or articles to send in, then please send us your name. If you want your name withheld, say so and we will keep it in strict confidence.

#### GRAVITY (continued from back cover)

solar system as it is commonly believed today.

There was no way to prove whether Galileo was right in saying that the difference in the rate of speed of different falling objects was due to air resistance until after his death. At about 1650 the air pump was invented. The air was taken out of a long glass tube and a coin and a feather were dropped at the same time. Both fell at the same rate of speed.

We now know that a falling object travels about 32 feet in the first second. But since gravity is constant, it increases the speed 32 feet per second every second. Thus the object would fall 46 feet the next second, 96 feet the third second and 128 feet the fourth second. Gravity is pulling on it steadily all the time.

The same rule works for an object thrown into the air. If a boy throws a stone in the air which is traveling at the rate of 64 feet per second when it leaves his hand, it will slow down each second 32 feet per second until it finally comes to a stop. Then it will fall toward the earth and will take the same length of time to return to earth as it did to go toward the sky.

Another law of gravity is that forward motion does not affect the force of gravity. If you were to run and jump off a platform as far as you could, you would reach the ground in exactly the same length of time as if you mere-

ly stepped from the platform.

Or putting it another way, if you were to shoot a high-powered rifle straight out (horizontally), the bullet would fall to the ground in exactly the same length of time as if it were dropped from the end of the barrel. The only difference would be that the bullet which was shot from the gun may have travelled a mile during the time it took the other one to fall to the ground.

Gravity is all around us. Without it, we would be unable to walk or perform the hundreds of tasks we do every day. The law of gravity is that every object in the universe exerts some gravity on every other object in accordance to its size. A mountain, a house, or a pile of sand will exert some gravity on the objects around it, but it is so very small compared to the gravity of the earth and is almost unnoticeable. There are, however, ways in which it can be proved.

The earth, the moon, the sun, and the stars all exert some gravity upon each other depending on their size and the distance away from each other. The larger a body is, the more gravity it will have and the farther away it is, the less gravity it will have. Scientists say that if an object were shot four thousand miles away from the earth, the gravity would be only half as strong and it would weigh only half as much. They also say that the earth is slightly flattened at the poles and that its diameter is 27 miles less at the poles than at the equator.

Although the difference is small, an object will weigh slightly less at the equator than at the North Pole. The reason is that it is further away from the center of the earth.

According to their figures, a man who weighs 200 pounds in the temperate zone will weigh nearly 203 pounds at the North Pole. But at the equator, he will weigh only 198  $\frac{2}{3}$  pounds. Or putting it another way, if he weighs 200 pounds at sea level, he will weigh 199  $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds on top of Mt. Everest.

Gravity from the earth goes out into space and affects the other planets and especially the moon. The moon is a satellite of the earth which means that the gravity from the earth keeps the moon in its orbit around the earth.

The moon has gravity of its own and it also affects the earth but it is not nearly as strong as the earth's gravity. Before the laws of gravity were discovered, no one could explain what causes the ocean tides which come and go twice a day. We now know that gravity from the moon pulls the waters in the ocean toward the moon, so there is a high tide on the side of the earth where the moon is. It also pulls the land away slightly on the opposite side of the earth, causing a high tide exactly opposite the moon. This gives a high tide every twelve hours and a low tide in between.

The sun also has gravity but since it is much farther away than the moon, its gravity is only about half as strong. But if the sun and the moon are either on the same side or exactly opposite sides of the earth such as happens at new moon and full moon, then the tides will be higher than usual.

There is also one period every twenty-eight days when the moon is closer to the earth than usual, and then the tides are slightly higher. If this period falls at new moon or full moon, the tides will be exceptionally high.

High tides raise the waters in the open ocean about three feet. But where these waters are funneled into a bay or the mouth of a river, the difference between low and high tide can be as much as fifty feet.

Not only does the moon pull the water, it also pulls the land. Scientists claim the earth under us is raised about two inches every time the moon passes overhead. ■■

friends, who will give our children love instead of candy, etc." True love is not shown in candy or other sweets but in a little of our time or something worthwhile.

Also, I live in a community where tobacco and bed-courtship are still found but I hope not for long. I hope you will keep printing articles against it until it is no more. I know as a fact that many times, but not always, the parents are to blame.

I also thought "Bennie Asks Advice" was especially good. If only we had more Bennies who sincerely want to know the truth and more John Yoders to give them good advice. Although I do believe we have a good many John Yoders.

- Name withheld.

## EVERYBODY CAN HELP

Sudden changes are necessary in the family whenever someone is ordained to the ministry (Lot of the Preacher's Wife, May issue). Hair must be longer and combed differently. The hat needs to be a little bigger, a jacket is worn to places where it wasn't before. The children's clothes will be made differently for modesty's sake (at least we hope they will). The wife's covering will now be made according to the ordnung.

It must be very hard on a young couple to adjust to such things at this time. Wouldn't it be better and much more Scriptural if all of us, brothers and sisters, friends and church members would make the change right along with them.

- Only his sister, Ohio.

## Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

### PRAYERS AND PUBLICANS

Prayer is certainly a good thing. All of us know that. No one denies it. It is an accepted fact. And yet, strangely enough, even something as good as prayer can be bad. It seems that nothing is so good but that Satan will attempt to use it to his advantage if he can. Just recently a young mother from Pennsylvania wrote about an experience in her family that is a very good illustration of this. We will quote from her letter, allowing her to tell the story in her own words:

"When our girls were old enough to say prayers, we just taught them to say a few words that we thought they understood (Be a good girl for God, etc). Later we added more things such as "God take care of Mom and Dad," and we also taught them to thank God for whatever they could think of. It was quite amusing to hear them soon add Mommy and Daddy and uncles and aunts, and the neighbors, and the neighbor's little boy, and even their puppy.

"The thank-you list kept growing, too, and it was a surprise to us to realize how much their little minds could grasp as they said thank you for wild geese, birds that sing, butterflies, rain and snow, and little babies with tiny fingers, etc. At first we thought it had been a good idea to teach them to pray like this, but soon we changed our mind. One girl would interrupt in a whisper, 'You didn't say a barn yet.' Or 'You didn't say thank you for baby Jesus.'

"When we told them to stop whispering, they would wait until the other was done, then announce, 'I said more things than you did.' 'No, you didn't.'

"We finally settled the problem by telling each to say their prayers silently."

I must admit that I smiled a bit to myself as I read this mother's letter about her trouble teaching her little girls how to pray. I had to think that adults have the same kind of problems with prayer, only it's not so amusing when adults see who can pray the best.

The little girls missed the point entirely when they tried to outdo each other in prayer. Prayer isn't to be a contest to see who can say the nicest words, who can make his voice the most earnest, or who can think of the most things to mention. God doesn't want us to run competition with each other when we pray. He doesn't want us to take turns in public, seeing who can

pray the loudest, longest, fastest, or smoothest. He wants us to pray from our hearts without pretense, to pray simply because we feel the need within to pray and because we believe prayer makes a difference.

The mother in Pennsylvania finally just ended up by telling her girls to pray silently. God has a lot of trouble with his children, too, in that like the little girls, they insist on praying for the wrong reason—praying for the ears of men instead of God. How easy it is for public prayer to become sidetracked so it is done for show, for honor, and to impress others with our concern and piety.

God wants our prayers to be simple and direct. But he has found that in our human weakness it's practically impossible for our prayers to be that way when others listen, so he has wisely ordained that we should pray in private and in secret.

The temptation to pray for the wrong reason is an old, old problem. It has been around for a long time. When Jesus was here almost two thousand years ago, he found that it was very much in style among the religious leaders of that time. But Jesus didn't go along with the practice. In fact, he condemned it in rather strong words. He called it hypocrisy. And he pointed out a better way, saying, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly" (Matt.6:6).

Of course we should realize that there are other ways to put our religion on display and show off our piety besides in public prayer. In fact, this same mother from Pennsylvania who wrote about her little girls and their problem with prayer, didn't end her letter there. She went on to tell of another instance, an instance where she noticed that this tendency to show off our goodness isn't reserved to little girls. It's a weakness that grown people have, too. She wrote, "We have a neighbor who goes with that group that I wrote about before as being worse than the 'Ebenezer' church. He feels that while he belonged to the old order church he was just a member of the church, but had never been converted and this man will talk about it to no end, and will give testimonies (which are mostly saying how bad he was and how good he now is). He also says he doesn't get angry any more, and things like that. I do believe he is sincere in that he wants to be free of all sin, but the way he now talks of how righteous he is, reminds me of the girls saying to each other, 'I said more than you!' He will say that he is now sinless in the sight of God. He says, 'If I have any sin I don't know about it,' until I wonder if he also thanks God that he is not like these publicans around him. And I have to think of Paul, the greatest of apostles who said, 'If I needs must glory, I will glory in mine infirmities.'

"While this man does live an upright life as far as I know, I cannot help but think of what I once heard a minister say that nowhere in the New Testament can we read that Jesus spoke to the greatest of sinners as he did to the self-righteous Scribes and Pharisees. In Matthew 23 it's either six or seven times that he called them hypocrites. While I'm glad to see it if this man walks an

upright life, I think it would be better if he did these things in silence and let others sing his praises."

We can see then that there are at least two ways we can get into the mistake of being self-righteous, through insincere prayer, and through bragging about our goodness. If these were the only ways that self-righteousness showed itself, most of us would be fairly safe. For as Amish we don't have prayer meetings or testimony services, two places where these types of self-righteousness seem especially likely to be present. But this surely does not mean that we are free from self-righteousness.

For example, it is easy to see that those in higher churches are wrong to have the attitude of, "God, I thank thee that I am not like those old order people!" But is it possible that the same self-righteous spirit could make us say the prayer in reverse, "God, I thank thee that I am not like those people in the higher churches!"

To be self-righteously proud is wrong, always wrong, even though the things we are proud of may be right in

themselves. The Pharisee who looked down on the sinful publican had a whole list of things to brag about, and all of them were good—"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess..." (Luke 18:11-12).

In the same way it is right that we wear plain clothes, drive horses, live separate from the world, have our own schools, and things like that, but just as soon as we become proud about any of these, we will be condemned right along with the self-righteous Pharisee.

Self-righteousness is such a sly sin. It comes dressed up in respectable clothes, or hidden as something good. It is usually hard to recognize or pin-point. How earnestly we need to pray for spiritual eyes to detect it, not only in the lives of others, but much more in our own lives. We need to be alert, watch for it daily, and humble ourselves wherever we have become exalted. And even then we cannot relax, for what is easier to be proud of than of the fact that we are so humble? ■■

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## FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

### IS THERE A HEAVEN FOR THE HALF-HEARTED?

When my youngest brother was two, we older children coaxed him to say cute things. One of our favorite questions was, "Markie, whose little boy are you?"

The object, of course, was to get him to say, "Ich bin dei' boo."

With so many teachers, Mark's education expanded fast. Soon he learned to say, "I am half Daddie's boy and half Mom's boy." That delighted all of us, but we forgot one thing. We forgot to teach little brother arithmetic.

It wasn't long till the baby got big-hearted. With a little prompting he would say, all in one breath, "I'm half Daddie's boy, half Mom's boy, half Martha's boy, half Joe's boy, half Stephen's . . ." And so he would go down the line, sharing his heart with the whole family.

Perhaps little Mark didn't know anything about fractions, but there was nothing wrong with the way he distributed his love. It was quite possible to give each of the twelve members of the family a full share.

The human heart is not limited in the love it can give to others. A teacher can love thirty-five pupils. A minister loves all the members of the church. A grandmother loves every one of her grandchildren. In fact, it is possible to love all men. The apostle Paul wrote to the Thessalonians, "The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men."

That is one kind of love, the kind that multiplies as it is divided.

But the love that man has for God is different. It is a love reserved for God alone, a single-hearted devotion and whole-hearted loyalty that overshadows everything else in the life of the Christian.

Loving God is a matter of all or nothing. A man can't say, "Here, Lord, you take this much of my love, and I'll keep the rest for the time being. There are so many things here on earth that I still have a longing for. Maybe I can spare you more love later."

Jesus said simply, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other."

And yet, it seems, many people do try to serve two masters. They are willing to serve God halfway, and no more. They love God as if He were just one more person.

They use human reasoning and human arithmetic, and

it sounds possible -- to give half of their hearts to heavenly things, and half to love the world.

The trouble is, God uses a different method of reckoning. To Him, half a heart is no heart at all. He does not accept pieces.

#### THE HALF-HEARTED

The dictionary says a half-hearted person is one who shows little interest or enthusiasm. In other words, his interests are elsewhere.

Isn't this the way it is with the half-hearted person in the church? He really doesn't have his heart in it -- his heart is elsewhere. He goes to church, but it really doesn't mean much to him. In a few words, serving God doesn't have first place in the life of the half-hearted.

Does this mean that half-hearted members aren't nice people? Not at all. They may be very friendly and kind, respectable and popular. Almost without fail, the half-hearted church member puts up a good front.

The good front may take different forms. The first person may be the kind that is very exact in outward dress, always within the *ordnung*. Yet when the Scriptures are discussed, he is uneasy. He would rather talk about his crops or his job than he would about the things of God. Those who know him best know that at heart he is worldly-minded.

A second person may put up his good front by studying the Bible a great deal, and always having a lot to say when the Scriptures are discussed. But his half-heartedness shows up in his life. Those who know him well lack confidence in him, for they recognize his piety is a sham, and that he is a very shallow person.

Half-heartedness comes in a variety of shapes and tastes and colors. It doesn't always follow the same rules, but it hatches the same results.

What makes half-heartedness so serious, it seems to me, is that it is so common, so widespread. Many churches have members who are just going along for the ride. They are not helping to build up the church. They are not in earnest about their religion. They are willing to come part way, but they balk at the first tight place in "the narrow way."

Is there a heaven for the half-hearted? What is their

standing before God? Have they any right to be members in a truly Christian church?

These questions may be easy to answer on paper, but difficult to apply in real life. Circumstances become complicated, and sometimes dim our view of what is really right and wrong in God's eyes.

Someone might ask the question, "What about growth in the Christian life? Aren't these half-hearted people simply babes-in-Christ who need time to grow to something better?"

The Bible does speak of growing in our spiritual lives. It is as natural for Christians to grow spiritually, as it is for children to grow physically. But let us be careful not to confuse the immaturity of young Christians with the half-heartedness of church members who are either not born again, or have back-slidden.

The Scriptures say, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

It doesn't read that half the old things are passed away, and by and by the rest will pass. No, it says, all things are become new. In the same way, we read, "Ye must be born again." There is no mention of being born half way.

A baby that does not grow cannot long survive. If he is growing and healthy, the fact will be quite evident. Isn't it the same way spiritually? If a young Christian is growing, he is not half-hearted. Or, to turn it around, the member who is half-hearted is not growing.

The Bible says that Christians have their citizenship in heaven. This must mean that earth really isn't their home. It must mean they are strangers and pilgrims on a journey to a better land. Their thoughts are often on God and His Word, and this shows in their speech and doings. They are conscious of God's Spirit at work in their lives, of growth and guidance.

The Christian knows that he must allow nothing in his life to separate him from God. This means whole-hearted service, not half-hearted. A hymn-writer has used these words:

"Is your all on the altar of sacrifice laid?

Your heart, does the spirit control?

You can only be blessed and have peace and sweet rest  
As you yield him your body and soul."

There is a big difference between the whole-hearted Christian, and the half-hearted.

#### WITH A WHOLE HEART AND SOUL

If godly living could be summed up in one sentence, it would be, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might" (Deut. 6:5).

Jesus himself repeated these words and endorsed them. This greatest of the commandments leaves no room for half-hearted devotion. No corner of the heart is reserved for earthly, selfish, carnal pursuits. "With all thine heart" can only mean what it says.

In spite of this commandment and the stern warnings of what would happen if they disobeyed, the Israelites could not resist the temptation to worship idols. Many times in their history they turned to worship Baal and other abominations of wood and stone. In doing so, they rejected the one true God, and no longer loved him with their whole heart and soul and might.

To us today it seems strange that the Israelites were so foolish. Bow down to a lifeless image! The idea is ridiculous. How could an idol hear their prayers or help them in any way?

But before we look down upon Israel as an ignorant and stupid people, let us try to understand them. What caused them to turn to idols? Why did they do it? There is usually a reason for everything. When we realize the reason for the disobedience of the Israelites, we discover they were not so much different after all.

The Israelites turned to idols because it was popular and fashionable to worship idols! The nations round about them knew nothing else, and the Israelites were influenced by these worldly neighbors. That is the reason

they turned to idols.

Now the formula sounds familiar, doesn't it? What have we today if not the same thing? The world serves the gods of fashionable dress, entertainment, the easy life, riches, sex, education.

With a little imagination we can set up a row of idols that make Baal and the Asherah look pale by comparison. The idols of today are, to name a few, the miniskirt, television, diplomas, the pill, the automobile, and money in the bank. These are indeed idols, and people worship them today in no less real a way than the Israelites who bowed their knees to Baal.

A few mornings ago in our family worship we read the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy. One cannot read this chapter without being impressed how important it is to love God with all our heart and soul, and how serious it is if we do not.

If anyone rose in their midst to lead them to idols, the Israelites were to stone that person to death. Even if a prophet appeared with signs and wonders, if his message was, "Let us go after other gods," he was to be put to death. If a member of the family -- a brother, a son or a daughter, or even a man's own wife -- came in secret and said, "Let us go and serve other gods," the Israelite was duty bound to report it, and then throw the first stone. If the men of a certain city turned to idols, the rest of the nation was to utterly destroy that city and burn it with fire, and let it be a heap forever.

How severe! Indeed, this was a serious offense to turn from the living God to other gods.

Likewise, we can know that serving God today in a half-hearted way is truly an abomination.

#### The Halfway Anabaptists

Back in the days of our martyr forefathers, there was a class of people called *Halbtauffer*. They were the half-hearted of that time and age.

Now these Halfway-Anabaptists were very nice folks. They not only sympathized with the persecuted ones, many believed in their hearts that the Anabaptist faith was right before God.

The Halfway-Anabaptists did a great service to our forefathers. Frequently they took fleeing families into their homes and hid them till danger was past. At other times, when the special police, *Taufer jager*, organized a drive across the countryside to round up Anabaptists, the halfway people warned them with horn-blowing and shouting.

The Anabaptists appreciated these kindnesses greatly. They thanked them, and they prayed for them. (In fact, the prayers in *Christenpflicht* refer to the Halfway-Anabaptists six times, calling them "goodhearted and loyal people" or *treuherzigen*.)

The Halfway-Anabaptists were decent, kind-hearted, respectable people, but there was something very much wrong in their lives. It was not that they did not want what was right. They wanted it, and some admitted that they knew what was right, but they did not have the courage or the faith to live wholly for God.

They did not have the deep-rooted, whole-hearted faith of the Anabaptists, who were willing to serve God at any cost.

The Anabaptists were concerned for their kind neighbors. They prayed for them, and tried to persuade them to join their church. But most of the Halfway-Anabaptists lived true to their name -- they never came more than halfway.

And so we find that there have been half-hearted people in every age, people with a desire to serve God, yet reluctant to surrender their lives to Him. As little brother Mark announced his love for the whole family, so they hope to share their affection with others than God.

We can't blame an innocent baby for pledging half of his heart to a dozen people at once. But it doesn't seem quite so innocent when people who should know better want to give only half of their heart to God, and keep the other half here on earth.



## AUTUMN DAYS ARE HERE

Now the summer has departed;  
Autumn days are here, we know,  
For the days are getting shorter  
And the nights more chilly grow.

Autumn is a thankful season  
And the laborers will cheer  
For we have now reached the climax  
Of a golden harvest year.

Apples, pumpkins, nuts, are gathered,  
Corn is shocked, the grains hauled in;  
Here and there we have to gather  
E'er the winter days begin.

And the busy, forest creatures  
Gather in their winter foods,  
For they sense that e'er long winter  
Creeps into the silent wood.

Autumn days are always cherished  
Nature lovers true will say,  
Skies are bluer, sun shines brighter  
On a pleasant autumn day.

And the trees around are flaming—  
Red, orange, and gold array;  
Sure is nice to roam the woodland  
On a golden autumn day.

Autumn sunsets are so splendid—  
Silhouettes by autumn trees;  
We just gasp in awesome wonder  
When our eye such beauty sees.

All too soon the earth will bleak be  
And the winter winds will blow,  
Yet we can keep in our memory  
Lovely autumn's afterglow.

—Anna Mary Martin

## A LETTER FROM A FATHER

This is a true story except that  
names have been changed.

—Author's name withheld

It is with a heavy heart that I take my pen in hand to write a few of the sad and trying experiences which we have passed through during the last seven or eight months. Last Thursday, January 29, 1942, we buried our six year old daughter.

It was only last May when Annie developed a severe pain in her abdomen. The doctor came and examined her and pronounced it appendicitis. We took her to the hospital at once, but when the doctors at the hospital examined her they told us it was a fast growing tumor.

"This is a rather rare case," the doctor told us, "if we don't operate, she will surely die. Of course if we do, operate, she may die, too."

Since Annie was only six years old, she did not want to be left alone at the hospital. She cried and protested, however finally she submitted and we left her at the hospital. Our hearts were heavy, and with prayer and fasting we besought the Lord, that He would bring our daughter safely through the operation.

Two days later the operation was performed. I was at the hospital and they took a pint of blood from my arm just in case it were needed for Annie. It proved to be a difficult operation and in the process, an artery in her abdomen was punctured but was quickly sewn shut again. But the operation was successful, and the little girl recovered splendidly. Fourteen days later we brought her home, and she was her happy, hearty self again.

The doctor told us, though, that the tumor would come back again, and that eventually it would take her. But she seemed to be so healthy and so happy that we had high hopes that she had been healed permanently. It was nearly six months later when she developed abdominal pains again.

Our hopes and joys were short lived. I well remember

that night when she came to our bed softly crying and saying, "My belly hurts."

I picked her up and took her into our bed and soothed her. She was soon soundly asleep but we were not. I examined her abdomen and was alarmed to feel a hard lump or object on one side. Fear for the worst seized me and I slept no more that night. We decided to take her to the hospital as soon as we could.

In the meantime Annie seemed quite well and complained only occasionally. On one occasion, she was all dressed to go over to a neighbor's house to play with their children and seemed happy as she started across the lot. I glanced out and saw her kneeling down at the corner of the fence. To make sure everything was all right, I whistled and waved my hand, but no answer. Again I whistled and waved and saw her hands go to her eyes. She was crying. Quickly I went to her side and she sobbed, "I fell, and my belly hurts". Oh, that terrible thing in her belly, where will it end?

The following Saturday we took her to the hospital and the doctor examined her thoroughly. While her mother was dressing Annie, the doctor called me aside and said, "I am very sorry but I am afraid you will lose the little girl. Apparently she has tumors on both sides. There is nothing we can do. I feel so sorry for her but we have tried all the methods known to medical science. We expect there will be progressive pains and there may be much suffering. This kind of tumor grows fast and we expect your daughter will live only about six weeks."

Broken-heartedly we left the hospital. We stopped at the store for a few things and there we met a neighbor who asked about Annie. In tears, we told her the sad truth. "We bought a book for Annie's birthday. We will give it to her right away so she can enjoy it longer." the neighbor said.

We went home past Grandpa Smuckers to tell them

about it and on Sunday we went to Grandpa Millers' house to tell them. Annie was along and was feeling well except for an occasional pain. She wanted to stay with Mommy for supper.

The next Saturday, December 21, was her birthday. We made ice cream. A few of her friends came to visit her. The next day she went to church, which was the last time she was able to go.

From this time on she grew steadily worse. Her pains were more frequent and more severe both day and night. Now she slept with her mother or myself and when the pains would waken her we would rub her abdomen vigorously. Then she would soon quiet down again.

On the night before Christmas she had severe pain so that we thought we would call the doctor but it eased up a little and by rocking her most of the night, she rested fairly well. On Christmas morning we took her to the doctor and he gave us some pain pills to give her to ease the pain. So it grew worse and worse. Sometimes she would scream and cry until the medicine would take hold.

One evening her pain was so severe, she screamed at the top of her voice. She could not sit, and she danced from one foot to the other. Then she suddenly stopped crying and said, "Why don't Jesus help me?"

We had told her many stories of healing and miracles of Jesus as bedtime stories and she had also heard our prayers for her.

Several times before, when she was younger, we had experienced answers to prayers in her behalf and we had told her we believed Jesus healed her those times. Now the poor child's faith was put to a severe test. Sometimes when she would say her bedtime prayers she would ask us to pray for her. Then we would pray for her asking the Lord if it is not against His will that He would remove this thing that is causing her so much pain and heal her completely.

However, it seemed it was not the Lord's will to heal her for her pains grew more severe. It is with a troubled heart that I write the next few lines. It was in one of her spells of extreme pains that she screamed and cried for about twenty minutes when she suddenly stopped crying and said brokenly, "Why doesn't Jesus heal me? I-I won't love him any more."

What had we done? Had we given the child a wrong impression and led her to expect a miracle every time anyone got sick? Had we failed to explain that Jesus allows sickness and death to come in this life as a means of drawing His children closer to Him and finally to call them home?

What could I say to comfort her? I could not bear to see her faith crumple in disappointment so I told her with a lump in my throat, "We must wait to see what Jesus does for He knows what is best for us."

I stayed at home with her every day. It was only three weeks after her examination at the hospital. Her abdomen was full that she could not lie down so we fetched Grandpa's large rocking chair. Day and night, her mother or I would hold her on our laps until the pain was so severe that she would walk back and forth until she was tired, or the pain left her. Many times we would rock her and when the pain would come she would say, "Rock faster." Then she would call mother saying, "Mamma, sing." And Mother would sing until sleep overtook her. Oh, the soothing comfort that comes from a singing mother. It caused her to relax into peaceful rest.

I well remember the day when her pains were very severe and she refused to take her medicine. Oh, how we pitied our dear little child. We did not like to force her to take the medicine for she dreaded it so much and cried, saying, "I won't take it, it won't help anyhow." Oh, how true that was, as far as healing was concerned. It only gave a temporary relief. Mother said, "We will not force it on her." But she had to endure a lot of suffering that day until the doctor came and changed her medicine.

We tried to hold her but she would scream for pain, and walk back and forth until she was tired out. All the time we were helpless. We could do nothing. We almost felt like saying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken

us?" When she was tired of walking, she would come to me and said "Papa, carry me." I was only too glad to do anything I could for her so I lifted her up in my arms and carried her around the room even though she was rather heavy. I talked to her of different things and she seemed to forget the pain but it would come back to her in full force and she said, "Papa, walk, faster."

I walked back and forth carrying her until I became too tired, then I set her on the floor and took her hand, walking with her from room to room. She was crying all the while when she again brokenly asked, "I just wonder why Jesus doesn't heal me?"

"I don't know," I said, "shall we pray?" Can you keep still long enough to pray?"

"I don't know. I just don't know," she said.

So I knelt down beside her and prayed, "Oh Lord come quickly, so she does not have to suffer so much, for she calleth for thee."

Then I lifted her up and carried her about the room, telling her of stories from the Bible to get her mind off the pain. I showed her a picture of the baby Jesus in the manger and asked her if I should tell her the story of how Jesus had to suffer when He was here. She said, "Yes," so I told her the whole story although she had often heard it before. I told her how many people didn't believe him and tried to stone him and kill him, how he was arrested, mocked and scourged and nailed to the cross. These words came to me with force and I said, "Jesus also prayed, but God didn't keep Him from being nailed to the cross. He had to hang there all day by himself until he died, then God took him to heaven and he had no more pain. Now He wants to take you there, too."

By the time I had finished speaking, she was feeling better but the tears were running down my cheeks. I always tried to hide it before but now there was no hiding. With her in my arms, I had difficulty in getting my handkerchief, so I gave it to her and told her to wipe the tears from my eyes. She did so very gently. "I just can't help it," I said.

Then she said in a very small and gentle voice, "If you pray to Jesus, He will help you." When I saw her trusting faith, I could say nothing. We sat very quiet and her pain was all gone.

After awhile she said very gently, "You don't have to cry for me, the doctor will soon come." I was made to think of the words of Jesus, "Weep not for me." She sat very quietly and was soon sound asleep.

The doctor gave her another kind of medicine and then her pains were not so severe. But she did suffer exceedingly for another week. Her abdomen was very full, while her face, neck and arms became pitifully thin. She ate very little. She seemed to be hungry, but when we would give her what she wanted, she would turn away, saying, "My head hurts." At times she vomited. With all her pain and suffering, it seemed we would yet have to see her starve to death for lack of nourishment.

Finally she just gave up trying to eat for she said, "It just gives me pain." Her hunger seemed to have left her. The last week of her life she took very little food and did not have much pain. The last few days, she was able to lie down to sleep a few hours at a time. She became weaker and weaker although she was still able to walk a little. Her mind was clear up to the very last, and we were very glad for this. We knew she could not be with us much longer. On Sunday morning January, 25, 1942, she was restless and wanted Mamma to hold her. Then she wanted me to hold her and so from one to the other. It so happened I was holding her and she said, "Mamma, sing." But before Mamma could start singing, our little girl got to her feet and we thought she had to vomit. While she was standing, her head dropped to one side and she was gone.

I think she was glad to answer the summons. Without a sigh or a struggle, she passed away to be with her Maker, her sufferings and pain were over.

When we had taken her to the hospital, the doctor had said he expected her not to live over six weeks. She was with us exactly six weeks and one day, but those were days that will always stand out in my memory.

Annie's husband was making a lot of money but Iva had something worth more than that.

**BUT**

**WHAT DOES**

**MONEY**

**MEAN?**

Author's name withheld



With a sigh of relief, Dan Annie sank wearily into the seldom-used rocking chair. How tired she felt! Well, supper was ready now. All she had to do when Dan came in would be to take the scalloped potatoes out of the oven. Just then little Levi came bounding through the door and when he saw his mother sitting in the rocker, he thought this might be a good chance so he crawled into her lap and nestled down contentedly.

As she rocked the little boy, she could see the rows of jars she had filled that day and the pies she had baked. It had been a warm day but when Annie thought of all the beans and peas she had picked and canned that day, she was glad that she would have only the dishes to do after supper. Then she would be ready for bed. She had milked the four cows before supper so now she wouldn't need to go to the barn after supper.

She cuddled little Levi closer and let herself relax. Soon she heard the familiar creak of the gate and glancing up she saw Dan was coming through the yard.

"Look, Levi," she said, "Dad and the children are coming in so you'll have to sit on the chair while Mom puts supper on the table."

Just then the door opened and John, David, and Mary burst into the kitchen. "Listen, children," their mother told them, "you'll have to get washed up now so Dad won't have to wait. Maybe you can take turns at the table to tell me what all happened."

Dan came in and in a short time everyone was at the table. After they had returned thanks for the food which was on the table, they piled their plates like healthy hungry children do. When she had finished helping the little ones, Annie turned to her husband and asked, "Did you have any trouble with the cattle you put in the other field?"

"Yes, I had some trouble," he answered, "and I had to fix the fence and that took awhile. Then there was this one heifer that simply wouldn't go the way she was supposed to go. I was nearly tuckered out by the time I had her in the field."

"Oh, that's too bad," his wife sympathized.

"And you know how my foot always starts hurting when I run very much," Dan reminded her.

"Oh, yes, do you feel it again?"

"Yes, I do but I don't know what I can do about it."

Everyone was quiet for some time and then Annie ventured timidly, "Well, I got quite a few peas and beans canned today. That should help us some for this winter."

"You did," her husband responded indifferently. "Oh, yes, I was wondering if you would mind feeding the pigs for me. I'd like to go over to Jakes yet tonight and see that horse he has for sale."

"Oh," Annie answered trying to hide her disappointment as she thought of what this would mean. They had a lot of pigs and she knew it would take her nearly an hour to feed them all. "Yes, I suppose I can," she answered meekly.

"Then don't give the ones in the fourth pen quite as much chop as the others for some of them look kinda

sick."

Annie nodded her head. Supper was soon over and the children went out. Annie sat at the table thinking and her tired face grew sad. "Sometimes I have to think Dan doesn't care how I feel at all. He could see the jars I canned and the pies I made when he came in, but he just thinks a woman's work doesn't amount to much. And now I'm to feed the pigs yet. If it were really necessary, I wouldn't mind but he could just as well go and see about the horse in the morning. He said he doesn't have anything special planned for tomorrow."

A tear welled up in her eye as she continued to think. "If only he'd show any signs of being grateful, I wouldn't mind it at all. But he just takes everything for granted. He just takes me for granted."

Suddenly Annie buried her face in her arms and dry sobs racked her body, "I might just as well be the hired girl for all Dan cares about me. Sometimes I wonder why he ever married me. I always had in mind we'd help each other and try to make it easier for each other. But I just can't see that he cares about me any more. Maybe it's my fault but I've tried the best I could, at least the best I knew how. I'd do anything for him for I love him and it's never hard to do something for those we love."

Annie sat staring at the table filled with dirty dishes, "But I've read somewhere that love grows cold if it's not made use of and returned. Oh, Dan, I wonder if you realize how much I need to be needed by you?"

Just then the door opened and little Levi came running in. When he saw his mother crying, he stopped short. Slowly he came to her side and asked wonderingly, "Mommy, did you get hurt?"

Annie looked up and smiled sadly, "Yes, Levi, I guess you might say I got hurt." When she lifted him up into her lap, he pressed against her. "Oh, Levi, at least you still need me, don't you? Life can't be all bad as long as I have you."

As Levi's arms stole around his mother's neck and held her tight, she noticed that her heartache was growing less. "Well, Levi, I had better get started with the chores."

She carried the dishes to the sink and then headed for the barn. "Come, John, come, David, you can help me with the pigs." They came willingly at their mother's call and soon all of them were busy feeding the pigs. In a little more than half an hour they were on their way back toward the house. "I'm so glad you helped me feed the pigs," she told the two boys, "for it didn't take me near as long as if I would have done it alone."

Annie put the children to bed and then she poured hot water on the dishes. "I'll let them soak while I do the other things," she thought to herself. Finally she was ready to do the dishes. While she was pouring more hot water on them, she saw a buggy light out by the barn and knew her husband had returned. "Oh," she thought to herself, "if only he would dry the dishes for me, it wouldn't take me very long. He hasn't done it for a long time, but maybe he will tonight, for I fed the pigs."

But Annie was disappointed, for when Dan came in, he sat down in the rocker, pulled off his shoes and relaxed with the papers. Annie went ahead with the dishes without saying anything for some time. Then she asked, "Well, what did you think about the horse?"

"Oh, I think he's all right," Dan said without looking up from the paper. "He's what we need for the double buggy."

"Is he safe in traffic?" Annie wondered. When she was a girl, she wasn't afraid to go with nearly any horse, but now with the children along, it was different.

"Oh, he's pretty good. He doesn't like big trucks very well but he shouldn't be too bad."

Annie hoped not. She dried the dishes in silence.

"Aren't you ready for bed, yet," Dan wondered throwing the paper aside.

"Yes, I'm just about done," she answered quietly wringing out the dish cloth.

"Well, I think I'll go to bed. I feel pretty tired after chasing that heifer so long." With that, Dan headed for

the bedroom.

Annie picked up her basin of dishwater and carried it out to the porch. She crossed to the edge and flung the water out into the lawn where it landed with a loud splash.

It was a clear summer night and Annie paused to look up into the sky. As she gazed at the stars twinkling over her, she felt refreshed by the coolness of the evening. "Oh, Lord," she whispered, "help me to do my part. And let Dan see how much I need him and how much his indifference hurts. I'm afraid I can't stand it much longer."

Annie sat a few minutes on the edge of the porch to let the quietness of the night calm her wounded spirits, and then she went to bed.

It so happened that on the same evening in a home not far away another mother was relaxing for a few minutes before supper was ready. "I feel all worn out tonight and yet what did I get done today?" Jake Iva wondered to herself. "All day it just seemed as though everything went wrong. This morning Susie cut her foot and for awhile I was quite worried but this evening I see she steps on it again. Then just as I was ready to tackle the dishes, I saw the pigs were in the garden. Sure am glad Jake was still in the barn to help me chase them out for even with the two of us we had a real time. Pigs sure can be stubborn. All day it seemed things went that way. If the baby wouldn't need so much attention, maybe I could get more work done, too."

As Iva glanced down at the three-months old baby in her arms she saw that now she was sleeping soundly. Small lines of worry appeared on Iva's face, "I really wonder what her trouble is. None of the others were nearly as fussy. Oh, here comes Jake now and I had better get the soup on the table."

She tried to ease the sleeping baby into her crib as quietly as she could, but even so she woke up and started crying. So Iva picked her up and with the baby in one arm, she finished setting the table.

"Come, children. Daddy's almost ready to eat. Sit down at your places." After grace was said, Iva was busy filling the plates and trying to hush the baby. The children were busy chatting and eating. Jake didn't say too much as he was a rather quiet man.

When the meal was nearly finished, he glanced at his wife and said, "You had your hands full in here, today, didn't you? I'm not that busy tonight so I will do the milking for you and maybe you can get to bed earlier."

Iva looked up, both surprised and pleased. "But won't that make you late?"

"Oh, not really. You look so tired. I think you need the rest."

"Well, thanks. I don't suppose it would do me any harm but I wouldn't have asked it of you."

"Yes, I know," grinned Jake, "maybe that's why it's so much fun doing it for you."

As Iva gathered the dishes together, she was thinking, "Jake sure notices things. I didn't realize I looked so tired that he would see it. But it is nice not to have to go out to the barn to chore this evening. Well, I had better not just poke along now or I won't be done earlier after all."

The dishes seemed to be easier to do because of her husband's thoughtfulness and soon she had finished and was ready to put the children to bed. Baby settled down surprisingly well and when Jake came in from the barn, Iva was ready for bed instead of ready to go at the dishes, like other evenings. Because of this, she had half a night of sound sleep before the baby woke her up.

Several weeks later one morning at the breakfast table, Jake told his wife, "I guess I'll have to go to the Kitchener stock sale today to see if I can buy some cattle to fill up the barn for the winter. Could we have dinner a little earlier so I can catch the bus?"

"Yes, of course," Iva answered, "I hope they will have

what you want and won't be too high-priced."

"Yes, I hope so, too," Jake sighed. This was one job he didn't exactly relish.

At noon, after Jake had caught his bus, Iva had a bright idea. "If I plan my work right, I think I can do all the chores to-night before Jake's bus gets back. I know he doesn't expect me to, but he'll have one of his sick headaches again, I just know he will. He always does after one of those days. It's no wonder either, with all the strain of buying cattle and all the smoke and everything. Besides, it wouldn't be more than fair if I did, to make up for the times when he helps me or does the milking for me. Yes, that's just what I'll do."

The afternoon sped quickly and soon she was on her way to the barn. "I'll do the feeding first and then I can milk after supper at the usual time."

The older children took care of the baby so the feeding went surprisingly well. "I know Jake always fills this container with chop when he does the feeding but it's too heavy for me. I'll just have to go more often."

She went busily from one thing to another and just as the children came to her saying they couldn't do anything with the baby any more because she just cries, Iva was finished. She herded the children back to the house and soon had supper ready.

"No use in going to a lot of bother about supper tonight," she thought, "for Jake won't want more than a sandwich when he comes home anyway. He's never hungry after a day like this."

After supper she sent the older children to get the cows while she hurriedly did the dishes. After milking the cows, it was time to get the children to bed. When all was quiet, Iva glanced at the clock. "I'll still have time to bed down the horses and fix the medicine for the pigs before Jake comes home. Then everything will be done."

She hurried to finish the chores. Just as she came through the stable doors she saw that Jake was already in the lane so she waited for him. As he came closer, she noticed the creases in his forehead. "That means he has a headache again. Am I ever glad that I did the chores."

"Did you do the milking already?" Jake asked.

"I just now finished with the chores," Iva answered, watching him to see his reactions.

"But - but you don't mean with everything?"

"Yes, I did your chores, too. I just thought I'd surprise you and have them all done when you come home for I knew you'd be tired enough."

Jake didn't answer, but the look of gratitude that shone from his big brown eyes was reward enough. Warm circles chased each other around Iva's heart as she fell in step beside him as they headed for the house.

"Why don't we rest awhile out in this cool air?" Iva suggested. "Maybe we can sleep better then."

Jake agreed. After chatting awhile about the cattle which he had bought, they fell silent, each with his own thoughts.

Suddenly Iva said, "You know what? I can't help from feeling sorry for Dan Annie sometimes."

Jake turned toward her in surprise, "What, you say you feel sorry for her. That's hard to understand. I always thought that maybe you envied her just a little bit."

Now it was Iva's turn to be surprised. "Why should I envy her?"

"Well, Dan has his farm paid off and is making a lot of money. She can buy what she needs instead of having to go without things like you do," Jake answered slowly.

"Yes, I suppose they do have money," Iva answered, "but I think he complains more about the money she spends than what you ever do about what I spend, even if he has lots to spare. But that wasn't what I meant. I mean the way he treats her, so indifferently, and I don't believe he cares much about how she feels."

"What makes you think so?"

"The other day I mentioned to her how you had done the milking for me one evening and it seemed to hit a sore spot. Anyway she kind of broke down and couldn't keep everything to herself so she told me some of her troubles. We shouldn't tell this around, but I do feel sorry

for her?"

"Why, what did she say?"

"She didn't really blame him, just said she doesn't think he realizes how he acts and how she feels. I think some men don't know how much it means to a woman if they notice little things and appreciate them. So much of a woman's work, especially with little children, is the kind that nobody notices unless it's not done. It's so nice, when she does something a little extra once in awhile if her husband notices it, like you do." She squeezed his hand.

"She told me some other things, too, but I really don't think I should repeat them because she's probably sorry she said them since. But when I compare Dan with you, I'm just glad it's you I married!"

Jake smiled as they sat in silence and then he said, "I'm glad you feel that way about it. Sometimes I feel sorry for you because we're having such a time to get on top of our debts."

"We've had more doctor bills than most people," Iva replied, "but this last year has been better. I don't mind working and saving in fact I think it's kind of fun if we can work together. I'd a thousand times rather have a husband like you than to have lots of money and be neglected like Annie is. For after all, what does money mean? The little we have, probably is worth more to us than the lot which Dan has, for he is losing a lot more than the money will ever be worth to him."

They sat in silence and then Iva went on, "Just like tonight now, I knew you would be glad if I did the chores so it was easy to do them."

"Well, I was glad and I still am glad. Not so much just because you did the chores, but that you cared enough about me to do them. I had a headache when I came home but now it's nearly all gone away."

"It's the fresh air that did it," Iva said, "for it's really nice to sit out in the open and breathe in the fresh air."

"But it's not just that and it's not just because you did the chores," Jake objected.

"What do you mean?" Iva asked.

"If I would have come home and you had done all the chores, if you would not have done them willingly, and would have had a long story of all the trials you went through today and would have found fault with me for being gone so long, then I know my headache wouldn't have left regardless of how much fresh air I would have breathed."

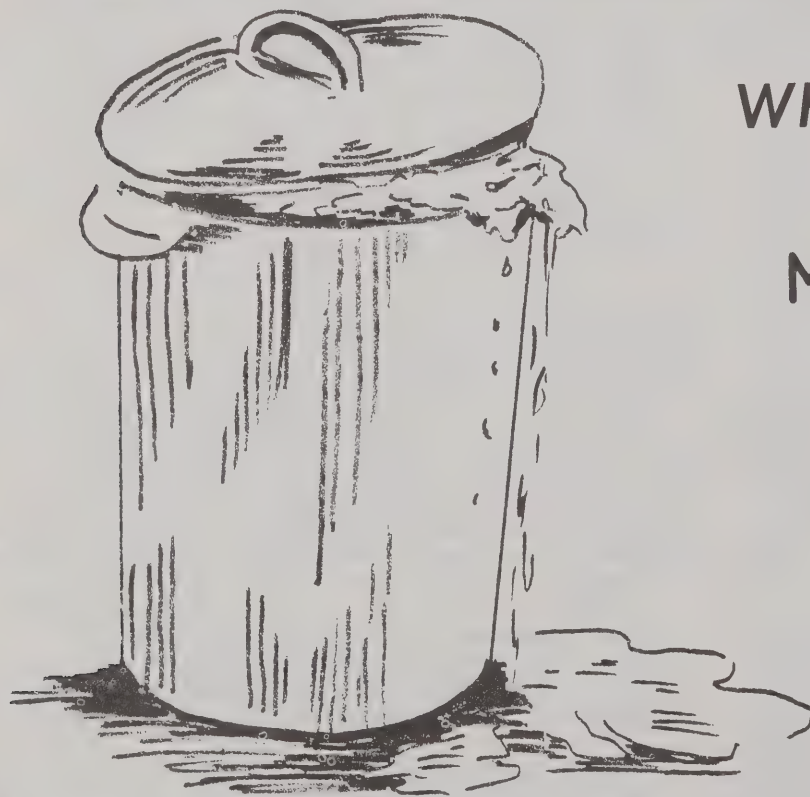
"Yes, I guess you're right," Iva answered. "they always say it is the little things that can spoil a marriage and it is the little things which can make it work. But money isn't one of them and don't you ever go thinking I envy Dan Annie because of the money they have, for I don't."

"All right then," Jake answered, "but I think I'll head for bed. Coming?"

"Yes, pretty soon," Iva answered. But as she lingered a few minutes she gazed up into the clear sky with its multitudes of twinkling stars and the crescent moon sinking in the west, she whispered a prayer, "Oh thank you, Lord, for giving me a husband like Jake."

Then with a grateful heart she opened the screen door and went inside.

\*\*\*\*\*



WHY

MARYANN

WAS WASTEFUL

-Sarah M. Weaver

Maryann watched as the first bubbles appeared on top of the chicken gravy. Then she quickly grabbed a hot pad from the wall and poured the gravy into the waiting bowls on the sink. She gave the inside of the dipper a few hurried scrapes with the spoon. Then she set it into the sink and let water run into it.

Maryann was excited. The threshers were already taking their places at the long table which had been set up in the living room. As she entered with the two gravy bowls quite a few of them smiled and nodded their heads in greeting. Maryann felt her face turning warm. She wondered if she would like working in this new neighborhood.

When Albert Miller and his wife, Emma, had asked her to work as maid, she had asked several persons how

Alberts would be to work for. Each one of them had said Alberts were fine people, and they highly recommended them. Their children were all married except the two youngest ones, Mose and Lee.

When Maryann returned to the kitchen she found Emma holding up the gravy dipper and frowning. She quickly lowered it into the sink again as she saw Maryann approach.

Emma opened a drawer and held up a scraper. She turned to Maryann. "Here's where I keep the scrapers. I guess I should've told you to scrape out the gravy dipper; it is so hard to get it all with a spoon."

Maryann didn't answer but picked up the coffee pot and went into the room again. Her hand shook as she poured the first cup. Imagine! Making a fuss about a bit

of gravy.

"Do you want coffee?" she said aloud to a man with a bald head.

He nodded.

She set the cup by his plate. Maryann gave a sideways glance toward Emma who swept into the room with a dish of steaming dressing. Maryann felt troubled inside. She was sure Emma was angry at her.... and all because of a bit of gravy. "Here I've been here only two days and something like this happens," she thought to herself. "I wonder how it will be by the end of the summer."

When she finished pouring the coffee, Maryann went back into the kitchen and made preparations to wash the dishes. She did not look up as she heard Emma's footsteps behind her.

"Did you notice the man with the bald head?" Emma asked.

Maryann was surprised for Emma's voice was as kind as before. "Then- then she isn't angry at me after all," Maryann thought.

"Yes, I noticed him," Maryann answered, rather glumly.

"That's Martin Troyer. He's our bishop."

Maryann thought she could tell by Emma's voice that she had much respect for the elderly man.

"He's very concerned about the congregation," Emma continued. "He's a good friend of the young people, but he's one that won't stoop to anyone's level to make friends."

"What do you mean stoop to their level?"

"Well, some people think they have to do like others to a certain extent to win them. Martin reproves anyone whom he thinks does wrong and he thinks we should all do that to help one another spiritually. But it should be done in love."

Before Maryann could answer, Emma disappeared into the living room again. Reproves anyone whom he thinks does wrong? Maryann wondered.

As Maryann rinsed out the gravy dipper she noticed that quite a bit of gravy still clung to the sides. "But it's just gravy," she thought. "I'll put it into a mixing bowl for the dog. He has to have something to eat, too."

"I wouldn't throw those lettuce leaves away," Emma said over Maryann's shoulder.

Maryann was taken by surprise. She hadn't heard Emma coming. Maryann quickly set down the bowl with the discarded leaves. Emma had appeared just in time for she was ready to dump them into the slop bucket.

"We bought the lettuce," Emma explained, "and when we wash those leaves real good and put them in a plastic bag and in on the ice, they'll be as good as the rest until supper."

"I'm sure Mother wouldn't keep those old leaves", thought Maryann. "Emma sure must be a little queer. Someone said they have their place paid for. I can't see why they skimp and save like this. I suppose it's so they'll have a lot of money to hand down to their children." Maryann had asked others about Albert Millers but now she formed her own opinion about them.

The next morning Maryann hummed a song as she sorted the wash. The large kettle in the corner of the washhouse was steaming. "Such a looking shirt!" thought Maryann as she held up a patched and partly torn piece of cloth. "I'm sure my brothers wouldn't be seen wearing a worn out shirt." She quickly threw it on one of the piles as she saw Emma coming down the walk.

"Here are some soap shavings," Emma said, handing a dipper to Maryann. "You can put about one-fourth cup of Tide in with this."

When Emma left, Maryann poured the shavings Tide into the wash machine. "Homemade soap," she mused. "I wonder how that'll work." She poured in the hot water and started the motor. Maryann frowned as she saw only a few bubbles of soap on the water as she put in the wash. She poured in more Tide. Soon the foam came up almost to the lid. "If I wash, I want to have my things clean," she mumbled.

With the next batch of clothes, she poured in more

Tide. She hoped Emma wouldn't come into the wash house until she was through washing. While Maryann was hanging out the white wash, she saw Emma going into the wash house. "She must learn that people don't all do their things alike," Maryann half-grumbled.

Emma was gone by the time Maryann came back with the empty clothes basket. She wondered what Emma had wanted. She didn't see anything changed.

Emma didn't complain, or mention anything about the washing. But the next week she went along down to the wash house. She poured some Tide into the washing machine and then carried the box into the house.

Maryann felt disgusted. "If she doesn't want a nice white wash, then she'll have to take it as it comes," she grumbled. "She's just too tight to let me use more Tide."

Maryann was surprised when she saw the nice white wash hanging out on the line. She had been sure it would be tattle-tale grey.

"Your wash looks nice and white," commended Emma when Maryann came into the house.

"I suppose you'll get the credit. You put the soap in," Maryann answered soberly. "What do you want me to do next?" she asked as she seated herself on a chair.

"It's too warm to go out into the garden. I'll start the bread and then we'll do some mending and sew buttons on shirts. You can rest until I'm finished."

Maryann's vexation about the soap incident was erased when she saw Emma's thoughtfulness. Maryann was grateful that Emma didn't send her out into the hot sun. She smiled, "But I'm not used to sitting down and doing nothing."

"I noticed that your mother certainly taught you to work. That's what the people said whom you worked for last summer."

"Oh," Maryann said in surprise. "Then you spoke with them. You asked Amos Garbers about me?"

Emma smiled at the girl. "Yes, and Amos said you're not at all afraid of work."

"I'm almost afraid to ask, but- but did they say anything else about me?" Maryann's heart beat fast as Emma turned her back and didn't answer right away. "Yes, they said more. I don't know if I should tell you or not."

Maryann felt her face turning hot. She liked Amos Garbers and she couldn't imagine what they would've said about her. "I- I'm sure I want to know."

Maryann felt Emma was a long time in answering.

"I guess it's good for people to get some good recommendation. For it would be discouraging to hear everything bad. And it wouldn't be well for a person to hear everything good about themselves, or they might soon become proud."

"But- but was it all good?"

Emma smiled at Maryann. "I hope you won't feel bad toward them if I tell you."

By this time Maryann was nervously picking on the seam of her apron. She shook her head. "No, I don't want to. I want to know what they said." Her voice became firmer and quivered a little.

Again Emma studied awhile. "Well, I've told you this much, so I might as well tell you more. Surely you know that the recommendation wasn't too bad or we wouldn't have asked you to work for us this summer."

"No, I guess not," Maryann mumbled.

"Of course I thought ever since you came, that maybe I should tell you for our Bishop tells us to help one another. I want to help you what ever I can just as if you'd be our own daughter."

Maryann was becoming impatient. "But- but what did Amoses say?"

"They told us you were a good worker and a very nice girl to work with but you had one fault." Emma paused a moment. "They said you're wasteful and aren't taught to save."

Maryann sat stunned. She felt like crying. Bitter thoughts arose toward Amoses. "All I've done for them, and they go telling such things about me! I wonder what

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else they said," her mind went. "Just see if I'll ever go back and visit them!"

Emma started for the living room. "You can come along in with me and we'll sew. Maybe tonight after supper we can get out and hoe."

Maryann seated herself on a hassock in front of Emma. Emma handed a shirt and needle to her. "Here, you can use these blue buttons," she said giving her a card. "Can you make buttonholes?"

Maryann nodded her head. She didn't feel like talking. "So that's why Emma put Tide into the wash machine, and then carried it into the house. She didn't trust me after what Amoses said."

"How long did you work at Amoses?" asked Emma finally trying to break the silence. She hoped she could persuade her hired girl not to feel bitter toward Amos Garbers.

"All summer."

Again there was silence.

Maryann was glad that Emma had cut the buttonholes. She finished one and started for the next.

"Your buttonholes look nicer than mine," said Emma with a smile. Maryann didn't answer.

"How many children do Amoses have?" Emma asked.

"Nine." Maryann was about to say that they had a baby when she was there, but she decided if Emma didn't know, she needn't know.

"I suppose it seems lonely here, compared to their home." Emma cut a patch for one of the shirts.

"I could tell her that I liked it there, and I like it here, too," thought Maryann. "But now I wonder how I could like it at Amoses. Her talking about me to other people."

When Maryann didn't answer, Emma began, "I hope you don't feel bad about what I told you today, Maryann. We all have our faults, and our shortcomings. This life is a continuous struggle against sin and bad habits. I suppose you'll see more than once when you work here that I'm not perfect either."

"Yes, but I won't go about telling others," said Maryann as she swallowed hard and blinked to keep back the tears.

"I certainly appreciate you if you don't. That would be a true friend. But what would be a still better friend would be if you'd help me to see my faults so I could

correct them."

Maryann looked at Emma with unbelieving eyes. Would Emma really want her to tell her her faults? "You mean you wouldn't get angry at me if I'd tell you your faults?"

Emma smiled. "Isn't this what I told you that our Bishop wants us to do. You probably didn't realize that you were wasteful, nor even thought that such a thing was wrong."

"You mean it's a sin. Mother often told us not to be so wasteful, but I just thought many such little things really didn't matter."

"Such as what?" Emma pinned the patch to the apron and waited for Maryann to answer.

"Such as----" Maryann's eyes went to the ceiling as she pondered. Then she looked guiltily at Emma. "Such as putting too much soap into the wash machine. I - I wanted the wash to be nice and white."

"I'm sure you did, but too much soap is hard on the wash and it really isn't necessary."

"But do you think it's a sin to use too much soap?"

Emma noticed that the tension in the girl was lessening. "It isn't just that, Maryann, but obedience is connected with that. You knew how I wanted it. I tried to trust you but- but--"

"--but I didn't do as I should have," Maryann finished with bowed head.

Emma felt sorry for the young girl. She waited awhile and then she began again, "The Bible says if we're not faithful in little things we won't be faithful in larger things. And if we're not faithful in everyday things, then how can God trust us with spiritual things. God is ready to give us talents if we take care of them."

"But I thought that meant being honest with money."

"It means money, but it means other things, too. Just like our clothes. I think we lose many blessings if we discard clothing that can still be worn just because it isn't pretty any more."

Maryann thought of the many dresses in her closet that she refused to wear because she wanted new ones. She didn't want to wear patched clothing. She thought of how she scoffed at the shirt in the wash house. Did God really notice such little things?

She listened as Maryann continued.

"The Bible tells us when the Israelites left Egypt and went to Canaan, their shoes and other clothing didn't wear out. Just think, over forty years they wore the same clothes!"

"I never thought about that. But it seems a person would get tired wearing a dress that long."

Emma smiled as she held out the apron with its patches and scrutinized it. "We're just spoiled, and the younger generation is even more so. I didn't have many Sunday dresses when I was a girl and I'm still wearing them for Sunday. My wedding dress and my baptismal dress and a few others." Emma looked at the thread that Maryann had pulled out of her needle's eye. "I - I usually use the thread until I can't stitch anymore with it. I think I can use it on my next patch."

Emma reached forward, but Maryann beat her. Quickly she picked up the thread she had tossed aside and tried to thread her needle again. "I'll use it on my next button," she said. Then she looked at Emma and grinned sheepishly.

**T**he longer Maryann worked for Albert Millers the better she liked it. The boys were just as nice and friendly as the parents. After Maryann had been there for several weeks she went home over the weekend. The next Monday morning found Maryann at her job again.

"I see you're back," said Emma with a smile.

"Yes, and it was a short weekend," answered Maryann as she set her hair back from her face with her hand. "Mother and Dad said they might come one day to

visit us when they can find time."

"Well, that will be nice. I don't know your parents very well. I'm glad if they can come."

"They said if they can't come through the week, then they'd try and come to church when it's here."

"Let's see, that's in about four weeks. You ought to write and tell them to come overnight. Do you think they would?"

"Could be. They don't have many chores. Dad works in a factory, you know." There was a happy look on her face as she stood swinging her bonnet by the strings.

Maryann took her suitcase upstairs. When she returned Emma soon took notice that her hired girl was wearing a slightly faded dress. Emma was pleased. She had hoped the talk she had with Maryann would convince the girl that it wasn't always necessary to wear a good dress there on the farm.

"Maybe you better put on an old apron this morning for I decided we'd butcher some hens to can. There are only ten left and Albert would like to have them out of the way."

"But this is just an old dress. It won't matter if it gets splashed."

Emma examined the dress more closely. "It may be a little faded but it looks like good material and will last for awhile yet."

Maryann gave a short laugh. "I hope not. I brought some goods along from home for two dresses. Mother thought if I find time I could make them here."

"Of course I can give you time to make them. Some day when it's too hot to work outside or when it rains." Emma began counting Maryann's dresses in her mind. "But I guess you won't be needing them before church," she added.

"Oh, but I thought one would be nice to wear when people come to get ready for church and the other would be nice for church. Most of my dresses are so old already."

"They look quite new to me."

Maryann thoughtfully considered Emma's words as she poured boiling water into a bucket. She looked up at the older woman. "Do you- do you think it's wasteful to have too many dresses?"

Emma tied an old apron around her waist before she answered. "If your mother thinks it's all right, I- I guess it's all right."

Maryann carried the hot water outside and Emma followed. They rounded the woodshed as the headless chickens were flopping around on the ground. Albert stood with an ax in his hand. "Should I get them all ready right away?" he asked.

"Only four at a time," replied Emma as she picked up one of the chickens by the legs and dipped them into the hot water.

Maryann waited until they were pulling feathers to begin on the subject again. She felt Emma didn't agree with her having the two new dresses. "I only have eight everyday dresses," she thought. "Eight good ones." Her mind went to the many old, discarded dresses that were hanging on the store room wall. She was glad Emma didn't know about them. "She can't expect me to wear tattered old dresses when I work away," her thoughts continued. "It's different if you live on a farm, but we don't live on a farm."

"Do you think it's wrong to have so many dresses?" Maryann began again.

"I'm afraid it can amount to wastefulness. It seems if we have an over-abundant supply of anything, we're apt to use the best and leave the rest- or maybe throw some away that are good yet."

Maryann knew she was guilty of this.

"And if we have an abundance of something, we're not apt to give it the care nor appreciate it as much as when we have less. It's just the same way with toys. Children who have many toys are not as well satisfied as those with a few. And they often don't care too much if they break for they know they'll get more. And I've heard of people who spend so much on food. They get an over-

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supply and much of it goes to waste. We should consider ourselves the stewards of God and we should be careful how we spend our money, and care for our things."

Maryann thought of the few patches that were on her dresses- the ones that she thought were worn out. She didn't know what to answer Emma. "Do you want me to get more hot water for the others?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Stewards of God," Maryann repeated to herself, as she went to get water. "It seems I've heard that before, but I didn't give it a thought. Am I a good steward of God when I buy cold cream, perfume,---" Maryann thought of all the things in her drawers at home. Why hadn't her mother told her about such things? Stewards of God. Stewards of God.

Emma Miller was pleased with her hired girl. "She's a good worker," she told her husband one day, and she learns fast. Why, I'm surprised how she has changed in some ways since she came. And to think she's been only here a little over two months. When I explain something to her, I can trust that she'll do things the way I want her to. But I can't understand why her mother didn't teach her about wastefulness. What do you suppose was wrong?"

"I don't know either, but I'm glad you like her so well," her husband replied. "If you like her then chances are she likes her work here, too."

Maryann swung her broom back and forth as she scrubbed the walks. Every so often her eyes would travel down the road. She was sure her parents would come to stay overnight and then attend their church the next day.

The Albert Miller family had eaten supper already and were finished with the chores when Maryann's folks arrived. Maryann ran out to the buggy, followed by the others. "Oh, Mother," she gasped as the elderly woman stepped from the buggy. "You brushed your dress against the wheel!" Maryann walked forward and with her hand she began to brush the dirt from her mother's apron.

"Oh, never mind," the mother said, "this is just an old dress and should be discarded anyway."

Maryann looked at her mother's pretty dress, then she glanced back to see if Emma had heard. She hoped she hadn't.

Emma graciously took the visitor's hand in hers. "I'm so glad you could come. Maryann hurried and finished with the work before supper."

"You talk as if I did all the work," laughed Maryann.

"I feel at times as if you do," returned Emma. Then she turned to her guest. "You didn't have supper yet, did you?"

"Yes, we had supper." She reached into the buggy and drew out a box. "We brought our lunch along on the way. There are some sandwiches left over, and a few other things. Maybe you have a dog to feed it to."

Maryann peered into the box, and drew out a pack. "Oh, but these things look so good yet," she answered.

"But they won't taste so good by tomorrow afternoon. We'll start home early enough so we can be home for supper."

"But we shouldn't throw these things away," answered Maryann. "I'll put it into the spring house. Maybe you'll be wanting it after all."

Mother looked at Maryann. "What's come over you? You were always so quick to throw something away." She looked at Emma. "When I thought I'd have something for the next meal then I'd usually find it in the slop bucket," she finished with a laugh.

Emma didn't answer but turned and started for the house. "Come, and we'll go inside."

"Oh, yes," said Mother to Maryann, "Dad saw Amos Garbers and they said they'd like to come to church

tomorrow, too, when they heard we were going. They said it seems so long since they've seen you."

Amos Garbers? Maryann could hardly believe her ears. Bitterness arose within her when she thought of what they had said to Albert Millers about her.

When Maryann didn't answer right away, Emma said, "You'll be glad to see them, won't you?"

"I'm sure she will," answered Mother for her daughter.

Maryann didn't know what to say for she herself didn't know if she would really be glad to see them. Why did Amoses have to say something like that to Alberts? Her thoughts continued further, "But Alberts would've found it out anyway. I guess I really was wasteful. Alberts had asked them and they only wanted to tell them the truth and they didn't tell anyone else."

The next morning Maryann found herself looking

forward to seeing Amos Garbers. She stood by the window watching when her mother joined her.

"Maryann," she said in a low voice so Emma wouldn't hear. "Didn't you have any time to make your new dress. It would've looked much better than the one you have on."

Maryann smiled. "Yes, Emma would've given me time to make it, but I've decided I don't really need the dresses. Guess I should wear out my old ones first. I don't want to wear my best dresses while working here on the farm."

"This doesn't sound like you, Maryann. I thought you were so glad for the pretty dress goods, and you always seemed so anxious to make the new dresses right away."

"I'll get them made sometime, but there's no hurry for... Look! There come Amoses!" She started for the door. "Oh, I want to be the first to get the baby!" ■■

## Editorielles —

### Warnung vom Abfall.

Das Gedicht wo wir oben gebraucht haben, handelt ein wenig vom Abfall der Gemeinde zu Ephesus, wie zu finden ist in Offenb. 2, 1—7.

Wenn ich recht bin, war dies Gedicht geschrieben von einem alten Bischof in Jowa mit Namen Sam Bender, der schon lange nicht mehr am Leben ist. Wir haben mit ihm besucht so etwa 30 Jahre zurück, und ich glaube nicht daß er lange gelebt hat nachgehens.

Die Gemeinde zu Ephesus hatte ein Abscheu von die Bösen. Sie hat einige untersucht wo vorgaben Aposteln zu sein, und warens nicht. Sie waren als Lügner erfunden. Sie hatte viel Verträglichkeit und viel Geduld, und ist nicht müde geworden im Arbeiten um Jesu Namens Willen. Solches war doch alles gut, was hat dann gefehlt? Es heißt: „Aber ich habe wider dich, daß du die erste Liebe verlässest. Gedenke wovon du gefallen bist, und tue Buße, und tue die ersten Werke.“ Wir vernehmen daß etwas großes gefehlt, denn es heißt weiter: „Wo aber nicht, werde ich dir kommen bald und deinen Leuchter wegstoßen von seiner Stätte, wo du nicht Buße tust.“

Ein Ausleger sagt: „Die erste Liebe verlassen“ meint, daß sie nicht mehr so eifrig war im Glauben und in die Liebe gegen Jesu als wie vorher. Die Liebe zu Gott ist der Ursprung des christlichen Glaubens, daß wir Gott über alles geliebt haben. Wenn wir dann laß und trüg werden in diesem, so ist ein großes gefehlt. Es war so viel gefehlt daß es heißt, sie mußte Buße tun, ohne wahre Buße konnte sie nicht bestehen.

Nach meinem Dünken, wenn wir so durch diese Geschichte lesen von die sieben Gemeinden in Asien könnten wir alle eine Warnung nehmen.

Es heißt zu allen: „Wer Ohren hat, der höre, was der Geist den Gemeinen sagt.“ Was aber nachgehens folgt ist nicht bei allen gleich. Die Gemeinde zu Ephesus war es gesagt: „Wer überwindet, dem will ich zu essen geben von dem Holz des Lebens, das im Paradies Gottes ist.“

In Offenb. 22 lesen wir von dem Holz des Lebens welches 12 mal Früchte brachte, und die Blätter des Holzes dienten zu der Gesundheit der Heiden. Wir glauben dies ist die herrliche Frucht für die Kinder Gottes, die in dem Paradies Gottes einkommen können. Es soll dienen zu ihrer Gesundheit, denn da wird keine Krankheit mehr sein.

Die Gemeinde zu Smyrna war gesagt, sie hatten viel nicht verlengnet . . . Aber ich habe ein kleines wider dich —“ Hier kommt es wieder, etwas am fehlen. Sie hatten Leute unter sich wo an der Lehre Bileams hielten. Dieser lehrte den Balak ein Aergernis aufrichten vor den Kindern Israel, zu essen Götzenopfer und Hurerei zu treiben. Sie hatten auch solche wo an der Lehre der Nikolaiten hielten, und es heißt: „Das hasse ich.“ O wie gefährlich, wenn wir etwas tun wo Gott hasset. Er sagte auch wie sie sollen Buße tun, ohne Buße ist keine Verheißung. „Wer überwindet, dem will ich zu essen geben von dem verborgnen Manna, und will ihm geben einen weißen Stein, und auf dem Stein einen neuen Namen geschrieben, welchen niemand kennet, denn der ihn empfähet.“ Wir glauben, daß dies verborgne Manna ist etwas daß aufbewahret ist im Himmel für die wahre Christi Nachwölker. Jesus sagte einstmal: „Unsere Väter haben Manna gegessen in der Wüste, wie geschrieben stehet: „Er gab ihnen Brot vom Himmel zu essen.“ Dann heißt es auch: „Eure Väter haben Manna gegessen in der Wüste, und sind gestorben.“ Er sagte: „Ich bin das Brot des Lebens.“

Die Gemeinde zu Thyatira schreibe: „Das saget der Sohn Gottes, der Augen hat wie Feuerflammen, und seine Füße gleichwie Messing: Ich weiß deine Werke und deine Liebe und deinen Dienst und deinen Glauben und deine Geduld, und daß du je länger je mehr tust.“ Dies lautet so ziemlich gut; doch kommen die Worte wieder: „Aber ich habe wider dich . . .“ Sie ließen das Weib Zebel lehren, diese gab vor Trübsal und Armut, aber sie waren reich. Es waren Lästern über sie kommen von solche wo sagten sie waren Juden und warens nicht, sie waren des Satans Schule. Sie sollten sich nicht fürchten von solche, der Teufel wird etliche ins Gefängnis werfen, sie werden versucht werden und Trübsal haben, aber es heißt: „Sei getren bis an den Tod, so will ich dir die Krone des Lebens geben.“ Zu diese heißt es: „Wer überwindet, dem soll kein Leid geschehen von dem andern Tode.“ Das meint wohl die Strafe der Bösen auf der andere Seite des Grabes. Hier ist wiederum Trost, aber es heißt: „Wer überwindet.“

Nun bei der Gemeinde zu Pergamus finden wir derjenige am reden wo das scharfe zweischneidige Schwert hat: „Ich weiß, was du tust, und wo du wohnest, da des Satans Stuhl ist.“ Das lautet doch sehr gefährlich, aber es heißt: „Du hältst an meinem Namen, und hast meinen Glauben

eine Prophetin zu sein, und hat doch Leute verführet Hurerei zu treiben und Gößenopfer zu essen. Er sagt er hat ihr zeit gegeben Buße zu tun für ihre Hurerei; aber sie tut nicht Buße. Es heißt, sie wird weggeworfen und alle diejenige wo mit ihr die Ehe gebrochen haben, in große Trübsal, wo sie nicht Buße tun für ihre Werke, und ihre Kinder will ich zu Tod schlagen. Und alle Gemeinen sollen erkennen, daß ich bin, der die Nieren und Herzen erforschet; und werde geben einem jeglichen unter euch nach seinen Werken.

Wenn wir über solchem kommen erinnert es uns an die Worte: „Erschrecklich ist es in die Hände des lebendigen Gottes zu fallen.“ Ist es nicht in Wahrheit so? Erschrecklich wird es sein für diejenige wo die Worte hören werden: „Gehet hin ihr Verfluchten, in das ewige Feuer, das bereitet ist dem Teufel und seinen Engeln.“

Es waren aber Leute unter diese Gemeinde wo nicht hielten an die Lehre der Nebel. Und er sagte zu ihnen: Haltet was ihr habt, bis daß ich komme. Da ist wiederum Trost: „Und wer da überwindet, und hält meine Werke bis ans Ende, dem will ich Macht geben über die Heiden, und er soll sie weiden mit einem eisernen Stabe, und wie eines Töpfers Gefäße soll er sie zerischmeißen, wie ich von meinem Vater empfangen habe, und will ihm geben den Morgenstern.“ Ja, leuchten in alle Ewigkeit mit Jesus der rechte Morgenstern.

Wir kommen ein wenig zurück an die Worte da es heißt von die Nebel: „Und ihre Kinder will ich zu Tod schlagen.“ Wir vernehmen bei diesem ist nicht gemeint natürlich geborene Kinder, sondern alle die ihr nachfolgen in ihre böse Werke.

Die Gemeinde zu Sardes heißt es: „Ich weiß deine Werke, denn du hast den Namen, daß du lebest, und bist tot. Werde wacker und stärke das andere, das sterben will; denn ich habe deine Werke nicht völlig erfunden vor Gott.“

O wie bedauerlich dies lautet, aber es war ihr gesagt sie soll Buße tun, sie soll wachen und wenn nicht, dann wird er über sie kommen wie ein Dieb, und sie wird nicht wissen, welche Stunde er über sie kommen wird.

Zum erstannen aber, heißt es wieder von diese Gemeinde: „Du hast etliche Namen zu Sardes, die nicht ihre Kleider besudelt haben; und sie werden mit mir wandeln in weißen Kleidern, denn sie sind es wert.“

Die Gemeinde zu Philadelphia ward gesagt: „Das jaget der Heilige, der Wahrhaftige, der da hat den Schlüssel Davids, der aufstut, und niemand zuschließt, der zuschließt, und niemand tut auf.“ Er sagt sie hat eine kleine Kraft, und hat sein Wort behalten, und seinen Namen nicht verleugnet.

Wir können eigentlich nicht sagen daß er etwas schlechtes gesagt hat wegen diese Gemeinde. Wir lassen der zehnte Vers hier noch folgen: „Dieweil du hast bewahret das Wort meiner Geduld, will Ich auch dich bewahren vor der Stunde der Versuchung, die kommen wird über der ganzen Welt Kreis, zu versuchen, die da wohnen auf Erden.“ Er sagt ihr nicht daß sie Buße tun soll, aber sie soll halten was sie hat, daß niemand ihre Krone nehme.

Wir kommen zu die letzte von diese sieben Gemeinen, die Gemeinde zu Laodicea. „Ich weiß deine Werke, daß du weder kalt noch warm bist. Ach, daß du kalt oder warm wärest! Weil du aber lau bist und weder kalt noch warm, werde ich dich ausspeien aus meinem Munde. Diese Gemeinde war in einem bedauerlichen Zustand, und doch meinte sie reich zu sein. „Du sprichst: Ich bin reich und habe gar satt und bedarf nichts; und weißt nicht, daß du bist elend und jämmerlich, arm, blind und bloß. Es scheint mir diese Gemeinde

mußte neu aufangen, Gold kaufen, daß mit Feuer durchläutert ist, so daß sie reich werden kann, weiße Kleider antun daß nicht offenbar werde die Schande ihrer Blöße, Augen salbe gebrauchen so daß sie sehen kann. Er sagt: „Welche ich lieb habe, die strafe und züchtige ich. So sei nun fleißig, und tue Buße.“

Wir fürchten der Abfall vom rechten christlichen Glauben ist groß unter unsere sogenannten christlichen Gemeinden. Lasset uns alle eine Warnung nehmen von dem sichern Stand, nicht zu viel denken alles ist so ziemlich schön und glatt am gehen. Wir möchten auch in dem lauen Zustand kommen wo wir aus Gottes Mund gespeiet werden und es nicht gewahr sein.

Zum Beschluß heißt es wieder: „Wer überwindet, dem will ich geben mit mir auf meinem Stuhl zu sitzen, wie Ich überwunden habe und bin gesessen mit meinem Vater auf seinem Stuhl.“

Wir beschließen noch einmal mit den Worten: „Wer Ohren hat, der höre, was der Geist den Gemeinen sagt.“



Sammy

wollte

helfen.

Die Morgen-Sonne scheint über die Bäumen auf der Sammy. Er sitzt in dem Hintersitz von die Surrey. Neben ihn war die Anna und ihre Mutter, die Maud Miller. Auf dem Vorderstisch war der Vater und die zwei Buben, Amos und Andy. Sie waren fröhlich als sie nach die Gemeinde gingen.

„Ich bin so froh es wir so früh sind,“ sagt die Mutter. „Der Gaul kann laufen und es ist ein schöner Tag.“

„Dort geht ein Goldfisch!“ greift der Andy. Sie wachen alle als der gelbe Vogel auf die Fense sitzt und singt.

Ein brauner Vogel fliegt aus die Hecken neben dem Weg. „Doooh, ist seller Kardinal schön!“ spricht die Anna, als sie die Finger streckt.

Die Buben lachen. „Seller Kardinal ist ein Braun-Thrush,“ exclaimt der Amos.

Als sie über eine Brücke gehen sehen sie auf die Schönheit von dem Wasser und die wilde Blumen in das grüne Gras. „Alles ist so schön!“ spricht die Mutter. „Ich meine August ist der schönste Monat im Jahr.“

„Ich gleich auch die Sommerzeit denn wir können fischen gehen,“ antwortete Sammy. „Ich hoffe wir können an die Kreek gehen nächst Woch.“

„Ich auch,“ greift der Andy von dem Vorderstisch.

„Nicht so laut,“ ermahnte der Vater. „Wir sehen mol, wir sind bald fertig mit dem zweiten Krop Hen.“

Diese Antwort macht der Morgen noch fröhlicher. Sammy fängt an zu singen in eine leise Stimme.

Sie waren nicht lang an die Heimat wo der Gottesdienst gehalten war, dann fragt der Armen-Diener der John Miller ob sie die Gemeinde nehmen könnten das nächste Mal.

John ging aus Haus und rufte die Maud zu sich im Hof, und erzählte was der Armen-Diener gesagt hat.

„Ach, wir haben so viel Arbeit!“ antwortete sie. „Es ist Mose Nisslens ihre Zeit für sie nehmen.“

„Ich weiß wohl, aber der Mose sagt sein Weib ist nicht gesund,“ explaint der John Miller.

„Was wegen des Joe Farmwalds?“ sagt die Maud. „Es ist bald ihre Zeit auch.“

„Sie sagen des Joes sind fort auf ein Trip und sie wissen nicht wann sie heim kommen. Ich glaub wir können sie nehmen wenn die Buben gut helfen.“

Die Maud schute daß sie gar keine Excuse finden kann. „Ja well, ich denk wir können es mol probieren. Ich hab dann nicht des Joes oder des Moses für mich helfen. Ich wunder ob ich rüsten kann in Zeit?“

„Ja wohl, wir sind gesund und wir können es tun.“ Der John wartet nicht für eine Antwort mehr und läuft gegen die Schener.

Ganz durch dem Gottesdienst war die Maud Miller am sedten für ihre Gedanken auf die Worte von die Lieder und die Predigt halten. Ob sie es wußte war sie am denken. „Dan Hostetlers können auch nicht helfen . . . wann die Buben zeit haben für mir helfen im Hof . . . Sammy kann helfen das Essen machen . . . und die Anna muß helfen allezeit mit dem Geschirr . . . die Hof Fence muß aber ge-paint werden . . . und der Keller ist not zu weiheln . . . das kann ich vielleicht tun die erste Woch . . .“

Gerade nach dem Essen wollte die Maud Heim gehen. „Ich muß Heim geh ruhen,“ sagt sie zu ihrem Mann. „Denn ich hab viel Arbeit.“

„Fürwas müssen wir grad Heim gehen?“ guntterte der Sammy als er aufs Surrey kratelt. „Mose, Larry und Ich hatten nicht Zeit für spielen.“

„Spielen, spielen. Das ist alles was ihr denkt dran. Wir haben die Gemeine kriegt und ihr müßet helfen arbeiten,“ spricht die Mutter als sie sich setze in ihrem Eck vom Surrey. Als sie nans auf dam Weg fahren, klagte sie, „Ich wünsche des Mose Nisslens oder das Joe Farmwalds hätten können die Gemeinde nehmen. Sie haben mehr Hilf es ich habe.“

„Du hast auch viel Hilf,“ antwortete der Vater. „Siehe, hier ist der Amos, Sammy, Andy und die Anna . . . und mid,“ Er lächelte ein wenig. „Wir können die Mäm helfen, gel Kinder?“ fragte er sie.

„Ja wohl,“ antwortete der Amos. „Wir sind nicht so

klein.“

„Nein, wir sind groß genug,“ sagt der Sammy. „Wir können die Arbeit tun und dann fischen —“

„Ich kann die Tische rüsten und anskeeren,“ greift die Anna hinein ob der Sammy fertig war schwelen.

„Wir können viel tun,“ vereinigte der Andy.

„Siehe,“ sagt der Vater als er zurück sieht gegen die Maud und lächelte. „Wir haben eine ganze Krew am arbeiten für uns.“

Die Mutter lächelte auch gegen ihren Mann.

„Es ist gut,“ geht der Vater an, „wann wir gern rüsten für ein Gottesdienst. Ich gleich es tun, especially im Sommer. Am Sonntag Morgen ist alles sauber und schön, und wir kriegen viel Pind.“

„. . . ich muß früh aufstehen und das Wasser hizen für wäschen . . . Sammy kann vielleicht mir helfen . . .“ Murmelte die Mutter als sie der Weg geht.

„Was bist du am sagen?“ fragte der Vater von dem Borderfick.

„Ach, ich war nur am denken was ich alles zu tun habe früh am Morgen,“ antwortete sie.

„Was du zu tun hast am Morgen!“ exclaint er. „Weißt du nicht es hente Sonntag ist?“

Sie schämte sich. „Ich denk ich habe es vergessen, aber ich habe viel zu tun.“

„Was sagt die Bibel wegen sorgen für der Morgen? Haben wir nicht gesagt wir helfen?“ spricht er.

„Ich will probieren besser tun,“ antwortete sie demütiglich.

Am kommenden Morgen steht der Sammy früh auf. Er reibt seine Augen als er ins Wäschhaus geht. Seine Mutter war am die Wäsch verlesen. Sie nimmt ein Armboll und schubt es in die Wäschmaschine. „Du kannst Wasser tragen für schwenken,“ greift sie wo sie ihn gesehen hat.

Sammy kann sie bald nicht hören weil der Motor laut macht, aber er sehnte sie ein Finger strecken gegen die Schwenk-Zuber. Er wünschte er konnte noch länger schlafen. Er kriegt ein Eimer hinein und geht an die Pump. Wo er der zweite Eimer hinein leeren wollte dann leerte er neben dran. Der Motor stoppte. Alles war still.

„Sammy, was hast du getan?“ zankte die Mutter.

„Ich hab nur das Wasser verschloppt,“ explaint er.

„Nein, du hast Wasser auf dem Spark-Plug verschloppt.“ Tiefe Graben kommen zwischen ihre Augen. „Nun können wir nicht wäschen bis es trocken ist. Du kannst nun gehen und helfen melken, und siehe daß ihr alle geschwind kommt fürs Früh-Stück.“

Sammy seine Freud zu rüsten für die Gemeinde war schon bald verschunden als er steht und sieht seine Mutter. Er fühlt verdrossen. „Wäre ich im Bett geblieben wär dieses nicht so zungen,“ dachte er als er gegen die Schener lauft mit seine Hände in die Säcke und sein Kopf gebückt.

Sammy nimmt ein tiefer Odem, als er die Geschirr-Wäschschüssel auf ein Nagel hängt. Er fängt an seine Hemärmel nunter wickeln.

Die Mutter stellte zwei Korbe auf dem Ruchboden. „Ich will nans gehen und die Wäsch aus die Wäschmaschine tun, dann werden wir geh Pershing holen.“

Wo die Mutter nans gegangen ist dann sagt der Sammy: „Wir können Pershing holen. Die Mäm hat viel Arbeit. Komm, wir wollen springen.“

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„Ich gleich rüsten für die Gemein,“ sagt die Anna als sie probiert der Sammy nach halten.

„Ich auch,“ antwortete der Sammy. „Ich gleich wann mal alles schön guckt.“ Er kratzt auf ein Pershing-Baum und fängt an ein Zweige zu schütteln. Die Pershing fallen auf den Boden. „Tue sie geschwind in dem Korb so es wir sie füllen ob die Mäm kommt.“

Es war nicht notwendig es der Sammy dies sagt, denn die Anna war schon an die Pershing anlesen — die faulen mitt die guten.

Sammy fängt an zu ruppen die es er nicht abschütteln konnte, und schmeißt sie auf dem Boden.

Anna lachelt als sie die aufhebt wo der Sammy schmeißt. „Siehe, ich habe ein Korb bald voll,“ lachte sie.

Sammy sieht seine Mutter kommen aus die Hans-Tür. Schnell zieht er mehr von die Zweigen und schmeißt.

„Dooooow!“ greißt die Anna als sie ihren Kopf hebt und fängt an heulen. „Du hast mich getroffen und du hast es parpis\* getan.“

Sammy war verschrocken. „Ich hab nicht,“ tut er sich rechtfertigen. „Anna, tu nicht weinen. Ich hab nicht wollen.“ Er hebt sich an ein Zweig und läßt sich fallen auf dem Boden. „Dooooow!“ nun fängt er an zu wimpeln. Seine zwei Füße waren in dem Korb.

Wo die Anna das sieht fing sie an zu lachen. Sie lachte als sie Tränen von ihre Augen reibt.

Wo die Mutter dazu kommen ist war der Sammy an seine Füße aus Gras buken.

„Was bist du am tun?“ fragte sie in schlechtem Mut. Sie sieht in dem Korb hinein. Viele waren vermischt.

Sammy antwortet nichts, denn er wußte bald nicht was sagen.

„Verwas hast du die grüne Pershing abg'ruppt?“ fragte sie. „Und verwas sind die wie Misch?“

„Sammy ist in dem Korb g'falle,“ lachte die Anna. „Er hat mich auch getroffen mit ein harter Pershing.“

„Ist das was ich gehört hab?“ fragt sie. „Verwas habt ihr nicht warten können bis ich kommen bin und g'holten? Siehe, ihr habt ein Mess gemacht in dem Korb. Hier sind grüne und faule . . .“ Sie schmeißte ein wenig weg.

Sammy war bald in Tränen.

„Wir füllen der andere Korb, dann gehen wir Heim,“ sagt die Mäm weiter.

Der Wäschmaschine Motor war noch am gehen wo sie aus Haus kommen waren. Die Mutter stellte die Pershing auf dem Wäschhaus Boden. „Nun kannst du mir helfen fertig wäschen,“ greißt sie in sein Ohr. Sie nimmt der Deckel ab und fängt an die Kopf-Sied und Leintücher durch dem Bringer tun. Wo sie fertig war, greißt sie wieder in Sammy sein Ohr: „Kriege der Handlumpen Haufen und tue es in die Maschine dann komme mit mir an die Wäschelein.“

„Ich wünsche ich darfte auch helfen,“ sagt der Andy.

„Wann du mol so groß bist es ich dann kannst du auch helfen,“ greißt der Sammy zurück über seine Achsel\* als er hinaus springt.

Andy folgt der Sammy in dem Keller. Die Mutter hebt ein Sack mit Kalk\* auf und leerte ein wenig in dem Eimer. Anna und die zwei Bubben stehen und gucken an als sie Wasser leerte und fängt an zu rühren.

„Ich wünsche ich darfte die Mäm helfen,“ sagt der Andy wieder.

„Andy!“ ruft eine Stimm von die Schener. „Bring feller

Hammer!“

Andy springt für die Stege und geht hinaus.

„Ich tue die Geiling und du darfst die Seite tun,“ sagt die Mutter als sie die Treppe-Leiter neben die Wand stellt.

Sammy steigt auf ein Tisch mit eine große Bürste\* in seine Hand.

„Geh nur ein wenig ins Weißel mit die Bürste,“ tut die Mutter directen.

Sammy dunkt seine Bürste in dem Eimer, dann schlenkert er es auf die Wand.

„Tue dein Eimer nahe, und gib ein wenig acht. Streich es an, bis keins mehr auf die Bürste ist. Mühr das Weißel oft.“

Sammy hatte acht als seine Mutter auf die Leiter geht und fängt an zu weißeln. Das weiße Wasser spricht hie und her. Er fängt an zu weißeln.

„Schlenkere deine Bürste nicht so viel!“ . . . „tue nicht so tief dunken!“ . . . „gib bissel acht!“ . . . „Mühr dein Weißel!“ Es lautet als wenn die Mutter bald ungeduldig wär, und zankte.

Es war nimmer Gespäß zum Sammy.

Die Anna steht und schaute zu, dann geht sie hinaus und spielt. Ueber einweil kommt sie hinein am springen. „Mäm,“ sagt sie: „Es ist ein Mann hier und ich glaub es er Eier kaufen will.“

„Oh, wie guck ich!“ spricht sie. „Ich habe gewünscht fertig zu machen ob es Zeit ist für das Abend-Essen machen. Ach, verwas muß er kommen.“ Sie schüßt ihre Haare unter das alt blau Tuch es sie auf ihr Haupt hat. Sie hatte ein alter verflachter und verrissener Frock an, und nun war er befleckt mit Weißel. „Ich tue vielleicht Ensy-Welschkorn holen ob ich herunter komme,“ sagt sie ob sie die Thür hinaus geht.

Sammy sieht die Wand an es noch nicht fertig war. Er wünschte auch sie wären fertig. Er zieht die Leiter gegen die Wand und sagt zu die Anna: „Lang mir die Eimer. Ich kann dies allein fertig machen.“

„Meinst du, du kannst allein weißeln?“ fragte sie als sie der Eimer zu ihm langte.

„Ach ja,“ antwortete er. „Ich habe schon viel geweißelt. Schon ganz seit dem Mittag.“ Er grunzte als er der Eimer auf die Leiter-Laden hebte. „Siehe hol. Dies geht schlick.“ Er dunkte in dem Eimer und schlenkerte seine Bürste hie und wieder.

„Du kannst so gut als die Mäm!“ spricht die Anna mit große Augen. „Darf ich auch helfen?“

Sammy denkt ein wenig. „Ich weiß was.“ Er trittet von die Leiter. „Nun gehe du auf die Leiter. Ich krieg eine Kan dann leereest du dieses auf die Wand und ich tue es geschwind bursten, dann muß ich nicht in dem Eimer dunken.“

Anna lachte, als sie auf die Leiter ging.

Sammy langte sie eine bledhige Kan. „Nun leere du auf die Wand, hoch oben.“

Anna lachte wieder als sie die Kan gegen die Wand schlenkerte.

„Anna!“ greißt der Sammy, „Tue nicht auf mein Kopf leeren. Heb es weder die Wand, dann leer. Nicht so stark!“ Sammy sein Gesicht, Kopf und Kleider waren weiß. „Nun probiere es wieder,“ zankte der Sammy.

„Ich helfe dir nicht wann du böse wirfst,“ brukte die Anna als sie ihre unterste Lippen naus schüßt. Sie sitzt sich auf eine Treppe und sieht ihn an.

„All recht dann.“ Dieses kommt sanftmütiglich. „Ich will nicht zanken wann du helfen wirfst. Komm, Anna, willst du nicht dieses tun für die Mäm helfen,“ schmeichelte der

Sammy.

Anna nimmt die Kan und tut wieder auf die Wand leeren. Aber der Sammy kann es nicht geschwind genug streichen. Die Weißel läuft über die Wand herunter auf dem Boden. Sammy schnauft hart als er die Bürste herum schlenkert.

„Anna!“ greift der Sammy. „Du hast wieder auf mein Kopf geleert!“ Er nimmt seine nasse Bürste und kippt sie ins ihr Angesicht mit die Bristles.

Anna springt in die Küche am heulen und der Sammy hinternach mit die Bürste in seiner Hand. Diese war am drippen über dem Boden. „Mäm!“ ruft die Anna: „Sammy schlägt mich mit seiner Bürste!“

„Was geht an do!“ fragt der Vater.

Sammy stoppt schnell. Er wußte nicht daß sein Vater in die Küche war.

Die Mutter war bei dem Sink gesikt am Süß-Welschkorn buken.

„Sammy schlägt mich mit seiner Bürste!“ tut die Anna wieder klagen.

Sammy sucht sich zu entschuldigen, „Sie hat Weißel auf mein Kopf geleert.“

Die Kinder waren alle zwei am klagen und schreien mit einander.

„Wo warst du es sie die Weißel auf dein Kopf geleert hat?“ fragt der Vater.

Anna verzählte was sie am tun waren.

„Sammy, verwas hast du nicht warten können bis ich wieder kommen bin?“ fragt die Mutter als sie böß guckt.

„Du mußt lernen besser hordhen,“ spricht der Vater zu.

„Er war Gester und Heute so vorwikkig,“ klagt die Mutter. „Wenn ich viel Arbeit hab dann geht so viel lek. Am ersten schloppt er auf dem Spark-Plug es ich nicht früh wäschen konnte, und er ist in dem Pershing Korb ge-jumpt . . .“

„Und er hat mich geschmissen mit ein grüner Pershing,“ fängt die Anna an. Und er hat ein brauner Strumpf in die Wäschmaschine getan, und . . .“

„Anna, sei ein wenig still,“ vermahnute der Vater.

Bei diejer Zeit war der Sammy am weinen. „Ich habe wollen helfen,“ heulteer als er seine Augen reibt mit seine unsaubere Hände. „Ich gleich nicht rüsten für die Gemeinde. Ich werde nur gezaukt. Ich wünsche wir müßten nimmer mehr die Gemeinde nehmen.“

Der Vater sieht die Mutter an.

Maud Miller ihre Augen gehen geschwind an ihr Süß-Welschkorn. Sie guckt betrübt. „Ich weiß, Dat, es ich zu nervous geworden bin von wegen die Gemeinde nehmen und dann wann etwas lek geht dann zank ich geschwind.“

„Ich denk es ist die menschliche Natur, wann wir zu viel Sorgen haben fehlen wir weit an Geduld und Liebe,“ antwortete er sanftmütiglich. „Wir wollen es eine Freud machen zu rüsten für der Gottesdienst, und nicht denken es wir etwas schön machen wollen für eine Ehre von die Menschen kriegen. Wir sollen nicht faul oder laß werden aber alles tun zu Gottes Ehr.“

Maud Miller nimmt ihr Schnupftuch und reibt die Tränen von ihre Augen.

Der Vater dreht sich gegen sein Bube. „Hast du gesagt es du warst am weißeln?“

Sammy gnuckt sein Kopf.

„Wel, ich bin froh es du weißt wie das tun. Wann wir mol die Schener weißeln wollen dann kannst du auch helfen. Aber wann du so groß bist es du weißeln kannst, dann sollst du nicht zarten mit deine kleine Schwester.“ Er sieht sein Bube an und lächelte. „Ich glaub was du brauchst ist ein Schwimm-Loch in die Kreek für dich sauber machen. Vielleicht können wir fertig machen es ich mit euch Buben gehen kann Sent-Abend.“

Sammy sein Gesicht war fröhlich, er lächelt gegen seine Mutter. „Denkst wir können, Mäm?“ fragt er.

Sie lächelt zurück. „Wir sehen mol.“

\* Truh-Stuck — breakfast

\* parpis — purposely

\* Achsel — shoulder

\* Kalk — lime

\* Bürste — brush

## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

# New Names Among the Amish

## Part II

### Barkman

Peter Barkman was born July 13, 1845 at Roads, Kighe, Germany. At the age of seven he came to America with his mother and his step-father whose name was "Scherer." Peter's life at home was not a happy one as his step-father was cruel to him; so at a young age he was placed in a foster home. The name of the people who took him in was "Rudys", and they lived near Sugarcreek, Ohio.

How Peter came in contact with the Amish is not known today by his descendants. It is thought that the Rudys had an Amish hired girl and that Peter may have even married her. What her name was is unknown and it is also not known what Peter's first wife's name was. No children were born to his first marriage. Peter married a second time (probably around 1873) to Rachel Yoder of Sugarcreek. To this marriage were born nine children, eight of whom lived to maturity.

Peter was a farmer and he moved around some from

farm to farm so that some of his children were born near Sugarcreek and some near Charm. In the middle of his life, Peter decided to move to Geauga County where he then lived for 20 years. There in 1906 he got his third wife, Katie Weaver; his second wife had died in 1897. Later, though, Peter moved back to Holmes County where he died of dropsy in June of 1927. His oldest son, Daniel, followed him in death just two months later. Daniel had been a minister in the Amish church in the Sugarcreek area since 1920 and a bishop since 1926.

Today there are thirteen Amish household heads in Holmes County bearing the "Barkman" name; Sam J. Barkman, a grandson of Peter, was ordained a minister in 1968. In Geauga County there are two Amish "Barkmans"; Enos, also a grandson of Peter, was ordained a minister in 1954.

### Delagrang

This French Catholic name entered the Amish in Allen County, Indiana around 1849. No more of the family

history will be given here as a family member asked that it not be printed, saying: "If, as I earnestly pray, my descendants find their names in the Book of Life, they will not have had time to concern themselves with the pages of history."

## Jess

Marx Jess was born August 8, 1867 in Germany and immigrated to America when he was 15 years old. His reason for leaving Germany was that he wished to avoid military training which he knew he would have to face when he turned 16. Once safely in America, he found his way to Illinois and stayed for a while at Tuscola. A little later he went to Arthur where he found a job in the Amish settlement as a hired hand on the Yost Yoder farm. He was working there in 1893 when Yost was killed when he fell off a wagon. Marx continued working for the widow who besides being left with the farm also had four small children to care for. Sometime within the next four years Marx joined the Amish church. Then in 1897, four years after Yost's death, he married the widow. Her name was Gertrude Kauffman Yoder.

Marx Jess was 30 and Gertrude Yoder 39 when they married. They continued farming the Yost Yoder place which then became known as the "Jess" farm. Their only child, a son Levi, was born December 5, 1898. When Marx died in 1948, Levi got the farm. His wife was Annie Hochstedler, daughter of Gideon Hochstedler. They raised a family of four boys and four girls. Levi died in 1971 and the homeplace went to his son John.

One "Jess" had been ordained in the Amish church; Levi was ordained a deacon in 1939. The "Jess" name among the Amish is found only at Arthur, Illinois where there are four household heads with that name, all sons of Levi and grandsons of Marx.

## Jones

This common American name entered the Amish church in Lagrange County, Indiana in 1855. Present family members have requested that the history not be given.

## Knepp

In 1731 the ship "Samuel" with Hugh Piercy as captain left Rotterdam, Holland, stopped at Cowes in southern England, and sailed for America. Aboard the ship were Johan Henrich Knopp, his wife Katrina, and their five children: Phillip, Peter, George, Ann, and Menea. The ship's record says they came from the "Palatines", which is the Palatinate region near the Rhine River in Germany.

We have no further record of the "Knopp" family in America until 1818 when John P. Knepp was born in Union County, Pennsylvania. (It is unknown when the spelling of the name changed from "Knopp" to "Knepp.") John's father was Peter, one of the five Knopp children who had immigrated to America with their parents in 1731. Family tradition has it that the "Knopps" were Catholics. How or when they first came in contact with Amish people is not known. But it may have been in Union County, Pennsylvania. Since John P. Knepp was born there in 1818, the family was living there for sure, but whether they were still living there in 1836 when the Amish first moved into the county is only a guess.

John P. Knepp married a girl with the last name of "Emde". It is not known if she was Amish or not. At any rate John and his wife were members of the Amish church in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania for his obituary says so. In 1851 he and his family moved to the young Amish settlement in Johnson County, Iowa. There he died in 1875 at the age of 56. His son Levi J. S. Knepp married Susanna Marner of Sharon Center, Iowa. One of their children was Levi Junior who was born in 1870 at Kalona, Iowa.

Levi Knepp, Jr. was married in 1891 to Catherine

October, 1972

Miller. They had four girls and three boys: Sam, John, and Enos. Sam is a Conservative Mennonite at Macon, Mississippi; John died in the Amish faith in Lagrange County, Indiana; Enos died in the Amish faith at Haven, Kansas. Today John's four sons are members of the Amish church in Lagrange County, and Enos' two sons bear the "Knepp" name in the Amish church at Haven, Kansas.

When most people think of the "Knepp" name among the Amish, they think of the many "Knepps" living in Daviess County, Indiana, not of the few in Lagrange County and in Kansas. Are these "Knepps" all related? Yes, unknown to many of the "Knepps", all the Amish "Knepps" are related. The ones in Daviess County are descendants not of John P. Knepp who joined the Amish in Mifflin County, Penna. but of Jackson his brother who joined in Holmes County, Ohio.

The details concerning Jackson Knepp's joining the Amish are not known, but around 1851 he married Mary Nisly, daughter of Pre. Christian Nisly of Baltic, Ohio. To this marriage were born thirteen children. At one time Jackson and his family lived in Howard County, Indiana; then in 1869 they moved to Hickory County, Missouri. But the Amish settlement there did not take hold and after three years in Missouri, Jackson was planning to move again. He had heard that a new settlement had been started in Daviess County, Indiana. He went to investigate it and decided to move there. On the return trip to Missouri, Jackson took the train which brought him within 60 miles of his home. He decided to walk the rest of the way and got there in a day.

Before leaving Missouri, Jackson had a longing to visit his two non-Amish sisters who were also living in the state. He hadn't seen them since he joined the Amish over 20 years before. The tradition goes that he arrived at his first sister's home and asked to stay overnight. The woman eyed the stranger and said, "You can sleep in the barn if you like." Jackson then told her he would sooner sleep in a bed in the house and would go to a place where he could. He mentioned the name of his second sister's place and added, "She'll let me sleep inside cause she's my sister." The first sister then exclaimed, "Your sister! Who are you anyway?" We can imagine Jackson had a good laugh at his sister's embarrassment for not having recognized him.

Jackson and his family moved to Daviess County where he lived until his death in 1890. Today in that community there are about 40 Amish household heads bearing the "Knepp" name. Three of Jackson's descendants are presently serving the Amish church there as bishop, minister, and deacon. Two "Knepps" also served in the past as Amish ministers in Daviess County (Abram and David Knepp) but both are no longer living.

The "Knepp" name is also found in the recently established Amish settlement at Milroy, Indiana.

## Lambright

In 1847 Peter Lemberich came to America with his eight children, the oldest being 19 and the youngest 3. His wife had died two years previously at the family home in Waldgrehweiler, Bavaria. The ship in which the Lemberichs sailed to America docked on the East Coast; from there the family walked across Pennsylvania to Ohio, carrying their few belongings. They settled in the locality of Canton and Akron, known then as "Dutch Eck" because of its many German residents. The Lemberich children were placed in different homes to work for their clothes and keep.

Jacob Lemberich, who was six when he arrived in Ohio, later went as a teenager to Lagrange County, Indiana. There he worked for an Amish family south of Shipshewana. He fell in love with an Amish girl, Sarah Yoder, joined the Amish church (he had been raised a Lutheran), and married in 1863. To this marriage were born eight children, seven of whom lived to maturity. Jacob died in 1881 at the early age of 40. It is from him

that the numerous Amish "Lambrights" in Lagrange County descend, there being 34 household heads listed in the 1970 Lagrange County Amish Directory.

In the early days of the "Lambrights" in Bavaria and America, the spelling of the name often differed: "Lemperig," "Lemberich," "Lembrich," "Lemberech," but is spelled uniformly today as "Lambright."

Six "Lambrights" have been ordained as Amish ministers. Jacob's grandsons John V. and Harvey V. were ordained in Lagrange County in the 1930's; Harvey later moved to Hazelton, Iowa. The other four ministers have been ordained since 1962; three reside in Lagrange County and one at Guthrie, Kentucky. In 1972 a "Lambright" was ordained a deacon at Fortuna, Missouri.

It is interesting to note that there are non-Amish "Lambrights" today living in Lagrange County who do not trace their ancestry back to Jacob Lambright. They are descendants of his brother Michael who also lived in the county but did not join the Amish. Michael was for many years a herb doctor near Wolcottville.

Peter Lemberich came in his old age to live with his sons in Lagrange County. He also had a daughter living there. He is buried in the Yoder cemetery south of Shipshewana where his unusual tombstone is easily seen. On it is the engraving of a hand with the index finger pointing to Heaven.

## Lee

At the age of fifteen Thomas Lee, an Irish orphan, came to America and found his way into the Amish community at the foot of Negro Mountain in Garrett County, Maryland. This was known as the Casselman River Amish settlement and extended over the Maryland-Pennsylvania line into Somerset County, Pennsylvania. It is not known in what year Thomas arrived there, but it was sometime around 1836. He did not live with the Amish right away but worked for a while among other German residents. He could not speak German and was taken advantage of by some of the people he worked for. The Amish bishop, Benedict Miller, heard of Thomas' plight and came to his rescue, paying his debts by giving the creditors corn and eggs from his own farm. The bishop also took Thomas into his home and taught him the woodworking trade.

Thomas joined the Amish church and around 1842 married Elizabeth Brenneman. They settled down at Elk Lick, Pennsylvania and raised a family of three boys and one girl. One of the sons, John, moved to the new Amish settlement at Arthur, Illinois where he married in 1867. He was the only son of Thomas who remained Amish, for in 1895 his two brothers and also his father went with a division in the Amish church which formed the Casselman River Conservative Amish Mennonite congregation; John, living in Illinois, was not involved in this division which took place in his home community. His father, Thomas, was in his seventies when he left the Amish church. It is impossible at this late date to discover why Thomas did as he did, but one reason may be that he felt a "freundschaft" tie with the bishop of the new Conservative congregation. The bishop was Joel J. Miller the son of Joel B. Miller with whom Thomas had been raised in the Benedict Miller home. This close relationship may have influenced him in going with the new group.

Since John Lee was the only one of Thomas' sons to remain Amish, it is from him that the present-day Amish "Lees" descend. John lived in Illinois until his death in 1914 at the age of 71 when he was killed by an angry bull. His wife was Matilda D. Yoder. They had a family of five girls and three boys.

Today there are 17 Amish household heads who bear the "Lee" name. Seven are located in Pike County, Missouri; six in Lawrence County, Pennsylvania; two in Adams County, Pa.; and one each in Somerset County, Pa. and St. Mary's County, Md. One "Lee" has been ordained as a minister in the Amish church, Chris Lee of Pike County, Mo. who is a great, great-grandson of Thomas Lee.

## Leslien

In 1859 at the age of fourteen, Michael Leslien came from Middlefrank, Bavaria to America. He settled at Columbus, Ohio where he learned the butcher trade and later entered the brick making business. In 1870 he married Caroline Barbet. To them was born a family of eleven children, ten of whom lived. In 1886 a son, Michael Junior, was born. When he was fourteen, he was confirmed in the German Protestant church where his parents attended. The family was a religious family, and German was spoken in the home; so Michael knew German as his first language.

For several years Michael Leslien Jr. worked in a marble works, a factory in which his father had part ownership. Then he decided to work for the Ohio Bell Telephone Co. setting up telephone poles along the roads. This work took him away from Columbus and toward Geauga County to the northeast. It was while working in Geauga County that he met an Amish girl, Mary Miller the daughter of Manases Miller. Mary, who was not healthy and a semi-cripple, had been allowed by her parents to do light housework in the area around Middlefield, working away all week and returning home each weekend. The environment in which she worked did not have a good influence on Mary. At one time she began joining the Amish church, but never finished it. It was while working away from home that she met 29-year-old Michael Leslien Jr.

Michael and Mary married "Yankee" (as they say in Geauga County) in 1916. Four children were born to them before Mary died in 1924, just eight years after having married. Michael had told his wife he was willing to join the Amish church, but she died before this ever happened; it could be that she was not eager to join.

A year after the death of his first wife, Michael joined the Amish church and married Gertrude Hochstetler, the daughter of Emanuel M. Hochstetler, on Nov. 26, 1925. Michael was 39 and his second wife 27. They set up housekeeping in the East Hayes Corner church district where they raised a family of five children, three girls and two boys. (The four children of his first marriage had been taken in by his first wife's parents and her childless cousin.) For a living Michael worked mostly in the woods, some on the railroad, and did a little farming. He died in 1960 at the age of 73.

A number of Michael Leslien's daughters joined the Amish church, but their name was lost through marriage. Of the two sons, Jacob was the only to join the Amish. Today the "Leslien" name among the Amish is only found in Geauga County where there are two household heads with that name.

## Mullet

Benjamin and Barbara (Zimmerman) Mollat came to America in 1833 from Canton Solothurn, Switzerland. They had a family of five children. They settled in Coshocton County, Ohio where they purchased some land between the towns of Layland and Clark, not more than a mile from Holmes County to the north. They cleared the land and farmed it. Six children were born to them in Ohio, making a total of eleven children in their family. In 1844 Benjamin died, leaving his widow with a very large family to raise and support. Mrs. Mollat thought it best to place some of the children with neighboring farm families. The two oldest children, Benedict and Jacob, who were 22 and 18 respectively, went to work for Amish families in neighboring Holmes County. The Amish people treated them kindly and influenced them to follow their faith. (It is not known in what denomination the Mollat children had been raised, but their father was buried in the graveyard beside the Jacob White Evangelical church in Coshocton County.)

Both Benedict and Jacob Mollat joined the Amish church. Then in 1845 Benedict married Eva Miller. Eight years later his brother Jacob married Christena Swartzentruber. Both Mollat brothers had large families; Benedict had thirteen children and Jacob nine. It is from these two brothers that the numerous Amish,

Conservative, and Mennonite "Mullets" descend. (The name has taken various spellings during the years: Mollat, Mollet, Mullett, and Mullet.)

Today among the Amish the "Mullet" name is most commonly found in Holmes and Geauga counties in Ohio, and in Lagrange and Kosciusko counties in Indiana, but is also found to a lesser extent in various other Amish communities. There are presently 10 "Mullets" serving in the Amish ministry. This family name is the most numerous of the "new names" among the Amish.

## Neuenschwander

Peter M. Neuenschwander was born Sept. 15, 1854 in the community of Subo near Moutier in Switzerland. He was raised in the Mennonite church and was baptized into that church. At 17, being yet unmarried, he was ordained as a Mennonite minister by Elder David Nussbaum. He was ordained by lot, there being five other candidates.

On August 3, 1876 Peter arrived at Berne, Indiana where he had decided to move from his native Switzerland. There was a good-sized congregation there of Swiss Mennonites. He served the congregation for nearly three years as one of its ministers until a new church house was constructed in 1879. Peter felt the church house was too fancy as did a small group of members. They pulled off to form a separate congregation, holding services in their homes rather than constructing a church house. Peter was 25 at the time of the division and yet unmarried. The group received bishop help from the Mennonite bishop in Wayne County, Ohio, Christian

Sommer.

In November of 1882 when he was 28, Peter married Catherine Nussbaum, a daughter of John C. Nussbaum of Wayne County. Then the following spring (1883) he was ordained bishop for his small church which never was larger than six families. Peter and his wife had 11 children, but three died in infancy. Because of the smallness of the Neuenschwander church and the fact that the church forbade ownership of automobiles, some of the Neuenschwander children associated more with the neighboring Amish than with the Mennonites. Two, Christian and Maryann, found Amish marriage partners. It is through Christian that the "Neuschwander" name entered the Amish. He married Mary Eicher, daughter of Peter and Lovina Eicher, in 1916 at Berne, Indiana. They were the parents of two boys and two girls. Their oldest son, Peter, never joined the Amish church but was in the army for seven years. He changed his name to Newman during that time. He was killed with his five oldest children in an auto accident in 1970 at Erie, Pennsylvania.

Christian and Maryann's only other son was Jonas who joined the Amish church and married Lovina C. Schwartz in 1939. Their three sons and two daughters are all married and members of the Amish church.

Christian was ordained an Amish deacon in 1949 and is still living today (1972). He, his son Jonas, and his three grandsons are the only Amish "Neuenschwanders," and all live in Adams County, Indiana.

**NEXT MONTH:** Part 3 of "New Names Among the Amish"

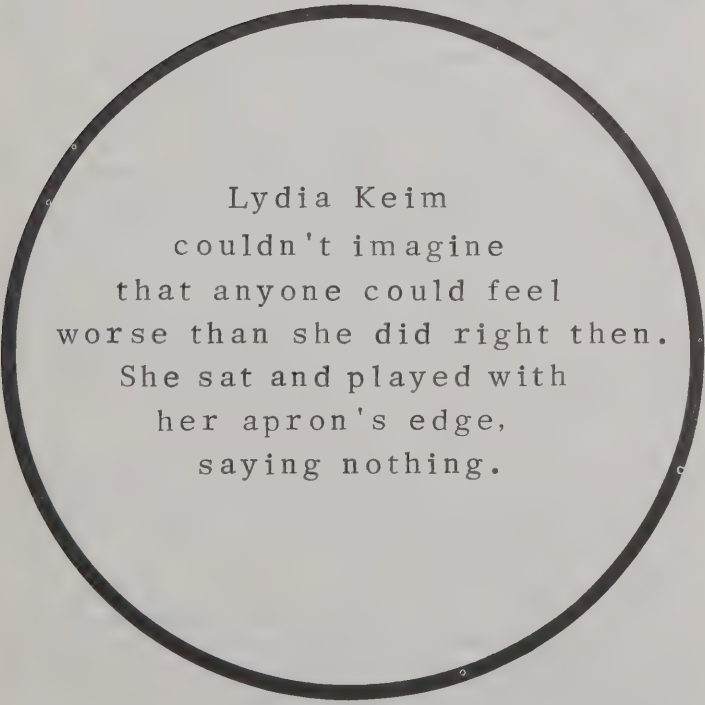
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# CHILDREN'S SECTION

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## "A Secret Shared..."

- by Elizabeth Miller



Lydia Keim  
couldn't imagine  
that anyone could feel  
worse than she did right then.  
She sat and played with  
her apron's edge,  
saying nothing.

"Hurry up, Mary. Dad's ready," called Lydia Keim when she came in from finishing the chores. It was a drizzly morning in mid-September. Dad was going to take Mary and Bennie to school, then go on to the blacksmith shop to have King shod.

"I'm coming," answered Mary. She was downstairs already and hurrying to gather up her things. "Where's my dinner bucket?" she asked, making a circle around the kitchen.

"Bennie took it," answered Mother from the living room. She had already started on the pile of mending that had accumulated during the past weeks.

A moment later the door slammed and Lydia found herself alone in the kitchen. She stood at the window and watched wistfully as Mary ran toward the buggy and got on. She couldn't help but wish she could go to school today, too. A rainy day meant she had to work inside, doing jobs she didn't enjoy. Today it would probably be ironing and cleaning cupboards and things like that.

"What shall I do first?" asked Lydia, turning from the window. Her voice didn't show any enthusiasm.

"Sweep the kitchen and straighten it up, first of all," answered Mother. "Then you can iron. There's plenty of jobs around that we've been pushing back until a rainy

day, and this seems to be that day." Mother's voice had a cheerful ring to it, as if she were glad it was rainy.

Lydia, however, did not feel very cheerful. She was still wishing she could go to school. "We used to have all kinds of exciting times," she thought. "Nothing exciting ever happens at home." Deep down Lydia knew she was glad to be out of school, but this was one of those gloomy mornings when she didn't feel glad about anything.

When Lydia had straightened up the kitchen, she got out the ironing board and the iron and set to work. Soon she was absorbed in her own thoughts and scarcely heard the conversation of Mother and the little boys in the living room. Time seemed to pass slowly. "Maybe if I keep at it, I can finish by noon," she thought to herself. She glanced at the clock and saw that it was after ten already. "Mom, may I go after the mail?" she asked.

"Yes, go get it," answered Mother. "That'll give you a little rest from ironing."

Lydia didn't waste any time turning off the iron. Slipping into her coat, she was soon on her way out the short lane. "I hope there's more than just advertisements," she thought to herself. Mail time was always fun. It was true, there wasn't always anything important in the mail, but still it was fun hoping there would be.

Opening the mailbox, Lydia found the **Farm Journal** and a card lying face-down in the box. As soon as she saw it, she recognized the handwriting as being Grandmother's. Eagerly she reached for the card and started reading. Then she turned and ran for the house as fast as she could go.

"Guess what!" she cried, bursting into the kitchen. "There's a card from Grandmother and she says Monroe's are going to come next week, and we're supposed to come to their house the first evening they are there."

"Who?" asked Mother, hardly able to believe she had heard right.

"Monroe's from Missouri," answered Lydia, still very excited. "It will be nice seeing Aunt Mary again, and they will surely bring their baby along, don't you think?"

"Sure, they'll bring her," answered Mother. By this time she was reading the card. "They're coming on Tuesday noon." She glanced at the calendar. "Why, that's on Dad's birthday."

"Really?" asked Lydia. Then she had an idea. "Hey, let's not tell Dad that they are coming," she suggested

excitedly. "That would be a nice birthday surprise for him."

Mother didn't answer right away, but Lydia could tell by the look on her face that she wasn't sure if it would work out."

Lydia glanced around. "Where are the boys?" she asked.

"They asked if they could play upstairs, and I said they could," Mother answered.

"Good, then they didn't hear anything about it," said Lydia in a low tone of voice. "Please, Mom, let's not tell anyone that they are coming. I think that would be the best surprise anyone ever had."

"I don't know," said Mother hesitantly. "How would we get Dad to go over to Grandpa's next Tuesday evening? Since it's his birthday, he'll guess that something is going on."

Lydia thought for a moment, then said, "Monroe's will want to come over sometime anyway, so let's invite them and Grandpa's over for Tuesday evening. That way we won't have to go over and Dad won't suspect anything until they come."

Mother was still slow in agreeing to Lydia's plan, but with a little more talking, Lydia managed to persuade her. "You'll have to write Grandmother and ask if it is going to suit them to come over," she said finally. "And if it doesn't, then we'll just have to give it up."

Lydia felt sure that Grandmother would make it suit, once she heard about the plans. Even before she went back to the ironing, she wrote the letter explaining the secret to Grandmother. "Please let us know right away if it would suit to have you and Monroe's over on Tuesday evening," she finished. She handed the letter to Mother and asked if it was all right the way she had written.

"I guess," answered Mom with a little smile. "But don't be disappointed if things don't work out for you."

"They'll work out," answered Lydia with confidence. "No one knows except you and me, and we won't tell."

"You've got to let Mary in on the secret, too," said Mother. "She'll enjoy being in on it as much as you do."

"Aw, let's not tell her," protested Lydia, a little disappointed. "She'll forget herself and blurt it out in front of Dad."

"No, I don't think she will," answered Mother. "She's old enough to be trusted with a secret and besides, it's not fair for you to know if she doesn't."

Lydia didn't say anything more about it. Telling Mary or not telling her didn't make too much difference to her. The main thing was that they had a secret that was to be a surprise for Dad, and Lydia had a feeling it would really be a nice surprise for him. Aunt Mary was Dad's youngest sister and before she was married she had worked for the Keims. Three years ago she had married and moved to Missouri and this was only the second time she was coming back to visit.

Ironing no longer seemed like work. Lydia worked swiftly, her mind churning with plans for the coming Tuesday. "That's tomorrow night in a week," she thought. "I sure hope our secret will keep that long." Lydia decided she would bake a peanut butter chocolate cake. That was Dad's favorite, and even if he did happen to come in and smell it while it was baking, that wouldn't give the secret away. They always had cake when someone in the family had a birthday. No, she would keep the cake a secret if she could, but if that secret was discovered, she wouldn't care. After all, that wasn't the real secret.

As soon as Mary came home from school, Lydia found an excuse to follow her upstairs. She closed the door of their room and in an excited whisper told Mary about the plans she and Mother had made. Mary's eyes sparkled and immediately she joined in with the planning.

"We've got to have ice cream," she said. "Do you have any idea how we are going to get ice to make some?"

"I've thought about it, and I'm hoping Dad will go away that afternoon," said Lydia. "Unless he does, we won't be able to go to town for ice."

"And if he does go away, then you won't have King to

## *Out In the Fields With God*

The little cares that fretted me  
I lost them yesterday  
Among the fields above the sea,  
Among the winds at play;  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees.  
The foolish fears of what might happen,  
I cast them all away  
Among the clover-scented grass,  
Among the new-mown hay,  
Among the husking of the corn,  
Where drowsy posies nod,  
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—  
Out in the fields with God.

— Elizabeth Browning

go to town," reminded Mary.

"That's true," answered Lydia, wondering why she hadn't thought about that sooner. "Well, let's not worry about that yet," she said, cheering up. Then her voice became serious-almost stern. "And don't you go and tell anyone," she cautioned. "Least of all, not Bennie. You know how he keeps secrets. He'd be sure to say, 'Dad, we have a secret,' or something like that and then Dad would start guessing. We don't want Dad to know we even have a secret."

"I won't tell Bennie, or anyone else," promised Mary, a little hurt that Lydia even thought she might.

"Well, you'd better not," answered Lydia. Her voice changed to an excited whisper. "You know, of all the birthday surprises we ever planned for our parents, I think this is the best one ever."

"So do I," agreed Mary.

"I thought it up," Lydia whispered over her shoulder as she left the room.

Mary didn't answer. She wanted to tell her sister that she hadn't had a chance to think it up, but Lydia had already left.

The next morning Lydia was careful to wait until it was almost time for the mailman before she put the letter in the mailbox. She didn't want Dad to pass the mailbox and find it there. "Today is Tuesday," she thought. "Grandmother will have the letter tomorrow and if she writes right away, the answer should come on Friday."

Time seemed to drag the next few days. Lydia was busy mowing and trimming the lawn. She knew Dad wouldn't get suspicious if she did that. They mowed the grass nearly every week and she was sure Dad didn't even notice that she cleaned the yard a little more carefully than usual. There were times when she almost felt uncomfortable in Dad's presence. She was afraid he would be able to look at her with his steady brown eyes and read the secret hidden within herself.

Friday finally came, and so did Grandmother's answer. Lydia was especially pleased to see that the letter was addressed to her. Her hands shook a little as she ripped the envelope and took out the short note. A smile crossed her face as she ran to find Mother. "They're coming," she beamed. "And another one of our problems is solved," she said. "Grandmother wrote that they would borrow Uncle Amos's two-gallon freezer and bring enough ice cream for all of us."

Mother read the note and smiled as she handed it back to Lydia. Lydia could tell that Mother was just as excited about the secret as she was. "If we get through tomorrow without Dad finding out, I think we're safe," she said. "But with Mary home, I'm worried that one of us will say something to make Dad suspicious."

Lydia's fears were ungrounded, for Saturday passed and the secret was still safe. The next day was Sunday and Lydia didn't have any time in the morning to think about Dad's birthday surprise. But when she was in church and sitting next to her friend, Rachel Miller, she thought about it again. And she thought of something else, too. Rachel knew Aunt Mary. She had learned to know her when she worked for the Keims. Lydia pushed Rachel slightly with her elbow. "Do you remember my Aunt Mary?" she whispered.

Rachel's face lighted up. "Sure," she said. "We were at your place one Sunday and she had a color book she gave us to color. I broke one of her crayons that day and cried about it."

Lydia smiled, remembering the same incident. "She's coming to visit us next week she and her husband. And they're going to bring their baby along. I can hardly wait."

"Really?" said Rachel. "That sounds exciting. Haven't you seen their baby?"

Lydia shook her head. "No, they haven't been here since they have her. She's almost a year old. I can hardly wait to meet my cousin." She leaned a little closer and whispered, "And that's not all. They happen to be

coming on Dad's birthday and we didn't tell him about. That's his surprise, so don't you go and tell."

"That does sound exciting," said Rachel.

The ministers came in just then and a little later the rest of the men. Church services began and Lydia and Rachel didn't talk about the secret any more.

The next day Lydia made sure she was the first one to reach the mailbox after the mailman had gone. She didn't want Dad to find a letter, in case Grandmother wrote about any changes in plans. But there was no letter and Lydia was relieved. "Only one more day," she thought to herself as she hung out the wash. "In a way I'll be glad when it's all over. This being so careful about not letting out a secret gets to be a strain."

That evening after supper as she and Mary were washing the dishes. Mary looked at the clock. "Tomorrow night by this time we're going to have company," she whispered. "I can hardly wait."

"Sh-h-h-h!" warned Lydia, glancing toward the living room where Dad was reading the *Budget*. "Dad's got sharp ears and we don't want him to find out now."

"We sure don't," answered Mary. "I wish there were some way of getting Monroe's in the house before Dad knows they're here. One thing sure, I hope I get to see Dad's face when he finds out who's here."

Before Lydia had time to answer, they were interrupted by footsteps on the porch. After a light knock, the door opened and Dan Miller and his wife came in.

"Why, good evening," said Dad, coming out of the living room with the *Budget* still in his hand. "Come right on in."

"Good evening," returned Dan. "I've been wanting to come over this long time to settle up, but finally decided I might as well wait till silo filling's over. I know I owe you some for thrashing down on the other farm."

"Well, let's sit here at the kitchen table," suggested Dad. "I'll bring out my records and we'll see what we have."

"Dan asked me to walk over with him," said Dan's wife, Lucy, to Mother. "It's such a nice evening and I thought this would be my chance to ask about that overshirt pattern."

"I'm glad you came along," said Mother. "Let's go into the living room where we can sit down."

"Why didn't Rachel come along?" asked Lydia.

"She would have liked to," smiled Lucy. "But since I came along, she was needed at home. She can come some other time."

As Lydia went on washing dishes, she suddenly thought of something. Could it be that Dan's knew the secret? She had told Rachel, and suppose Rachel had told her parents. What if they would tell Dad? Even the thought of the secret being in danger made her heartbeat speed up. Her hands shook a little. "But, no, they won't tell," she tried to assure herself. "Rachel knows it's to be Dad's surprise and she knows enough not to tell. Even if she did tell her parents, they would know enough not to tell Dad."

After the dishes were done, Lydia and Mary went into the living room. Lydia picked up the *Young Companion* and paged through it idly. She had already read it through, but she needed something to do. She was more nervous than she cared to admit.

Even though Lydia was half reading and half listening to the women's conversation, she could still hear the men talking in the kitchen. Soon they were done with their figuring and sat back and visited. There was a slight lapse in the conversation, then Dan said, "The way I hear you're getting company from the West this week."

Lydia almost fell from her chair. With big eyes she looked at Mary and waited to hear what Dad would say.

"Company from the West?" Dad's voice was puzzled. "Not that we know of."

"Aren't Monroe Slaubaugh's coming—your sister Mary?"

"Well, maybe they are, but not that we know of," answered Dad. Then he said, "Did you hear that, Mom?"

"Y-yes, I heard," said Mother simply.

"Maybe it's not true," Dan said. "Seems strange you folks don't know about it." He turned toward his wife. "Where did we find it out?" he asked. "I think it was you who told me."

For the first time Lydia noticed how red Lucy's face was. There was a pause — one that was filled with a terrible silence. Then the men started talking about something else.

"I'm so sorry," Lucy said in a very low tone of voice. "I told him and I guess I forgot to mention that it was to be a surprise."

"That's all right," Mother assured. "I'm sure you didn't mean to tell our secret. And besides, it's tomorrow when they're coming."

Lydia felt like crying. A whole week of keeping a secret, only to have it spoiled the last day. "Wait till I see Rachel again," she stormed inwardly. "I'm never going to tell her another secret. Never!"

It wasn't long until Dan decided it was time to go home. Dad took the lantern down from the hook. "I'll show you the way out," he said. "I have a sick cow that I should see after anyway before I go to bed."

As soon as Dad and Dan and Lucy had left the house, Mary asked, "Just how did Dans find out that Monroes are coming?"

"I don't know, except maybe Lydia told Rachel," answered Mother, her voice sounding as if she already knew.

"I-I did tell Rachel," admitted Lydia. "But I thought surely she knew enough not to tell. I didn't know Dans were going to come over and spoil everything for us."

"Don't blame Dans," said Mother in a firm voice. "I know you didn't mean to spoil the secret, but as it has turned out, that's what you did. This reminds me of a saying I learned when I went to school, 'A secret shared will not be spared.'"

"But what can we do?" asked Lydia helplessly. "Couldn't we--"

"No, Lydia, we're not going to lie about it," said Mother firmly. "We might as well face it; the secret is out. There's no sense crying over spilled milk, as the saying goes."

"And all the time you were afraid I'd tell," said Mary.

Lydia didn't answer. There didn't seem to be anything to say. She just sat there in miserable silence, wishing with all her might she hadn't told Rachel her secret. "She's not to be trusted," she said bitterly.

The door opened and Dad came in. He looked first at Mother, then at the girls. "What's all the gloom about?" he asked. "I hope it's not as bad as you think it is."

No one answered. Lydia could tell by the look on Dad's face that he had already figured everything out.

"If it makes you feel any better, I won't ask any questions," Dad said with a smile. "When Monroes come, I'll pretend like I'm real surprised. I'm pretty good at pretending, you know."

Lydia had to smile in spite of the terrible feeling inside her. She looked at Mother, wondering what she was going to say. She didn't have long to wait.

"I have a better plan," Mother said. "We might as well tell Dad about it and he can have his surprise a day early."

"But there's nothing more to tell," said Mary. "He already knows."

But there was more to tell. Before long Mother and Mary were telling Dad about the special efforts they had taken in keeping Aunt Mary's coming a secret and about the good times they had in planning for the event. They even told him how several times he had almost caught onto the secret, but they had managed to cover the evidence. All this while, Lydia sat listening, feeling more miserable than ever. The secret was out and it was her fault.

"If only Dan Millers hadn't come tonight, everything would have worked out just fine," said Mary, her voice filled with regret.

"But how did Dans know about it?" asked Dad. Then when no one answered right away, he sensed that it must have been through Lydia and Rachel that the secret had leaked out.

"I'm never going to tell Rachel anything again," said Lydia. "I learned my lesson this time."

"Dans didn't mean to let out the secret," defended Mother. "Rachel evidently told Lucy, and Lucy told Dan but forgot to mention that it was to be a secret."

"But I told Rachel not to tell," said Lydia.

"Rachel didn't do more than you did yourself, Lydia" reprimanded Mother. "Sure, you had told her not to tell, but she probably thought you meant not to tell your Dad. Telling her mother was just an ordinary thing, and I'm sure she didn't mean to spoil our secret. She'll probably feel worse about it than you do."

Lydia couldn't imagine that anyone could feel worse than she did right then. She sat and played with the edge of her apron, not saying anything.

Dad was thoughtfully quiet for a moment. "Don't feel too bad about it," he said. "After all, they're still coming and we'll have an enjoyable evening together. Besides, letting me in on the secret gives me something pleasant to look forward to." He paused, then said "You mustn't blame Rachel, because she did exactly what you had done—shared the secret with one other person. You see, when secrets spread like that, they no longer remain secrets. Since Rachel wasn't personally involved,



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whether it got out or not didn't mean a whole lot to her. She told her mother, which you probably would have done, too, if you had known something like that about her family. Then her mother told Dan, and it was only natural for Dan to mention it tonight in our conversation, since he didn't know it was to be a secret."

Lydia felt a little better after that, but she still found it hard to accept that she had done the very thing she was afraid Mary would do. She had spoiled the secret and disappointed Mary and Mother.

Dad spoke again. "Let's go to bed," he said. "And cheer up, Lydia. If I live another year, I'll have another birthday. Then you can try again. Maybe your secret will keep the next time."

Lydia didn't answer. She had a feeling there would never be another secret as good as this one had been. "But if there is," she thought to herself, "I sure hope I know enough to keep it." ■■

## Junior Storytime



### The Price of Silence

— Martha Helmuth

**P**lop, went the damp sand as five-year old Susie turned another little cake out on the board. She turned to fill her tin cup with more sand. "I'm making a lot of cupcakes for all of us," she said as she turned to watch four-year old Daniel playing in another corner of the sand box.

"I'll have this field finished before long," Daniel answered as he "plowed" back and forth through the sand with his "plow" which was only a chip of wood he had found in his father's shop. "Then I'll have to get my disc out too."

"Susie and Daniel," called Mother from the house.

The children ignored her and went on playing.

"Ssu-siee. Da-an-iel," Mother called again. "Come here, I want you to do something for me."

"Just a minute," answered Susie.

"Come right away," Mother returned, and then went back into the house.

But the children continued playing a while longer. After awhile Mother came to the door again. "Susie! Daniel!" she called sternly.

At the sound of her voice the children jumped up quickly. "Yes, Mother, we're coming," they answered.

When the children came into the house, Mother asked, "Why didn't you come right away when I called you?"

"I was making little cupcakes for all of us," Susie answered.

"And I wanted to finish plowing my field first," Daniel added.

"Well, you'll have to learn to answer right away when someone calls you," Mother went on, "and come right away, too."

The children looked at each other sheepishly.

"Some day you may miss something very interesting when you don't come right away," Mother continued, "and even if you didn't miss anything, you must come immediately when I call." Mother went over to the cupboard and picked up a jar. "I fixed a drink for Father and I want you to take it out to him."

"What kind of drink is it?" asked Susie, eyeing the jar.

"It's lemonade," Mother answered. "Take it out to him right away. He has been working out in the warm sun all afternoon and I'm sure he'll be thirsty."

"May we have some first?" Daniel wanted to know.

"Take this jar out for him first," Mother replied.

"There will probably be some of it left; then you can drink that."

"Where is Father?" Susie asked.

"He's in the field on the other side of the barn, fixing the fence," Mother replied.

Soon the children were on their way. After they all had some lemonade, they stayed with Father a while, helping him.

"There, now, that should keep the pigs out of the field," Father said as he picked up his tools. "Bring the jar, Susie. Mother will want it in the house."

When they came to the barn, Daniel and Susie began playing in the loose hay in the feed aisle. Soon they were having a grand time, playing and tumbling around on the hay, the jar standing to one side, forgotten.

"Susie. Daniel," a voice called.

"Susie looked at Daniel. "Treva must be home from school already," she said. Then with a laugh they went on playing.

"Susie and Daniel," Treva called again.

"It's only Treva," Susie told Daniel. "We don't need to answer."

They continued their frolicking about in the hay. Soon they heard the barn door open. Quickly Susie put her finger to her lips. "Sh-h-h," she whispered. "She probably just wants us to come and help her with her work."

"Susie. Daniel," called Treva's voice again.

No answer.

"Susie. Daniel," Treva called still louder. "Are you in here?"

The children sat as still as possible. Soon they heard the barn door close. When they were sure Treva had left, they continued playing.

After some time Mother came out to the barn, ready to begin the chores. "Well, here you are," she said when she saw Susie and Daniel. She looked at them suspiciously. "Have you been out here for quite a while already?"

"We were playing in the hay," Susie told her.

Mother looked at them silently as she pressed her lips together. The children looked at her, wondering what she was going to do, but Mother said no more and began the chores. Soon Susie and Daniel were busy helping her.

"Where's Treva?" Susie finally asked.

"She isn't at home," Mother answered without expression.

"Where did she go?" Susie asked. "She was at home."

"How do you know she was at home?" Mother wanted to know.

"I - I," Susie began, then looked at the floor guiltily.

"What did you start to say?" persisted Mother.

"I - I heard her calling," Susie answered in a small voice.

"So you did hear her?" Mother said. "I thought all along that you did."

"Well, where did she go?" Daniel asked.

"Grandmother was here this afternoon soon after Treva came home from school," Mother told them. "She was on her way home from town and stopped in to take you two along home. I want to go over and help her make vegetable soup tomorrow and then you could have come home with me."

Susie looked at Mother with wide eyes. "You mean Treva went home with her and is staying over night?"

"Yes," Mother replied. "Then she will go to school from there tomorrow morning."

"But it wasn't Treva's turn to go to Grandpa's," Susie said unhappily as the tears began to well up in her eyes.

"Yes, I know it wasn't Treva's turn," Mother went on as she looked at one and then at the other. "Do you know why I let Treva go again this time?"

Susie and Daniel only stared at the floor without answering, the tears spilling down their cheeks.

"Remember, this afternoon I told you, you may some day miss something interesting if you don't answer when you are called," Mother reminded them. "I didn't expect it to happen so soon, but don't you think it was a lesson for you? Perhaps you'll remember to answer the next

time someone calls you."

Slowly Susie nodded her head as she wiped the tears with her sleeve.



## A THORN TREE FOR A KING

**T**he Israelites were all rejoicing about the great victory that Gideon and his men had won. Now at last the Midianites were gone from the land, and they could again harvest their own crops without fear. The men of Israel came to Gideon and said, "We want you to be our king. You can rule over us and after you your son can rule as king, for you have delivered us from our enemies."

Many men might have jumped for the chance to become king and rule over others. But not Gideon. "Oh, no," he said firmly. "I will not rule over you, and none of my sons will either. The Lord will rule over you." Gideon knew that God did not want any man to be king over His people.

So the people all went back to their homes, and for forty years the land was not bothered by any enemies. But then, at an old age, Gideon died.

As soon as Gideon was no longer living, the people began once again to pray to the idol Baal. How sad that so soon the people could forget the good example of the man who had once bravely broken down the idol of his own father. But what was saddest of all was what one of Gideon's own sons began thinking of doing.

Gideon had had more than one wife, as many men had at that time. Seventy sons had been born to Gideon, and now after Gideon was dead, one of his sons thought back to the time when the people had wanted to make his father king. This son's name was Abimelech. The more Abimelech thought about it, the more he wanted to be king.

Abimelech was not a good man. He did not care about doing what was right. So when Abimelech thought up a plan how he could become king, it was a selfish, cruel plan.

Abimelech's mother had been from the city of Shechem, so Abimelech went to his mother's relatives and acted very friendly. He told them to say to the rest of the people of Shechem, "Which would be the best, to have all seventy sons of Gideon rule over you, or just one?"

When Abimelech's relatives spoke of this to the rest of the men of Shechem, they liked the idea of having Abimelech made king. "After all," they said, greatly pleased, "Abimelech is related to us."

The men of Shechem took seventy pieces of silver out of their idol temple and brought it to Abimelech as a gift. Abimelech took the silver and used it to hire some rough, shiftless men to work for him. These men were wicked persons who would do anything if they got paid for it, no matter how wrong it was. So now Abimelech took the men with him and went home to his father's house and killed all of his brothers that he could find. He killed them all except Jotham, the youngest. Jotham was hidden so that he could not be found.

After this cruel and heartless deed, Abimelech and the wicked men he had hired, went back together to Shechem. The men of Shechem came out to meet him and welcomed him and made him king.

While the men of Shechem were rejoicing over their new king, Jotham, the younger brother who had escaped alive, climbed to the top of a nearby hill. Jotham was a

brave man, and he wanted the men of Shechem to know that God would surely punish them for crowning such a wicked person as Abimelech king. It was very dangerous to make himself known, but just the same, Jotham shouted down the hill to the men below. He shouted in a loud voice and said, "Listen to me, you men of Shechem." Then Jotham told them a parable. He said, "Once upon a time the trees went out to crown a king to rule over them. First they went to the olive tree and said, 'You be our king.' But the olive tree answered and said, 'What? Shall I stop growing olives just to rule over trees?'"

So the trees said to the fig tree, 'Come and be king over us.'

'What?' said the fig tree. 'Must I give up my sweetness and my good fruit and go to rule over trees?'

'Next the trees said to the vine, 'Come and be king over us.' But the vine replied, 'What? Shall I stop growing grapes just to be king over trees?'

"So last of all the trees went to the thorn bush and said, 'Come and rule over us.' And the thorn bush, not having any good work to leave, was willing to be king."

Here Jotham ended his parable about the trees. But he was not yet finished speaking. He had more to say to the men of Shechem. He went on to explain why he had told the parable about the trees. The men of Shechem were like the trees in the parable. They had come to his father and asked him to be king, but Gideon had been a good man and refused to be king. So now they had anointed Abimelech as king, who was among men like the thorn bush was among trees. Jotham spoke many other words, too, telling the men of Shechem how wickedly they had acted, and warning them that God would surely punish them and Abimelech.

When Jotham was finished speaking, he hurried away and hid, for he knew that Abimelech would surely try to find him and kill him as he had his brothers.

For a while everything went well for Abimelech and perhaps he nearly forgot the words of warning shouted down from the hilltop the day he was crowned king. But God had not forgotten, and in due time he would punish Abimelech for so cruelly shedding the blood of his brothers, who were better men than he. He would also punish the people of Shechem, for they had encouraged Abimelech in his wickedness and made him king.

After three years God caused bad feelings to rise up between the men of Shechem and Abimelech. No longer did they feel friendly toward each other. They couldn't get along. Finally the men of Shechem did not want Abimelech to be their king. They spoke against him. Finally feelings became so poor that the men of Shechem and Abimelech's army fought against each other. Abimelech and his army won the battle, and they killed the men of Shechem, along with their wives and children. They entered the city of Shechem, broke down the walls and burned the houses. They completely destroyed the city, and then they scattered salt over the ruins so that nothing would ever grow again.

God had indeed punished the people of Shechem, and now it was Abimelech's turn. Very soon after he had destroyed the city of Shechem, Abimelech was fighting at another place. The people of that city ran into the safety of a tall tower.

Abimelech ran up, intending to set fire to the tower. But as he neared it, a woman at the top threw out a broken piece of a heavy millstone. The heavy stone crashed down on Abimelech's head with crushing force and fractured his skull.

At once Abimelech knew that he was dying. He did not want the disgrace of having been killed by a woman. Quickly he called to his armor bearer, and said, "Take you sword and kill me so that no one can say I was killed by a woman."

Thus ends the story of Abimelech and the men of Shechem. They rose to power by shedding the blood of innocent men, and were in turn punished by God with violent and disgraceful deaths.



## EATING OUT

FOR

A CHANGE

"FIRESIDE INN" read the sign. HOUSE OF FINE FOODS. Its twinkling neon lights invited the passer-by to taste of their delicate food and drink.

"That's the place," said Abner Gingerich excitedly. From his seat at the front of the large van, he had been the first to catch sight of the revolving advertisement. In the gathering twilight its appearance was a welcome sight to the group of travelers, who "for a change" had decided to eat at a restaurant 20 miles away from their quiet country dwellings.

As the vehicle nosed its way through the heavy traffic, the inside buzzed with talk of "chicken dinners, ham, tossed salad, and the other goodies which were eagerly being looked forward to. After the elderly driver had finally found a place to park, they alighted to the sound, sight, and smell of city life. Most of the group had been to Chesterville before but at this hour the city had an eerie appearance giving the group of country people a jumpy feeling.

Somewhat hesitantly they made their way to the building from which such delicious smells were drifting. As they neared the door marked IN, the other door opened and a group of high-school students dressed in band uniforms, emerged from the building. With sharp, sidewise glances at the black hats and long dresses, they made their way to their waiting bus.

Inside the building the group gazed in amazement as their eyes took in the high-class furnishings. Everything seemed to be in tip-top shape. The silverware glistened in the light of the chandeliers which hung from the ceiling.

Quickly two tables were pushed together and they were ushered to their seats. For awhile they sat watching the almost continuous stream of comers and goers. Idly Henry Chupp brushed his foot back and forth on the red rug which covered the floor. After all had grown a bit impatient, a friendly little waitress breezed along, balancing eight glasses of water on a pewter tray. "And now," she smiled. "What can I do for you?" She whisked a piece of paper and a pencil out of her dainty apron pocket and stood waiting.

After much mumbling and debating the orders were given. Eight pairs of eyes watched with interest as bright red fingernails moved rapidly across the order sheet.

After she had disappeared behind the swinging door, eight souls were left sitting at the table feeling just a little bit guilty. Dena Kauffman glanced at the polished chrome rack where they had left their clothes. On one side of her husband's black hat lay a lush red coat with a mink collar and on the opposite side lay a gay sports hat with a red feather stuck into its band. She smiled in spite of herself. "Why should we feel guilty," she mused. "We left the children in dependable hands and just once shouldn't matter. After all we do need a change once in a while. Life on the farm can get so boring with the same routine day after day. And we do give plenty to the

poor." "But what about that sick neighbor you haven't visited and the widows in your church district," said a small voice within her. "That may be all right for some people but I just don't have the gift to talk and visit like some people seem to have," arose another voice within her and with that thought in mind she settled down to enjoy the evening.

With a start she aroused from her thoughts as the clinking of dishes brought her back to reality. The wonderful aroma of hot food watered the mouths of eight hungry people. This time their little friend had brought a co-worker along to help in distributing the food. Again they were thrown a few sidewise glances but they pretended not to notice as their attention was centered on the food. The waitresses had barely left the table till the first morsels had disappeared. After a few bites all guilty feelings vanished. The food was simply delicious and everybody had second and some third helpings. After everybody had eaten till he could hold no more, the octet had a merry time around the table. "Isn't it wonderful," sighed Ella Chupp. "Not even any old dishes to wash." By this time they were all so drowsy that at the mention of dishes everybody gave a sigh of relief.

Suddenly Ella's neighbor, Minerva Hersherger, happened to glance at the clock. She gave a shriek and all eyes followed her glance. In a moment everybody was on his feet and chairs were being pushed back to their places. "OH-o-h-h I ate too much," laughed Levi Glick as he stretched himself. "Don't worry, we all did," chorused his companions.

After the bills had been paid, everybody was ready to leave. Outside the bright street lights enabled them to locate the van without too much difficulty. The slumbering driver was aroused and soon had the motor purring. "After that supper we had, maybe we won't all fit in here," one of the men joked. Loud roars of laughter followed as they tried to make themselves comfortable. They drove in silence for awhile as the miles sped away. Isaac Stutzman broke the silence saying, "Don't forget to drive in at Jonas Lehman's, we have to pick up the children there." Mrs. Stutzman groaned from the back seat, "Ach, I hope they aren't sleeping."

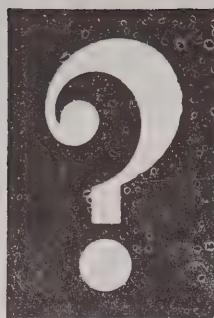
There was a dim light at the Lehman residence as they drove in. After much difficulty the complaining children were shoved into the van and they were off again. As they entered the Stutzman drive, Isaac yawned and stretched. "I'm almost too lazy to get off," he mumbled. Who feels like going to church tomorrow."

Finally everybody was distributed and the driver headed for home and bed. In the other homes, getting ready for bed was no simple matter. Sleepy parents tried their best to quiet now wide-awake children. "But daddy," little David Chupp kept repeating. "Why didn't you buy something for us."

"Be quiet and go to sleep came the answer."

-Anonymous

DEADLINE  
For Answers  
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## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

Who is responsible for the actions of our children aged from 9 to 16 while they are at church? They don't sit with their parents and usually the boys are outside a long time in time of church. After church they get into mischief and sometimes destroy property, break windows or damage buggies. Who is supposed to see that they learn respect for themselves and others, and keep their hands off of other people's property?

-Wondering where it will all end

??

### ANSWERS TO "WANTING TO KNOW WHAT IS RIGHT" ON EATING OUT

To the person wanting to know if it is the right thing to do to go out to eat, the men around here work 8 hours a day, come home, mow the lawn, tinker around and that's that. A woman's work is never done whether she's a farmer's wife or not, only a farmer has neither the time nor money to take his wife out to eat.

To me, going out to eat, is just a hamburger and french fries when I go along to do the grocery shopping and it only happens a few times a year. It is something different if we don't have to fix the meals, especially if the children at home are not big enough to do it.

- Geauga County, Ohio.

It all depends on what we make of it. I wouldn't like to make it anything like a weekly occasion but I don't see anything wrong with eating in a restaurant at times if done the right way. We often do our shopping on Friday nights and don't have time to eat before we go and would be too late when we get back so we get a little something to eat in town.

- Delaware

As for eating out, because if hard times come again some of the younger generation wouldn't even know how to "skimp" and try to save money. I feel this is just another way of spending our money unnecessarily.

My husband doesn't like to eat out. He always says home-cooked meals are better. Nor do I spend a lot of time in fixing fancy dishes and some that "look nice." We can get a lot of things from the garden which are delicious and healthy to eat or to can. If we're not too lazy to plant and take care of it, God can make it grow.

- Indiana

If women are truly in submission to their calling, they will not consider it drudgery to cook meals and wash dishes but will do it cheerfully and with thankful hearts, that they have a family to love and care for.

We would consider it a luxury and a worldly practice and would feel so out of place that we couldn't even enjoy it.

Is this one of the problems that comes with having a high weekly pay check from the factory?

- From one who enjoys eating at home with the family.

For myself, I don't feel it's proper for us plain people to eat out in the evening. Just to give the wife a holiday from cooking. Home cooked food is just as good and it would be making a better light for the world.

- Michigan

First of all, we are "plain people" because we belong to God and believe in the simple life. To do His will is our first responsibility so whether or not He is honored by what we do should be our first consideration. Can we go into a public eating house, set our children around a strange table and ask a blessing on the food, like we would at home?

What effect will it have on our children? Will it make them more contented at home after they see how fancy some of the eating places are furnished? Are you satisfied with your home? Do your children feel your contentment at home or do they sense a discontent when they see that you have to get away sometimes for something "better"?

It is true that a woman's life may be busier than she likes for it to be, as the old saying goes, "A man works from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done." Yet if she gets tired there are sitting jobs like the week's mending, if she wants fresh air, there's work in the garden, if she needs rest, the baby probably needs a nap, too. I know of no occupation under the sun as full of variety and diversion and fun (as well as troubles and accidents and problems) as a mother's.

It is entirely possible to have a "holiday from cooking" even on a hot day if we manage correctly. Was there some rice left over from the last meal? While the oven is hot, it can be made into a custard and served for supper after it is cool. The left-over potatoes will make a good salad for a hot day and be nutritious, too. One of my favorite meals for hot weather is apple dumplings served with cold milk and sugar. Nothing else is needed for that meal. Nothing in a restaurant will equal the taste and value of fresh fruits and vegetables.

With a little careful planning, you can give yourself a lot of "holidays from cooking" and have a good time doing it. But it has to be well-planned in order not to eat into the grocery allowance too deeply.

Eating out in a restaurant can be a pretty expensive experience. Why not save all that money by roasting your own chicken, scalding your own cottage cheese, fixing your own sandwiches and cookies, and gathering in your own spearmint tea and "eating out" by your own willow tree by the creek? It may be some bother to get the things ready but it is a lot of fun for the children. But don't forget the salt, the spoons and each one of a half dozen other things you will need so you won't have to be chasing back to the house all the time.

As for a "break from the dishwashing" you can make your own by learning to tidy up the dishes as you go instead of allowing them to pile up. After you peel the potatoes it only takes a moment to rinse the paring knife and put it away as well as the dishes as they are used.

You are right, the world does consider it a popular thing to do to eat out, especially on Mother's day or other holidays. But to me, it isn't worth it to stand in line and wait for a table. I'd lots sooner be at home where I can serve my own meals in comfort, where the family feels at ease and where the nerves and the pocketbook aren't strained. Eating at home is much easier.

- A.H., Indiana

It all depends on what you mean by eating out. At times we are travelling or have business to do in town which takes us away over the meal time. Under such circumstances, I don't think it's anything out of the way to eat in a restaurant.

Or perhaps we do the chores early and hitch up and go for a drive. On the way, we stop at a store to buy something for our lunch, such as bologna, potato chips, or ice cream. I can't see that this is anything out of the

way.

But if eating out means to hire a driver and go to a restaurant to get a full course meal, then I can't help believing that somewhere along the line we have missed the point. I simply can't make this fit in with the rest of our lives, how we believe and how we try to live.

I think it would be a very good idea to take your wife out for an evening and for a change. But why not go and visit some elderly or sick persons, or those who are in sorrow, and help them with their work, or even prepare a meal for them?

If you want to give your wife a holiday from the cooking or a break from the dishwashing, then why not surprise her occasionally by helping her with these tasks? Or better yet, persuade her to let you do them alone while she catches up on some reading or anything else she would like to do?

- Ontario.

### HOME REMEDIES AND SUGGESTIONS

For those who suffer from varicose veins, I would suggest drinking 3 cups of white oak bark tea a day. Make according to directions. Honey may be added to sweeten. I got such good results, that I wanted to share the remedy. Give it a few months time to get results.

-Mrs. Cephus Kauffman, Iowa

Family Life has printed several small items about the dangers of aspirin. I'm almost scared to take any anymore. What is a mother to do if she has several small children and gets a headache? I can't lie down until it's gone, unless the children are asleep, but headaches don't wait for that. Wonder if anyone would have any suggestions?

-M., Indiana

Some time ago you had an article in the FL about bedwetting. We also had that problem with one of our children. We sent to Sears Roebuck for that "wee alarm." It cost \$20., plus postage, but it is worth the money. We passed it on to the neighbors who also used it with success. If you do as directions say, it will cure the child—if it is an ordinary case. We plan to pass it on for others to use, so it is not expensive.

-A Satisfied Customer, Pennsylvania

### Liniment Recipe

- 1/2 cup eggs
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup turpentine

### THE STORM

The thunder rolleth in the heavens  
And in our man-made shelter, huddle we;  
The darkening sky and rising wind impart  
Fear of our God, in all His majesty.

Saplings bend low before the furious wind,  
So man must learn to bow before our God.  
The fall of a mighty tree that could not yield  
Is a lesson to the man who is too proud.

Oh, puny mortal, made of earthly clay,  
Dare you ignore an omnipotent God?  
The awesome storm is only one small part  
Of power He wields, His the almighty rod.

A crash of thunder, then the deluge of rain;  
The lightning flashes and lends a beauty rare,  
The storm soon passes and rumbles on its way  
While the rainbow reminds us of God's care.

—Louella Stauffer

### ONLY BY PRIDE

Samuel Hertzler

"Only by pride cometh contention," (Proverbs 13:10). Since many of the readers use the German Bible, the above verse may sound strange to them. In the German it reads, "Among the proud there is always strife." It does not matter which translation is the correct one, there is probably as much truth in the one as in the other.

But it comes rather close, doesn't it? Perhaps it would be well to stop and investigate. Yes there is friction, but it is the other person's fault.

Such an answer shows two things. First, there is friction or tension, and secondly, we are ready to put the blame on the other person. I am being wronged, I am the victim or circumstances. This may be true or it may not be true, it all depends on how we mean it.

It has been said that a man never portrays his own character better than in the manner in which he portrays others. Another saying is that the attitude we hold toward those who we feel have wronged us, is our spiritual thermometer.

To decide if we are involved in these things let us ask ourselves, Do I have pride in my heart? Do I have bitterness toward anyone? Do I nurse and cultivate grudges. Do I set my grudges up before me where I can look at them constantly and keep them in my mind? Would it make me feel better if those who have wronged me would have to endure some humbling experience? If the answer to any of these questions is yes, then it is idle to think we are not involved.

No one was ever more wrongfully treated than Jesus, yet he prayed, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." He had compassion in his heart but no trace of pride.

But the nature of the devil is altogether different. Job says he is the king over all the children of pride (Job 41:34). He is also the accuser of our brethren and he teaches his subjects to do the same.

There is however, a way of escape from this kind of a life, even if the king will not willingly lose any of his subjects. The powers of either good or evil can not reign over us unless they can control the mind. The power of good is stronger than the power of evil. If our minds are full of evil thoughts against those who have wronged us, we are unable to get rid of them by our own strength. We will have to ask God to help us.

This does not mean that we will necessarily have to kneel down in prayer in order to get deliverance. As we go about our work, we can lift our minds to God in prayer. I know from experience that this will work if we are sincere. The evil thoughts may return but we must pray again in Jesus' name to be delivered. To bring deliverance and to destroy the works of the devil is the reason why Jesus came to this earth.

A by-product of pride, or we might say wounded pride, is self pity. It is very difficult to help anyone who has buried himself in self-pity. It has been said that if self-pity is allowed to overtake us, then that is the end of us, until it is utterly cast out.

There was friction in the church at Corinth. There were some who questioned the authority of Paul to speak for Christ (2 Cor. 13:3). His answer was, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith, prove your own selves."

If we have a bitter feeling within us, that advice is fitting. Once we examine and learn to know ourselves, then we will discover that the other person is not so deeply involved as we thought.

We know that where there is low humidity in the air, there is little chance for rain. In the same way, if there is low humility in our lives, there is little chance for the heavenly rain and dew. It takes high humility and humility to bring both natural and spiritual rains.

As Jesus is more powerful than Satan, so is humility more powerful than pride.

— — — — —  
The only thing necessary for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing. - Burke



## Where is Mother?

O where is the mother whose house is so shocking?  
She's not in the nursery blissfully rocking;  
The nursery is bare for her babies are grown,  
O tell me just where our mother has gone.

Perhaps she went walking to get some fresh air,  
Or see a sick neighbor to give her some care.  
Ah, no, Mother's not doing any of these,  
She's in her prayer closet, down on her knees.

She's bathing each grown-up baby with prayer,  
Beseeching her God to keep them in His care.  
Safe from the tempter's angry darts,  
Aimed at their tender, youthful hearts.

She's feeling again the pains of travail,  
And she knows her own efforts do nothing avail  
To bring her dear prodigal back to the fold  
Who's wandering out in the dark and the cold.

She's thanking the Lord for each faithful child  
With disposition so sweet and mild.  
For the young man so helpful and so tall  
She prays, "Don't ever let him fall."

She's asking for grace for the mischievous lad  
Whose delight is in doing something bad.  
With thanksgiving she prays for her husband, too,  
Whose love is so constant, kind and true.

O where is the the mother whose house is so shocking?  
The dishes are waiting, a neighbor is knocking.  
She's in her prayer closet, down on her knees,  
Where burdens are lifted, then carried with ease.  
(Dedicated to my mother.) — Vera H. Miller

These verses were born with a sincere conviction that  
the greatest service any mother can render to her children  
is to intercede for them in prayer. Heaven alone  
will reveal how many times our enemy was defeated because  
Mother prayed. —VHM

It seems like a long time since I've been with you. Two  
months ago when the last Across the Windowsill was  
written, we were in the midst of summer. Now the roads

are bordered with yellow goldenrod, so we know autumn  
is here and soon we're facing winter again.

Another sign that autumn days are with us, is the flies  
that gather at the upstairs, or attic, windows. These are  
a nuisance, and an unwelcome sight. One good way to get  
rid of them is to set a small tin can on the windowsill that  
contains a bit of kerosene. The flies— for some reason—  
tumble in, and die.

When winter comes everyone likes to have a good warm  
buggy robe when going away. They are usually quite expensive.  
Mabel Burkholder sent in the following suggestions for making one.  
Quilt wool material with 2 layers of quilting dacron. A heavy plush  
can be used on both sides of the robe instead of the wool material.

A friend from Pennsylvania wrote in with a suggestion  
on how to keep children occupied when they can't run outside to play.  
She writes: "At our house cardboard boxes have given the youngsters  
lots of pastime. They like to saw windows and doors in them with a  
dull, wavy-edged bread knife. Soap powder boxes with the top corners  
cut out make carriers for toys or their clothing when they go travelling  
on the train (a row of chairs). Soda and cornstarch boxes make little  
baskets. Cut in the same way, only a little deeper."

An Ohio mother wrote: "I'm not one that thinks children should  
have a lot of toys, but I believe we should try to stay from extremes.  
Some children have too many, and other children have none. I think  
each child should have one thing or another to claim as their own. But  
the things that are bought for the family should be shared. If the children  
are old enough maybe a book or so should be given. They should then  
be told they are responsible for it. In other words, they need not have  
many toys, but should be taught to take care of what they do have. If  
a child isn't taught to share, it can lead to selfishness."

## No Time To Cheer

A friend of mine was in an accident so I decided to put a scrapbook  
together with the help of friends and neighbors. I thought this would be  
an easy and an inexpensive way to cheer someone, but I soon found out  
differently.

When I went to give a sheet to a friend she replied, "I don't have  
time to fill a page." Another said, "I don't like to work on a scrapbook."  
Another had taken a page and later returned it saying she's too busy.

With several excuses like that, I began to wonder if everyone has  
trouble to get their scrapbook filled.

Finally I had all my pages passed out. It was through the busy time  
of year, so I thought maybe that's why I received the answers that I did.  
Whenever anyone gave me a page to fill for a shutin, I thought it would  
be my duty to fill it no matter how busy I was. Anyway, I excused them.

Now just lately a similar incident occurred.

A friend from a distant community is sick in bed with cancer. Because  
of this, a sister in the church began passing out slips of paper after the  
services. On the slip was written the name and address of the cancer victim.  
The slip also contained a date. The recipient was then supposed to send  
a letter to the sufferer, on the date written on the slip. In this way the  
sick friend would be receiving mail every day for a long time.

I thought this was a good idea, but I did find out of someone who didn't  
want to write so she was trying to give her slip of paper to someone else.

I don't know if the sister who was passing out slips had

as much trouble getting rid of them as I did with the scrapbook sheets. Nevertheless, I think we who profess to be Christians should at least try to cheer the sick whenever possible.

— A Friend

Emma Weaver tells us: "I save large envelopes for storing my patterns. On the outside of the envelope I write what pattern it contains. It is much easier to find what I want and it also prevents torn patterns and lost pieces. Dates and ages written on the patterns will help later on when I forget just when it was used for the children."

#### Cooking Tips

We learned from native southern people that 1/2 cream mixed with 1/2 syrup is delicious on pancakes and french toast. It's cheaper, too— if you have your own cream.

The next time you bake an angel food cake, stir in 1 small box of jello (any flavor) with the sugar. It makes the cake larger and you can have a choice of flavors. (Some mothers take 1/2 cup less sugar when doing this. — Aunt Becky).

Did you know you can substitute rice crispy cereal for pecans in pies? It's cheaper and just as good.

— Mrs. Sam Hostetler, Missouri

When a non-Amish friend gave us a can of pickled green tomatoes, we questioned whether they would be good or not. We had a surprise coming when the can was opened. They were especially delicious when sliced thin and eaten in a sandwich. Those who love dill pickles and olives will enjoy them.

#### Pickled Green Tomatoes

5 quart green tomatoes      1 quart vinegar  
1/4 cup salt      2 tablespoon sugar  
2 garlic cloves to a quart, sliced in halves.

Heat and add green tomatoes. Bring to a boil and put in jars and seal. Add 2 dill sprigs or 2 teaspoons to a quart. Can them whole or cut in quarter pieces. The larger green tomatoes are the best.

#### Sandwich Spread

4 quarts green tomatoes      1 quart red and yellow  
1 quart onions      peppers  
1 bunch celery      2 1/2 tablespoon salt

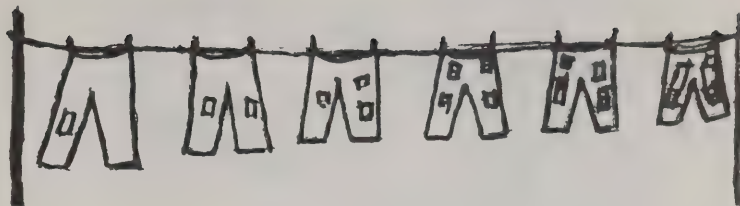
Grind vegetables and add 1 pint vinegar and 1 quart sugar. Boil 25 minutes. When cool add 1 jar mustard and 1 quart salad dressing. After you have vegetables ground, drain off some of juice. It's almost too sloppy. I usually do not cool it to put mustard and salad dressing in, if I want to can it. We especially like this with fish and weiners or most any kind of meat.

— Mrs. Alpha Kauffman

#### Tomato Relish

Mix 2 cups chopped red or green tomatoes  
1/4 cup chopped celery      1/4 cup minced onions  
2 tablespoon green pepper      1/4 cup lemon juice  
salt and honey to taste.

— Mrs. Milo Yoder



#### Stretching A Dollar

They tell me you work for a dollar a day;  
How is it you clothe six boys on such pay?

I know you think it conceited and queer  
But I do it because I am a good financier.  
There's Pete, John, Jim, Joe, Bill and Ed;  
A half dozen boys to be clothed and fed.  
And I buy for them all, good plain vituals to eat,  
And clothing— I only buy clothing for Pete.  
When Pete's clothes are too small for him to get on,  
My wife makes them over and gives 'em to John.  
When for John who is ten, they have grown out-of-date  
She makes them over for Jim who is eight.  
When for Jim they get too ragged to fix,  
She makes them over for Joe who is six.  
And when little Joe can wear them no more,  
She makes them over for Bill who is four.  
And when for young Bill, they no longer will do,  
She still makes them over for Ed who is two.  
So you see if I get enough clothing for Pete,  
The family is furnished with a wardrobe complete.  
But when Ed gets through with the clothing, and when  
You'd call them worn out, what do we do with 'em then  
Why, once more we go around the circle complete  
And begin to use them for patches for Pete.

-- Sent in by Mrs. John Fisher, Pa.

#### Some Mothers Write

One evening our four-year-old came in from the barn for matches for his father. He asked if he also could have some crackers for his brother and sister and himself. I told him not to fall in the mud. A few minutes later he came back crying, with mud all over. Then I asked him, "Where are your crackers and matches?"

He answered, "Where I fell down."

I asked him where he fell down and he said, "Where my crackers and matches are."

The dog got the crackers.

—Mrs. J. E. H., Fredericksburg, Ohio

One evening as our 1 1/2-year-old daughter came down from the barn at dusk, she saw her pet kitty sitting near the house. She bent close and said, "Now kitty bet ga."

—Mrs. W. H.

Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



The wise man  
does not  
care to walk  
with the  
majority.  
Aunt Becky



"I was sick and ye visited me."

Matt. 25:36.

When our friends are ill, that isn't the time  
To go at seven and stay until nine,  
A short little visit and a friendly chat  
A little of this and a little of that.  
Just the nicest things that we do hear  
Should ever enter our sick friends ear;  
One thing we know we should never tell  
That is to say, "You don't look well."

Our pains with theirs we might compare  
And tell them how they should take care,  
There's a lot of advice that we can give  
"You'd better take heed if you want to live."  
Perhaps we would often bring more relief  
If these visits were made a little brief.  
When they're well enough to enjoy the call  
We do not take time to go at all,  
For visitors I know they're always glad  
Who similar experience may have had;  
Just when to come they seem to know  
And what to say, and when to go.

Selected by one who has had experience

#### Visiting the Sick in Hospitals

The hospital is certainly the place for sick patients when other help is not available. But when shall the patient get his rest with all the blood tests, heart tests, x-rays, and everything else?

Of course the family is most concerned and should have the chance to visit their loved one. I have often seen the wife and children in the lobby anxiously waiting for the people that took the cards and didn't return. Then if they stand at the door (not going in because the rule is only two visitors to a bed), instead of the visitors coming out, they will say to the family, "Come in."

They are still not finished telling the patient of their troubles and wonder how this accident all happened. Often they don't realize how many visitors come and go and that the family wishes the patient could get some rest and perhaps come home a few days sooner.

Why not send a card and a few lines of encouragement in your own writing, and perhaps slip a little money in the envelope showing thoughtfulness and mercy. The hospital is an expensive place.

Now for the ministers, they are badly needed and the patient looks forward to meeting them.

-S.B., Pennsylvania

#### I SPEAK ANOTHER LANGUAGE

How does it feel and appear to one who had been healthy in mind and body from youth, and until the age of forty-eight, and now.....

I had always been healthy until the year of January 1971.

I had been farming and things always went average, like it does with farmers. My wife and I went to visit the sick, the friends, and the neighbors. We felt sorry for the ailing and talked with them. We did not realize that we could talk with them, but not to their heart, for we did not know the sick person's language.

But still I kept thinking to myself, I do not always have time to visit the sick. I was always kept busy farming and doing carpentering in the neighborhood. But God had other plans for me and changed my way of life. Now I speak another language and can hear what the crippled and the sick people have to say.

In January of 1971, when I was forty-eight years old, I felt a weakness in my legs. I decided it was nothing except a little rheumatism. By resting once in a while, I just kept on working until the wheat harvest time. I had trouble keeping up with the rest of the men when forking wheat bundles onto the wagon. So I let someone else do that and got a job that was not so trying, but I still helped thresh.

After the harvest I went to the doctor to get medicine for my mother-in-law. Then the doctor examined me. He put me into the hospital where I stayed two weeks. Then they sent me home telling me they can not help me, that I have multiple sclerosis. The doctors told me to keep moving and exercise, but not to extremes.

I had been home eight weeks. Then one morning I was out on the highway for my morning exercise, and got hit by a car. So I was again sent to the hospital. This time with a broken leg and concussion of the head, which did not help me in my battle against multiple sclerosis.

After I was home again, I had lots of company. But how does one start going away after he had a long sickness— if he has to use crutches, or a cane? I discovered when one gets to the point where health fails that he tries to do the best he can, under the circumstances. He throws away pride and lets the people think what they want to.

Now since I walk with crutches I have learned a new way of life, and a new language. A language that only the crippled or disabled are able to speak. I also find that some healthy people, who had been in long contact with the disabled, know this language— and the ways of the handicap. I must admit that when I went to visit them and talk with them, while healthy, I could not hear or feel for them. It was hidden from me. Now, as some people visit me, there is a different kind of thinking.

Some say there is a reason for my sickness and that there was some sin against God. I can easily see that this is possible. But I do not look at other people in this way.

I have to think that in the New Testament times there were parents that had a baby that was born blind. They raised him, and cared for him to the age of forty. Other people thought the parents had sinned because they had a child that was born blind. But Christ said it was not so, for this was the will of our Father in heaven, for He had the power to make him see.

Do the disabled have more chance than the able-bodied to enter into heaven? Christ gives us the answer. He gives everybody an equal choice— healthy or not healthy—to serve Him. So let us who are disabled not feel sorry for ourselves, but try to serve Him to the best of our understanding.

Titus H. Nolt

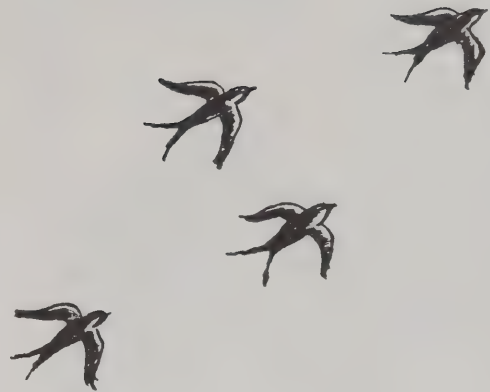
#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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## A Walk With Nature

Take a walk some day with nature,  
Leave your noisy world behind,  
Try to forget your labors, trials,  
Ease your weary, burdened mind.  
Spring and summer, autumn, winter—  
All the seasons nature shares;  
Take your time to go and enjoy it  
In the woodland thoroughfare.

Springtime is a lovely season;  
Earth removes her winter shell,  
Then gains again a coat of beauty,  
Brings sunshine we love so well.  
'Twould be nice to walk the woodland  
On a sunny day of spring  
When the leaves the scrubs are sprouting,  
When the birds so cheerily sing.

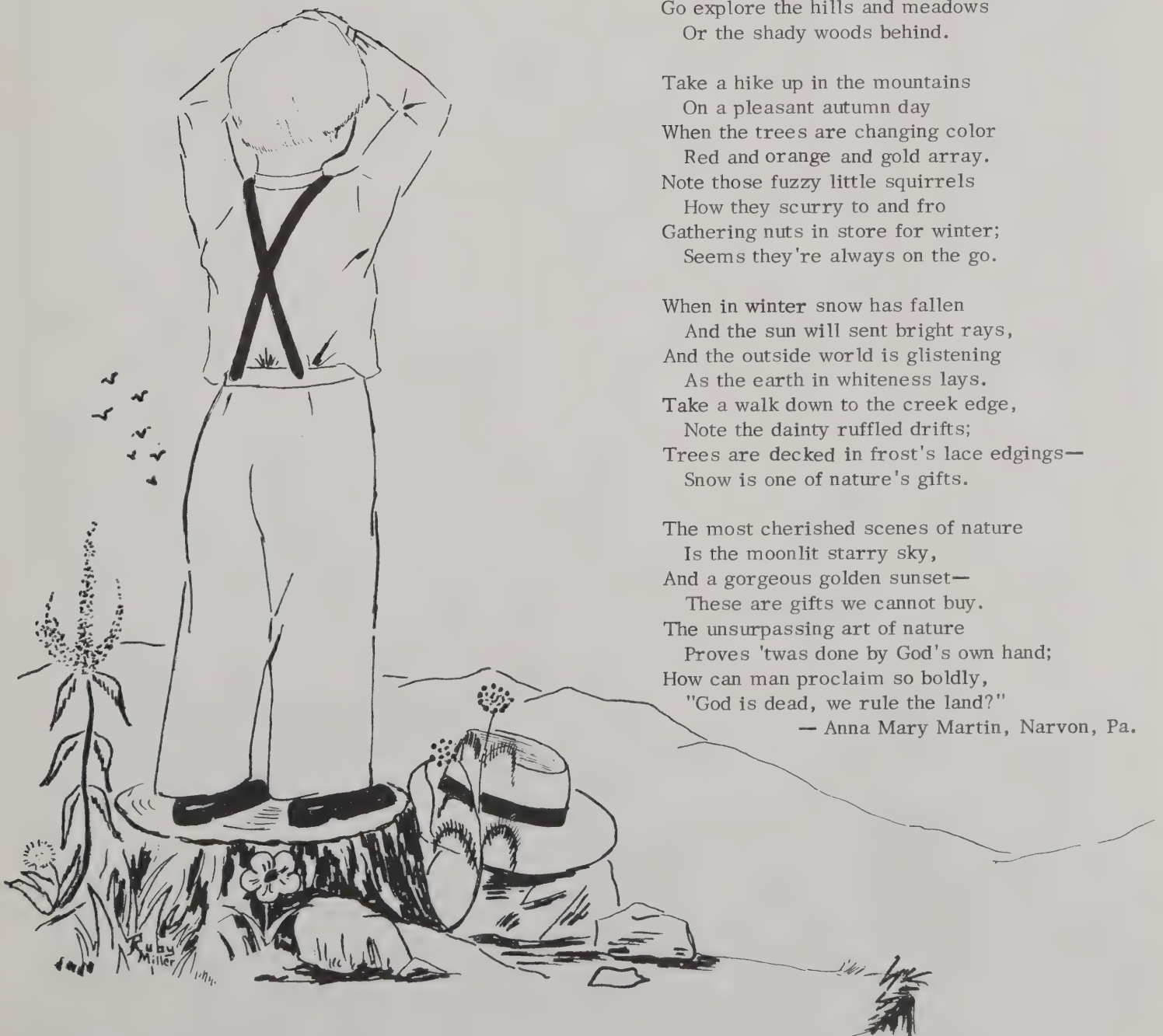


Nature gives the most in summer,  
Wildlife loves this season so;  
Glad and free they roam the mountains—  
Chipmunks, rabbits, fawn and doe.  
On a quiet day of summer  
When some leisure time you find  
Go explore the hills and meadows  
Or the shady woods behind.

Take a hike up in the mountains  
On a pleasant autumn day  
When the trees are changing color  
Red and orange and gold array.  
Note those fuzzy little squirrels  
How they scurry to and fro  
Gathering nuts in store for winter;  
Seems they're always on the go.

When in winter snow has fallen  
And the sun will sent bright rays,  
And the outside world is glistening  
As the earth in whiteness lays.  
Take a walk down to the creek edge,  
Note the dainty ruffled drifts;  
Trees are decked in frost's lace edgings—  
Snow is one of nature's gifts.

The most cherished scenes of nature  
Is the moonlit starry sky,  
And a gorgeous golden sunset—  
These are gifts we cannot buy.  
The unsurpassing art of nature  
Proves 'twas done by God's own hand;  
How can man proclaim so boldly,  
"God is dead, we rule the land?"  
— Anna Mary Martin, Narvon, Pa.





Gravity might be described as a mysterious force created by God to keep the earth and all that is on it from flying apart. It can not be seen, it can't be turned on or off, it reaches into space without anything to conduct it. It goes through all kinds of materials, is not affected by heat or cold and it can not be harnessed (put to use).

Gravity is the reason why water always flows downhill. It causes apples to drop to the ground instead of falling away from the earth. It pulls all things down and in this case down means toward the center of the earth.

Before gravity was known, people refused to believe that the world was round. They asked, "What would keep the people in China from falling off?"

Centuries ago people had a mistaken idea concerning many things on the earth and they tried to prove their mistaken ideas with verses from the Bible. For example, they asserted that the world was flat and that there must be a jumping off place somewhere by quoting Revelations 7:1, which mentions four corners of the earth.

The truth is that most of the misconceptions were

thought up by the ancient Greek philosophers. For example Aristotle, about three centuries before Christ, was considered as having the last word as far as knowledge was concerned. Aristotle asserted that objects fall through the air with a speed in proportion to their weights, thus a heavy object would fall faster than a light object. These philosophers were considered so wise that they did not need to actually try something out, they merely figured it out and what they said was accepted by the people. The statement concerning the falling objects was accepted as a fact for nearly eighteen centuries, or until the time of a young Italian scientist named Galileo.

Galileo had doubts as to the accuracy of Aristotle's statement. Even as a youth he studied the stars, the earth, and the objects about him. At the age of seventeen, he watched the swaying of the candlestick holders which hung from the ceiling of the churchhouse and noticed that they swung the same number of times in a given time, whether the distance of the swinging was great or small. He decided correctly that the swinging of a pendulum was regulated by gravity, and that a certain length of pendulum would always swing the same number of times in a given time.

We must remember that this was before the time of clocks and watches, and Galileo believed that a clock could be made by using a pendulum and he actually tried to make one. But he was unable to devise a satisfactory movement so he failed. But soon after his death a Dutch inventor by the name of Huygens took up where Galileo had left off and made the first pendulum clock.

If you want to prove to yourself if this is true, take an ordinary piece of string. Tie a loop in one end and hang the loop into a hook in the ceiling. Now take a ring or some heavy object and tie it to the other end, making the distance from the loop to the object about 39 inches. Start it swinging back and forth and time it with your watch. You will find that it makes about one swing every second. By making it shorter, it will swing faster. By making it longer it will swing more slowly. But notice that it makes the same number of swings per minute whether it goes in a wide arc or a small one. Be sure it is swinging when you start timing it for if you start it up, there may be some variation depending on how hard a shove you give it in the first place.

Next Galileo decided to prove that Aristotle was wrong on his rule as to how fast an object falls. He reasoned that if two bricks were dropped separately they would fall same fast, but if they were cemented together they would be heavier but would still fall at the same rate of speed. It is claimed that he went to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa which is 179 feet high and leans 16 1/2 feet to one side. He dropped two cannonballs, a small one and a large one. They hit the ground almost, but not exactly at the same time. The difference was attributed to air resistance as they fell through the air.

Galileo made the statement that objects with different weights do not fall at different speeds except as they are affected by air resistance. A piece of paper settles more slowly than a lead ball, but if it is crumpled into a tight wad it falls just as fast.

Galileo was teaching at the University of Pisa at the time, but his experiments were met with such angry demonstrations that he had to resign his teaching job. He continued to carry on his research in private but did not publish his discoveries until many years later. To do so would have been dangerous because about that time a man by the name of Bruno was burned at the stake for believing that the earth and the other planets are a part of the

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Return Addresses:  
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# FAMILY LIFE

November 1972

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# letters to the editors



## MORE TROUBLE FOR LINDA

I especially liked "What Troubled Linda" (August issue). Only recently I was back to visit a community where I had taught school a number of years ago. By this time the pupils had all grown up and many of them are married. I don't know how many went with a "wild group" of young folks, but what struck me was that at least half of my former pupils are now members of higher churches than where they grew up. Most of the parents are still in the church they were at the time I taught school there, but why did the children leave for a higher church? And some were out in the world, no church members at all. It would be impossible to describe my feelings as I became aware of this. What was the cause and what could have been done to avoid this trend? Over and over again I had to think of "One Way Street." Where will it all end?

-A former teacher

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for the "Views and Values" in the last issue. It was what we needed and more of it. Although it points a stark finger at some of the accepted things here in our community, I hope we will have more of this kind.

It is too bad that someone a few hundred miles away can see it, but we who are in the middle of these conditions have seemingly been lulled to sleep in the cradle of our traditions. I have gone through much agony because of these things and at times near despair. I fear our young folks are not as responsible as we make ourselves think they are. Is it right to give a home to people so they can live as they please and yet they are wanted at home so they can be admonished. Doors are left unlocked because if the pleasure seekers can not get inside, they will damage what they can get to on the outside. Can it be true that the parents are more concerned about earthly possessions than for the souls of their children?

We are living in prosperous times. Money is easy to come by. Seems our people are like horses, put a blindfold over their eyes and they can be led into anything. If the amusement places have smooth sounding names such as an aminal performance, early American days or gospel singers, then many of our people are lured to see the attractions. Can we ask God to keep us and bless us if we willingly expose our children to the evils around us? Are parents blameless if they hand money to their children to be spent on pleasures which vanish away? Have we forgotten the words of Jesus where He speaks to us as his children, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."

-Holmes County, Ohio

The author of "What Troubled Linda" must have been eavesdropping on me sometime! I happen to be one of those ex-teachers who has had the bitter experience of meeting former pupils in town who were dressed in plaid shirt and pants. I have gone home from weddings sick at heart after seeing a former pupil teeter around, carrying a beer bottle. I have lost sleep lying awake thinking about the former pupil who started working in a factory and lied about his age in order to get the job. I wanted to weep over a letter I received which read, "I suppose you

know — is joining church. He and — want to get married as soon as they can. I know they're both very young yet, but under the circumstances, I guess it's the best they can do."

You must think I had a group of outlaws in school. Well, I didn't, they were decent honorable and promising young boys and girls. They were aware of right and wrong and I feel confident that back when they were in the upper grades of school, they had no intentions of going the way they have.

What then, is wrong? I do not need to go into that: the author of "What Troubled Linda" told us plainly enough what is wrong. In fact it was so plain that it hurt. But even if it did hurt, I am glad for the article. Maybe we would do well to read it again and let it hurt some more.

Surely it's not an impossible task. If a teacher can keep order in the classroom when the children are in the lower teens, then it should be possible to have order among those who are older and more matured.

-Hoping something can be done.

## GREETING WITH THE KISS

I was glad for the story, "What Was John's Mistake" in the August issue. I feel the holy kiss should be practised more, but just what would be the reactions if someone young like me started it in a community where it is practised only by the ministers, the ministers' wives and a few of the older members? I have no desire to join a higher church and do not feel that this would point to such a desire. I feel this is one area in which our churches could improve themselves.

-Wanting to do what is right

## WISH IT WASN'T SO

I read with interest the comments in the "What Do You Think" section of the July issue. I wish it were true that the practice is dying out but here in our community it seems to be very much alive yet. Sad to say, 25 years ago when we were young, we didn't have any teaching against it. It was just the accepted thing and since our parents did it that way, it seemed to be right. It still seems to be that way with some people but I am glad that many see it differently now.

I remember once when we were in church, a few of us women went upstairs. These people had a couple of girls of dating age. The girls' beds were decorated with flowers all around the headboards. I had to think of Proverbs 7, especially verses 16, 17 and 18. The girls are married now and evidently settled down but did they settle up? Just recently an English man told my husband that every Monday morning he hears a buggy going by, a boy going home from his date. How does this look? I think it's time the parents woke up.

-Thoroughly ashamed.

## TAKING ADVANTAGE OF SAM

I read with interest the story "What to do about Sam"

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in the August issue. I would like to compliment the writer for the way he got his story together but which way shall we understand it? Do you really want to know what to do about Sam or are you just trying to portray what it is to be tied down to the regulations of a plain church?

If it's the former then you just as well forget your plan and start following Johnny's example more closely. But if it's the latter, which I believe it is, I'm glad you wrote the story. Too many people are taking advantage of the Sams. I am afraid we too often have the attitude which Sam accused Mose of, that Mose wants to be a Christian but Sam is lost anyway so why not take advantage of it.

Suppose there's a man in business to haul folks around who is no church goer. Then we hire him on Sundays to take us here and there where we perhaps don't have any business anyhow. But we pay him on Sunday for that's his business. But he worked on Sunday and we were the reason he did.

-I.S. Pennsylvania.

### THE HANDY HIRED GIRLS

There have been different stories about hired girls. I was wondering if somebody else would also maybe think of the mothers who have grown girls and also small children.

I have at times let our girls work out when we really needed them at home. But someone would need one here and another there and I would think my sewing can wait. I have worked late so somebody else would have help. It finally got to the place where our children would hardly have fit Sunday clothes.

I have wondered if this has not happened to other mothers already for I believe most mothers will share their girls when they are needed. But I think we should realize that sometimes the girl's mother needs her just

as much as the other person.

-Just another Mother, Ohio

### STAYING OUT OF TOWN

In a recent issue of *Family Life*, a writer made mention of the fact that they often do their shopping on Friday nights. I wonder if it is a good idea to have a habit of doing this? It is customary to hire a car to go in the evening, whereas if we went in the daytime we could go with our own horse and buggy.

How can we keep our young people from going to town at night or going to the little country store and staying all evening if their parents go eat supper in a restaurant and shop till stores close?

-Concerned

### GRAVITY AT THE EQUATOR

In your article on gravity which was published in the last issue of *Family Life* you stated that an object would weigh less at the equator than at the North Pole. Could part of the reason be because of centrifugal force as the earth is travelling approximately 1,000 miles per hour at the equator while at the pole it is virtually standing motionless in relation to the rest of the earth?

-M.B., Iowa.

### J IS MISSING

In the "Tree of Knowledge" (August issue) one statement said that the whole alphabet is found in Ezra 7:21. My Bible does not have the letter "J" in the above verse.

-Henry O. Martin, Honeybrook, Pa.

## WORLD WIDE WINDOW



### GIRL GANGS THE LATEST VIOLENCE

Law enforcement officers in England report a growing number of girl gangs who roam the streets at night and suddenly appear out of the dark to attack and rob unsuspecting victims. The girls are even tougher than boys, one officer asserts. Kicking, biting, scratching and punching they give their victims a rough time of it and take whatever they can get. The victims are usually women, but they also attack men. Last July a 55-year old man was attacked by four girls while walking toward his home. "They kept screaming while two of them took my arms and one jabbed my back with what felt like a knife blade. They made me kneel down with the side of my face against the pavement and took everything I had. Then one of them took her foot and crushed my head against the pavement," the man reported.

London police believe there are at least 30 of these gangs in that city alone. They are hard to spot as they look like ordinary girls during the daytime. Many of them come from wealthy homes and apparently dabble in crime for the excitement. A London official stated recently, "Girls who used to grow up in sheltered homes now freely roam the streets just like the boys have always done. It is a natural result that, in becoming equal, they have become equal in all areas, including violence."

So far there has been no report of such gangs in America, but it is a sobering thought when we remember that the Beatles, the beginning of the hippie craze,

started in England and spread all over the world. It can hardly be expected that this latest form of violence will be confined to England.

### ONE MORE IMITATION

For the past decade and longer, Amish have been annoyed and disturbed by the growing tourist attraction they unwillingly provide. But what many tourists see aren't Amish—just some people posing as Amish, catering to the tourist trade. Many major Amish communities now have the tourist places or "farms" especially set up to exhibit Amish. To a large extent these places are staffed by former Amish who have left the church, but then decided their heritage was more valuable than they knew—at least in dollars and cents.

Now there is a new imitation tourist attraction about to open—not of the Amish but of the Bible itself. Presently in the process of being built on 225 acres outside of Mobile, Alabama, is an amusement park called Holyland. In it visitors are supposed to be able to relive Scriptural events such as climb the tower of Babel, see Noah's ark, tour the streets of Jerusalem and view the temple. If desired, visitors can even be swallowed by an imitation Jonah's whale, or make a tour through an imitation heaven and hell. The project is costing 10 million dollars to build, and admittance fee will be \$6 a person. The place is scheduled to open Palm Sunday, 1973.

### BEWARE OF ANGRY BEES

Importing animals from other countries can turn out to be very bad business, as all of us who live in the U.S. and Canada should know. That's how our farms received some of their most common pests—sparrows and starlings. English sparrows, which were desirable birds in their native Europe, were released in America in 1850. They immediately made themselves at home and have

been a big nuisance ever since. The same is true for starlings—100 starlings were released in New York City in 1890 and 1891 and they have increased until today there are millions.

But if anyone thinks sparrows and starlings are bad, they must not have heard the latest news of what is yet to come. In 1956 a man in Brazil was trying to develop a hybrid bee. His idea was to cross a strain of bees from Africa with one from Europe. The African bees were extremely hard working and hardy, but also fierce and hot-tempered. The European strain were of a more easy-going type. By crossing the two strains, the man hoped to develop a hybrid bee that would have the hard working qualities of the African bee without being so hot-tempered and fierce. Such a hybrid would be an ideally productive honey bee.

But before the hybrid with the good qualities of both strains could be developed, an unfortunate thing happened. 26 swarms of the African bees accidentally escaped and mated with native bees in Brazil. The offsprings were a hybrid all right, but one with the bad qualities of both strains instead of the good. Known as the Brazilian honey bee the new hybrid bees are so hardy and tough and ambitious that they keep right on working, even in light rain and after dark. But they are so hot-tempered that the slightest noise or movement makes them buzzing mad. They will follow their victim for long distances. At this date, the official count in Brazil is ten people dead from bee stings. The bees have also been known to kill horses, mules and chickens.

And the bees are headed north. They are moving northward at the rate of about 200 miles a year and are expected to have spread all across South America within the next ten years and to be ready to start up Central America. In time, unless they are stopped, they will arrive in Mexico and the southern U.S.

### **SNOWMOBILING, A POOR SPORT**

Snowmobiles have become a craze in the world during the past several years. Although they are not commonly used by the plain people, a word of warning may not be out of the way. The following article has been adapted from a letter which appeared in the *Ephrata Review* some time ago:

Snowmobiles are hazardous to ones health. An increasing number of people die each year from snowmobile accidents. According to the statistics, it is sixty times more dangerous than hunting. There is also evidence to believe that the jarring ride produces thousands of serious spinal injuries each year.

People who use snowmobiles should also consider what they are doing to themselves and others. In addition to the personal health hazards, snowmobiles make it easy to commit illegal and irresponsible acts on public lands. If one wants a nice quiet walk in the park, one merely hears the roar and noise of happy-go-lucky snowmobilers. One snowmobile at fifty feet is equal to standing beside a jackhammer or a chain saw.

Snowmobiles pollute the air, and harm soil and vegetation. Snowmobiles cause erosion problems when icy blocks form under constant use of the snowmobile tread. These blocks reduce soil absorbency, so important to farmers in the spring planting.

Snowmobiling is a de-humanizing, non-creative and selfish sport. A person develops few real skills from such an activity. We need to make better use of our energies, talents and abilities. We need to make better use of the snow and realize that it is one of Nature's gifts to man.

### **SORGHUM MOLASSES BECOMING A SCARCITY**

Each year there seems to be a smaller supply of sorghum molasses. Those who are engaged in cooking this table delicacy say they cannot meet the demand for it.

Roy F. Rhodes, R.R. 2, Dayton, Virginia who cooks a

large amount each year says the demand seems to be picking up while the supply is diminishing. He uses steam to boil down the syrup which makes it almost impossible to scorch the molasses. He also has several stainless steel kettles with steam jackets finish off the molasses to the proper consistency. A woodlot on the farm provides fuel for the boiler but an oil fired boiler can also be used when needed.

The steam cooking outfit was devised and installed by John R. Rhodes, now of Stevens Pennsylvania, who sold the business to Roy six years ago. Customers come from many miles around to get their year's supply of molasses.

### **SHENANDOAH VALLEY ANNUAL OUTING**

The annual outing of the Justus Showalter group of Old Order Mennonites was held on October 14. Each year, the young people of this church which is located around Dayton, Virginia make the fifteen mile journey to the Allegheny Mountains on the Saturday following the fall communion services. Transportation is furnished by four wagons each pulled by two horses, with about 30 people on each wagon. Because of the steep grade, the boys and girls usually walk up the mountainside on foot. From the top of Reddish Knob, which has an elevation of 4400 feet, the beautiful valley can be seen for miles each way. There is also a fire tower on the peak. It is usually late in the evening before the group returns to their homes.

### **OPEN DOOR POLICY BEYOND REALM OF UNDERSTANDING?**

Practically everyone will agree with the statement made by a county judge recently that the "open door" policy as practiced in some communities of plain people "is completely beyond the realm of understanding."

The occasion for the outburst was the sentencing of several youths who were along on a hayride with a group of 17 boys who damaged property in three different homes. The two boys were given maximum penalties of \$100 fine and 30 days in jail for each of the three counts against them.

Under the "open door policy", according to the judge, the doors are left unlocked and boyfriends are permitted to go into the homes and into the bedrooms of marriageable aged daughters as they wish. The Judge said he had seldom heard of charges which were so "barbaric".

The judge reprimanded the youths, "You go goofy with a few beers and act like a bunch of wild beasts. These fathers let you into their homes because they are fearful of what would happen if they didn't. This type of action doesn't sound like it could happen in our county or in the United States. Many persons view your faith with awe and consider you to be extremely moral and upright people. Your image would be tarnished if only they knew the truth," the judge said as he slammed the bench with his fist. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself and if you're not, I'm going to make you wish you were."

Commenting on the case, the judge asserted, "To allow a bunch of boys into a house with four daughters is barbaric. If I had a daughter and they drove up to my house, I would shoot every one of them."

Although we, as non-resistant people can not agree with the judge in his method of dealing with such circumstances, we do agree that such things should not be found in any Christian church. We also believe the church has better ways and more effective in dealing with the problem than to throw the offenders into jail.

Many people feel that if such a thing as the "open door policy" does exist to any extent in any of our communities, then it is the duty of the parents and the church to work together to put an end to it. If the young folks have the teaching they should have, and the parents are concerned about their sons and daughters, and will work together, then it will not take long to put an end to the "open door policy."

Time has a way of proving many things. The old saying is that "Time will tell." The biggest drawback is that, in many cases, by the time that time has told, it is too late to be of much benefit to the one who needs it. This is the very reason why history is so important.

Recently while travelling on the highway through what was once an Amish settlement, I jotted down the following names taken from advertisements along the wayside, "Stutzman's Insurance," "Bontrager's Real Estate," and "Beachy's Dairy Bar." There is no longer an Amish settlement in this community but the billboards gave mute reminders that the offsprings of what was once a plain people are still there. Buried in those hills is a valuable history of a congregation who were once a separate and non-conformed people but for some reason or reasons, have now lost out to the world. It could be of great value if someone could give us the reasons why this change was made and the circumstances that led them in that direction.

On the same trip I visited with an old acquaintance, a man whose father was once an Amish minister. As the children grew up, they made their marks in this world, reaching some of the highest goals attainable in their profession. But as they reached maturity each one took his own way, until today not one of them is with the church of their parents. There must be reasons and circumstances which brought about these conditions. If we can learn what they are then we can profit from the experiences of others.

In this life things are not always what they seem. But in looking back in history, it is much easier to decide if something was a good thing or not. History is not a respecter of persons. Like the laws of the universe, similar actions nearly always bring similar results. If we stick our finger in the fire, we will suffer pain. If we put ourselves into temptation needlessly then we will be led into the wrong.

A good friend recently lamented that it seemed certain conditions were taking the overhand in the church. Some modern implements of farming were being widely used and he was alarmed because as he said, "I have never seen it but what when these things come into a church, they are followed by still greater changes toward the world."

We wished we could have assured him that his fears were groundless. We wished we could have told him, "No, you need not be afraid because we have seen many churches who allowed the things your church is allowing now and yet they did not go further into the world."

But there was little comfort we could give him for the very things he feared have often happened in the past, and if the world stands, will probably happen over and over again in the future. History is so final and immovable that it is frightening. That is the reason why it is such a serious matter to stop and ask ourselves, "Will our offsprings and the descendants of our church someday be advertising themselves on the billboards along the highways in occupations which we now would not think of engaging in? Will they leave the simple and agricultural pursuits for which our people have been noted down through the centuries, to follow after the occupations and the honors of this world? The course we take in our lifetime may well determine the course of history in the years to follow.

Do you believe that if you read something in a book or a magazine, that what you say or think about it, makes any difference to the publisher? We are convinced it does, especially if you have a legitimate complaint. Book

publishers may not pay much attention if only one or two people complain about something. But if one or two dozen people write in and complain about the same thing, they will sit up and take notice. In other words, they will give consideration to see if something can be done about it.

A number of persons have mentioned a complaint which they have against the paraphrase of the Bible entitled "Living Letters," and "The Living New Testament." Many hundreds of thousands of copies of these books have been sold, and they are as a whole very good and edifying reading. But there is one point which stands out like a sore thumb and which seems excusable for an otherwise commendable paraphrase. The phrase "Greet one another with a holy kiss" has been translated as "Shake hands for me with all the brothers there." There are at least five places where it has been translated wrongly: Romans 16:16, 1 Cor. 16:20, 2 Cor. 13:12, 1 Thess. 5:26, and 1 Peter 5:14.

The company that publishes this book is a big company, but we wonder if they will not change these phrases to make them more nearly agreeable to the original texts. We would like to make a suggestion that if you have a copy of the book and would like to see these changes made, or if you would be interested in having the book if those changes were made, that you write to the publishers and tell them how you feel. As far as we know no other subject in "Living Letters" has been handled so inaccurately as the matter of the holy kiss. If you want to write, send them a short letter asking if they would consider making a change in these five verses in future editions. Write in a nice way, not demandingly or threateningly, but respectfully. Address your letter to: Tyndale House Publishers, 336 Gundersen Drive, Wheaton, Ill. 60187. Please do not mention anything about us in your letter. Several editions per year are printed and we are anxious to know whether they will not give heed to this matter if it is called to their attention by a number of people.

An error occurred in the German section of the October issue. Several paragraphs which should have been at the top of the page were accidentally interchanged.

Also, the German poem by Sam Bender which was mentioned in the German editorial was not published but it does appear in this issue.

In this issue we are again presenting a book list from our bookstore for the benefit of our readers. We urge you to save it and to use it until such time as another list is sent out. For your convenience, it is stapled separately and can be removed from the rest of Family Life.

Very few of our readers recognized the picture which was on the cover of the August-September issue of Family Life. It is a picture of a painting by Sarah Weaver of the "Red Mansion", the big brick house which was occupied by the Joseph Stoll family before they moved to Honduras. It is now the home of two members of the Family Life staff, Martha Helmuth and Elizabeth Miller.

Joseph Stoll reported that he did not recognize it either at first as he was too interested in finding out what was on the inside of the covers. But soon one of the members of the family spotted it and then the secret was out. Joe said it brought back some fond memories of the past and also caused a homesickness for the place which they called home for a number of years.

This month we are printing the first installment of a series of child training problems. It will not be a (continued on page 31)

Has anyone bought a nice horse recently with papers giving him the name of Silver Creek Brave? If so, you may be driving a horse which is unsafe to be hitched to any buggy. In response to the article in the September issue of Family Life, we have received more information on this horse. Following is a letter from Andrew H. Hershberger, Millersburg, Ohio:

"A neighbor of ours had a horse for sale and since we needed one, we decided to go and see him. He turned out to be a real nice looking horse and when we hitched him to the cart he started bucking a little. But when we pulled him in, he went real nice.

"We bought the horse but the man said since it is a young horse he would advise us to put kicking straps on him. He said if anything went wrong, he would make it right.

"We drove the horse regularly but we always kept the kicking straps on him. After we had driven him that way for quite a while I told my wife I think we could take the kicking straps off but we didn't.

"About 4 1/2 months later my wife and her mother took the horse to Mt. Eaton, an 8 mile trip. The horse went real nice but on the way home, going down hill, he started bucking until he broke the harness and the kicking straps slipped off. He kicked in the dash and ran down the hill and up the next where he stopped with them still on the buggy. Nobody was hurt and a car came along and took my wife and her mother home.

"A friend of ours told us to pass a rope through the shafts to the bridle and then down to the bit for this was supposed to keep a horse from kicking. We did this after that, and he seemed a little nervous but quieted down again. We drove him for over six months and then one Sunday we went to my sister's place which is 17 miles away. On the way home, travelling along a level road, he started kicking. The rope was useless. By the time his leg finally got caught in the crosspiece, he had kicked in the complete front end of the buggy.

"We never hitched the horse again. The man I bought him from said I should sell him and he would make it right for he had not known he was a kicker. We took Silver Creek Brave to the Kidron horse sale where he was sold among the old and cull horses.

"I was shocked and surprised to see the story in Family Life. I agree that he is a wolf in sheep's clothing and no telling where he will turn up next."

From John Rhodes we have learned that according to the registration papers, Silver Creek Brave was raised by Eugene D. Wilcox of Urbana, Illinois. He was sold to Sharon K. Tufts of Piqua, Ohio which is as far as names were transferred on the papers. Sharon Tufts apparently is no longer living at that address and all efforts to contact her have failed.

Andrew Hershberger bought the horse on March 1, 1971 and sold him again on March 11, 1972. The dealer that sold the horse to John Rhodes on March 17th, 1972 told him the horse comes from Michigan. But apparently he didn't spend much time in Michigan.

John Rhodes wrote to us recently, "I regretted to give this otherwise excellent horse up. Travelling was so easy for him. He also had saddle gaits and there was a possibility that he would make a safe riding horse. I sold him again at the New Holland sale labelled as 'NOT SAFE FOR DRIVING'. Where he went I do not know but he did bring more than butcher price."

Hershberger and Rhodes both sold the horse as unsafe for driving. Yet there is always a possibility that he will again turn up in front of someone's carriage and

may cause an accident, or injury or death. Would anyone have any suggestions as to how the horse could have been disposed of so there would have been less chance of this happening?

(con'd from back cover)

towns and settled there. Some of the soldiers would have taken Hebrew wives and taught them their language. But the Jews would not have been able to pronounce the "th" sound and would likely have called it "z" even as many Frenchmen will today on learning the English language. There would be other changes, too, which after several generations, would come to be accepted as the proper language. Perhaps after several hundred years, the two languages would be so different that they could not be recognized as the same language. But they would still be related, and many of the words would be similar.

Of course, languages also change merely from usage. The English and the German which was used 600 years ago would barely be understandable to us today. Languages are constantly picking up new words. Latin has left its mark on many of our languages. The word "capra" in Latin means "goat," but in English it has come to be accepted as the antics which a goat makes.

It has been noticed that in warm countries there are more different languages than in colder climate. For instance all the Eskimoes from Greenland to Alaska speak practically the same language, whereas the state of Oregon had at least thirty different Indian languages. One theory is that in a warm climate, perhaps groups of children have become lost from their parents and have started up a new group with a language of its own. This, of course, would not be possible in a colder climate for they could not survive.

Many children try to make up a secret language and sometimes they actually succeed. The story is told of a pair of twins who were left very much to themselves and grew up without coming much in contact with other people. At the age of four, they had made a language of their own and could talk to each other.

Some people believe that many problems could be solved if everyone in the world spoke the same language. Students have spent much time in trying to devise such a language. Perhaps one of the first serious attempts was to form a language called Esperanto, which was invented around 1880. It uses all the letters of the English alphabet except Q, W, X and Y. All words are pronounced the way they are spelled and the accent is always on the next to the last syllable. Books are available written in Esperanto including the Bible, scientific books and novels. There are more than 100 newspapers and magazines published in this language in 30 different countries. Esperanto is designed to be a second language.

Another attempt to make a universal language is the Basic English. Using only 850 basic words of the English language, books have been printed, and pictures drawn to enable anyone not familiar with English to grasp the meaning of these words. This system was first devised in 1932 and today a number of books including the Bible are available in this language.

More than a hundred languages have been devised and advocated as a universal language. Of all these, probably the basic English has the best chance of acceptance since English itself is perhaps the most widely known.

Those who advocate a universal language believe that if the people of all the countries could talk to each other in the same language, it would help to solve many of their problems. Although it might be an aid, it is evident that more would be needed than a universal language to bring peace to the world.

# CHILD TRAINING STUDY

By Joseph Stoll

## PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING

John Miller and his wife Mary were a young couple in their early twenties. Conscientious and sincere in their Christian lives, they yearned to build up the church -- to have it pure and holy, free of sin or error. They longed to see some Biblical practices restored, that had been lost over the years.

But change did not come so easily, and John and his wife grew discouraged. It seemed they really had little to say about church matters. The ministers and the older members made the actual decisions. The younger people, it seemed to the Millers, just weren't taken seriously. They began to feel snubbed, unneeded, useless.

Then their first child was born to them. The new parents were awed by the miracle that had happened. God must have faith in the young members of the church, or He wouldn't give to them the great responsibility of training up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

As they peered at the baby in the crib, the young father and mother were humbled by the task entrusted to them. This child was a gift from God, and God expected them to bring him up in the way he should go. Theirs was the responsibility to train and discipline and teach him rightly.

But how? John had been the youngest in his family, and his wife the second youngest in hers. Neither one knew much about children. Oh, for some practical advice from older, experienced parents. Was it necessary for them to face the problems of child-training on a hit-and-miss, trial-and-error basis? Must they learn by their own mistakes?

What do you think? It seems to me there must surely be much that parents can learn from each other. Young couples like the John Millers are not the only ones who might be glad for a discussion on child training -- how to discipline children, what to teach them and when, how to give them the values in life that really count.

It has been said that children are the only treasure here on earth that we can take along to heaven. Also, somebody has noted that children are our greatest and most important "crop" --- a crop that we get to raise only once. If there is a crop failure, there is no second try in which we can correct the mistakes we made the first time.

If these things are true, we certainly need to be whole-hearted and earnest about the bringing up of our children. They must come before our jobs or our business. Money is one thing, and children are another, and of the two there is no doubt which is the more important.

There is so much involved in raising up a family for God --- there are so many dangers and pitfalls, so many duties to look after, so many lessons to learn, that I am sure none of us have all the answers. In fact, it seems those parents with the largest families and the most experience are often the most humble about this matter of child training. They have had a chance to see their own mistakes, and have discovered how necessary it is to lean on the Lord for guidance and wisdom.

From time to time there have been articles and advice on child training in *Family Life*. It seems this is a subject on which we need more writing, more encouragement, more sharing of advice. How can strong Christian homes be built, in which the children are respectful, obedient, pure of mind? How can parents develop a good

relationship between themselves and their children? What kind of training and environment does it take for children to grow up to be God-fearing, rather than sowing wild oats?

There are many questions. Even if one knows the answers, how can they be put into practice?

I, for one, would like to see the subject of child-training discussed more in *Family Life*. I have talked to other parents who feel the same way. But how do we go about it?

For one thing, I don't feel qualified to write much on this subject, at least not without first learning the opinions of others, to hear of their experiences and what they have learned.

With nine children of our own, the oldest fourteen, my wife and I feel like pupils who are halfway through school. There is much that we have learned, true, but there must be hundreds of lessons to take yet. Some, however, we may never experience. But other people have experienced them, and hence, are in a position to share.

This is what I have in mind -- to each month present a true-to-life problem, and ask the readers to share their own experiences in similar situations. This will give us a treasurehouse of advice and real-life experiences, from which articles can perhaps be written to benefit us all.

This month's problem:

John Miller's named their little boy Jakie. By the time Jakie was a year old, he had developed a few ideas of his own. He would stiffen his body and scream whenever something displeased him.

"It's time to break his will, to make him give up," remarked John to his wife. "I think we've waited plenty long already. I'm going out right now and cut a switch from the peach tree."

"Oh no," cried Mary, clutching her child to her shoulder and soothing him. "That would be cruel, John. Surely there are more human ways to bend his will."

John stopped at the door. He did not know what to do. "But Mary," he insisted, "I was always told a child must be made to give up, just like breaking a colt. After his will is broken, it will be easy to train him to obey us."

"But not now," said Mary, pleadingly. "Why, he's just a little baby yet. He's way too young, and would never know what he was being whipped for. He'd be afraid of you for a week. Let's wait till he's older and we can talk to him, and tell him what is right and wrong. What he needs now is love, not a beating." There were tears in Mary's eyes.

"I don't know," mused John, unsure of himself. "When I boarded at Andy Rabers, they paddled their baby, and it worked, that's all I can say."

"I don't care, I still think it's cruel," said Mary.

What do you think? Is it cruel to whip a baby? Should a child's will be broken? If so, at what age and by what means?

If you have some helpful advice or can draw from your own experience, sit down right now and put it on paper. Express yourself just the way you feel. It would be nice if you could mention your age and a few words about your own family. Your name will not be used.

Send your letter to:

**CHILD TRAINING STUDY**

**C-O FAMILY LIFE**

**R. 4, AYLMEER, ONT. CANADA**

Watch for next month's Problem in Child Training.

# Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## RIDING IN THE CABOOSE

Early last February two fishermen made the most important catch of their lives—they caught a thin, ragged little man. The fishermen were fishing on a tiny island in the Pacific ocean when they spotted this strange man. They followed him, and when they got close enough, pounced upon him. Then they turned him over to the police.

As it turned out, the ragged little man had a most unusual story to tell. He told the police that he was 59 years old and his name was Shoichi Yokoi. He had been hiding for 28 years with no contact whatever with the rest of the world. The way it had all come about, in 1944 he had been a sergeant in the Japanese Army stationed on the Island of Guam. That was during World War II; and when, after a month-long siege, the U.S. army recaptured the island, Yokoi and nine of his men refused to give up. They knew they were defeated, but they refused to surrender. "We Japanese soldiers were taught to prefer death to the disgrace of getting captured alive," Yokoi told the police. And so they went on hiding, living like so many Robinson Crusoes. "At first there were ten of us," he said, "lying low and dodging the enemy." One by one the others died or gave themselves up until only Yokoi was left. He kept a rough track of time by making a mark on a tree at every full moon. For the last eight years he was completely alone, living on the food he could find in the jungle—nuts, mangoes, crabs, snails, rats, eels, pigeons and wild hog. When taken to a hospital for an examination after his capture, although bony and gaunt, Yokoi was found to be in good health.

Yokoi wept when he was told that his mother was dead. But his grief was lessened as he was welcomed back to his homeland, instantly a national hero all over Japan. People showered him with gifts and came long distances to see him. But in spite of all the fuss made over him, Yokoi found the changed world hard to adjust to. Coming back to civilization was almost like being awakened from the dead after 28 years in the grave. (In fact, Yokoi had long been believed dead, and a tombstone was erected in his hometown with his name on it.) Yokoi found himself bewildered and puzzled by the modern world he was thrust into. "It's all like a dream, and I'm afraid of waking up from it," he said.

Seven months have now passed since Yokoi returned from the jungles of Guam to life in modern Japan. Recently a newsman decided to hunt up Yokoi and see how he is getting along. He found him living with his brother-in-law, the only relative he has, since he was never married. The newsman soon found that Yokoi is still having trouble getting adjusted to modern life. But now he is no longer marvelling at the inventions and material improvements which had left him dazed at first—television and radio, whizzing cars, streamlined styles, huge factories and industries, space travel and things like that. Meanwhile he has discovered other changes, social and spiritual changes, which disturb him much more. Yokoi admitted to the newsman who interviewed him that he is confused and baffled. "Practically everything I encounter is tough to accept," he said. "I am having trouble preparing my mind to cope

with all these changes that have happened in my country." Yokoi complained that before the war, children in Japan were taught to be obedient to parents, but now "they seem to make it a profession to defy the authority of parents." He also said that, "In those days our society was far more close-knit and warmhearted. Today only one thing makes itself felt—egotism. These youngsters amount to a bunch of spoiled brats."

Yokoi found that other changes have taken place, too. Women for example. Soon after he came to Japan from Guam, he saw a typical Japanese woman—she was dressed in a mini, her hair was dyed red, her fingernails were painted, and her eyes shadowed in purple. "She looked like a ghost," Yokoi shuddered. He says modern women have become "monsters who scream like apes," with virtue and gentleness "all but gone from them."

### ARE WE THANKFUL?

Why do we take for granted  
The blessings of each day?  
And why can't we remember  
Some grateful thanks to say?

For most of us are blessed with  
The wealth of health, or love;  
How often do we realize  
They come from God above?

Some folks accept these blessings—  
Life owes them all these things  
So why should they be thankful  
For pleasure that it brings?

The joys of friends and family,  
A home— the love they give;  
The sunrise in the morning,  
The strength to work, to live.

So many little blessings  
We fail to recognize;  
Why, even sometimes troubles  
Are a blessing in disguise!

The things we take for granted,  
Should they be gone some day,  
How many persons wouldn't have  
Words of complaint to say?

Should we be poor and homeless,  
Our bodies weak and sore,  
No strength to work, no food to eat,  
And no friends anymore.

Then in our grief and sorrow  
For help to God we'd cry,  
"I know you sent the trials  
But not the reason why."

God sends the trials to help us  
He sends us blessings, too,  
So why can't we remember  
To say, "Oh, God, thank You?"

— E. W., Port Trevorton

The story of Yokoi reminds us of how sometimes we hear an older person say, with a shake of his head, "I sure wonder what my father would say if he were here and could see the conditions today." Or, "I wonder what our former bishop would say if he were here—it's more than twenty years since he's not living and many changes have taken place." Of course, all of us know that it is impossible for our departed loved ones to come back and give us their opinion of the changes that have taken place.

The experience of Yokoi, in coming back to modern life after being out of touch for 28 years, is not exactly the same as coming back from the dead. And yet his impressions do illustrate in an unusual way to what extent the world has been changing—and that those changes go deeper than the on-the-surface advances of science and technology.

When we think of change and modernism, we are most likely to think of inventions—plastic, motors, telephones, and things like that. And yet there are other changes that have come hand-in-hand with the material changes.

People have moved within the last hundred years from farms to the city. Life styles have changed. Everything has been speeded up—living faster and faster. And every year the changes continue—things that at one time were unthinkable gradually become accepted until it would be unthinkable not to do them. Let us take, for just one example, the standard of modesty.

A hundred years ago the idea of women going swimming was just starting to catch on. But most people were opposed to the practice, they did not believe in swimming suits, even though the suits that were worn would not be recognizable today as a swimming suit. Swimming suits in those days literally covered the wearer from head to toe. Bathing caps were worn, and there were even bathing slippers for the feet (A pair selling for 24c in 1898). Even as late as 1920 those ladies who were daring enough to go swimming, wore long stockings to complete their suit. But today—well, it is hardly necessary to say much. It should be enough to say that 100 years ago swimming suits were designed to conceal whereas now they are designed to reveal.

Equally startling changes have taken place in dozens of other areas. There has been a mass movement away from rural areas to cities, and the large cities have mushroomed in size—in 1870 there were less than a dozen cities in the U.S. with a population of 100,000 or more—today there are nearly 150. A hundred years ago, over half of the people were working on farms, but since then the number had dwindled to only about seven percent. The family unit and homelife has suffered. In 1812 there was one divorce out of every 110 marriages. Today there is one out of three. Presently there are one and a half million children of divorced parents and three hundred thousand more children are added every year. There is an alarming increase in illicit sexual activity. Three hundred thousand illegitimate births are recorded each year though fourteen states keep no record of legitimacy. The number of cars in the U.S. has doubled in the last twenty years. In 1950 only 35 percent of homes had television, today more than 90 percent have. Violence and crime are on the increase everywhere. Newspapers are filled with strikes and riots, nations in unrest and tension, hijackings and bombings. Drug abuse has spread from the big cities to the small country towns. Young people are running away from home by hundreds and thousands.

Changes. All of them changes in the wrong way. No wonder Yokoi has a hard time getting used to it, after the peace of the jungle for 28 years.

But, of course, all of us knew that changes have taken place in the world. The story of Yokoi doesn't teach us anything new—it only serves as a fresh reminder of what we have known all along. With all these changes going on in the world, it might be good to ask ourselves in what way these changes have affected our plain churches.

There can be little doubt but that the great and rapid changes in the world have had at least some effect upon

us. For example, I can remember a day not more than twenty years ago at the most, when my father came home from town and reported having seen a woman on the streets with an unbelievably short dress. With a shake of his head, he said, "Her dress just reached to her knee, and not a bit farther, I'm sure." The way he said it showed that he had never expected to see anything so immodest become acceptable in public, even in the world. If my father found this immodest dress hard to believe in the world, much less would he have expected that his son would barely fifteen years later walk into an Amish home in another settlement and find the mother wearing a dress just as short. I know his son didn't! Of course this is an extreme example, and one that we are still all shocked at. But if it stays around for ten or fifteen years, will our children still find such dress shocking?

Before we answer the question too quickly, let's remember that we have accepted many things that our parents would have been disturbed by. As an example of this, a young man who grew up in the world, but has now joined a plain church, wrote the following: "Just take a look through an old fashion magazine of fifty or sixty years ago and compare the length of the skirt with what most plain women are now wearing. There is quite a difference. Just think if the average plain women were transported back in time to 1910 she would be looked upon with great shock and amazement. 'Look at how short her dress is,' they might say, and she might even be arrested. And these would be 'worldly' people that would condemn her."

Are the plain people then travelling the same direction as the world, but merely following a few years behind? Are we on the same train, just riding in the caboose?

If we hope to resist the changes and trends going on around us, we would do well to stop and consider what brought about those changes in the world. What is responsible for the sudden explosion of change? For centuries people lived basically the same, right back to the time of Christ, and then all at once everything has flown apart. Why? Is it possible that the same conditions that brought about the changes in the world will also in time bring them about in the churches? This is certainly something to be concerned about.

We all agree that the changes that left Yokoi dazed the most aren't good—young people rebelling against authority, women demanding equal rights, and society losing its closeness and warmth. But what about those other changes, the changes he noticed first—the whizzing cars, the industrialization and mechanization of everything? What about those changes—are they good or bad? Or is there no connection between the two types of changes?

Some churches have accepted these material changes in part or in whole, believing these inventions can be used for good—cars, telephones, electricity, tractor farming, etc. But if we look around us, we should be able to see by this time that these inventions have helped bring about the many harmful changes in the world. Cars have put people on the roads, bringing easy travel and a way of life that has the emphasis on luxury and ease, rather than on self-denial. Electricity has brought television. Tractor farming and modern machinery have destroyed the idea of a family farm—now most of the family can work in factories and away from home, even if living on a farm. Surely we can see that the host of material inventions, although not evil in themselves, have brought with them an overwhelming influence which has swept the world in the wrong direction. Isn't it reasonable to think that these same inventions also have an influence in the church to whatever degree we accept them.

Recently a young man who grew up in an Amish home, but is now completely out in the world, made the statement, "All the Amish should be stuffed and put into museums. That's the only place in today's world they fit in."

It's true we don't fit in today's world. Let's hope and pray we never will.

# FIRESIDE CHATS

Joseph Stoll

## HAVE YOU WORN YOUR BROTHER'S SHOES?

Sixteen-year-old John Beachy blinked his eyes and let the bitter tears roll. He felt the coolness the tears made as they traced a path across his cheeks, and then he tasted the saltiness on his lips. John tried to turn over, but his left arm was strapped to the hospital bed -- his good left arm -- and he could see the tubes running from the I-V bottle down to the needle that was feeding into his vein.

His right arm? John knew there was but a stump left there --- that was why the tears came. He figured he was too old at sixteen to cry, but this was different. Nobody could blame him. A fresh wave of self-pity swept over him, and John broke into muffled sobs. A nurse passing in the hall heard him and came in to check on him.

"Come now," she said gently, "get your chin up, young man. You're going to be all right."

John turned his face away and refused to speak. She could talk, that nurse, but what did she know about losing an arm? She had two good arms, two good hands, eight fingers and two thumbs. Sure, it was easy to talk.

The nurse tiptoed out of the room, and John returned to his thoughts. Again he relived the terrifying moment when his glove had caught on the spinning roller of the corn picker, and he had been jerked forward into the machine. It had seemed so harmless to poke the jammed stalks away, he didn't think he was even close. But in one shocking moment he had felt his arm being drawn into the rollers. There had been sickening pain as the steel rollers had bit into flesh. There he had hung, bracing himself, his arm pulled in to the shoulder, until Mr. Kent had heard his screams and come running to stop the tractor. Then John had fainted.

But that was past. The doctors had amputated the mangled remains of his arm, and they said he was on the way to recovery, though still weak from loss of blood and from shock. But what bothered John was not the haunting memory of the accident, but the future.

All his life he would have but one arm. That was final, and there was no escaping it. In everything he tried to do he would be handicapped with just his left arm. But that was not all. What would the young folks think? Some would pity him, and John cringed at the thought. He did not want to be pitied. Always there would be that empty sleeve to remind him that he was different. What chance did he have of even getting married, now that he was crippled. No girl would want to be married to a one-armed man.

As each day in the hospital passed, John Beachy grew more bitter, more withdrawn. Why had this happened to him? He hadn't done anything to deserve it. Rebellion seethed in his breast.

But what really angered John was the way the visitors talked when they came to the hospital. His family came first, then many friends and relatives. He could feel the pity, and he resented it. Nearly all of them had some good and pious advice before they left the hospital, "Cheer up, John. It could have been worse. You're young and you can adjust. Just give yourself up, and accept it, and it will be easier to bear."

When they started talking like that, John would shut up tight and not say a thing.

Then one forenoon the nurse came and said there was a visitor to see him, some minister from another state. This was not the usual visiting hours, but the man said he had to leave for home on the noon bus.

"Are you ready for him?" the nurse asked.

John had come through a restless night, and he was

more blue than usual. This was the last straw, visitors coming to preach to him in the morning. No, he had a good mind to refuse the visitor. What could this minister know about losing an arm? It would be the same old program again.

When John did not reply, the nurse quickly left to bring in the visitor. "All right, let him come," John told himself. "I'm ready for him." He turned his face toward the wall and waited.

In a moment the minister was there. John forced himself to keep his eyes focused on the window sill.

"Hello, you're John Beachy, aren't you?" came the kind voice of the visitor. "My name is Sam Miller, and I'm from Ohio. I planned to leave for home at noon so I asked for special permission to see you this morning."

John did not say anything. But he was thinking, "So what?"

"You've had kind of a bad accident, but a year from now, if it is the Lord's will, you'll be at work again, and will have pretty well adjusted to it. Things like this seem hard to accept, and really, they are. They are hard to accept unless we give ourselves up and try to make the best of it. In later years we may even come to see that God perhaps had a purpose in letting something like this happen..."

Here it was again, the same old line. John was disgusted, and he wished he had ear plugs. If he hadn't heard it a hundred times, it would be different. Other people could talk so big, but they haven't had the experience. If they were in my shoes, John told himself, it wouldn't be so easy.

The minister was talking again. "You can be glad for the way doctors can take care of such accidents today. Your arm should heal without any problems. Nowadays they can fit you with an artificial limb and you'll be surprised what all you can learn to do with a man-made hand. Now when I..."

John was tempted to sneak a glance at this man who seemed to know so much about artificial limbs, but he had made up his mind, and he would be stubborn about it.

"...when I was hurt," the minister said, "there wasn't much that could be done in that line, but you know, that's been nearly fifty years ago."

John gave up, and turned curiously to face the white-haired, white-bearded old gentleman that had come to visit him. The stranger had a kind face, but then John saw it! He was so startled, he said, "Oh!" out loud. The visiting minister from Ohio had only an empty sleeve where his right arm should have been!

Suddenly the man's words made an impression on John. Here was someone who wasn't just talking from the top of his hat. He knew what he was saying. He had gone through the experience of losing an arm, of adjusting to life without it, of facing the world with a handicap.

Now John was ready to listen. He was ready to pour out his frustration, his doubts, his fears to this gentleman seated by his bedside. That empty sleeve made all the difference in the world.

For an hour they talked, and the nurse peeped in twice, then went away smiling. By the time old Sam Miller had to leave to catch his bus, the two were like longtime friends. And John felt so much better he could hardly believe it. He felt unloaded. There was new hope in him, and a longing to get off this bed and go back home to live

a normal life. Sam Miller had been able to persuade him, as no one else had been able to, that a person could adjust to life with only one arm, and that there was really no sense in being downcast and bitter.

### Those Who Have Trod This Path

There are many instances in life similar to the one we have related --- where there is a barrier, or wall, between those who are experiencing a trial and those who have not experienced such a trial. There is simply nothing else in life quite like experience, and all our imaginings of what it would be like fall short of the real thing.

I remember the thrill and the relief when our first son was safely born, a thrill that has been repeated as each of our eight other children has drawn his first breath, and I know there is absolutely no way on earth to explain this feeling to a bachelor so he can even half-way appreciate it. Many things in life are non-transferable.

About a year ago my wife and I learned that a couple in Indiana, good friends of ours, had lost a six-year old son by leukemia. Since we are parents too, we could sympathize with them, and yet there was a point beyond which we could not go. For we have never had the experience of burying one of our own children. I am sure that parents who have lost a child can sympathize with others having the same experience much more fully and deeply than those of us who can only imagine what it would be like.

The same is true, and perhaps even more so, when a marriage partner passes away. When a child dies, the parents can console each other, but when one's life companion passes away, there is really no one to fill the void. When my father passed away last year, we children knew very well that Mother's loss was much greater than our own. We tried to put ourselves in her place so we could better comfort and encourage her, but it was not possible. All we could do was to express our love and sympathy, and pray that God might be her true Comforter. No one in our congregation had gone through the experience of losing a life-partner, so there was really no one who knew what she was experiencing.

After several months a visitor stopped for a few days. He was a widower who had lost his wife recently. I was not present when he talked with Mom, but those who were said the two understood each other perfectly without many words. Both had been through a similar experience. The comfort they could offer each other was somehow different from the comfort others of us could offer.

As I write this, one household in our small group of fifteen families here in Honduras is experiencing something they have never experienced before. The wife and mother, still in her early forties, lies sick in bed with cancer, steadily weakening. Such experiences are not uncommon, yet those who have not gone through them are not in a position to really know what it is like. The only way is by experience.

There is an old story about Napoleon Bonaparte that may make our point clearer. Napoleon was the famous emperor of France and one of the greatest military leaders of all time. It is said that the emperor and his generals slept one night in a small-town inn while his army was camped on the meadows outside the town.

The innkeeper and his wife were awed by their guest, but they were also a little frightened, for Napoleon was known for his terrible temper. They decided they would be careful not to offend the emperor in any way.

When Napoleon was ready to leave, he said to the innkeeper, "You have treated us well. Now, name your reward. Whatever you desire, it shall be yours."

"Oh, but we don't expect anything," the innkeeper replied.

"You shall be paid. Just say what it shall be," insisted the emperor.

The innkeeper grew nervous. He really didn't need much, and he was afraid to ask for a certain sum for fear of angering the emperor.

At last he thought of something. "Worthy emperor,"

he said, "we have all the earthly goods we need, but we would be honored if you would tell us one thing. We have heard that when you were in Russia on your campaign, the Russian soldiers surprised you one night in your room, and you escaped only by climbing up the fireplace chimney. Tell us, sir, how did it feel while the soldiers were searching for you?"

The innkeeper looked at the emperor and waited for the answer. He was startled to see Napoleon fly into a wild rage and command his soldiers to grab the innkeeper and his wife. They were dragged out into the courtyard and lined up against the wall.

Napoleon spoke to his soldiers and in an angry voice cried, "Ready!"

They raised their rifles and leveled them at the innkeeper and his wife. Both turned white with fear, and the wife nearly fainted.

"Please," cried the innkeeper. "Shoot me if you must, but for the sake of our children, spare my wife."

"Aim!" commanded the emperor.

The soldiers took close aim.

"Step!" cried Napoleon. The soldiers lowered their rifles.

"Now," said Napoleon, turning to the trembling innkeeper, "you know how I felt."

Indeed, there are some things we really cannot know unless we experience them ourselves.

### A Special Responsibility

When John Beachy lost his arm in a corn picker accident while helping his neighbor, his friends meant well by freely giving him their advice and sympathy. They did not realize that, from their position, they were not qualified to really come to his aid. And in their earnestness they perhaps made the mistake of "talking too big" for what little they knew of the situation.

Certainly, it was their duty to encourage John, to let him know they cared, to help him get his mind away from himself, to challenge him to place his trust in God for the future. But this should have been done humbly, realizing that after all they couldn't know the realness of John's experience.

Perhaps unwittingly, they left the impression on John, "Look here, this is no way to act, and you wouldn't catch us moping if we were in your place."

We can all be careful how we attempt comforting others who are having trials we ourselves have not experienced. We need to keep in mind at all times that perhaps we really don't understand the problem, and humbly admit, "We want to do what we can to help you, but really, we don't know what it's like."

Back in olden times the patriarch Job had three friends, who, hearing of Job's unusual troubles, came to comfort him. They came with the right motives, it seems, but when they arrived they failed to understand the situation. No wonder, for they certainly had never experienced what Job was experiencing.

In the end it seems to me that the three friends who wanted to help Job, actually added to his trials. They could have indeed been a comfort to the tortured man, but instead they heaped self-righteous criticism upon his head, convinced that Job was hiding some secret sin for which God was punishing him.

I am sure such things still happen today. People mean well, but when they fail to understand another person's problem, they automatically fail to help him. They criticize where they should be slow to criticize, not having worn the shoes of the person they are blaming.

I was present one time when a young member roundly criticized the bishop of his church. The bishop may have been at fault, I don't know, but I am sure that young man could not possibly have known what the bishop knew. He was speaking without experience, and when one speaks without experience, the best rule is to be cautious.

Certainly, when our friends and brethren have problems or sorrows, we want to stand by their side and comfort them, and remember them in earnest prayer,

even if we don't know by experience what they are going through. But we want to be careful that we don't pretend to have all the answers, or like Job's three friends, accuse them of bringing the troubles upon themselves.

But here, it seems to me, we come at last to the most important point -- those with experience have a special responsibility toward others. Those who have had deep experiences in life should be quick to comfort those who are now suffering similar trials. The parents who have lost a child should be the first to comfort the ones whose baby has died, even if it is simply a few words, "Look, we know what it is like; we've been through it, and we'll be praying for you."

The man who has had to part with his wife can speak from experience when he puts his hand around a brother's shoulder when that brother is going through the same adjustment. The shut-in or the handicap of many years is the one who should offer comfort and advice to those who are newly faced with such trials.

The person with experience had a special responsibility, for his words are sure to mean something. There is added depth in the advice of the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians, where he writes, "...that we may be able to experiences in life should be quick to comfort those who wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

#### A Saviour Who Has Worn Our Shoes

Surely God must have had this principle in mind when

He sent his Son, Jesus Christ, into the world as a human being. God might have sent his son just as he was, a glorious, all-powerful deity, who had the right to judge or redeem the world in any way He wished.

Somehow, it seems to me, God had a purpose in letting his Son become human flesh. Perhaps that purpose is explained in the letter to the Hebrews, "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

Jesus suffered pain just as we do, and He was tempted to do wrong just as we are. Because we know this -- that He experienced these things in the flesh, that He felt what we are feeling -- it is easier for us to trust in Him, to have confidence He understands us.

What a consolation it is to us to know that Jesus has experienced what we are experiencing. We can turn to Him as John Beachy turned to one-armed Sam Miller, and know that here indeed is someone who understands.

The writer to the Hebrews explains it further with these words, "Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

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## TOO BUSY TO HARVEST

- Author's name withheld

**W**ILLIAM COBLENTZ HURRIED AS he hitched the three horses to the grain binder. He had waited impatiently for the dew to dry all morning, and now it was already ten o'clock. Deep in his heart he knew that it was hopeless to get the field finished that day and still go... But he refused to admit it, or think about it. He had to get finished. That was simply all there was to it.

Quickly William checked the twine to see that there was plenty. Then he pulled himself up on the high seat, and grabbed the lines. The horses were refreshed from the night's rest and ready to go. The binder clicked and rattled into gear. The straight stalks of oats fell back over the canvas and moved slowly across the platform.

"Maybe if everything goes well, I can still make it," William muttered stubbornly, one eye on the horses and one on the sky. It looked like it could rain. All the signs pointed toward rain for over the weekend, and yet William didn't want to admit that either, not any more than he wanted to admit that he wouldn't get finished cutting the field of oats.

It was Saturday and the first week of August. The oats were late this year, as late as they had ever been in the fifteen years he had farmed this farm. It was high time to get them cut and threshed. As William sat on the binder urging his horses to go faster, he thought about all the oats in the neighborhood which hadn't fallen back across the platform in such nice straight strands as his was doing just now. A lot of people had their oats go down this year. That was why William was in a hurry to get his cut before it went down, too. Because with that sky looking like rain--well, anybody with any sense at all knew it was high time to get the field of oats cut and shocked. A little bit of rain, and a little bit of wind and the oats would be done for. Flat on the ground and a mess to cut.

The sun shone down warmly now, breaking out from

behind a cloud. The field was on the east slope of a long gentle hill, and the horses were straining to pull the binder up the grade. It wasn't a steep hill, just a slight slope, but still it was enough to make an eight-foot binder pull hard for three horses.

The horses began to sweat, and soon their steps lagged a bit. William urged them on. They stepped forward a bit more smartly, but it didn't last long. Soon they lagged again. And once more William yelled at them.

They responded to his shouts, only a little less eagerly. Very soon the horses knew that William's barks carried no bite, they knew that he was helpless to touch them sitting way back on the binder seat.

"Oh, if only I had brought the whip along down," William wished. But his wishing didn't help anything. The horses seemed to move slower and slower across the field, and the sun seemed to move faster and faster across the sky.

A number of other things went wrong, too, and one delay followed the other. The twine snagged, tore, and the needle unthreaded. After that he cut into a mound of dirt from a ground hog hole and had to stop and brush the sand from the knife and the platform canvas. Next he forgot to put the crank back into the holder, and he was halfway around the field before he noticed it was missing. He felt hot and frustrated and angry as he walked back and hunted for the crank until he found it.

It was almost noon now, and William had only made a few rounds. He was hoarse from yelling at the lazy horses. Gradually a determined look stole across William's face. His jaws set in the way they did when his mind was made up, and made up not to change. "I just won't go," he said to himself. "I just don't have time to go."

At first William felt a little uncomfortable about his decision. That afternoon the young people who had been

taking instructions for baptism during the summer were to meet with the ministers to go over the eighteen articles of faith one last time. And Miriam, their oldest daughter, was in the class of applicants for baptism.

William knew that it was usual in their community for both parents to accompany their son or daughter and be present for the afternoon. But surely under the circumstances no one would blame him too much for staying at home and finishing his oats. After all, it was harvest time. And everyone knew how tricky the weather had been the last while. The old saying was that you had to make hay while the sun shines and William figured a fellow had to cut oats when the weather was fit, also.

"I'll just tell Mom that she will have to go with Miriam alone," William decided. "I know she won't like it very well, but it just can't be helped. I don't exactly like staying at home either, but this oats isn't going to cut itself, that's sure."

When time came for dinner, William looked at the oats that was still left to cut. He hadn't gotten half as much accomplished before noon as he had hoped to. It only strengthened him in his decision to stay at home that afternoon and cut oats.

But his wife, when he told her what he had decided, reacted just as he had feared. "Are you sure you shouldn't just leave the oats? Maybe you can cut a bit when we get home yet if it's not too late."

"I might have time to cut most of it," William said, "but I still couldn't get it shocked, and the way the weather looks, I don't care to have that much oats on the ground over Sunday."

"I'm afraid Miriam is going to be disappointed," Mom said softly, rebuke in her deep brown eyes. "You know how much it means to her if you go along."

"But I just can't," William said, his voice final. "It's harvest time. If it were in the middle of winter, it would be different."

His wife didn't say any more, but William could see that she still felt the same as she had. Dinner wasn't quite ready yet, so he decided to go out and harness the buggy horse for them to drive in the afternoon. Besides, it would give his wife a chance to get used to the idea of him not going along.

William curried the horse carefully, then put the harness on him. His mind was going over many things, and thoughts kept pushing into his memory, thoughts of things that had happened in the past. He remembered how much Miriam had changed during the past year. He remembered how Miriam had been before, self-willed and stubborn and disobedient. He and his wife had gone through many sleepless nights because of her, but now she was so different. She was no longer so rebellious. But those days before she had changed, those had been hard days for all of them, days of tears and heartaches. But now it seemed that Miriam found nothing too hard to do to please her parents, it was as though she were trying to make up for those times before.

William stood tightening the belly band on the harness, but his thoughts went on. Mom had said that Miriam was going to be disappointed if he stayed at home to cut oats. Yes, he could believe that, and he was disappointed at not being able to go, too. He was thankful for the way they had learned to do things together as a family, for the feeling of closeness. That was why he hated to stay at home, it was almost as though that stood as a symbol of what he considered most important, his crops or his family. But of course, anyone knew better than that. That was nonsense. He would leave his work if it were necessary. But it wasn't. Mom and Miriam could go just as well without him. Surely anyone could understand that this wasn't his choice. It was just that he couldn't be expected during harvest...

Suddenly William stopped, struck by a thought that hadn't occurred to him before. Had he said it was harvest time, and he had to stay at home? Harvest time, harvest... What kind of harvest? What was the main purpose of life, were oats and hay and corn, were those

the only crops he was raising? Or was there another kind of harvest which he had forgotten about?

Now William's mind travelled back into time again, only this time it went back farther into the past than it had before. It went back five, ten, fifteen years yes, and even farther than that. It went right back to the day he and his wife had been married. He remembered how the bishop had preached that day, stressing the importance of the home and family, saying how so much of the future of the church rested on the hands of Christian parents. And he remembered the night almost a year later in the hospital when the nurse had come down the hall and announced to him that his wife had given birth to a little girl. He remembered the first feeling of thrill at being a father, and then the feeling of awe that had followed. He remembered how sobered he had felt as he had been led for his first glimpse at the squirming red-faced little Miriam—their little Miriam. He thought of how small and helpless he had felt, how overcome with the responsibility of being a father and of training and raising a family. He thought of how he had bowed his head in that hospital hall a few moments later when the nurse had left, and let the tears roll unashamedly down his cheeks. It seemed like only yesterday, now that memory brought the scene before him fresh from the past.

For a long time William stood beside the horse, his hand on the harness but doing nothing. He was lost in deep thought as he relived scene after scene from the past. He recalled that day when Miriam had started to school. They had two more little girls by then, and the responsibility looked even greater to them. He remembered how that night in their bedroom after the children were sleeping, he and his wife had sat down and talked it all over together. They had resolved that they wanted to put their family first, to spare nothing in effort to bring them up in the right way. They had talked about how they could see that other parents failed with their children, where others were too busy, or too unconcerned to care about their children. They had talked about the many unhappy homes they knew of, and how few parents really succeeded in providing their families with the homelife they needed and yearned for. And they had promised each other that evening that with God's help they would try harder to remember that nothing else was as important on this earth as the children God had given them. They wanted to try harder to let them know that they cared about them, loved them, and wanted what was best for them.

William was so deep in thought that he had almost forgotten where he was. Now he heard his wife calling from the house that dinner was ready. No wonder that she was puzzled where he was, for he had told her it would only take him a few minutes to harness the horse.

William hurried for the house. As he walked, the words, "But it's harvest time, and I don't have time...." seemed to be churning in his head. Yes, it was harvest time for their natural crops. In the spring he had worked hard and long to sow the fields with grain, and all summer had toiled to keep the soil loose and weeds down. He had hauled manure and put on fertilizer to help the crops along. And now it was harvest time, that was true. The hay was already in the barn, the oats were ripe, and the corn would soon be ready to put in the silo.

But William could not forget those other memories, those memories of a different kind of seedtime, and a different kind of toil and tilling of soil. Had it not also been springtime in their lives, he and his wife, those days when they had first married and their love for each other was young and tender and green. Then they had studied much about the kind of family they hoped to have, the way they wanted to raise their children in an atmosphere of love and care and warmth. Those had been the seeds planted, seeds of hope and earnest prayer. The seeds had taken root and grown. And had not the years since then been like the long summer, a summer of hard work made up of endless chores, household drudgery, and constant and ceaseless admonitions and disciplining and everything else that went with raising a family. It had

required a lot of patience and weeding and cultivating and fertilizing in a spiritual sense. Their aim had been to raise their family in a way that they could grow up to have faith in God and to be upbuilding and faithful members in the church.

William thought again about the uncut oats field down the lane. During the summer God had sent his rain and sunshine to bless their efforts in raising their natural crops. And now it was harvest time. And in the natural realm? Surely God had added his blessing there, too. He had seen their weaknesses and imperfections, and had in his mercy chosen to bless their poor efforts, and now the time had come when Miriam, their oldest daughter, was ready to make that most sacred of all promises before God and many witnesses. And to think that he had thought that he hadn't time to go with her a few hours this afternoon to help her prepare for that day which would be the most important in her life her baptism.

The rest of the family was at the table when William got in. He washed up quickly. Miriam seemed a little more solemn than usual, but the younger girls were all chatting like normal. William sat down at the table. How pleasant to be able to sit down with the family. And, my, how good the dinner looked. Suddenly he realized he was hungry. But he decided not to say anything to his wife about his having changed his mind. Not until after dinner.

Just as soon as meal was finished, William got up and

walked over toward the bedroom. His wife looked up questioningly as he paused at the door.

"Ah, er, uh," William stammered, "I guess I still have a clean demins pants that's good enough to wear this afternoon, don't I?"

"Why, yes," his wife said evenly, without appearing surprised. Just as if she had known all along he would change his mind, and William had a feeling that likely as not she had known it all along, for hadn't she lived with him for twenty years now and knew him well.

"There's a clean demins pants in the top dresser drawer there where your pants always are," she said. And then she raised her eyebrows questioningly. Or was it mischievously? William couldn't be sure, even though he had lived with her for twenty years, too. Women were harder to understand than men. "By the way," she was saying, "I thought you said it's harvest time, and you don't have time..."

"Yes, yes, that's right," William cut in, agreeing with her as though he had meant it that way the first time. "Harvest time, that's right. That's just right, it's harvest time, so I sure don't have time to stay at home just to cut oats."

"Of course," she said soothingly. "I understood that all the while."

William decided to leave it at that, so he closed the bedroom door.

## Editorielles —

### Spätjahrs Zeiten

Wir gehen wieder so gegen dem End vom Jahr. Bis dieses vor die Leser kommt ist bald wieder ein Jahr verflossen. So ist wieder ein Jahr von unserm Leben dahin.

„Darum fahren alle unsre Tage dahin durch deinen Zorn; wir bringen unsre Jahre zu wie ein Geschwäh.“ Ps. 90, 9.

Wir möchten denken ein Geschwäh ist wo ein paar Menschen miteinander reden oder sich besprechen von wegen etwas. Hier aber ist gemeint ein nutzlos Gespräch. Der English jagt: „A tale that is told.“ So weit das Leben angeht, wenn ein Jahr von unserm Leben wieder dahin ist, so ist es vorbei, wir können es nicht wieder zurück bringen.

Nun ist es notwendig daß wir achtsam sind wie wir unsere Tage und Jahre zubringen so daß der Einfluß wo zurück gelassen wird kann eine Hilfe sein für die Nachkommenschaft.

Wir lassen ein Dichter Vers folgen:

„O Mensch! wie ist dein Herz bestellt?  
Hab Achtung auf dein Leben!  
Was trägt für Frucht dein Herzensfeld?  
Sind's Dornen oder Reben?  
Denn aus der Frucht kennt man die Saat,  
Auch wer das Land gesäet hat:  
Gott oder der Verderber.“

So wie wir dann unsere Jahre zubringen, was ist unser Gespräch? Ist es nützlich und holdselig zu hören? Ist es lieblich? Ist es freundlich und anmutig? Wenn so, dann tut es helfen das Christentum aufbauen. Unsere Zeit die wir hier anwenden ist kostbar, darum wollen wir sie nicht zubringen in Eitelkeit mit ein nutzlos faul Geschwäh und dergleichen.

Bei was für Gesellschaft tun wir uns aufhalten? Dies ist auch etwas wo wir wohl bedenken sollten. Wenn eine Gruppe von Leut irgendwo bei einander sitzen oder stehen und führen ein nutzlos faul Geschwäh, viel Gelächter und

dergleichen, wenn wir schon nicht Teil nehmen daran wollen wir doch die Frage stellen: Haben wir Lust und Liebe dabei zu sein? Der Apostel warnt uns mit diese Worte: „Nicht allein die es tun, sondern auch die da Wohlgefallen haben an denen die es tun.“ Das macht die Sache sehr wichtig für uns. Einen alten Schreiber stellt es einst auf diese Art: „Wenn du mir sagst bei was für Gesellschaft deine Kinder sich aufhalten, so kann ich dir beinahe sagen was für Kinder du hast.“

In dieser Reihe kommt mir noch eine Frage in die Gedanken. Was ist unser Geschäft in diesem Leben? Ist es ehrlich? Ist es an solch einem Ort wo es kann gezählt werden zu dem still und ruhig Leben wo die Kinder Gottes und Christen zusteht? Bei die höhere Gemeinden ist nicht mehr viel Einhalt gemacht, sie können arbeiten bald wo sie wollen. Dies will auch einschleichen in unsere Altamische Gemeinden. Einige tun so ziemlich nachlassen in dieser Hinsicht, und andere tun noch mehr zurück halten. Nach meinen dänken, wie mehr wir zurück halten können für die Publik zu arbeiten in all ihre Geschäfte wie besser ab wir sind, und in sonderheit in die Stadt. Für junge Leute ist dieses sehr gefährlich. Es ist wohl hart zu sagen wo und was immer das beste ist zu tun. Wir wollen aber noch nicht die Hände aufheben und alles frei stellen.

Wir wollen ein wenig zurück kommen an unserm Text. Wenn das Spätjahr kommt so tun die Blätter von die Bäume fallen, dies zeigt uns an daß der Winter nahe ist. Was für Zeichen haben wir die uns erinnern daß die Abendstunde von unserm Leben als näher am kommen ist, wo die Sonne unseres Lebens untergehen wird? So wie wir älter werden kommen wir als mehr langsam herum. Wir können nicht so schnell laufen oder springen wie wir konnten, die Leibes Kräfte nimmt so nach und nach ab, die Haare werden grau, die Augen oder das Gesicht ist nicht mehr so gut, die Sinnen und Gedanken werden schwächer, und wir

wissen von Jahres-Rechnung daß wir im hohen Alter am kommen sind. Bei diesem allen wollen wir eine Warnung nehmen uns täglich ja stündlich bereit zu halten für der Ueberschritt zu nehmen von diesem Leben. Mit diesem wollen wir aber nicht der Sinn geben daß nur die alte Leute bereit sein sollen, die junge Leute sterben auch. Von Kindesbein auf wissen wir nicht wenn unser Sterbesstündlein sich heran naht. So bald der Mensch in die Welt geboren ist, so ist er alt genug zu sterben.

„Herr Gott, Du bist unsere Zuflucht für und für. Ehe denn die Berge wurden, und die Erde und die Welt geschaffen wurden, bist Du, Gott, von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit, der du die Menschen lässest sterben, und sprichst: Kommt wieder Menschenkinder!“ Ps. 90, 1. 2. Ja, es kommt die Zeit einst wo der Herr rufen wird, und alle die in den Gräbern sind werden seine Stimme hören; und werden hervorgehen, die da Gutes getan haben, zur Auferstehung des Lebens, die aber Uebels getan haben, zur Auferstehung des Gerichts. Solche Zeit ist am kommen wo das Gericht gehalten wird, aber wir wissen nicht wann.

Der Apostel lehrt uns im Theß. Brief auf diese Art: „Von den Zeiten aber und Stunden, lieben Brüder, ist nicht not euch zu schreiben; denn ihr selbst wisset gewiß, daß der Tag des Herrn wird kommen wie ein Dieb in der Nacht...“ Theß. 5, 1. 2. Bedenkliche Zeit wo am kommen ist, und Gott sei gedankt daß wir es nicht wissen brauchen wenn es kommen wird.

Wir wollen uns noch ermahnen wie er weiter spricht in diesem Kap. „Seid allezeit fröhlich, betet ohne Unterlaß, seid dankbar in allen Dingen; denn das ist der Wille Gottes in Christo Jesu an euch. Den Geist dämpfet nicht, die Weissagung verachtet nicht, prüfet alles, und das Gute behaltet. Meidet allen bösen Schein.“ Theß. 5, 16—22.

## Der Streit mit Selbst

Die folgende Geschichte habe ich einst gehört. Ob es eigentlich geschehen ist, weiß ich nicht, aber ich meinte es war bedenkens wert.

Ein fränklich und verdrossener Man ging zu einem Zettel-Verkäufer (Ticket Agent). „Ich will auf eine Reise gehen,“ sagte der Man. „Es macht mir nichts aus wie lange es nimmt oder wie viel es kostet.“

„Wo willst du gehen?“ fragte der Zettel-Verkäufer.

„Jrgendwo. Es macht nichts aus. Alles das ich verlang ist zu entfliehen von mir selber für eine Zeitlang.“

Der Zettel-Verkäufer dachte für eine weile, dann sprach er: „Es reuet mich, aber wir haben kein Jet-Schiff oder Zug das ich kann weg nehmen von dir selber. Ich kann dich ein Zettel verkaufen das dich weg nimmt von deiner Arbeit, deine Familie, von diese kalte Winterluft und so gar von die Gewohnheiten und Speise und Sprache von diesem Lande. All dieses kannst du entfliehen, aber du wirst doch ‚Selbst‘ mit nehmen.“

Der Zettel-Verkäufer hat recht gesagt. Viele Menschen wünschen sie könnten entfliehen von sich selber, aber das ist unmöglich. Von die Minute das wir aufstehen vom Schläfe bis wir wieder zu Bette gehen am Abend ist der Selbst mit uns. Er geht mit uns zum Tisch, und zur Arbeit, er gehet mit uns in die Stadt, wie auch zum Gottesdienst.

Wo wir Kinder waren noch daheim, mußten wir abwechseln mit einander wenn wir wollten mit dem Vater in die Stadt gehen. Aber Selbst wechselt ab mit niemand. Er

geht immer mit uns. Er bleibt nie daheim.

Gleich wie der Man der zu dem Zettel-Verkäufer ging, so wünschen wir oftmals wir könnten Selbst entfliehen. Menschen suchen mit unterschiedlichen Wegen ihr Trübel zu entfliehen. Oftmals wenn Leute nicht gut zuweg kommen können mit ihre Nachbarn und Brüdern in der Gemeinde, wollen sie sobald in eine andere Gegend ziehen. Aber wenn die Schuld um Selbst liegt, so ist fort ziehen umsonst. Selbst gehet immer mit.

Wiewohl wir nie können Selbst ganz los werden in diesem Leben, müssen wir doch nicht leben in Knechtschaft zum Selbst. Jesus ist gekommen uns etwas bessers zu bringen. Der natürlich Mensch tut alles was Selbst ihm sagt, er ist ein hilfloser Knecht der sein Selbst Verlangen und Begehren in allem folgt. Aber wenn Christus in uns wohnt, macht er uns so weit frei das wir nicht mehr Knechte sein müssen zum Selbst. Wir gehorchen Christus; er ist unser Meister, und wir suchen zu leben für ihn, anstatt für Selbst.

Es gibt Menschen die meinen sie können Gehorsamkeit beweisen zu beide Christus und Selbst, aber das ist ein großer Irrsinn. Jesus machte das klar: „Wer mir folgen will, der verleugne sich selbst und nehme sein Kreuz auf sich täglich und folge mir nach.“ Luk. 9, 23.

Je mehr daß wir Christus gehorsam sind, je weniger Verlangen haben wir um Selbst zu folgen. Dann kommt die Frage auf — Können wir so vollkommen leben für Christus daß wir Selbst ganz los werden? Können wir unsere sündliche Natur überwältigen daß wir nie wieder zu schaffen haben damit?

Wenn wir einmal so weit kommen auf dieser Erden daß wir meinen wir haben keine Sündliche Natur mehr, fürchte ich das ist schon ein Kennzeichen daß wir noch im Fleisch sind! Denn der Apostel sagt: „So wir sagen, wir haben keine Sünde, so verführen wir uns selbst, und die Wahrheit ist nicht in uns.“ 1 Joh. 1, 8.

Die Bibel vermahnt uns: „Zieheth den alten Menschen mit seinen Werken aus und ziehet den neuen an...“ Kol. 3, 9. 10. Das ist nicht nur gesagt zu unbefehrte Leute, sondern zu allen Christen. Wir können nicht den alten Menschen anziehen ein Tag und hoffen ihn für immer los sein. Täglich, und ja, stündlich, müssen wir mit Gottes Hilfe an diesem arbeiten. Es ist ein lebenswährender Kampf und Streit.

Wie es ist mit viel Sachen, müssen wir bekümmert sein daß wir beide Seiten miteinander nehmen. Nur weil wir Selbst nicht ganz los kommen können, dürfen wir nicht denken, „Wir sind im Fleisch, und werden immer sein und können es nicht helfen, darum können wir leben wie unser Fleisch will.“ Paulus sagt zu die Römer: „So lasseth nun die Sünde nicht herrschen in eurem sterblichen Leibe, ihr Gehorsam zu leisten in seinen Lüsten.“ Röm. 6, 12.

Auf der andere Seite sollen wir verstehen daß so lange wir auf dieser Erde sind, werden wir zu kämpfen haben mit unsere sündliche Eigenschaften. Paulus schreibt auch: „So finde ich mir nun ein Gesetz, der ich will das Gute tun, daß mir das Böse anhanget.“ Römer 7, 21. Paulus hatte aber solch ein wichtiger Abscheu von diese Geneigtheit zum Bösen in ihm daß er rief: „Ich elender Mensch! wer wird mich erlösen von dem Leibe dieses Todes?“ Römer 7, 24.

Ich verstehe, wenn er sagt: „Von dem Leibe dieses Todes“ daß er im Sinn hat der Römisch Gebrauch von ein Gefangener zu zeiten fest binden zu einem toten Körper. Der arme Gefangene mußte leben mit dem grausamen verwesene Körper vierundzwanzig Stunden des Tages. Er war

zu dem Körper gebunden mit starke Ketten und konnte unmöglich los. Unsere sündliche Natur ist dem gleich, wir sind gebunden dazu Tag und Nacht, aber Gott sei gedankt daß durch Christum müssen wir diese Natur nicht Knechte sein in dem Leben. Und wir haben eine Hoffnung in uns daß der Tag kommen wird wenn wir diese sündliche Natur ganz los werden — an jenem fröhlichen Tag wenn wir der letzte Funken von Adam sein Fluch los werden.

G. Stoll

(Weitere Bemerkung) \*

Obiges Schreiben bringt mir wieder in die Gedanken was ein alter Bischof in unsere Frühere Heimgegend einst

gesagt hat. Es war viel umher gefordert in andere Gemeinden zu helfen Sachen schlichten.

Er sagte zu einem andern: „Wel, wie gehts bei dir wenn du von Heim auf einer Reise gehst? Bei mir ist immer einer der mit will, und ich will ihn doch gar nicht mit haben. Ich habe mich schon zeiten auf dem Wege gemacht und da ich eine kleine Strecke von Heim war dachte ich, diesmal habe ich ihn überwunden. Dann aber steigt er auf, da ist er doch wieder mit.“

Ich habe schon viel gestritten mit ihm, aber ich kann ihn nicht daheim halten. „Der ich.“ der große „Ich“.

(Editor)

## Jesus klagt über die abgefallenen Christen

Epheso! ich hab wider dich,  
Dieweil du wirkst ohne mich,  
Die erste Lieb verlässest du;  
Ach! höre doch, ich ruf dir zu.

Gedenk, wie du gefallen bist  
Und deine Lieb' erkaltet ist!  
Ach, thn' doch Buß'! wo aber nicht,  
So komm ich bald und nimm dein Licht.

Wo hab ich dir doch Leid getan,  
Daß du verlässest meine Bahn?  
O, schau' zurück! man fraget dich:  
Warum du hast verlassen mich?

Wo ist der mutig David hin?  
Wo ist des Joseph's keuscher Sinn?  
Wo ist denn jener starke Held,  
Der seine Feind, wie Simson, fällt?

Und Jener war so voller Lieb',  
Die ihn zur Uebung pünktlich trieb,  
Und auf der Hanna ihr Gebet  
War oft der finstern Macht gewehrt.

Wo ist die Mirjam mit der Pauk',  
Die man vor andern angeschaut?  
Wo ist die weinend' Maria?  
Ach Gott! wie fühllos sieht sie da.

Ach! seht den muntern Jüngling an,  
Nun ist er beides, krank und lahm;  
Der keinen Jungfrau Reigentanz  
Verwandelt sich in Klagen ganz.

Wo ist mein Knecht Jeremia?  
Ach, wär er noch zu finden da!  
O! wer beklagt den Jammerstand  
Der Christen in dem Abendland?

Wie mancher, den wir gut gekannt,  
Der mit dem Namen Christ genannt,  
Und oft mit Himmelskraft gekrönt —  
Jetzt sieht man, daß er spott't und höhnt.

Der alte Modetenfel hat  
Schon viel aus seinem Krämersack  
Verkauft von seinem Gut und Baar';  
Die Kleiderpracht macht's offenbar,

Der Machtnichts-Geist, der böse Bub',  
Stürzt manchen in die Höllengluth.  
O Brüder nehmt die Warnung an,  
Wer Grän'l tut, kommt um den Lohn.

Ein wenig Dies, ein wenig Das,  
Und doch dabei der Allwann was,  
Das ist eine Pest und böse Send'  
Und gehören in das finstre Reich.

O legt doch alle Sünden ab,  
Die euch bisher so trüg gemacht,  
Und laßt die Mode doch der Welt!  
Die Demuth ist, was Gott gefällt.

O Brüder in dem Predigtamt!  
O Zionswächter! macht bekannt  
Durch eure Lehr in aller Welt,  
Daß Hochmut unserm Gott mißfällt.

O habet auf euch selber acht,  
Verleugnet doch die Kleiderpracht!  
Wo das geschieht, so kommt zu Fall,  
In kurzer Zeit der Hochmut all.

O räumt die Anstöß' aus dem Weg,  
Und muntert auf das Lau' und Träg'!  
Es schleicht heran hellen Tag,  
Der Dieb und Wolf, zerstreut die Schaf.

O Brüder, die ihr noch getreu,  
Und Schwestern, die vom Hochmut freu!  
O flieht von dem verfluchten Grän'l  
Und nehmet doch daran nicht Theil!

Es ist, Gottlob, des fren' ich mich,  
So wie man sieht, daß Mancher sich  
Noch in der ersten Lieb' befind't,  
Und mit dem Reigen singt und springt.

O seid getreu, ihr Gottes Freund!  
Die ihr es gut mit Jesu meint.  
O auserwählte Zionschaar,  
Siehnur auf Jesum immerdar!

Er steht euch bei in aller Not,  
Ihr siegt, obgleich der Teufel droht,  
Und wenn die Welt verbrennen tut,  
So habt ihr doch das beste Gut.

# I'D RATHER

# BE POOR

Priscilla Fisher hung up her dish towel and then put the wash pan in the rack in the bottom of the sink. As she looked at the clock a frown crossed her face. Sam had said he wanted to start for town before one o'clock and now it was past twelve-thirty already. She snatched up ten-month-old Cora and washed her hands and face and started to change her clothes.

"How long will it take me to get ready yet for I still have to be combed?" she said to herself as she fingered with the knot on her shoe.

Just then Sam came in the door followed by Anna who was five years old and Benue, two years younger. "Why, I thought you were almost ready when I went out to harness up the horse," he said.

Priscilla glanced at the clock. "Yes, I know," she answered "but there were still so many things to get ready. If you will help get Benue dressed maybe I'll be ready till you are."

As she got Anna's light green dress from the hanger she wondered if she could ever get ready if she had five children like her best friend Sally, instead of her three. "I wonder how their baby is by now?" she thought as she buttoned Anna's dress. The baby had been sick several times already and in the last letter Sally mentioned that it had been almost too much for her nerves. Could it really be possible that this time six years ago both of them had been light-hearted, carefree single girls?

"I thought you were almost ready when I went to hitch up," Sam called as the horse pawed the ground nervously. "Whoa, there boy, now steady."

Priscilla came running with baby Cora in her arms. As she settled back against the seat she said, "I was looking for those two pair of rubber pants to take back — the ones you got the other time you were in town."

Sam grinned sheepishly, "I didn't know the toddler size wouldn't fit. I couldn't find any medium so I figured those would be all right."

Priscilla turned up her nose at him and laughed as she got out the grocery list. "Such a big list of groceries, we just have to have," she exclaimed. "And then we will have to get pepper and casings and salt petre yet for the butchering. How much money do you have along, Sam?"

"Oh, I've got some cash and then of course, I've got the last three milk checks, but I was going to take them along and stick them into the savings account. We've hardly put in anything since Cora was born and she's almost a year old already. It'll be a long time until we have enough for a farm of our own at the rate we're going the last while. And I don't know how long we can still rent this one from John. He's not young anymore, and if he would die, it would go up for sale. I was hoping by that time we would have the money."

Priscilla sighed, "Yes, I was thinking about that, too. I know we figured that by the time we're married ten years, we'll have enough to buy a farm. Ever since Ben Lapp's farm sold a few weeks ago, I've been thinking about it and the truth is that at the rate we're saving now, it would take us eighty years to pay for a farm. Sometimes I just feel, what's the use of trying, anyway. I think we might just as well give up."

"Now, now, that's no way to look at it," Sam reproved her. "Maybe we could go some place else where the land is cheaper than here. A lot of people say they had a hard going till they had help once. It looks like we've got help coming, don't we, Benue?"

Little Benue nodded and reached for the tail end of the lines. "Giddap, giddap," he called to the horse.

Priscilla stared out at the lovely golden brown November, 1972

November landscape. The white fleecy clouds drifted through the bright blue sky.

"Well, what do you want to get in town?" Sam asked.

"There's the groceries, the things to butcher, Anna needs shoes, I'd like to get a dress and you need everyday pants, but I've got a notion I'll just send for some ready-made. Anna and I both need new bonnets but I thought I'd ask Aunt Lizzie to make us some."

"Couldn't you just make me some everyday pants instead of sending for them?" Sam asked. "If I remember right, you made the bonnet you have on now and I don't see anything wrong with that."

"Of course I could but just when do you think I would find time to do it?"

Sam stared out into space but he did not answer. Priscilla was a good worker and she was always busy. Sometimes she worked late in the evenings at canning or sewing. "Years ago the women did all those things themselves," Sam said slowly, "But then they had a maid."

"Whoever talks about getting a maid around here for \$10 a week doesn't know what they're talking about," Priscilla said. "Why, I'm glad if I can get some help to butcher and then I'll have to pay three or four dollars a day. If I have to pay someone that much so I can sew pants, I might as well buy them."

As they neared Melvin Chupps, Priscilla said, "Why don't we stop in at Melvins on the way home and get their sausage stuffer?"

"Just as well," Sam replied, "but why not stop on the way to town? Then if theirs is not home we can go around by Aunt Mary on the way home and get theirs."

Rhoda was hanging out wash and when Priscilla said what they wanted, she said, "Why, yes, you can have it. Why don't you leave the children here till you get back? They can play with ours."

"Well, lets see," Sam said. "We want to get shoes for Benue and Anna but maybe we could leave Cora here. What do you say, Priscilla?"

"I-I just don't know," Priscilla said turning slightly red in the face, "I-I'm just afraid she might cry. I think we better take her along."

Priscilla started to go and Rhoda said, "I wonder if you could get some buttons for me. I'm making some everyday pants for Melvin and I won't have enough buttons. I could give you a sample if you want to be bothered."

"Oh, yes, we'll get them for you," Priscilla said as Rhoda went to get a button.

Soon they were on their way and Sam said, "Now there's a young couple who have a farm of their own and they aren't married much longer than we are. They don't have a hired boy either, and I've heard it said that Rhoda helps with the milking."

"It sure looks it around there, too," Priscilla answered him vehemently.

"Why, - what do you mean?"

"Of course you menfolks never notice it but the kitchen wasn't swept yet this morning, the windows were dirty, the yard needed raking and the whole house was a mess. That's why I didn't leave Cora there. She has on her white Sunday stockings and if she crawled around those floors till we got back, she'd-she'd, look like a little pig."

"But, Priscilla, surely it's not that bad. Her children didn't look like little pigs."

"Well, I wouldn't want to say they were very clean, and I don't think the baby was bathed yet this morning. Why, just last Sunday I heard some of the women

bragging on Rhoda and saying they can't see how she does it to help with the corn husking so much when she has five little children to take care of. I had a good notion to tell them that I know how she does it, but I didn't say anything."

Sam was quiet for a few moments. He thought maybe he should remind Priscilla that Rhoda did her own sewing and was making pants for her husband but he decided this would not be the proper time to say it. "Well, but they are getting their farm paid for," he said.

"Yes, but his parents have helped them a lot," Priscilla said rather curtly. Then her lips formed a thin hard line and she held Cora a little closer as she went on, "Why, if I had to live like that- If I had to live like that, why, I think I'd rather be poor, than to do like she does!"

Sam was strangely silent as they drove on. As they neared the city limits, Sam asked, "Do you know which street that outgrown shop is on?"

"I think it's the same street as the IGA store," Priscilla said. "What do you want to stop there for?"

"I thought maybe we could pick up some good used shoes for the children."

Sam soon found a pair of shoes which he thought would fit Benue. "May we try them on?"

"Of course you may," answered the clerk.

"Here's a good pair of shoes for Benue and they cost only 75c," Sam said.

"And here's a real good pair for Anna, for only 50c," she answered, "if only they were black instead of dark brown. Maybe I can find some others yet."

"But couldn't you get some black dye and make them black?" Sam asked.

"Why, yes, I could, I guess, if I had time to polish them a couple times. I just never thought of it. I think I will take them."

When she got to the dry goods store, Priscilla started looking for some dress material. She found some green goods which she liked very well but it was a little too bright. Then she found some of the same material in light blue. But when she looked at the price tag she saw it was marked \$1.19 a yard. "OOh, oh," she said, as she headed for the remnant counter hoping she would find some of the same material there at a reduced price. "The remnants are always a little cheaper," she told herself.

"Well, what a surprise to see you here," someone said behind her.

Priscilla whirled around and saw Sally's mother. To think that she had just been thinking about Sally that very morning. "Oh, hello. I was just wondering this morning how Sally's baby is."

"Well, she's better," Sally's mother said, "but did-did you hear about them, that- that," she swallowed hard, "that they're moving off the farm?"

"No, not really!" Priscilla exclaimed. "Sally wrote that they might have to move but that she was hoping they wouldn't have to."

"Yes, they have made up their mind. Roy says he's tired of working so hard and not getting anywhere. It just seems they have so many debts and they can't get them paid off. I just think it can't be," she said as she wiped her eyes with her sleeve.

Priscilla was too shocked to know what to answer. Sally moving off the farm! How could it be? "I came for some dress material but these pieces are too expensive," she said as she glanced over the counter.

"Over there are some pieces which are slightly damaged," Sally's mother said pointing to another counter.

"I- maybe I just don't really need any now after all," Priscilla said gathering up baby Cora in her arms and starting for the buggy. Sally leaving the farm after what she had said, after what she had planned, and now she was leaving!

Sam was not there yet, so Priscilla sat down on the buggy seat staring into space as she pulled her shawl around baby Cora who was falling asleep. "Roy and Sally leaving the farm!" I just couldn't believe it if it

weren't Sally's own mother that told me. Still in debt after six years of farming. Well, maybe we aren't doing so bad after all."

As Priscilla sat on the buggy her thoughts went back to the time before she and Sally were married. How well she remembered how they had talked and planned about the time they would have a home of their own. How lucky they were to both be going with boys who were farmers and wanted to stay farmers.

There had been one time in particular which Priscilla remembered that she and Sally had gone out to the apple orchard to talk after church. Sally had just come home the day before from her sister's place in another community. Sally sat pulling grass and tearing it in shreds as she stormed about what it had been like to be at home every day with six children. "It almost drove me crazy," she lamented. "Her husband left every morning before the children were up and didn't get home till six o'clock in the evening and sometimes it was seven. Why, if I thought for one moment that that's the kind of married life Roy and I would have, I just wouldn't get married-period!"

Priscilla shuddered as she remembered what Sally had said. And now they were doing the same thing. Sally's life would be very little different from her sisters. How could Roy quit farming just because they weren't getting anywhere? What had caused him to give up?

Priscilla felt guilty as she thought of the fact that Sally was never used to saving money. She usually got what she wanted and she never helped Roy very much with the outside work, even during the busy season.

Then Priscilla thought about herself. Wasn't she doing the same thing? Hadn't she told Sam that very day that she thinks they might as well give up? Yes she had really said so.

What was really the most important, Priscilla wondered as she gazed at the sleeping baby in her arms. She had always been so proud of keeping their home neat and clean and was very particular not to have it any other way. Why that very morning she had said she would rather be poor than to not always have her house spic-and-span. Did she really mean it? Would she want Sam to give up trying to save money for a farm of their own and do like Roy and Sally were doing?

How Priscilla wished that Sally would have helped her husband more and would have helped in saving money. But how about Sam. Suppose he would become discouraged and do like Roy had decided to do? Then both she and Sally would be having the same kind of life they had both decided they would never have. Whose fault would it be?

"Is there something the matter? You look so sober?" Sam asked kindly standing beside the buggy.

Priscilla jumped. She hadn't heard Sam and the two children coming and hadn't realized what a sight she was to look at with the tears rolling down her cheeks. "Oh, nothing, I guess. I just met Sally's mother awhile ago and she said Roy and Sally are moving off the farm. They can't get their debts paid off. Do you still have some money left? I've still got a few things to get."

"Oh, yes, I thought about I didn't give you very much," Sam said, handing her the pocket book.

As Priscilla handed the sleeping baby to her husband, little Anna said, "Mom can we go along, too?"

"Oh, I guess so, if you'll behave yourself."

A few minutes later, Priscilla was in the dry goods store picking out some material. "Would you like this for a bonnet, Anna?"

"Yes, yes, I like that color very good. Can I have a bonnet like that?"

"You can if you will wash the dishes for me so I can help Daddy chore more. Will you?"

"Yes, yes," said the little girl.

"I want this remnant," Priscilla said to the sales clerk, "and then I would like to have enough pieces of nylon denim to make up about 12 yards. I want to make some pants for my husband."

Priscilla figured up how much the goods would amount

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euch gegeben; suchet, so wer den; klopset an, so wird euch 10. Denn wer da bittet, der wer da sucht, der findet; und

12. Sie nahmen auch mit sich Brudersohn, und seine Habe, d zu \*Sodom, und zogen davi  
 \*R. 18, 10-12.

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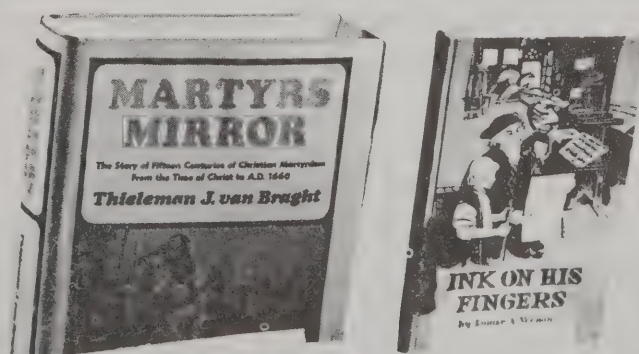
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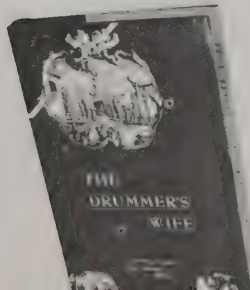
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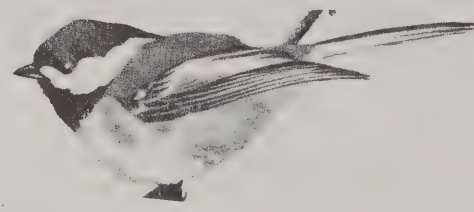
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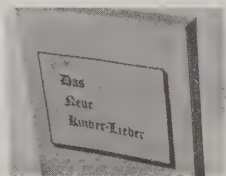
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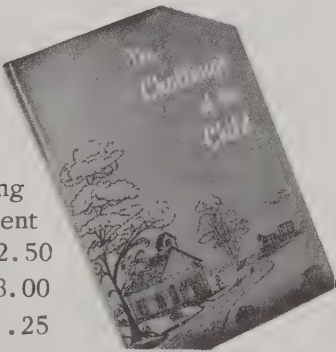
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to. "I'll still have enough money to get me a light blue dress like I was wanting," she thought to herself. She walked to the counter and fingered the goods. "That is real nice material and it would make a really beautiful dress," she told herself, "but- but."

Then she turned and walked back to the remnant counter. After looking through the material she found several pieces of goods which would be enough to make herself a dress. "This may not be as pretty as the other material," she said to herself, "but I think it will wear just as well, and - and besides, I believe Sam and the children will think just as much of me in a dark green suit as they would in a dress that would cost a lot more money."



I am not concerned that I am not known, I seek to be worthy to be known. -Confucius

### SCHOOLMATES OF SIXTEEN YEARS AGO

I was one of about five Old Order Mennonites who attended a school where all the rest were Amish but I grew up and married and moved away. I had lost all contact with my former schoolmates until recently when it so happened that we received a carload of visitors and I found myself face to face with a man who had been in my class in school. We hadn't seen each other for sixteen years. After the shock and surprise wore off I began asking questions about my former schoolmates.

The first family I asked about, yes, they were all married and with the Amish church. Then I inquired about Anna Mary, a girl in my class. I knew she had married but I did not know she had joined the Pentecostal church. Then I asked about David as my memory went back to many scenes of this happy-go-lucky lad. "Is he still the same?" I asked.

"Yes, he is still the same David," my friend answered with a smile but then added in a serious tone, "but he's changed now. He takes life more serious now than he used to."

Then I asked about Mary, the girl in my grade, and one I had always thought a lot of. A look of sadness crossed his face as he answered, "All the ones of that family, you know, have gone to a higher church, that is all except Mary."

"And what about her?"

"Mary is out in the world, living with a man to whom she is not married."

I could hardly believe my ears. I asked about others, too, but my mind kept coming back to Mary. Later that night I tossed and turned in my bed and I could not sleep. Many scenes kept coming back to my mind. Mary, Mary, no it couldn't be true, I told myself. So sweet, kind and friendly, she might well have been voted the best-liked girl in school. What had gone wrong, and why did this have to happen to Mary.

My mind went back to the years since I had left school. I had learned that Mary's family had been dissatisfied with the church. The young folks had quit going to the gatherings because of the much "untugend" there. They had stayed at home and read the Bible. Now the rest of the children had gone to a higher church and Mary was out in the world.

My mind went back again to David, the boy who had caused the teacher so many headaches while in school. Now he was living a Christian life.

David and Mary had both changed, one for the better, the other for the worse.

The tears came as I thought of Mary. I prayed for her, wherever she may be. It is not yet too late. You can still come back. I wonder if you know how many people are praying for you that you may yet turn from the path you have taken.

-M.B., Pennsylvania

I thought the article, "In Whom Do We trust, God Or Insurance?" was a very good one. But there is another kind of insurance spreading in our plain churches, the insurance that we will not have more children than we ourselves plan for. I have always felt that since God must help me raise my children, then He should plan my family also.

It finally came to the point that some people thought that for health's sake, it would be best not to have any more children. We believe in doing what is good for our health, but only so far as it does not interfere with the Word of God, for we should obey God rather than man. For weeks, I searched the Scriptures and could find nothing on the subject but still kept looking for I knew that the answers to all our questions are in the Bible. Finally the answer came to me, "My child, you are looking for your answer, not mine."

When I accepted this, the answers came one after the other. All those promises, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. If we can't trust our God to take care of us, we might just as well worship a god of wood or stone.

A Christian will always have to strive against public opinion. Some people tried to tell me that I wouldn't jump into a fire and expect God to keep me from getting burned. But nowhere can we read that God wants us to jump into a fire but we can read, "I will therefore, that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully" (1 Timothy, 5:14). Also we read in 1 Timothy 2:15, "Notwithstanding, she shall be saved in childbearing if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety." It is our duty as women to bear children. In Genesis 3:16 it says, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow, and thy conception. In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children."

Many people feel that this is a thing to be decided only between husband and wife. But is it? Where does God come in, if he is to be excluded from so an important part of our lives? Ananias and Sapphira thought it was a matter only between the two of them but none of us would want to put ourselves in their place. Would we not also be keeping back a part which belongs to God?

Nowhere does it say that it is only for the strong woman and God knew how weak some of us would be. And even apart from health's sake, some would sooner have only a few, and what are their reasons? In the world today we read that only the ignorant have large families. None of us like to be called ignorant, but doesn't the devil have a clever way of getting through to us? Which would be the best, for the world to see that we are not ignorant of its ways, or that they should see that we do follow what the Bible teaches?

Others will say, "I have enough to do to get the children taught which I already have." What would we think of a bishop who would say, "No, you can not join my congregation for I already have enough to take care of."

In several places, the Bible speaks of the fruit of the womb. But today the world would have us believe it is a weed of the womb (which they may be if they are not brought up in the way God intends them to be). In the Bible, children are spoken of as blessing but then today they are considered a curse. To which group do we belong?

Are we too busy with material things to have time for these gifts from God and to take care of them? God has not promised to supply all our wants but he will supply our needs.

To think that Christ has died for us, can we not do so little for him? Can we not bring up those little blessings which he wants to entrust to our care? Can He call us a good and faithful servant if we refuse to do our duty? I am afraid not.

- A Pennsylvania Mother.

## Thanksgiving Is In The Heart

It was an ordinary Monday morning. At breakfast time the three children were up and ready to eat. We were all seated around the table, just enjoying being there. Soon each one would scatter to his place of duty for the day.

As I sat there a feeling of thankfulness enveloped me. It was good to be together with the family. When breakfast was over, it wasn't long until one had to go to school. Daddy went to the corn field to get corn to fill the silo. I decided to first help my little daughter do the dishes before I start the week's washing. Of course she was tickled for there were more dishes than usual including some from the day before.

When that was finished, I got the clothes together and headed for the basement. Everything went so smooth. It seemed there was happiness in my heart. After lunch there was time for a rest period. In the afternoon, the ironing got done earlier than usual and the clean clothes were all put away.

Toward evening I was sitting out by the barn watching my husband fill silo. My thoughts went back over the day. My husband said he had intended to put that load in, in the afternoon already, but he had trouble with one of the wagon wheels and had to take time off for that. But it didn't seem to dampen his spirits. He looked just as happy as I felt. As my thoughts went back over the day, I wondered what made me feel so happy. Although I'm usually not unhappy, yet there was something about this day which I don't experience every day.

Then I knew what it was. It was the extra feeling of thankfulness and appreciation which I had that morning for the many things I often take too much for granted. This thankfulness created happiness and brought for me a cheerful atmosphere. If we have it in our hearts, it will usually spread to others, too. Thankfulness is a necessary ingredient of a Christian's life and we ought to be concerned to be filled with it.

—E.G., Maryland

## Coming In December-

### FIRE IN THE ZURICH HILLS

#### THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF A NEW SERIAL

A book-length story of the beginning of the Anabaptist movement in Switzerland. Marx Boshart was a grape farmer who was well satisfied with the State Church-, that is until his closest neighbors became involved in the Anabaptist movement. When Marx was baptized, he felt confident that he would be willing to seal his faith with his life. But a question soon faced him: was it right to waste one's life languishing in prison on a diet of bread and water if by compromising a little, he could be at home with his wife and baby son?

The author did a lot of research into the court records of Zurich in order to write this story. Every major event in the story actually happened, including the ending, even though it is different from many stories in the Martyr's Mirror.

We believe this story should challenge the reader to stop and ask himself, "What would I have done if I had been in Marx Boshart's place? What would I do if I were faced next week with the decision that the people in this story had to make?"

# FASHION PARADE

Come with me, now let us go  
Back to Eden for the show.  
Luscious fruit, the tempter's snare  
On the tree of knowledge there.  
Eve, so innocent and shy,  
Soon believed the devil's lie.

"Take and eat, believe me, Eve,  
Wisdom then you shall receive.  
Do not fear for you'll not die,  
Why yourself this thrill deny?  
Come on, give yourself a break,"  
Said the crafty, cunning snake.

And she did, and then began  
A tale of woe for mortal man.  
All her children thus made heir  
To sin's aftermath—despair,  
By one thoughtless, daring deed  
Mother Eve thus sowed the seed.

Then the serpent took his leave;  
Disillusioned, Mother Eve  
Wrung her hands in deep despair;  
Adam too, her fate did share.  
"Naked we, what shall we do?"  
Then it was Eve learned to sew.

Fig leaf aprons anything  
As a covering for her sin.  
Yes, she's sinned, but even so  
Would not there put on a show.  
God in mercy came to call,  
To redeem them from the fall.

Old Dame Fashion hear her say  
Show yourselves most any way,  
Don't be bashful, get that thrill,  
You can have it, if you will.  
Older ladies, too, can wear  
What they wish, no one will care.

God has said, (He cannot lie),  
Slacks and shorts, and mannish wear  
Are forbidden; do you care  
How you represent your Lord,  
And bypass His holy Word?

Virtuous woman, where art thou?  
To Dame Fashion do not bow.  
Preachers, why not tell them now?  
Give them Scripture, tell them how  
To be virtuous, clean and pure—  
For sin's stains God has the cure.

In God's Word we see it there,  
Deuteronomy is very clear—  
Chapter twenty-two, Oh, hear,  
Verse five, read it, then draw near  
To the mercy-seat and cry,  
"Save me, Jesus, lest I die."

At that mercy-seat repent,  
Let thy calloused heart be rent.  
Lengthen out those skirts, and then  
Don't invite the lusts of men.  
Hear, O hear, take heed, beware!  
Christ is coming, -- do prepare.  
-Adapted

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## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

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# New Names Among the Amish

### PART 3

## Peight

Isaac Franklin Peight and his wife Juliana lived in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania in the area commonly called "Big Valley." They did not belong to the Amish church even though Mrs. Peight's maiden name was the common Amish name, "Lapp." It is believed they were Lutheran since they are buried in the Lutheran cemetery and three of their children belonged to the Lutheran church. They had a number of children, one of whom was Samuel who was born October 13, 1878. When Samuel was six years old his mother died. The Abe Peachey, who were Amish, opened their hearts and home to this little boy. His brothers and sisters were also placed in homes, but Samuel was the only child that went to an Amish home.

Samuel grew up and joined the Amish church. On Feb. 2, 1905 he married the neighbor's hired girl Rachel Bawell (her father, Henry, had also come to the Amish from the "English"). In 1906, when he was 28, Samuel was ordained a minister in the Amish church. In 1911 the church divided into the Peachey and Zook churches. Samuel remained with the Peachey group which is

known today as the "Renno Amish". (The Zook group is now the "Speicher" or "Beachy Amish.")

Samuel and Rachel set up housekeeping at the foot of Jacks Mountain. On this farm they raised eight children (three others died in infancy). There were six girls and two boys, Daniel and Samuel junior. Daniel's son, Daniel junior, was ordained an Amish minister in 1964. Today there are 10 Amishmen bearing the "Peight" name and all reside in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania.

There is an interesting belief that there is Indian blood in the Peight "freundschaft." Although there is no definite proof, it is commonly held by the "Peights" that one of their ancestors was married to an Indian. One family member writes concerning this: "I asked my father at one time just how this was or came about that we were related to the Indians. He said he had been told that way back (he didn't know how many generations) a hired girl was working for Indians or vice versa and that later they were intermarried. So that was all he had to tell me, and have heard the 'Peight' name used to be spelled 'Specht.' Really it seems we have never found out the facts for sure and is kind of hard to trace back now." Another descendant writes: "We think it is more than

tradition though. We have no written proof or records about the Indian blood more than what the old timers used to say. But the black hair and high cheek bones in Sam's children and also some of the grandchildren seem to point that way."

## Riehl

This was likely the first new family name to enter Amish society in America. The first Amishman to bear this name was Lewis Riehl. The best way to explain his history is to print what his grandson Elias B. Riehl wrote about him over 70 years ago:

"Lewis Riehl was born somewhere in Europe in the year 1746 and died in Mifflin County, Pa. May 5, 1806 aged 60 yrs. When about 8 years old he was stolen from his mother and brought to this country and bound over to a certain man until of age. A man by the name of Kurtz persuaded him to get on board a vessel about to sail to America and when once on board, the boy in vain implored to go on shore but the vessel moved off and he was forced to remain on board and come to America."

It is commonly held that Lewis had a very rough life at the hands of the man he was bound to (This practice of being bound to a person was known as indentured service. It was taken advantage of by many early American immigrants as the person they were bound to paid their passage to America. Their service was done to repay the person.) Lewis had no bed and often slept with the pigs to keep warm in winter. The place where he served his indenture was in Chester County, Pennsylvania. It is not known if he lived near the Amish at Malvern in the same county. But it is said that after his term of service was over he found his first welcome home in America with the family of Christian Zook, an Amish minister in Chester County.

Lewis Riehl joined the Amish church and married an Amish girl, Veronica Fisher daughter of Christian Fisher. It is not known for sure how many children they had, but there were at least seven, five boys and two girls. Lewis and his family moved to Mifflin County where he died in 1806 and his wife in 1825.

Some of Lewis' descendants migrated to Lancaster County where the "Riehl" name is today most commonly found among the Amish. There are approximately 30 Amish household heads there with the "Riehl" name. Of these, four are ministers and one is a bishop. Perhaps the most widely known "Riehl" was Bishop Elias Riehl, a grandson of Lewis Riehl, who lived in Union County, Pennsylvania (now an extinct Amish church). He was an Amish bishop for many years but was later silenced and united with the Mennonites in Juniata County in the 1870's. He died there in 1901. Another "Riehl" who served in the ministry but is no longer living was Moses Riehl; he was an Amish deacon at Ronks, Pennsylvania for many years. He was a great, great grandson of Lewis Riehl.

## Schmidt

Among the first settlers in the Amish settlement of Milverton, Ontario was John Schmidt. Little of his early life is known, but it is believed by his descendants that he was raised in the Lutheran faith in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He married Barbara Swartzentruber in Lancaster County on March 27, 1831. She was Amish, and it is presumed John joined the Amish church sometime previous to the marriage. Soon afterwards they moved to Ontario near a village named Schmidtsville, now called Wellesly. The name "Schmidt" was common in the area among the German Catholics and Lutherans (one of whom, George R. Schmidt a Lutheran, was converted to the Mennonites and ordained later as a Mennonite minister.)

Today there are two Amish family heads at Milverton, Ontario with the "Schmidt" name and four in Adams County, Indiana. One of John Schmidt's grandsons is a minister in the Northeast District in Adams County, and a great-grandson is the bishop of that district.

## Swantz

William Schwanz (note the difference in spelling) and his wife lived in Arcola, Illinois and were members of St. Paul's Evangelical church there. They had six children and were a poor family, so the children worked out in the neighborhood. Their son Charles began working among the Amish at the age of sixteen. He had been born in Arcola on September 16, 1870 and baptized as a baby in the Evangelical church and confirmed at age fourteen in the same church.

Charles' brother Henry also worked among the Amish. He sometimes wore Amish pants and was among the youngfolks. But Henry didn't join the Amish as his brother Charles did. Charles had met Katie A. Miller of Kalona, Iowa and begun to date her. He decided to join the Amish church and was baptized in the fall of 1895 at Arcola. He was twenty-five at the time. On December 8th of the same year he married Katie at her parents' home (John Miller) in Kalona.

Charles and Katie set up housekeeping in Iowa near the little town of Hills (which today has the address of R. 2 Riverside). Charles was a farmer, and the farm he owned is now owned by Jacob Gingerich. Charles and Katie had four children, three sons and one daughter. All four joined the Amish church but only one, John R. Swantz, remained with it all his life. So it is from him that the present Amish "Swantz" descend.

John R. Swantz was born in 1896 and married Katie Bender in 1918. In May of 1923 he was ordained a minister in the Amish church and served for 45 years until his death in 1968. He and Katie had only two children, one of which was stillborn. Their son Lester E. Swantz was born in 1921 and married Lydia Bender in 1941. They had seven children, five of which lived to maturity.

The "Swantz" name is found in Kalona, Iowa where there are two household heads with that name and at Jamesport, Missouri where there is one. These descendants of William Schwanz do not know when the spelling of their name changed to "Swantz."

## Swarey

Christian Schware was a native of Hochburg in the Grand Duchy of Baden (Germany) and a trained soldier in the army. It is not known today by his descendants what religion he was, but Christian developed a conscience against serving in the army. So he obtained a furlough and went to France. Since a furlough is a "leave of absence" and not a discharge, it is assumed that Christian was expected to return to the army, but he didn't. He boarded a ship for America where he hoped to find religious freedom. Christian was about 30 years old at the time. The ship docked at Philadelphia in June of 1819.

The next record that we have of Christian is that he went to Mifflin County, Pennsylvania and was married there to Annie Hauder. When exactly he joined the Amish church is not known. The Amish likely appealed to him for two reasons: they spoke German and shared his conviction about not serving in the army.

Christian and Annie had two sons and two daughters. One of the sons died when he was eight; so it was from John, the other son, that the "Swarey" name continued among the Amish. In 1832 Christian and his family moved to Juniata County, the county east of Mifflin County.

Christian's son John married Judith Hertzler in 1854; they had three daughters and two sons: John junior and Christian. It is from Christian alone that the present-day Amish "Swareys" descend for John junior's only son died as a baby. Christian (who it is believed changed the spelling from "Schware" to "Swarey") was born in 1858 in Juniata County and married Sarah M. Zook in 1889. They had eight sons and two daughters; one other son died in infancy. The family later moved to Mifflin County where Christian died in 1915.

Today there are 36 Amish family heads with the

"Swarey" name of which six are ministers and two are deacons. The name is found with most frequency in Mifflin County. It is also prominent in St. Mary's County, Maryland and found in a lesser degree in the following Pennsylvania counties: Lancaster, Juniata, Lebanon, and Franklin.

## Whetstone

This family name entered the Amish near the beginning of the Amish settlement in Elkhart County, Indiana. David Schrock of Somerset County, Pennsylvania made a trip on horseback to Elkhart County during the summer of 1845. He liked the area and purchased some land, giving his horse as part of the payment. He walked back through unsettled country much of the way to Pennsylvania. He and his wife moved to Indiana in the spring of 1846; the first Amish had settled there in 1841, so the settlement was quite new and small.

It is believed that David Schrock's were childless. They took a little boy, John Whetstone, into their home to raise. He had been born Sept. 4, 1850 and was the son of Peter and Emma (Rome) Whetstone who lived in Elkhart County. The Whetstones were of Irish or British descent, their name "Whetstone" being an Old English word meaning "a stone on which to sharpen knives."

John Whetstone joined the Amish church and on December 15, 1870 married Gertrude Eash whose mother was a sister to Mrs. David Schrock, the woman who had raised John. John and Gertrude had two sons, Joseph and Samuel, the latter being ordained as minister in the Amish church in Elkhart County. John died in 1927 and his wife a year later.

Today the "Whetstone" name is found among the Amish primarily in the Elkhart-Lagrange settlement where there are 10 household heads bearing the name. The name is also found at Nappanee, Indiana where a "Whetstone" is serving as a deacon and at Curryville, Missouri where there is also an Amish deacon with the "Whetstone" name.

The Patoka River was advertised by a real estate man in 1903 as having "rich bottom land" on both sides of it. Some Amish men in Daviess County heard about this and were interested. Since Daviess County adjoined Pike County on the north, they did not have far to travel to the bottom land. They liked what they heard from the real estate man and also what they saw. They liked the cheap price and that the land was not too far from their friends and relatives in Daviess County. So in 1903 five Amish families located on the north side (the Pike County side) of the Patoka River. They were Martin Kauffman, Dan Wittmer, John Wittmer, Peter Ashleman, and Will Lengacher, a widower.

Joining the new settlement in 1904 was Bishop Joseph Wittmer of Daviess County. He had been born in France in 1844 and came to America with his parents in 1854, settling in Wayne County, Ohio. They then moved to Allen County, Indiana. Joseph and his wife Lena Grabill moved to Daviess County in 1870. In 1871 Joseph was ordained as minister, it being the first ordination in Daviess Co. among the Amish. In 1882 he was ordained bishop by Bishop Frederick Swartzentruber of Iowa.

Joseph Wittmer settled in Pike County where his two sons, Dan and John, had already located. Also settling there the same year or later were Jacob Wittmer, Amos Wittmer, John Ashleman, and Joseph Miller. Settling on the south side of the Patoka in Gibson County were Jacob Grabill, Henry Grabill, Abraham Grabill, Simon Gingerich, and Samuel Eicher.

In 1909 two of Bishop Joseph Wittmer's sons were ordained to the ministry, John and Amos. When the settlement began breaking up between 1912 and 1914, John Wittmer moved to Allen Co. while his brother Amos moved to Daviess as did his father Joseph. Amos was ordained bishop in 1924 and today (1972) is the oldest Amish bishop in Indiana, being 90 years old.

There were three other families who lived at the new settlement. Actually they were not part of it for they did not belong to the Amish church there. But since they had been raised Amish in Newton County, Indiana they were not really "English" either. They were Martin and Rudolph Miller and their brother-in-law Levi Miller. It is not known to what church they belonged when they lived in southern Indiana, but they later joined the Mennonites elsewhere.

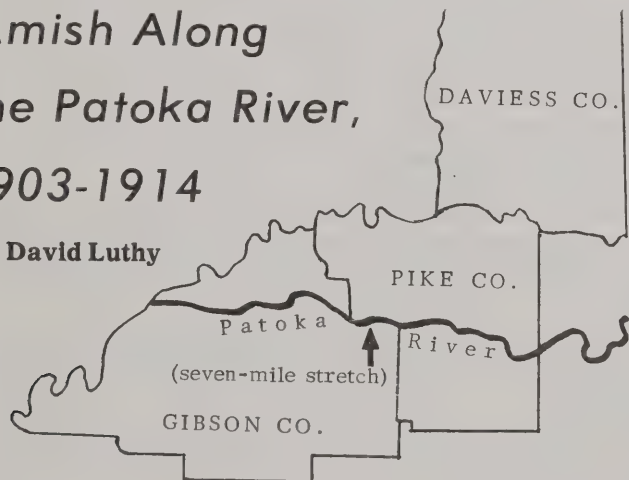
There were eight weddings held in the Pike-Gibson Amish settlement: Will Lengacher and Mary Wittmer; Abe Grabill and Lovina Ashleman; Peter Miller and Josephine Ashleman; John Ashleman and Barbara Gingerich; Samuel Eicher and Magdalena Raber; Samuel Ashleman and Anna Plank; Noah Yoder and Susan Ashleman. Jake Kneep and Leah Wittmer. There were numerous births, too. One of which was Jacob Eicher who was born to Samuel Eichers in 1914 shortly before they left Gibson County to move to Daviess County. Jacob printed the page which you are reading as he is the printer and production manager at Pathway Publishers. There was one known death at the settlement, being Fannie (Graber) Grabill, the widow of Daniel Grabill. She died there in 1908 at the age of 101.

Why did the settlement die out? This is what one person had to say: "I guess the main reason they moved out again was on account of the Patoka River overflowing quite often. The real estate man had told them it wouldn't come out more than once in 7 years, but they said he would better have said 7 times a year. Vick Lengacher said that Rudy Miller put up buildings just across the river bridge and built his house and barn on posts 5 ft. high with a walk from the house to the barn which they could use when the river came out. Vick Lengacher (he worked down there in 1909) said he gathered about 300 bushels of corn for his Uncle John Wittmer that summer by boat. The Miller boys are said to have saved about 1000 bushels by boat. Vick said he passed the Millers' place one day in his boat when the water was six inches near to the house floor."

By the end of 1914 there were no longer any Amish

## Amish Along the Patoka River, 1903-1914

by David Luthy



In southern Indiana the Patoka River begins in Orange County and winds lazily westward until it meets the Wabash River along the Illinois-Indiana state line. The Patoka is a small river, too small to be of any importance for river transportation. It is just one of Indiana's many small rivers. Some of the state's rivers are large enough that years ago surveyors used long stretches of them to form boundaries when dividing the state into 92 counties. But only seven miles of the 120-mile-long wandering Patoka River was chosen for such a purpose. This seven-mile stretch forms a corner of Pike County on the north bank and a corner of Gibson County on the south bank. This is a short stretch of the Patoka River but an important one in Amish history, for it was on both sides of it that 15 Amish families settled just after the turn of the century.

living in the Pike-Gibson settlement along the Patoka River. Most families moved back to Daviess County, but one family moved to Illinois and several to Georgia. It has been said that the people who went to the Pike-Gibson settlement were poor when they arrived and

poorer when they left. The "rich bottom land" along the Patoka River had not made any of them rich.

(Author's note: Special thanks to Peter Yoder of Marshfield, Missouri for his help in collecting material for this settlement's history.)

# CHILDREN'S SECTION

$$\begin{array}{r} 92 \\ 28 \overline{) 2576} \\ \underline{252} \phantom{0} \\ 56 \\ \underline{56} \\ 0 \end{array}$$

## The Same Mistake

- by Elmo Stoll

$$\begin{array}{r} 182 \\ 47 \overline{) 8572} \\ \underline{47} \phantom{00} \\ 387 \\ \underline{376} \phantom{0} \\ 132 \\ \underline{94} \phantom{0} \\ 38 \end{array}$$

IT WAS ONLY A few minutes before lunchtime on Tuesday. John Bontrager was sitting at his desk in the schoolroom. He happened to glance up and notice that Rufus Yoder was trying to get his attention. Rufus gave him a long slow wink.

John looked the other way quickly before the teacher noticed anything. He wasn't sure what the wink was supposed to mean, but probably that Rufus wanted to tell him something just as soon as school was out for lunch. John wished Rufus wouldn't be quite so bold, he was afraid he was going to get caught sometime if the teacher happened to glance his way. But just the same, it made John feel sort of good to have Rufus wink at him. Even though Rufus was new in school, it hadn't taken him long to get to be popular with the other three boys in the seventh grade. The years before Rufus had always attended public school, and he had a lot of interesting stories to tell about things they had done. This was his first year going to a parochial school.

Now it was lunch time and the teacher dismissed everyone for the noon hour. John grabbed his bucket from the lunch rack. The other three seventh-grade boys Rufus, Andy, and Eli were grabbing theirs, too, and then the four of them hurried outside to eat at their usual spot on the south side of the school.

The boys settled down to eat, their lunches spread out between their legs, eating and talking at the same time. It was pleasant sitting in the warmth of the sun out in the clear autumn air. John looked questioningly at Rufus. "Okay," he said, "now tell me what the winking was about? If you're not more careful, one of these times the teacher is going to catch you winking and then you'll have to tell her what's up."

"Don't worry," Rufus laughed, in his confident, easy way. "She won't catch me. I've outfoxed smarter teachers than her. That reminds me that I've got something I want to show you boys this noon."

"What's that?" asked Andy. Andy was always eager to hear what Rufus had to say.

"Oh, you'll find out soon enough," said Rufus. "I can't show you here, or we'd get caught for sure. Wait until we get a chance to go into the horse barn, and close the door. But that's not really what I was winking to John about."

"I wonder if you know what you were winking about," John said, as he bit into his jam sandwich.

Rufus ignored his remark. "I was just chuckling to myself about that verse the teacher was trying to get the younger children to memorize this morning."

"What was funny about that?" John asked. "Let's see, wasn't it something about getting caught when we do wrong?"

"That's what's so funny," Rufus said. "That's why I was laughing. 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' That

verse is just for dumb people. If you're smart enough, the verse isn't true. I've often proved that."

John didn't like to hear Rufus talk like that. Especially not about a Bible verse. But the other boys didn't say anything, so John didn't either, although he did wonder if Rufus was so smart as he sometimes thought he was. John noticed that Eli seemed uncomfortable, too, as though he felt the same way as John did. But Andy was grinning, soaking it all in, and he said to Rufus, "You mean then that you've never been caught doing anything wrong?"

"Oh, yeah, guess I have already, but that was before I was smart enough!"

The boys all laughed.

John was still eating a piece of cake, finishing up his lunch when Andy said to Rufus, "Come on, let's go. I'd like to see what your secret is."

Quickly John gulped the last of the cake, and hurried to close his lunch pail and follow the other boys. The other boys were headed toward the small building which stood in the corner of the school yard. They all called it the horse barn, but it was really just a little shed with room for two or three horses, in case any of the pupils wanted to drive a horse during cold weather.

The boys closed the door, and then Rufus made sure that it was hooked on the inside. "Now," he said, "nobody can walk in and surprise us." Rufus reached into his pocket and pulled out a long, round roll. When he unrolled it, John saw right away what it was—a comic book.

They stood at the window where the light was better and looked at it. "Where'd you get it?" asked Andy admiringly.

"I've got lots at home," said Rufus. "Now I'll read it aloud, and we can all stand in a circle so we can see the pictures as we go along."

John glanced around guiltily. He was sure no one could see them, but still he felt worried. He couldn't help but remember how often he had heard their teacher say that she never wanted to catch them reading comics in school. She always said work came first, and then if they wanted to read, they should read something worthwhile, not trash like comics.

The boys were soon engrossed in the comics. John wished there wouldn't be quite so much shooting and fighting, but Andy kept saying, "Wow, is this exciting. You really got a good one, Rufus!"

It was exciting, that was true enough. John found that he was soon caught up in the story, too. It was all about how three men had gotten their heads together and decided to rob a bank. They had their plans all carefully laid out, and were just about to get away with the money when the police came on the scene. They had to do some

quick shooting, and then they all jumped in the getaway car and zoomed off into the night. They drove so fast and so cleverly that, sure enough, they managed to shake the police off their track. Then they lay low in their hideaway, counting the money they had carried off, and planning what they would do with it. In the end, only one of them got caught, and that happened when he tried to pay for a \$3 purchase of gas with a hundred dollar bill.

"That one fellow was too dumb," said Rufus scornfully. "He should have known better than pay for his gas with such a large bill. He deserved to get caught."

"Yeah," said Andy, "anybody would have known better than that."

"I've got some more comic books at home that are just as good as this," Rufus said, "Shall I bring another one along tomorrow?"

"Sure, do," Andy said quickly.

Rufus looked at the other two boys, Eli and John, and waited for them to say something. "Wouldn't you like to see another one?"

John kept thinking what the comic book had been about. It had made it sound like robbing a bank was a clever thing to do. It had made the police look dumb and the robbers smart. He wondered if Rufus and Andy needed any more encouragement to think thoughts like that, and whether he himself wanted to keep on reading such books.

Eli was squirming under Rufus' gaze. "Yeah, bring another one along," Eli finally said.

Rufus looked toward John.

"Do—do you know what would happen if the teacher caught us reading comics?" John asked, trying to stall for time so he could decide what to say.

"So that's what's worrying you," Rufus laughed. "Don't worry about that. She won't come out here, and if she does, I've been in tight spots before and slipped out of them all right."

All afternoon John was jumpy. He couldn't get rid of the guilty feeling inside him. It was true that the teacher hadn't caught them, but thinking about it didn't make him feel much better. The guilty feeling was still there, and it bothered him so much that in a way he almost wished they would have gotten caught and punished. Then maybe the guilty feeling would go away and leave him in peace. But then John thought of what his father would say if he found out that he got punished in school for reading comics. John figured that he would likely get punished again at home—get punished a second time. "Dad would say he has warned us often enough about comics that I should have known better," John thought miserably to himself. John remembered how often his father had said that the stuff a person reads is the food his mind lives on. "If you feed your mind trashy food like comics, you will have a sick mind, just the same as if you feed your body garbage you will have a sick body."

Another thing kept bothering John and that was the verse the teacher had helped the younger children memorize. "Be sure your sin will find you out." Rufus had claimed the verse was only true for dumb people who weren't smart enough to keep from getting caught. Was Rufus right or was the Bible?

The guilty feeling went home with John that evening and made him uneasy and kept him from being himself. He tried to act natural, but inside he didn't feel like laughing and chatting and visiting. The feeling of guilt made him edgy and tense and kept him from looking his father and mother in the eyes. He felt self-conscious and kept glancing at his shoes.

At recess the next day Andy glanced around to see who else was within hearing. When he was sure it was just the four of them, he said to Rufus, "Did you bring another one along—another comic book?"

"Aww, I forgot," said Rufus, aggravated at himself. "And I know why, too. The teacher gave us so many of those long division problems that I had to work on them after supper, and even this morning yet."

"Then you were doing the same thing I was," John

said, grinning. In a way he was relieved that Rufus had forgotten about the comic book. But it also made him feel good to know that someone else had a hard time with those division problems besides himself. He used to be the poorest guy in the whole arithmetic class until this year when Rufus came. Rufus was poor in arithmetic, too, maybe even a little poorer than John.

"I can't see why she gives us such big assignments," Rufus grumbled. "We never had to slave that hard in public school."

"I guess she figures we need the practice," John said. He didn't like to hear Rufus make remarks like that, remarks that made it sound as though their teacher wasn't as good as the ones in public schools. "I guess it's just because you and I are so dumb in arithmetic that it takes us so long," John said. "Now if we were smart like Eli and Andy, we would just enjoy those problems."

"Enjoy them, I guess not!" Andy said. "I get tired of doing them, too. But I doubt if it would do any good to complain to the teacher. She always says that's what we come to school for—to work hard."

All at once Rufus' face brightened. "I just got an idea," he announced. "I think John was exactly right."

John looked puzzled. "Me? What? When was I right?"

"When you said that it's just because we're so dumb that we have to work so hard. It really wouldn't be necessary if we got smart."

John laughed. "That's true. But how do we get smart?"

"I'll tell you," Rufus said. "Aren't there four of us boys in the same grade? There's no reason all of us have to work all the problems. Why don't we divide the work up, and share our answers? That way each one of us will only have to work a fourth of the problems."

Andy's eyes lighted up. "Is that ever a good idea."

"But—but that's cheating..." John began.

"No, it isn't," said Rufus. "It's just using our heads, and helping each other. It's not as though we didn't learn how to do the work. We have to know how to do the problems, or else we couldn't do our fourth. But there just isn't any point in working all those problems. We're not cheating, just making the assignment a bit shorter—our assignments are way too long anyhow, anybody knows that. Actually we're just correcting what our teacher does wrong!"

The boys laughed. That Rufus sure had a way of explaining things.

After school before they left for home, the boys met for an instant outside the school and divided up the arithmetic assignment for the next day. The teacher had assigned them 24 problems, so they each had 6 to do. "Now each of us has to make three copies of our answers on separate slips of paper so we'll all have answers," Rufus instructed.

The others nodded their heads. They understood how it was going to work.

So the boys went home. John went home like he had gone the evening before, and once again that unwanted feeling went with him—that feeling of guilt. He tried to lose it in every way he could think of. He hummed a song to himself as he worked, but the guilty feeling wouldn't leave. Shep, their collie dog, came wagging up to be petted. He had his tail full of burrs, so John got out his knife and took the burrs out, being careful not to hurt the dog more than he had to. John was extra good to the other children, did favors for them all evening and even told them a story after supper. But none of it helped John shake off the guilty feeling—it stuck to him just like the sticky burrs had clung to Shep's tail.

The arithmetic plan worked out smoothly, just as Rufus had promised it would. They shared their answers at the first recess. Since they only had six problems to work, all the boys had double-checked their answers, and when they went to class, they all had a 100 percent. The teacher was pleased. She smiled at them and praised them. "That's the kind of grades I like to see," she said. "Looks like you're going to get these division problems

mastered after all."

John felt funny all over. He had never felt like this before when the teacher praised them. He wished she hadn't praised them at all, somehow it only made the guilty feeling get bigger and bigger, until it was almost too big to hide inside of him.

John thought back over the past few days. He had that weight on his chest all the time, the heavy feeling of being pressed down. Guilt. John knew it. Maybe he hadn't been caught by any person, but he had been caught by something else that was punishing him. He had escaped punishment from the teacher or his parents, but his conscience had caught him. Was that maybe what the verse meant, that verse the children had memorized, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Did it mean that even if no person saw you, if you did wrong, you would suffer for it. Before the last two days John had felt clean and good and free, but now he felt ashamed of himself all the time. The guilty feeling, what was he supposed to do with it? John wondered if Rufus had never been caught by a guilty conscience, or if perhaps he had done wrong so often that his conscience didn't bother him any more.

At noon Rufus said, "Well, I didn't forget today. I brought another comic book along."

"Good for you," said Andy, his voice glad.

But John didn't say anything. He felt that guilty feeling growing stronger just at the thought of them sneaking off to the horse stable again and going through a comic book together. He wished he could get out of it without having the boys think he was just chicken or a goody-goody.

All too soon they were finished eating and were putting their lunch pails away. As the boys headed for the horse barn, John stopped.

Rufus noticed it right away. "Are you coming, John?"

"No. I think I'll go in and read something else."

"Aww, come on, you don't want to miss out..."

But John had made up his mind not to let himself be coaxed. He was already going into the schoolhouse door. He knew one thing was certain. Rufus wouldn't come inside to coax him because then the teacher might overhear him.

At the last recess, John was afraid the other three boys would laugh at him, or give him a hard time, but they never mentioned a thing about what had taken place at noon.

After school the four of them gathered together once again to divide up the arithmetic assignment. All afternoon John had been thinking about how different he felt. He had felt so much better since he had refused to go along with Rufus' plans.

But now as they wanted to divide up the arithmetic lesson, that feeling of guilt came back with full force and struck him. Did he want to live with it again? Now that he had finally escaped it somewhat, did he want to invite it back? John knew what the answer was. He hated to think of working all those problems by himself, but he hated even more to go home with that guilty feeling weighing him down and making him miserable all evening.

So John took a deep breath and said, "I really need more practice with these problems. I think I'll just work them all this time. You others can share them if you like."

Rufus and Andy stared at him, anger deep in their eyes. But when Eli looked up, John could see that he had been having the same trouble that he himself had been—a guilty feeling was haunting him, too.

Before Rufus and Andy could protest, Eli cleared his throat nervously. "I'm planning to work them all myself, too," he said. "So count me out, right along with John. It would be hard to split the assignment three ways, anyhow."

Rufus was angry now, that was plain to see. "If you want to be so independent," he glared, "you don't need to expect me to bring any more comic books along for you, either."

"Suits me fine," said John. "I don't plan to read them anyhow."

"Nor do I," said Eli.

The teacher was coming then, so the boys had to scatter quickly. Rufus and Andy were angry, but not angry enough that they cared to make a scene when the teacher was coming.

John grabbed his empty lunch pail, and was ready to head for home, but he noticed that Eli was waiting at the corner of the school, and it looked like he wanted to talk.

"Thanks for sticking with me tonight," John said to Eli.

"I was just waiting for you to tell you thanks for speaking up to Rufus like that. I was wanting to, but just didn't have the nerve until you did."

"What do you think they'll do?" John asked, motioning toward where Rufus and Andy were still talking.

"I don't know," Eli said, "whether they'll split the arithmetic assignment or not. But I'm afraid if they do, they aren't as smart as they think. I'll be surprised if they don't get caught sooner or later. You know that verse Rufus was saying is just true for dumb people? Well, I asked my Dad about that, and he said the verse doesn't say that everyone gets caught everytime they do wrong—at least not in this life. But he said it does seem to work that way in the long run, that people who get by with something one time, just try it again, and keep getting bolder and bolder with it until they do get caught."

"Well, even if they don't get caught," John said, starting for home. "I still think it's smarter to do what's right—and have a clear conscience instead of a guilty feeling."

Eli didn't say anything, but John was sure he was agreed.

The next morning John came to school just in time to hear the bell ring. He hurried inside and took his seat. The morning passed quickly. John had done some of his arithmetic at home, but now he hurried to finish it by class time. Right after the first recess, the teacher called for seventh grade arithmetic class.

They checked the problems one by one. John felt a sense of pleasure when he saw that he had his all worked right; he had a 100 percent again, and this time he had earned the good grade fairly and honestly.

The teacher was bending over and looking at Rufus' paper. "I see you have problem number ten wrong," she was saying. "Isn't that the same one Andy had wrong, too." She took Rufus' paper from him and was looking at his work closely. Then she reached for Andy's paper.

"Yes, it's the same one Andy had wrong," she said slowly. "Hmmm," she said, "you both even had the same answer. I wonder if maybe I looked wrong on the answer book. What about you, Eli and John? Did you have number ten wrong, too?"

"No," said John. "I had it right."

"My answer was right, too," said Eli.

By now Rufus and Andy were squirming around uncomfortably, and getting red in their faces. The teacher checked the answers again. Then she turned to Rufus and Andy. "This really puzzles me," she said. "How do you explain that you both have wrong answers, and yet your answers are the same?"

They didn't say anything for a long while, just looked down at their papers, as if they couldn't understand it either. By now the whole room was silent, the younger pupils having sensed that something unusual was happening.

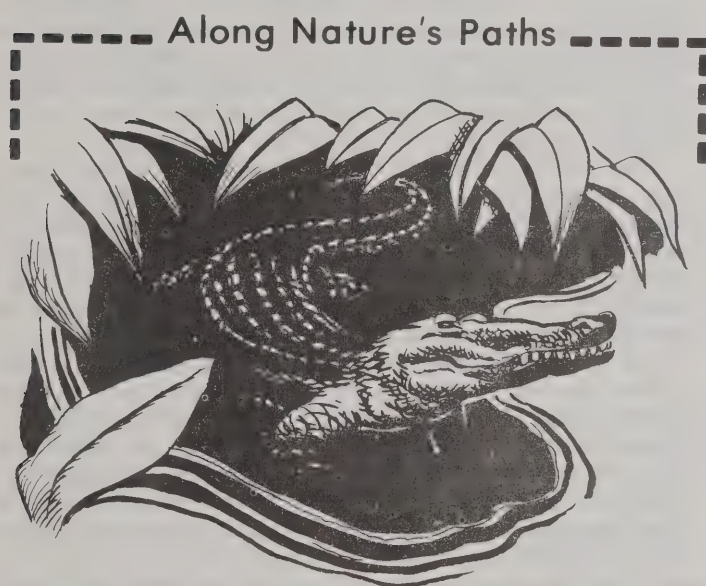
"I-I don't know how it happened," said Rufus, trying to laugh a little. "Must be we both made the same mistake in working it."

The teacher's face became serious. She wasn't a person to put up with much nonsense. "The same mistake?" she said, looking very closely at the two boys. "I'm afraid maybe you did. You may both stay in after school tonight, and we'll see if we can find out just what that mistake was." Her voice was so stern that it made shivers go up John's spine just to think of how glad he was that he wasn't in Rufus' and Andy's place.

They went back to their seats. John knew that the teacher wouldn't stop that evening until she had found out all that she wanted to know, he could tell that she was determined to find out the truth, and wouldn't be put off the track easily. "The same mistake, the same mistake." The words kept going through his head. Rufus had tried to pass it off, and say he guessed he and Andy had made the same mistake. But the teacher had put a different meaning into the words—the same mistake. She had said she was going to find out what that mistake was. John kept thinking, and he wondered what that mistake was. It was cheating, for one thing. And then he remembered how Rufus had said that the verse about "being sure your sin will find you out" was just for dumb people. Wasn't that part of Rufus' mistake, too, thinking he was smarter than he was?

John looked over to where Rufus was sitting at his desk. Rufus was paging nervously through his arithmetic book. His face was red and flushed. Big beads of sweat stood on his forehead. He certainly didn't look very smart just now. John couldn't help but wonder if Rufus had learned his lesson, or whether he would make "the same mistake" again.

■ ■



## Alice the Alligator

By Titus

**L**ike a sunken log, Alice floated in the dark water of her shallow pond in the Florida Everglades. Only her eyes and the end of her broad nose were above the surface of the water. Her eyes were the highest part of her body; she could remain hidden in the water yet watch all that took place at the pond. Slowly Alice cruised about the pond. Her four legs were tucked close to her body, for she did not use them to push her along. It was her powerful tail which propelled her through the water. Evenly it swayed, pushing her 150 pound body so gently that barely a ripple showed on the pond's surface.

Alice's keen eyes were quick to take in any motion in the pond or on its bank. Instantly her tail stopped moving to and fro and she waited motionless. She had seen a snake, a water moccasin, crawl down the bank and enter the pond. Alice was hungry and wished to catch the snake. She lowered her head bringing her eyes under water. Instantly clear lids slipped over her eyes which protected them from the water but made it possible for her to yet see. With a powerful thrust of her mighty tail she surged forward with mouth wide open. The snake was captured without a battle. Even though it was poisonous, it was no match for an alligator. Its fangs could not pierce Alice's tough hide. The only place it could have struck with any danger was her eyes, but Alice's strong jaws had clamped so tightly shut on the

snake that it had had no chance to strike. With a single swallow Alice ate the water moccasin.

The snake had not satisfied Alice's hunger; she continued her search for food. Once more she submerged her body except for her eyes and nose. She waited and watched. She saw a white crane land near the bank and fish for minnows in the shallow water. Alice did not concern herself, though, with the long-legged crane, for she knew from experience that it could easily fly away from her. The water where it was standing was too shallow for her to sneak up on it as she had done to the snake. And she knew if she came charging at it in the shallow water, it would easily fly away. Much as Alice wished to capture the crane, she knew it was impossible. Her gaze left the bank and turned again to the pond surface. Her sharp eyesight brought an object into view. It was a young turtle and it was swimming her way. Silently Alice lowered her eyes and nose. She remained motionless and waited until the turtle was directly in front of her. One push of her strong tail hurled her at the unsuspecting turtle. It attempted to dart out of her path, but Alice's speed was greater and her mouth closed around it. The turtle's shell, which protected it from most animals, was not sturdy enough to withstand the crushing power of Alice's strong jaws. Like a vice they closed tightly on the turtle, shattering the shell. The turtle joined the water moccasin as part of Alice's meal.

Still Alice's hunger was not satisfied. She submerged herself and headed for the deepest part of the pond in hopes of catching a fish there. She did not rush through the water lest the motion scare the fish away. As she neared the place where she was headed, she was surprised when a gar fish crossed her path. It was itself chasing a smaller fish and did not notice Alice. With a lightening flash Alice dove at it and caught it. The cigar-shaped fish was four feet long and more than Alice could swallow with one gulp. Even though her mouth was large, her throat was small. She could not swallow the gar fish whole as she had the turtle and snake. So she rolled rapidly with it in the water until she had twisted off a piece which she could gulp down. The forty cone-shaped teeth on her upper jaw and the forty on the lower ripped off piece after piece of the fish with the help of the rolling motion. Her front feet with their three sharp claws were of no help to Alice in tearing the fish apart. Only on land were her legs of benefit to her; they carried the weight of her heavy body and were an aid in fighting other alligators, but in swimming or eating they were of no good to her.

When Alice was not out hunting for food, she lay sunning herself at the edge of the pond. Hour after hour she soaked in the Florida sunshine. She was Queen of the

## STORIES TO REMEMBER

**H**ere are 23 stories which appeared in the 1968-1970 children's section of FAMILY LIFE put up in book form for home libraries. These are stories with lessons or nature stories but not Bible stories. Ages 8-14.

224 pages

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pond. All the creatures in it feared her—she feared nothing. Stretched out full length on the bank Alice measured eight feet. She weighed 150 pounds. She was huge compared with the other creatures of the pond, but small compared with a male alligator. Most males measured eleven feet long and weighed as much as 500 pounds. But no male alligator lived in Alice's pond. She was the largest creature there and its Queen.

It could not be said that Alice looked beautiful basking in the sunshine, for she was as homely as an over-grown lizard. Yet there was something strangely awe-inspiring about her. It was her powerful, rugged appearance. Her sides, legs, and underparts were covered with rows of yellowish smooth, hard scales. Her head, back, and tail had dark gray ridges of tough bony hide running along them. The bumpy texture of her hide gave her a fierce, well-armored look.

Even as Alice lay lazily taking a sunbath she was a danger to her pond neighbors. If an opossum, raccoon, or unwary bird happened to walk close enough to her, she would thrust her tail at it. The impact would either kill the animal or stun it so that she could catch and eat it. Nor was she afraid of the bobcats or mountain lions that roamed the Everglades. She dozed close enough to her pond that if one was stupid enough to attack her, she could drag it into the pond and drown it.

One day in late June when Alice was in her eighth year she came out of the pond. But instead of stopping to bask in the sun on the bank, she went a little further inland. There she began scooping up mouthfuls of leaves and stacking them in a pile. After hours of work she had made a stack three feet high and seven feet across. This was her nest. She would use it this year, the first year she was mature enough to raise young, and many future years. As long as she lived at the pond it would be her nest.

At the center of her nest Alice made a hole with her hind feet. Then she made trip after trip to the pond and brought back mouthfuls of wet leaves that were decaying on its bottom. She filled the hole with these and then dug a hole in the center of them. Finally, when instinct told her that the nest was fashioned in the proper way, she straddled the hole and laid 30 white eggs in it. They looked very much like a chicken's eggs but were equally rounded at both ends. Alice covered the eggs with more wet leaves.

Although Alice laid eggs like a bird, she did not sit on the nest like one to keep the eggs warm. Her only duty now was to return to the pond and to keep a watchful eye on the nest lest a raccoon dig up the eggs and eat them. The Florida sunshine would warm the nest and the frequent rains would keep the leaves wet. This plus the heating of the decaying leaves would keep the eggs warm and humid.

Sixty days after they were laid, the eggs hatched. Alice was at the pond's edge to greet her 30 young as they left the nest and came by instinct to the pond. Thirty young—what a large family for one mother, but Alice did not have to feed them. They could catch minnows, tadpoles, and insects. Her main concern was for their safety. She would defend them from any pond neighbors which could easily make a meal from her seven inch long young.

Poor Alice tried to protect her 30 young, but how could she be in more than one place at the same time? The first day she was chasing a gar fish which was about to capture one of her young when a fish approached from another direction and ate two! Day after day Alice did her best to protect her young, but more were captured.

When winter came to Florida the water in the pond grew cooler, especially at night. The water did not freeze but its temperature dropped so that Alice's blood became cool which made her sluggish. Like all reptiles, Alice was cold blooded which meant that her blood did not remain warm at all times like a person's or animal's. Her blood's temperature changed according to the temperature of the air or water around her. So when cool days came, her blood cooled and thickened. This made her very sleepy.

Taking her 10 remaining young with her, Alice went to her den in the pond's bank. She had used it during the summer only on the hottest days, when her blood had become too heated. But now she would retreat to it to sleep the winter through. It was a 10 foot long tunnel which she had dug under the bank years ago. She had used her hind feet to begin the digging but her powerful tail had done much of the boring after that. At the end of the narrow tunnel was a slightly wider space. Water filled the tunnel and the wider space except along the roof where there was an air pocket. Alice would sleep with her nose above the water in the air pocket. Her young would sleep with her in the den. On some winter days, when the temperature was spring-like, the young would swim about, but Alice would not leave her den until spring really came.

Alice slept in her den until the water in the pond was warmed by the spring rains. The temperature rose and her blood thinned. She woke from her hibernation. With her 10 young she left the den and entered the pond to start a season similar to the last. In a few months she would be laying another bunch of eggs and have another large family to protect.

The weeks passed and June came. One night toward the end of the month when the time had almost arrived for Alice to carry wet leaves to her nest on the bank and lay her eggs, a strange creature entered her pond. It was a flatbottomed boat with two men in it. Alice's pond was one of thousands in the Florida Everglades and no man had ever visited it. Alice did not know that she should be afraid.

One man sat in the front of the boat and shone a bright light across the surface of the water. Its narrow beam had an erie effect in the dark night. Alice was submerged in the water but had her eyes above it and watched the strange new creature. A man sat at the back of the boat using a pole to push the boat along. The beam of the light swept the pond and stopped when it touched Alice's eyes. They shone bright yellow-orange in the rays of the light. Alice was fascinated by the light. It was as if she was charmed by it for she did not flee as the boat was poled toward her. Then "C-R-A-C-K", the firing of a rifle broke the steady rhythm of the croaking frogs. The pond was silent except for the threshing of Alice in the water as she fought against death. But the bullet had been well aimed. Alice, who could have lived to age of sixty, was killed at nine by the only enemy a full-grown alligator has—Man.

Alice's eggs would not be laid, and her young of last summer would have to look out for themselves which wouldn't be easy. She had been killed by poachers, men who illegally hunted. They would skin her and sell her tough hide to a factory for \$5 a foot to be used in making belts, pocketbooks, shoes, wallets, and luggage. Alice, the Queen, would be seen no more at her pond in the Florida Everglades.

### Note----

Years ago alligators were found as far west of Florida as the Mississippi River where they went quite far upstream; and as far north of Florida on the East Coast as North Carolina. But due to the over hunting of them (from 1800 to 1900 about 3 million were killed in Florida alone) they are found today almost exclusively in Florida; there the hunting of them is forbidden by law. But the Florida swamps, especially the Everglades, are so large and secluded that illegal hunting continues. Since an alligator does not lay eggs until its eighth year, many are shot before they reach that age and the alligator population is rapidly decreasing. The alligator is one of America's endangered species of wildlife and may become extinct in its natural surroundings. But there will likely always be alligators in America for many are raised commercially on large ranches for pets, zoos, and their valuable hide.



## THE STORY OF JEPHTAH

**W**earily Jephthah walked away from his father's home in Gilead. His brothers despised him and would not let him stay at home. They felt that he was not as good as they were, and they said that he could not stay at home with them. So Jephthah had to leave.

Even though Jephthah was leaving his home, he was not a coward. He was a strong man who was fearless and brave, but he did not care to stay where he was not wanted. He would go elsewhere and seek to live in peace. And so he turned toward Tob, a land in Syria to the northeast.

Time went on. The people of Israel turned to idol worship as they had often done before. And God forsook his people and allowed an army led by the king of Ammon to come up against the land of Israel.

The Israelites were frightened when they saw the king of Ammon camping around them with his great army. They knew the Ammonites had come to fight, and take their land from them if they could. They knew the Ammonites would kill many of them, and lead their women and children away as slaves.

In their great fear, the Israelites remembered again the God of heaven, the God of their fathers, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God who had led them out of the land of slavery into the land of promise. The Israelites prayed and cried aloud to God, "We have sinned against thee, because we have forsaken thee, and because we have turned to idols."

God answered his people and said, "Haven't I delivered you many times from your enemies, and still you keep turning back to idols. So this time I'm not going to help you. Go and cry to your idols if you like them so well, and let them help you out of your trouble."

But the Israelites knew deep in their hearts that their idols could never help them. They knew that they were just dead chunks of wood and stone and clay. The Israelites did not want to turn back to their idols. Instead they kept praying to the living God, begging him to have mercy upon them. They realized that they really didn't deserve to be forgiven but they still hoped that God might have mercy upon them if he saw that they really were sorry for their sins. They prayed for forgiveness and said to the Lord, "Punish us any way you feel is good, only come and deliver us from our enemies."

The Israelites not only prayed for forgiveness, but they did what they could to show that they were sincere. Everywhere through their land they broke down and smashed the idols they had built.

God looked down from heaven upon his people, and he pitied them. When they truly repented from their sins, he could not turn his ear away and forsake them.

The people felt that God would help them, but now they needed someone to lead them in battle. He would have to be a brave man, one who was not frightened by the king of Ammon. Finally someone thought of Jephthah—the man they had chased away into a strange land, the man they had hated and mocked and despised. Would Jephthah be willing to come back now and help them fight their enemies?

The people decided to ask him. The elders of Gilead, Jephthah's home town, went to find him. They travelled to the land of Tob. When they found Jephthah they said to him, "Please come back and be our leader and help us fight the people of Ammon."

"What?" said Jephthah. "Aren't you the people who hated me, and thought I wasn't good enough for you? Aren't you the people who chased me away from my own home? Why do you come to me when you're in trouble?"

"But now we are sorry and we are asking you to come back," the elders said. "If you come back, we will make you a leader over us."

"If I come back and help you fight against the Ammonites, and the Lord gives us the victory, will you then still feel the same way toward me? Will you still be willing then that I be your leader?" Jephthah asked them.

The elders promised that they would. They said, "May God punish us if we do not keep our promise to you."

When Jephthah saw that the people were really sorry for the way they had treated him, he agreed to go back with them and help them. The people welcomed him back and made him their leader. But Jephthah was not ready to go right out to fight against the king of Ammon. Perhaps it would be possible to make peace without fighting. So Jephthah sent a message to the king, saying, "What do you have against me that you have come to fight?"

The king sent a message back, "Israel took away our land when they came up from Egypt. If you want peace, give our land back and we will leave you alone."

Jephthah replied, "Israel did not take your land. When we came up from Egypt, we asked for permission to travel through your land, but you would not give it. We were willing to live peacefully with you, but you rushed out and fought against us. Our God gave us the victory, and helped us to possess the land. Should we not live in the land our God has given us, just as you live in the land your God has given you? No, we haven't wronged you in any way."

But the king of Ammon would not listen to the words of Jephthah. He seemed determined to fight against Israel and try to take their land away from them.

Before going out to do battle against the Ammonites, Jephthah made a solemn promise to God. Such a promise made to God was called a vow. Jephthah said to God, "If you help me and give me the victory over the Ammonites, then I will offer up to you as a burnt sacrifice that which first comes out of my house to meet me when I return in triumph from the battle."

Jephthah went forth to battle, and God helped the Israelites in a wonderful way and gave them a great victory. The news of the victory travelled quickly over all the land of Israel. Wherever it went, it brought shouts of joy and gladness. As Jephthah neared his home returning from the battle his only daughter came running from the house to meet him, happy and singing.

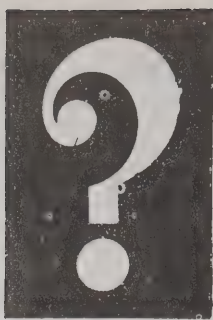
"Alas, my daughter," Jephthah cried out in sorrow, tearing his clothes in his great grief. "Alas, you have struck me down and have brought a terrible sadness upon me. For I have made a vow to God, and I dare not break it."

It is very hard to understand why Jephthah would have made such a vow, as he could hardly have expected anything but a person would come from his house to meet him. And God had commanded his people never to offer a human being in sacrifice to Him, as the heathen often did to their idols. But many years had passed since God had commanded his people concerning this, and it is possible that Jephthah had lived among heathens so long that he did not know about this law of God. We do not know why Jephthah made such a vow, nor can we understand why he kept it. All we know is what the Bible says. The Bible says that Jephthah's daughter was willing to give herself up to her father.

The daughter said to Jephthah, "Father, you have made a vow to the Lord. Do with me as you have promised, because God has heard our prayers and delivered us from our enemies. I only ask for this one favor. Spare me for two months so that I can visit my friends down the mountain, and mourn with them that I must die so young."

"Go," said Jephthah. So she went. At the end of two months she returned to her father so that he could do with her as he had vowed to do.

E.S.



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

PAYING FOR THE CHILDREN

It seems anymore you hear quite a bit of parents paying their children of school age for doing odd jobs around the farm like hoeing the potatoes or a certain number of corn rows, filling the lamps, etc. Some people think they do their work more willingly for a reward. Is this true or does it plant something in their hearts at this age which we would rather not see. Wouldn't it be better if they would learn to do their jobs willingly without pay? Would it tend to make them selfish if they always expected some pay for doing something for someone?

-Wondering if it's right

??

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION: IS IT WRONG TO MOVE AWAY FROM ONE'S RELATIVES AND THE PLACE WE WERE RAISED TO ANOTHER LOCALITY?

Dear "Don't Like to be crowded":

Examine your motives. What are your reasons for leaving? Are they peaceable, rebellious or selfish? Will you drag an unwilling partner along? Is it with the approval of your parents? Is discontent the reason you want to move? Are you looking for more liberty in material things and to follow your own desires more fully without being reproved?

Will your reasons for moving be pleasing to God (Remember that Satan slips suggestions into our hearts, too, if he can). Will God bless your move? Remember that our blessings come from above. God can give us either prosperity or troubles, whichever He feels we need the most. "Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward; he that doth keep his soul shall be far from them" (Prov. 22:5).

-Pennsylvania.

I can feel for those people who have relatives moving to another locality as I have a sister living in a different state. Not that I feel it is necessarily wrong to move but it does make one's heart ache to see them go. Still we would not want to hinder them if they feel it is for their own good. After all, this life is short. If we can all be together in that eternal home then it does not matter so much where we spend our pilgrimage here, but it does make a difference how we spend it.

-Pennsylvania.

The right or wrong in moving to another settlement depends largely on the motive. It appears that some have moved for more liberty, they want to do more as they please yet without losing the name of "Amish". I can not believe that this is pleasing in God's sight. But

for those who move out of our larger settlements because of the worldliness creeping in, and join a group which are more humble and sincere and living a simpler life, the effort can be well worth while.

Several years ago when we moved out of an older settlement, some people told us we should stay and help keep things from drifting so fast. But we felt there was so little we could do and a very real danger of ourselves and our children becoming used to the evils. So we decided to move to a smaller group and have never regretted it.

-H.J.H., Missouri.

I feel we would have missed many blessings of working together on a farm if we hadn't made that move away from relatives and friends. I feel that farm life is much better for our family rather than how we used to live in a small house in a small town. As to our move, we do not regret it. We all have our trials to go through, no matter where we live.

-B.E., Penna.

In the first place, I think we should be careful as to the reason why we make a move. I have heard people say they can't raise their children where they live, things are going too fast. Others go for more liberty. I feel that no matter where we go or in what way, Satan is always there. Just make sure it is the Lord's will to make a move. I do not feel it is wrong to make a move if we do it in the right way.

-B., Pennsylvania.

We live in a new community now for a number of years. Because of this, we have heard many stories of the pressure that some parents and relatives have used to try and stop a family from moving away from the home community. I've heard so many that I'm beginning to wonder if they think the county where they were raised is a little closer to heaven than the rest of the world.

Often times this did not stop them from moving, but did create other problems such as disunity between husband and wife, or bitter feelings or nerve trouble to the extent that some women are almost scared of their own shadows.

I know of a family who stopped their daughter by saying if you move down there we won't come to visit you. Today they have about 12 children and Dad works in a factory. A neighbor of ours, whose wife died of a brain tumor was told by someone (he won't say by whom) that he believes this happened because they moved away from the home community.

Another family who thought this county was almost at the other end of the world must now see their own children moving to Missouri.

I cannot feel that a move is wrong if done for Christian reasons and in a humble way. There are, however sometimes when I believe advice is justified if given in a Christian spirit such as when they are asking you to move along with them or if they are borrowing money from you, or if they want to get away from all these "evil people" to a place where the people are all good, or if they are tired of working hard for a living and feel that somewhere else they wouldn't have to.

-Don't Like To Be Crowded Either.

Moving away from where we have always lived is something which should not be done in a hurry. Consider it carefully realizing that wherever you go, there will be problems. The problems may be different but chances are, they may be just as great as the ones you are facing now.

We should take into consideration what our parents think. Do they advise us to make the move or do they object to it? If they object, then it is added reason to go

## Tried Remedies for Warts

We have good results with castor oil. Soak a band-aid (gauze) and place over wart. -Ruth Witmer, Virginia

I touched them with castor oil on the end of a toothpick. This is also good for corns.

-Mrs. Goldie Struble, Indiana

I put on castor oil and in time all disappeared. Our hired hand cleared his hands by washing them 3 times a day with baking soda. My brother-in-law healed his warts by rubbing them with raw potato peelings.

-Mrs. Noah M. Brubacher, Ontario

For ordinary warts use the milky juice of the common dandelion—flower stem, leaf stem, or root. Apply once or twice a day until the wart disappears. The juice is supposed to be more potent in the spring. If the wart is large or a plantar wart, then it is necessary to use a plant with a stronger substance. For this use the orange juice of the greater celandine. Apply the same as the dandelion. The wart will turn black and gradually crumble away. Persevere until it disappears completely or it may grow again.

-Mrs. Earl Feick, Ontario

Compound W (which can be obtained from the drug stores) removes common warts quickly (in about seven days), and painlessly.

-Mrs. Richard Halteman, Pennsylvania

I used Derma-Soft as directed on tube, and the wart left me.

-Maryland

Dip a toothpick in acetic acid from the drug store, and cover the wart, being careful not to touch the surrounding skin. When the wart has dropped off soak spot in epsom salt.

-Sylvia King, Pennsylvania

Rub each day with a piece of white chalk.

-Mrs. Tobia Yoder, B.C.

Apply methiolate.

-Mrs. Joni B. Troyer, Michigan

Cut milkweed to get the milky juice. Put on several times.

-J. J. M., Ohio

The tip of my forefinger was covered with warts for about 6 or 7 years. Some grew under the nail so that the nail was pushed up, which bothered me at times. This spring when I planted garden, I used wood ashes in the rows where I planted carrots and radishes to help control root maggots. A few days afterwards the warts became sore and started to get smaller. In several weeks they were all gone except one. I put a bit of ashes on it, and it soon disappeared.

-Mrs. John Kauffman, Plain City, Ohio

## For Frost Bites

Mix 1 oz. olive oil, 1 oz. turpentine, 1 oz. peppermint oil, and 1 oz. ammonia. Put in bottle. When hands become nipped, rub well into the skin.

## Hand Lotion

2 ounces rose water  
2 drams gum tragacanth  
1 pint hot water  
4 ounces glycerin  
2 ounces rubbing alcohol

Put gum tragacanth into quart sealer. Add pint of hot water. Shake well and let stand overnight. Add other ingredients and mix. Pour into containers.

Does someone have a similar recipe for hair cream?

-H., Ontario

slow. However in the end, the decision will still have to be made between you and your wife for you are the ones who are responsible for your family.

I know of a young couple who have been thinking of moving to another locality. The man's parents object to it strenuously but his wife's parents advise them to go. Which shall they do? I think it all boils down to the fact that each couple must make the decision for themselves, but they should weigh it carefully.

-One who Sees Danger on both sides of the Road.

## ACROSS (Continued from Page 5)

discussion page like "What Do You Think," and only problems on child training will be included. The idea is to gather information and experiences from which an article or articles can be written. We know of no better place to go to get this information than directly to the parents. We feel the need is great and would like to urge everyone who may have anything, to send it in. Your letter will not appear in print and your name will not be used.

There is one drawback which may hinder the usefulness of this undertaking. Although probably no parents have done a perfect job in bringing up their children, there is always the danger that those who have done a good job of it, will feel themselves the most insignificant and unqualified to write on the subject.

If there are incidents or experiences which you still remember over the years, or that you feel were of special worth to you, write them down and send them in. Don't be afraid of sending something in which can not be used for sometimes the things which we consider of the least value are really the most worth to others.

## SHUT-IN (continued from page 34)

peaceful sleep.

Good night, my dear special sister. After thinking of all you have endured and knowing you still have a deep trust and faith in God, you can understand why I call you "Special". God bless you.

Sincerely,  
A Sister

The following is a poem which was placed on Minerva's iron lung when she was a patient in the hospital.

## My Friend Was There

You're isolated, flat in bed;  
None can come in is what they said.  
But He came in, was there each day;  
They could not keep my Friend away.

All other ones stood by the door;  
They could not pass the threshold o'er,  
But He came in—He had no fear;  
I felt His presence always near.

In early morning, noon or night,  
My room was radiant with His light,  
Yes, He was there; came in each day;  
They could not keep my Friend away.

I saw Him in the doctor's care,  
And in the white-robed nurses there;  
In those who helped my ills to mend,  
I felt the presence of my Friend.

WHEN ORDERING articles or products from the handicap catalog, postage should be included even when not mentioned in the ad.



Dear Mother and Dad,

I felt that I should write today

To say I'm thankful for

The things you've given me in life—

I could not ask for more.

For since the day that I was born

I've known your love and care;

May God reward you for your work;

This is my daily prayer.

A mother's love so warm and true,

My childhood days had blessed

For in your love you labored on—

You did not seem to rest.

And father, in your gentle way

In wisdom guided me;

You'd learned from life, and always saw

Those things I didn't see.

I must have caused you sleepless nights,

Then you would kneel and pray

That when temptation came my way

I would not go astray.

When I was sick, or hurt, or sad,

And all the world seemed wrong,

You'd lend a hand or some kind word

And I'd be feeling strong.

Then I grew up and left your home

To start one of my own

And still when troubles burdened me

You left me not alone.

My family grew, and there were things

That seemed too hard to bear

Then you would write; oh, how it helped

Just knowing you were there.

And since I am a parent now

With problems you had, too.

I realize how much you did—

Some things I never knew!

I can't repay for all you've done,

I pray that I may be

As good a parent to my own

As you have been to me!

—E. W., Port Trevorton, Pa.

Now that the harvest is past we can pause and reflect a bit on the past season. We have plenty of evidence of God's blessings when we see the well-filled basement, the rows of canned food, the potatoes, squash, and carrots stored away for good eating during the cold months.

In our community we had an unusual summer with a lot

of cold, wet weather. A late frost in the spring froze the fruit blossoms so that peaches were very scarce and many people did not get any. Some other fruit was also not as plentiful as we are used to having it. Most garden things yielded abundantly. I hope our family will learn to appreciate the vegetables more when we know we have to go easy with the fruit. I hope we will always have thankful hearts for the many blessings which are still ours.

—Mrs. M. H., Indiana

(Thanks for the autumn reflections, Mrs. M. H.—Aunt Becky)

Few mothers find it unnecessary to pick up clothes after the children have left for school. A Mother of 11, who had six children in school, gives a suggestion: "A rule is needed, so when school starts a paper is hung on the wall with all the names of the school children. An X is put under the name of the one who didn't hang up his clothes—an X for each piece. When there are six X's, I use the strap. Then that one will start over again. The children do not consider this a good idea, but try it, it works.

If you have trouble with puckering seams when sewing the new drip-dry material, try using the new ball-point needles. These are rounded at the point and will separate the threads in the fabric instead of piercing them.

A Mother from Pennsylvania writes: When making everyday pants sew an extra piece of the material in the front part (may be second hand) before sewing the pant legs together. Sew with matching thread about 1-inch apart, vertically. This will make them wear better and save a lot of patching.

Lightweight shawls can be made warmer by putting milium lining inside— one thickness. This can be held in place by long running stitches along the center part of the fold— the part of the fold that goes around the neck. In this way the threads can be easily pulled out and the milium stored away during the summer months.

Mrs. Willis Yoder of Iowa wrote about the "hot soup" weather and sent in a recipe for the old fashioned rivvel soup. She writes: "We eat ours with tomato juice and enjoy it with good home raised celery several months each fall.

"Our local restaurant that features Amish cooking serves this soup every 4th week in winter. Some town people go there especially for this soup and many to whom it is new, ask for more."

#### Rivvel Soup

1 cup flour      1/2 teaspoon salt      1 egg

Mix salt with flour, then toss egg lightly through flour with fork until small crumbs form. Stir into 1 quart of scalding whole milk. Bring to a boil and serve at once.

(Rivvel soup made with whole wheat flour is good also, but it should be boiled longer.— Aunt Becky)

A friend in Indiana also sent her version of how to make rivvel soup.

1 medium sized onion, chopped      5 medium potatoes, salt and pepper      diced

Cook in a little water until the potatoes are soft.

To make rivvels take two beaten eggs, and 1 teaspoon salt. Add flour and toss and stir until lumpy and sort of dry. Sift excess flour out of rivvels, then dump rivvels into the potato mixture and boil 5 minutes.

Add: 1 stick butter, 1/8 teaspoon celery seed, 1 to 1 1/2 quart of milk, and a pinch of parsley.

Soup is done when butter is melted.

—Mrs. M. H.

### Hearty Hamburger Soup

2 tablespoons butter	1 cup chopped onion
1 cup sliced carrot	1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1 pound ground beef	1 cup diced potatoes
2 cups tomato juice	1 teaspoon seasoned salt
1 1/2 teaspoons salt	1/3 cup flour
1/8 teaspoon pepper	
4 cups milk	

Melt butter in saucepan; brown meat; add onion and cook till transparent. Stir in remaining ingredients except flour and milk. Cover and cook over low heat until vegetables are tender-- about 20 to 25 minutes. Combine flour with 1 cup of the milk. Stir into soup mixture. Boil. Add remaining milk and heat, stirring frequently. Do not boil after adding remaining milk. This makes quite a large amount.

This recipe can be adapted to your family's taste. I always substitute celery for the green pepper. Instead of the 4 cups milk I use 1 to 1 1/2 cups skim milk powder and less flour. This is a favorite with our children. I served it once for company and it was a big hit.

—Mrs. Ephraim Frey, Elmira, Ont.

### Granola (cereal)

4 cups quick cooking oatmeal	
3 cups whole wheat flour	1 cup white flour
1 cup wheat germ	1 cup fine coconut
1 cup chopped nuts	1 tablespoon salt
1 cup cooking oil	1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup water (I usually use about 3/4 cup water.)	

Mix dry ingredients, add water and oil and mix well. Mixture should be crumbly and more water can be added to make bigger crumbs. Put into 2 large flat pans and bake in slow oven (250°-300°). Turn every 20 minutes to keep from becoming too brown around the edges. This takes 1 1/2 hour or until crisp and golden brown. Cool and store in airtight container. Granola may be eaten with milk, for variety add raisins, or eat with bananas. This is also good with puddings instead of graham crackers.

—Mrs. Raymond Burkholder, Ohio

### Fruit Cake

Mix the following in bowl and let stand one hour:

8 oz. mixed fruit peel	3 3/4 cups golden raisins
2 1/4 cup nuts	
1/2 cup grape juice	

Mix the following together in a large bowl:

2 cups brown sugar	1/2 cup soft butter
1 teaspoon almond flavor	5 eggs

Sift the following together:

2 cups flour	1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon mace	1/4 teaspoon baking powder

Add to sugar mixture. Add fruit mixture. Mix thoroughly. Pour into greased 10" tube pan lined with wax paper. Bake in slow oven 275° until firm and evenly browned— about 3 hours and 20 minutes. Remove from oven. Cool 1/2 hour. Turn out on cooling rack. Cool thoroughly. Wrap cake in vinegar soaked cloth. Store in airtight container one week.

—Virginia W. Martin, Pennsylvania

### Eagle Brand Milk

To those with a sweet tooth who use Eagle Brand milk in candies, cookies, or on pineapple rings, why not make your own? Following is a very simple recipe which we like: Boil together one part sugar and two parts milk, until thickened. 225° or jelly on a candy thermometer.

November, 1972

—Amanda N. Hershberger

### Canning Nut Meats

Put nutmeats in cans with two piece lids on. Heat in oven to 250° on grate for 3/4 hour then turn off and let cool on grate.

—Kalona, Iowa

### Mother's Plea

Lord, help me to remember every minute of each day,  
That these little children that you sent my way  
Are a loan from you— a gift from above;  
Oh, help me to teach them, their Master to love.

A loan, Lord, a loan... that you want returned;  
Oh, who will be blamed if they'll have to be burned?  
Was it me, Lord, who led your little ones astray?  
Please help me remember they're only mine for today.

—Mrs. Lester Helmuth

Müde bin ich, geh' zur ruh,  
Schliesze meine Augen zu;  
Vater, lasz die Augen dein  
Ueber meine Bette sein.

Hab ich Unrecht heut gethan,  
Sieh es, lieber Gott, nicht an;  
Deine Gnad' und Christi Blut  
Macht Ja allen Schaden gut.

Alle, die mir sind verwandt,  
Gott, lasz ruh'n in deiner Hand;  
Alle Menschen, grosz und klein,  
Sollen dir befohlen sein.

Kranken Herzen sende Ruh'  
Nasse Augen schliesze zu;  
Lasz den Mond am Himmel steh'n  
Und di stille Welt beseh'n.

## Some Mothers Write

With our four boys sharing one bedroom (the older now a teenager) they were discussing the beautiful moonlight night; the youngest, 5 1/2-year-old commented. "Gel, wann der moon mol lehr is, no vats dunkel."

—Guthrie Kentucky

Our 4-year-old daughter told her brothers that if we have a bird we should take it to heaven and leave it there. When her brothers doubted her, she insisted because Mother said so. She had heard me singing, "Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there."

—Mrs. S. H., Mo.

### SOME FATHERS WRITE TOO

Recently when I came home from a day of fishing which was not very successful, our little three-year-old daughter asked where the fish were. After telling her I only had a few bites, she said, "Daddy, ich will mol gucka wo die fish dich gebisse hen." (I want to see where the fish bit you.)

—E.P., Apple Creek, Ohio

Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



A man's  
character can  
be judged by  
his faithfulness  
in little  
things.  
—Aunt Becky



To My Dear Special Sister— Minerva Gingerich.

My heart has been blessed to have such a sister as you. You have accepted the lot in life that God has chosen for you so cheerfully and so willingly, that many times it has been a great lesson for me.

On August 1, 1972, it has been twenty years that you were taken to the hospital with that dreaded disease—polio. You were thirteen years old at the time. I can well remember the time they had left home with you for the hospital, not fully realizing how ill you actually were. You were placed in an iron lung where for many days after, your life hung on a mere thread. One thing sure, the Lord had a purpose in letting you remain with us. You were put in isolation and you could not swallow anything for approximately three weeks. They fed you intravenously till you could swallow again. Your ability to swallow came back very slowly.

About one week after you entered the hospital, you suffered severe pain in your chest, extending down into your abdomen. The doctors were puzzled at first, thinking maybe you had appendicitis. Would they have to do surgery? More tests were taken and it was then discovered to be double pneumonia. How you suffered— yet so patiently. We felt very helpless as we watched you from the doorway. Several times you passed out and we thought your end was near, but each time the Lord revived you again. The strain was great for all of us and especially for Dad and Mother.

Your life, hanging in the balances for so long a time, proved too much for dear Mother. About two weeks after you went into the hospital, she had a nervous breakdown. She was very ill and in bed nearly eight weeks. This heaped another heavy burden on our dear dad, and also on the rest of the family. But as the trials mounted, the grace of God also became greater.

As time went on, the Lord healed Mother. You also began to improve. Oh, the joy we had when you could be out of the lung for 1 minute....5 minutes....10 minutes....1 hour....and finally one day.

We all looked forward to Thanksgiving Day when you were brought home to spend the day with us. You returned to the hospital again that evening. This was truly a day of thanksgiving for our family.

Until Christmas Day came you still weren't well enough to spend more than one day at home.

We all enjoyed going to the hospital to see you, and we often took turns to go. For the first 52 days and nights someone of us was with you all the time. We would visit with you, read to you, feed you, and try to make you comfortable. You had many friends in the hospital. The doctors, nurses, other patients, and their families all

loved you. Your cheerfulness and your faith in God explains it all.

Time went on and you progressed slowly. You endured many trials, such as learning to breathe longer and trying to sleep without the use of the iron lung. They limited the time down to sleeping only part of the night in the iron lung, then finally skipping one night at a time for a while. During the Easter season your visit at home extended to several days, before returning to the hospital.

The big day for your final release came July 14, 1953. Two weeks less than a year you spent in the hospital. How happy we were! We brought no iron lung along home at that time.

A few months later you were sick again. Your lips and fingernails had turned blue from lack of oxygen. It was too difficult for you to breathe, which made your thin little body overly-tired. An iron lung was then provided through the March of Dimes for you.

This iron lung, which today is standing in your bedroom, is a monument to each of us— your brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, and friends. A symbol of the method God is using to preserve your life. Children, who are not acquainted with an iron lung, may be afraid of it, but it is not so with your nieces and nephews. They would rather play with it. Sometimes they beg to be put into it to demonstrate to visitors how it works. To us it spells love and peace, for it makes us think of this special sister and aunt of ours, who is a blessing to us all and has a special place in our hearts.

In the wintertime you and I would agree that it would be nice to be in Florida since we, and especially you, are so susceptible to colds, sore throat, and pneumonia. We try to accept the fact that we cannot go. But we comfort ourselves with the thought that warm weather will come again.

I can just see you on one of those nice spring mornings. You would like to go outside, so you walk to the door. Your arms hang limply by your side. You cannot lift your hands to turn the knob. I can hear you call out, "Mom, come open the door!"

In the summertime it's a very common thing to see you sitting out in the sun, soaking in the warm sunshine. If one of those pesky flies sits on your nose, you either try to blow it off or shake your head, because you cannot lift your hands to shoo it away. If you have an itchy spot, you say, "Oh, hurry, and scratch me," and we gladly scratch away! We are thankful the Lord gave you the strength that you can walk so freely.

I was glad that you could also be with the young folks. When you were away for a meal your girl friends liked to feed you. They would decide among themselves which one would get the chance to feed you for that meal.

Well, it's time for bed again. As I think of how easy it is for me to slip into bed, my mind goes to your bedroom. I can see Mom tucking you into the iron lung. She has taken off your dress and put your night clothes on and is trying to make the foam collar airtight so you will get the right amount of suction and pressure on the iron lung. She covers you up, a little tug here, a little tug there and finally she has you comfortable. She has worked about one hour now. The switch is flipped on and the iron lung takes over the work of keeping your breathing going. Now you can relax your lung and neck muscles and fall into a

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**Acknowledgement** Our cover picture for this month was sketched by Melvin S. Beachy of Goldsboro, Maryland.

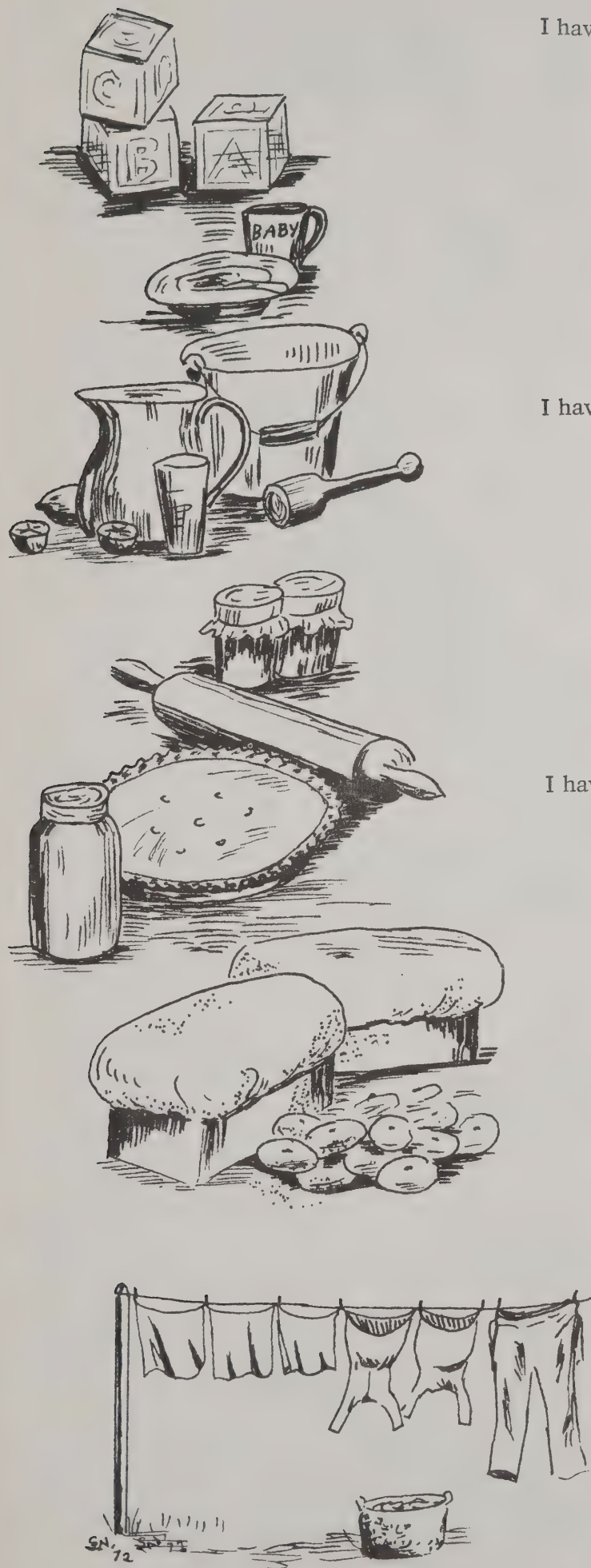
# My Work

I have the greatest work in the world;  
 The job of rocking a baby to sleep,  
 That of guiding his tottering feet,  
 A baby's clothes to launder and fold,  
 A precious life to shape and mold,  
 A drink to give from a little cup,  
 At night his toys to gather up,  
 Hurts to heal and fears to quell,  
 A baby boy to keep clean and well,  
 A stack of diapers to put away,  
 Oh, what a happy worthwhile day!  
 I am a "Mother."

I have the greatest work in the world;  
 A husband to encourage when things go wrong,  
 When coming from work to greet with a song,  
 Denims and shirts to wash and mend,  
 A helping hand, when needed, to lend,  
 Three times a day his meals to cook,  
 And strive always my best to look,  
 His back to rub at close of day,  
 For his faithfulness to God I pray,  
 To him, in the fields, take some cool lemonade  
 For all these tasks his love has paid.  
 I am a "Wife."

I have the greatest work in the world;  
 A home to keep happy and clean and bright,  
 Make things go smooth and strive for the right,  
 Jams to cook and jellies to make,  
 Cookies and pies and bread to bake,  
 Washing, ironing, and sewing to do,  
 So many tasks, will I ever get through?  
 Lettuce to wash and peas to pick,  
 Floors to scrub, lost items to seek,  
 Dishes to wash and windows to shine.  
 These and many more tasks are mine.  
 I am a "Homemaker."

Help me, Father, to faithfully work,  
 Forgive if I've unconsciously shirked,  
 Give me the patience and love I pray,  
 To keep myself in duties way;  
 With all the hustle that each day brings  
 May I not neglect the needing things;  
 Each day to spend time alone with Thee  
 That Jesus Christ be seen in me.  
 Thank you for husband, our home, our boy,  
 Thank you for love which brings so much joy.  
 Thank you, Lord.  
 Mary Lou Burkholder



# Our Oldest Treasure



Artist's Idea Of  
The Tower of Babel

What is the oldest thing you will ever be able to use in your lifetime? Many people treasure furniture or tools which once belonged to their parents, grandparents or great grandparents. Some people may be fortunate enough to have something which has been handed down for two or three hundred years. But even so, there is something else which you are using every day which is much older. It is what you are reading now, or what you use when you speak— words.

At the time of the flood, when Noah came out of the ark, everyone spoke the same language. But when men undertook to build the tower of Babel, God put a stop to it by creating different languages.

Some people believe that all the languages which are in the world, (which number more than two thousand) were formed at that time. But the Bible does not say that this is true. It merely says that the people could no longer understand each other so they had to quit building.

Scholars who have studied the languages in the world today say there are about eight different groups of languages. These different groups do not seem to be related. The farthest back that scholars have been able to find any trace of languages is about 4,000 years, which agrees with the Biblical version of the Tower of Babel.

Each of these eight different ones has spread out into many branches of languages. When we think of a foreign language we are apt to think of English and German. Actually these two languages are very closely related.

History tells us that about 3,500 years ago a nation of people called the Aryans lived in northern India. The language they spoke is now called Sanskrit and scholars have learned to read it from writings which have been dug up in clay and pottery.

But the Aryan people were a restless people. They travelled much and their armies conquered other lands and some of their people settled there. These people took with them their language and it became mixed with other languages and changed over a number of years.

Out of this original Sanskrit language came many groups of languages, which are closely related and yet different. One of the oldest and most widely used groups is the GERMANIC group consisting of the German, English, Danish, Dutch, Icelandic, Norwegian and Swedish.

The next most widely distributed group would be the ITALIC languages which are the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Latin. These five languages are closely related to each other and also somewhat related to the Germanic group.

Other groups include the HELLENIC of which Greek is the main one, SLAVIC which has the Russian, Polish, Slovak and Ukrainian, and the INDIC languages, the Hindi and Sanskrit.

The relationship of the different languages might be compared to the members of a family. English and German are both members of the Germanic group so they would be considered sister-languages. French and Spanish are members of the same family group so they would also be considered the same. But the English and French come from different families but since they both came from the original Sanskrit, they would be considered cousins. They would not be at all related to such languages as the Chinese, the Ethiopian or the Swahili languages.

In the early 1800s scholars begin to notice that many words were similar in the above languages. The word "father" in English is "vader" in Dutch, "fader" in Swedish, "vater" in German, "athir" in Irish, "pidar" in Persian, "pater" in Latin and "pitir" in the original Sanskrit. The English word "daughter" is "tochter" in German, "dottir" in Icelandic, "doche" in Russian, "dukhtar" in Persian and "dhughater" in the Sanskrit.

By studying the ancient writings carefully, scholars were able to learn that the ancient Aryans who lived in Northern India had domesticated animals which they called a gwou (cow). This animal gave them melg (milk) and from the same strain, they also raised ukxen (oxen) which were harnessed together with a yug (yoke). They learned that the oxen pulled a wegh (wagon) which moved by means of a wondrous device called a qeqlo (wheel), something which was still unknown to the Indians in America when Columbus discovered it. They also had the owi (ewe) from which they took pleus (fleece) which they learned to webh (weave) into cloth.

These ancient people planted grano (grain) which they ground in a mel (mill) from which they prepared a mixture to bhog (bake) in an uqno (oven). The words which they used for their numbers were 1. oinos, 2. duo, 3. treies, 4. qetwer, 5. penqe, 6. sweks, 7. septn, 8. okto, 9. newn, 10. dekm.

How and why do words and languages change? Usually it is because of the effect that some other language has on it. Suppose an army of these Aryan people would have travelled to Palestine and conquered some of the

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# FAMILY LIFE

December

1972



"BLUE JAY"

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# letters to the editors



## PRAYERS AND PUBLICANS

We liked the "Views and Values" on Prayers and Publicans (October issue). It brought out the dangers of the present age in Satan coming as an angel of light to deceive many. But he can come in many different ways so that we as Christians shall be wakeful, looking both to the right and to the left. If Satan can't get us one way, he is always ready to try something else, like it has been said, he is a jack-of-all-trades. —Pennsylvania

I don't know the man who was mentioned in the article so maybe he does brag how good he is. If he does, then he will receive his reward accordingly.

There are many instances in the New Testament of the ones who spread the news around of what Jesus had done for them. In Luke 17 we have an account of the ten lepers but only one of them "with a loud voice glorified God." But Jesus asked where the other nine were that they didn't do this.

Also in 19th chapter of Luke we find in verse 37, "The whole multitude of disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen." The Pharisees wanted them to be silent but Jesus answered, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

If we would hate sin enough to speak out against it to people, I'm persuaded we might feel more keenly the meaning of 2 Tim. 3:12, "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

—Z., Pennsylvania

## WAS NOT TOLERATED

The Amish and Mennonites emigrated from different parts of Europe and some of them settled in Somerset County, Pennsylvania in the 1700's. After a number of years, some of these located in other sections of the States. Many of the poorer families among the pioneers who came to America were of low social rank and practiced bundling. Eventually the plain people were inclined to follow their habits and customs.

The mother church in Somerset Co., Pa., therefore took strenuous precautions in the matter and called a meeting of bishops and ministers on May 18, 1837. These made it known that the former Christian churches of their ancestors and their godly forefathers were free from such immoral practices. They unanimously agreed that this custom (unehelichen beischlaf) cannot be tolerated (gedult) in their churches. They further agreed that in the future if any such transgressions should occur, with the knowledge of the parents or householders, none of them shall remain unpunished. —Ohio

## IF THE SHOE FITS

I don't get everything read in F. L. but I did read the story about the holy kiss ("What Was John's Mistake," September issue). I must say I agree with it. It sure hit our community which is probably what you had in mind. You probably think "if the shoe fits, then wear it." I know it should be as the article says but I don't know what to do about it. I have often seen that people were

very much in favor of the kiss but were far from the ordnung and have now left the church and went to a higher one. On the other hand, there are some against it because they are afraid that others would smell tobacco.

—M.M., Ohio

## CHILDREN MUST SUFFER

"A Letter From A Father," October issue, was a very heart-touching story and gives us reason to wonder why some children must suffer so much, as innocent as they are. Yet a lot of people might be lost if they didn't see little children suffer. I can say from experience that the death of a child can bring one closer to God. Is it maybe because of us that little children have to suffer?

—Delaware

## THE BISHOP WAS WEAK

The story about the bishop and his wife "When The Children Are Grown," September issue) does give us much to think about. Lisbet was not what she should have been by far, but what about Bert? Was he too weak to put his wife in her place? Did he try to explain to her where she was doing wrong? The story does not tell us that he did.

It always seems to me that if a man lets his wife run over him, then he is not like he should be. Once there were two women talking of some things that had happened and one of them said, "I don't see how she can get away with such things, I'm sure I couldn't." The other woman answered, "I couldn't either but I wouldn't think of having things which my husband doesn't approve of."

Just like Lisbet's dody house, why did Bert allow her to make it so fancy? And where were his mit-diener? How could they stand back and allow things to come into the church which hadn't been there before? Surely they had all followed old Jacob Otto faithfully and knew how he had worked.

It looks like it is true, if a bishop cannot rule his own house, how can he rule the church?

—A Mrs. from Wisconsin

## BUGGY AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE

There have been several articles about the buggy on the highway and about the SMV emblem. I have heard a number of people comment and have also seen it myself that the plain people who live around \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ claim the road when they are on it. They at times hold up long lines of cars and trucks, even busses that must meet a schedule, but the buggy will not get off the road even when it could easily do so. Sometimes they hold up lines of traffic for a long distance. I think this would be enough to make almost anyone angry, and it is hard to understand why anyone would do it. I drive a horse and

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buggy, too, but I try to give the fast moving traffic the right of way wherever possible.

—Content To Be At The Side Of The Road

### TOO MUCH MILK?

Some time ago there was an article in F.L. about the value of milk. However, I believe that some people may drink too much of it. My cousin drank a quart a day and got high blood pressure. His doctor told him he should not drink so much. A quart a day is all right for children, but adults should not drink more than a pint.

—E.B., Liverpool, Pa.

### IS IT REALLY THAT BAD?

Referring to the article "Eating Out For A Change," October issue, I wonder if there are very many people who do it this way. In our settlement, this is unheard of and I also haven't known people in other communities to go that far.

Where we live, it is not necessary to hire a van and go 20 miles to a big town on Saturday evening before church, in order to have an enjoyable time. Neither is it necessary to eat too much or to leave the children at Doddys. I wonder if it's not only a very few who do it this way?

—Wondering from Ontario

The story brought a question to my mind, is it proper for non-conformed Christian people to waste money eating out when it could be far better used in helping some poor struggling family to make ends meet. We also place ourselves in danger of overeating, which according to the Bible is a grave sin. If we see danger in car ownership, can we be consistent in using them unnecessarily or are we actually dimming our light.

Some time ago a number of older people hired a taxi to take them to visit some of their faith in a neighboring county. After they reached their destination the driver went to visit an acquaintance nearby. At ten o'clock he decided his passengers would be ready to return home so he went back to pick them up. But he was greatly surprised to find they had hung up lights on the washline and were playing croquet. So he parked his van and crawled in the back seat and fell asleep. At twelve o'clock, he was awakened. No, they were not ready to go home but wanted him to join them in their refreshments. It was far past midnight before this elderly driver was able to retire for the night. A trip which he had taken for granted would be only for a few hours lasted much longer. My grandmother who is now at rest, for many years admonished her children time and again with the words, "It is not good to be out after midnight." These words puzzled me for a long time. Is it really more dangerous to be out after midnight? One day the truth dawned on me that the answer was really simple. After being on the go for so long a time, our bodies are tired and weary, therefore unable to resist temptation as well. In other words we are asking more of our bodies than is right to expect of them and thus tempting God thereby. Furthermore we are not prepared to do our best the following day and no doubt miss golden opportunities, all because of being out late, pursuing so called fun or pleasure.

—Pennsylvania

### DON'T TAKE YOUR TROUBLES ALONG

I read with interest the answers to the question, "Is it wrong to move away from one's relatives and the place we were raised?" (November issue). There is one point

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nobody mentioned. We live in a community that was started some 20 years ago. It grew rapidly, and people came from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Delaware, Iowa, Wisconsin, and probably several other states. It was quite an assortment.

Our community had its faults of course but what did we hear? "Oh, it's still not as bad as it was back in \_\_\_\_\_". The young folks aren't near as bad here yet."

But it seems as if a lot of people brought their troubles along. And once they were here these problems grew bigger. I'd like to suggest if you have young folks who are pretty well in the thick of things maybe you had better stay where you're at. Otherwise you may help to ruin the next settlement (unless you are planning for some strict changes and your children are agreed.) For example, if you smoke and it's not allowed at the place you're going, maybe you better stop before you move. It might just save a lot of trouble for the ministers, the church and above all, you.

Why move unless you are willing to give yourself up to the new "ordnung"?

—Concerned for the Future of Young Communities

### EVERYBODY UP EARLY?

In the past there have been stories printed where the farmers' boys got up early while their neighbors' boys who were not farmers, could hardly get up in time for school. Well, it might be that way in some families but not in all. It seems there is not enough land for all the Amish to be farmers. I would certainly prefer having my husband at home to earn a living than to being away from home 11 1/2 hours each day, although he does not work in a factory.

Our 12-year-old son planted the hotbed and the garden. He helps with canning apples and peaches, and can even stir up and bake a batch of cookies. By the way, we are one of the first families up in the morning as my husband leaves for work before our neighbor's cows are in the barn. If I wake up our son later than he thinks I ought to, he is nearly cross because he does not like to hurry to get our chores done before it is time to go to school.

I just wanted to point out that it's not always the farmers' boys who are up early and work well. In lots of ways I think the farmers' boys have it nicer because their fathers are home to show and teach them while other boys have to learn mostly by experience.

—Ohio

### NEW NAMES AMONG THE AMISH

I enjoyed the "New Names Among The Amish" series which appeared in Family Life. It was interesting to read of the Neuenschwander name as Christian is my step-grandpa. He married the widow of the late David Graber on April 22, 1934. She had four sons and one daughter. Jonas, Chris's son married my mom's sister. Lovina and also three of the Graber brothers including my Dad, Amos Graber, and one Graber sister married in the Christian J. Schwartz family.

Anderson was also interesting to me as Pre. Noah Anderson was here in our church once at the writer's place.

—Mrs. Ben Coblentz, Geneva, Indiana

Was reading "New Names Among the Amish" and found that one family was omitted. Lester Lee lives in our area. He is married, and has four daughters.

—Willard Schlabach, Arthur, Illinois

Reading in Family Life about the different names a-

mong the Amish brought to my mind the different spelling of those coming over from across the ocean. For example there are Beilers and Bylers, Muellers and Millers, Mollats and Mullets. Does anyone know the reason for this? Could it be that some names were changed because they wished to lose their identity in case they were followed?  
—Nosey from Ohio

I found the articles interesting. What a joy that they were willing to lay aside worldly ways wherein they were brought up. Especially interesting to me was the Huyard history since the old Moses Huyard homestead is adjoining to my parents' home and one of the Huyard descendants by that name occupy it at the present time. The nearest village, however, is Fivepointville instead of Muddy Creek and the address is Route 1, East Earl. The buildings are more or less old fashioned as the present owners are not so young anymore and are satisfied even if they don't have it quite like some of their neighbors.  
—A.M.L., Narvon, Pa.

Just received our Family Life for October and noticed our name among the "New Names Among the Amish." It was interesting, but I thought you might be interested in knowing that it is spelled "Leslein" instead of "Leslien".  
—Melinda Leslein, Ohio

ANSWER- Your letter made us wonder how we got the name misspelled. In looking back over the letters we received from your "Freundschaft" we found that in a number of places, the name was spelled "Leslien." Perhaps like many other names, it underwent changes in spelling over the years, or possibly it was only a mistake on the part of the one who supplied the family history. At any rate we are glad for the correction.

WASTEFUL MARYANN

Everything is quiet this evening except for the ticking of the clock and an occasional "ping" of the last jars sealing of the day's canning so will write a few lines. Family Life had some interesting and worthwhile articles in the October issue, especially "Why Maryann Was Wasteful." I've had that experience when I thought the hired girl was wasteful and not taught to be thrifty. But I never got up enough courage to say anything about it to her. A person can soon tell whether the hired girl is taught to be thrifty and take care of things, or whether she goes about her work in a careless manner. That type is found among the farm families as well as among the families of day laborers. Who is at fault for that kind of teaching? I think it's as the article brought out, that

that too often is what they learned at home.  
—Missouri Mother

I always read Family Life from cover to cover and the Maryann story in the October issue impressed me. I, too, believe in saving and not being wasteful in food or anything else. But if we skimp and save just to get rich and to have a big bank account for ourselves, then I'm afraid it is not worth much. But if it is to help the poor and needy more, it can be a big blessing.  
—Ohio

THE JOYS THEY WERE MISSING

"But What Does Money Mean" in October issue reminded me of how I worked for a family like Dan and Annie, except that both the husband and wife were indifferent to each other. Both were kind to me and took an interest when I related something. But it was nothing unusual that if one spoke to the other, they often did not receive an answer. This was hard on me, although I was only the third party but oh, how I wished there were a way to show them what joys they were missing out on because of being so indifferent. The wife was often hurt and disappointed because her husband did not tell her the news which he had heard when helping neighbors or going to town. But at other times, he would have related things but she did not show any interest or encourage him to go on.

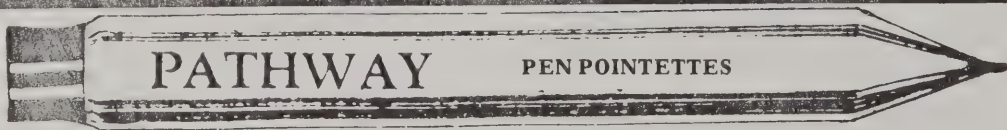
Of course I have also worked in places like Jake and Iva's, — my ideal of a true Christian home.  
—One Who Notices

NOT AS GOOD AS IT USED TO BE

I don't think the Family Life is as good as it used to be. I especially don't care for the health remedies as the majority of them are garbage. It sometimes looks as if we Mennonites and Amish are among the most gullible people in the world as far as quacks and home remedies are concerned. I think it's sad that that's true. Of course we can not all agree on everything but some things are rather far-fetched, and would better not be printed. I hope I don't sound too critical for I do enjoy Young Companion and think the continued stories are great.  
—S.G., Pa.

WHY THE SHUT-IN PAGE IS AT THE BACK

I am glad you moved the shut-in page to the back of Family Life. That's one of the most interesting parts and I make myself read everything else as it comes. That way, I can have the best part for last.  
—Hartville, Ohio



ALL SEASONS ARE FAVORITE

The other Sunday morning was such a beautiful morning. It was a cool crisp morning as we made our way to church and there had been a light frost. The sky was clear and the leaves on the trees were in full colors, yellow, orange, scarlet, green and all shades in between. All that natural beauty, along with the joyful inner feeling of going to church, a feeling I have gotten ever since I was a young girl, just filled me full of thankfulness to our heavenly Father.

My husband and our two teen-age boys were discussing the seasons and the beauty of each one. I told them that fall has always been my favorite season. The others said they love spring much better when everything is starting to grow and is fresh and green. I love spring, too, but it is more like a young child's life, just beginning to grow and is all so hopeful and innocent.

Summer is like a young grown person, very busy, growing fully to maturity and beginning to bring forth the fruits of adulthood. Deep in cares of making a living,

they are busy raising a family.

Autumn is another story. It is more like the middle age of human life. The crops are raised and now it can be seen which ones did good and which ones had too dry or too wet weather. A person has had a certain amount of experience and can enjoy the beautiful days of autumn before the stormy days of winter set in.

Of those winter days of old age, I can not tell because my life has only come as far as fall. Although I believe they have their own special beauty the same as the other seasons have.

No matter which season we are in, we can enjoy it if we allow ourselves to be led by the hand of God and to trust in Him completely. --Mrs. I. L., Pa.

#### RESPECTING OUR CHILDREN

Our children always enjoy the Sammy stories and look forward to hearing them. The last one where Mother Miller was getting ready for church and since she had much to do, she got plenty grouchy with the children.

I was also getting ready for church and forgetting to guard my tongue, I snapped at one of the little ones and also pinched his ear for not doing at once what I had told him to do. The way his bewildered eyes looked at me, I knew right away I was in the wrong. He had done it already and I hadn't noticed. I apologized right away and then I also let him open the package which came in the day's mail. His eyes beamed with pleasure and my heart was a lot lighter.

Too often, it seems, we parents lash out at our children because we can not control ourselves. Then we are too proud to say, "I'm sorry." Let's not forget to respect the feelings of our children if we want them to respect us in return. --A Learning Mother

#### RELIGION HANGING ON THE BEDPOST

I was a patient in a hospital and every day the nurses came to change the bed clothing. One day when they came into my room, I was still in bed and had my head-covering hanging on the bedpost. One of the nurses remarked to the other one, "She's got her religion hanging on the bedpost."

This brought shame to my face for I felt guilty for not having it on. From then on I resolved that they would not see me again with my head covering anywhere but where it belonged. I have been at the hospital a few times since and have always kept my resolution.

I have also been to the hospital to visit others and when I see their covering lying on the bedstand it brings back memories of the lesson which I learned.

—Mifflinburg, Pa.

#### BE CAREFUL WHO WE BLAME

Many years ago I had a watch but I did not use it much. One day I wanted to use it but could not find it. I remembered it was on the bureau in a covered glass dish the last time I saw it. I thought I might have mislaid it so I looked everywhere but I could not find it.

Then I remembered that several school boys had come home with ours and I figured the watch was just too tempting and they took it. But I never did say anything about it and I thank God that I didn't. Eighteen years later my son came to me and confessed that he had taken the watch to school and had given it to one of his friends. I was glad, not only that he told me and asked to be forgiven, but also that I had not blamed innocent people for having taken it. —Ohio Mother

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#### THE DRESS ISN'T LONGER

Once we visited with an old couple. The man and his wife were still pretty spry for their age. Soon they were talking about their younger days.

We had noticed that the wife had on a long dress that lacked only a few inches from touching the floor. After awhile, she came across the subject of her dress and told us that it was the very same dress she had worn as a girl and that she had only now gotten it out again. She also excused herself by saying that the dress was getting to be a little long.

Then her husband spoke up emphatically, "Ya, she says the dress is now too long, but it isn't any longer than it ever was, the style's just get shorter".

It gave us something to think about. It seems what the man said is true, the styles in the world have been getting shorter and shorter but the sad part of it is that the dresses in our churches seem to have a tendency to do the same. —J. L. L., Indiana

#### RESULTS OF PLAYING WITH SIN

When I was about 8 years old one day I was entertaining my younger brother. I was pushing him around on our porch in a little wagon.

I was also entertaining myself at the same time by seeing how close I could push the wagon to the end of the porch without it going down the steps. I would push the wagon up to the edge very carefully until the front wheels were just on a balance. Then I would back up, go to the other end of the porch and back again.

It so happened that one time I miscalculated the distance and the wagon went down over the steps with the baby. I don't remember how bad the baby was hurt, but unknown to me, a neighbor lady was watching the performance from her kitchen window. She came over and told Mom that I had done it on purpose. She had seen it all happen and I had deliberately pushed the baby down the stairs.

Even though this was not true, yet it was the truth that I had been very careless and that it was a very naughty thing to do. The lesson I learned from it was not to play with sin.

We must avoid not only the sin itself but also the circumstances and conditions that can lead to sin.

—Pennsylvania Father

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## WORLD WIDE WINDOW

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#### MEXICAN MENNONITES FEELING PRESSURE

In Mexico every young man must give one year of military service as soon as he reaches the age of 18. The only exception to this rule are the Mennonites who live in several large colonies in northern Mexico. Recently, however, the military authorities were surprised when two young Mennonites volunteered to do their service with the army. The two men were Moses and Aaron Redecop, sons of the Mennonite bishop of one of these colonies.

According to a recent news release, the two sons of the bishop predicted that 100 more Mennonite youths would follow their example and turn their backs on the old ways in order to be integrated into the Mexican soci-

ety.

There are also other signs that the colonists are having trouble in retaining their non-conformity. A year ago, 200 families near the city of Cuauhtemoc asked the Mexican government to build a public school for their children and took them out of the Mennonites' own school.

Bishop Redecop himself is not too alarmed by the discontent and points out that there are now 30,000 Mennonites which have sprung from the original group of 513 settlers who came to Mexico in 1921. He says only about 2,000 have left the colonies over the years. The rest have stayed and retained their original language, a low-German dialect which is a mixture of German and Dutch. They have also kept their clothing which looks very odd to the world. The women have the traditional long dress. One newspaper reported that it takes eight yards of goods for the average Mennonite dress and noted that this amount of goods would normally be enough for about two dozen mini-skirts. Apparently at least a small portion of them, who want to follow the example of the Redecop brothers, are willing to make the change.

#### MIDWIVES ARE COMING BACK

Midwifery is among the world's oldest professions as it is mentioned in the first two books of the Old Testament.

The midwife has played an important part down through the years until less than a hundred years ago when medical doctors succeeded in taking over the role. But now it is on the increase again according to figures released at a meeting of the International Confederation of Midwives in Washington, D.C. They say there are about 1,200 midwives who are specially trained and are licensed to deliver babies in the home. Demand for their services has increased faster than the supply. A number of nursing schools now offer courses in midwifery.

The main reason for the return of the practice is because many people believe that home delivery is much to be preferred to hospitalization. Mary Ann Fitzpatrick of Virginia, who has made 140 deliveries during her years as a public health nurse, says, "The difference between a home delivery and a hospital delivery is as much difference as between day and night. At home you don't get the screaming and yelling, and you don't have to use so much medication. Labor is shortened by hours."

In most states, midwives may deliver a baby without the aid of a doctor, and may also give medication as well as local anesthetic and perform minor obstetric surgery.

In many parts of the world midwifery is already being practiced to a considerable extent. In Sweden, Germany, and the Netherlands, midwives already deliver more than half of all babies. In England, which has the world's most advanced health care system, 80% of all births are handled by midwives.

Perhaps within a couple of years fewer expectant mothers will need to go to the hospitals to have their babies delivered.

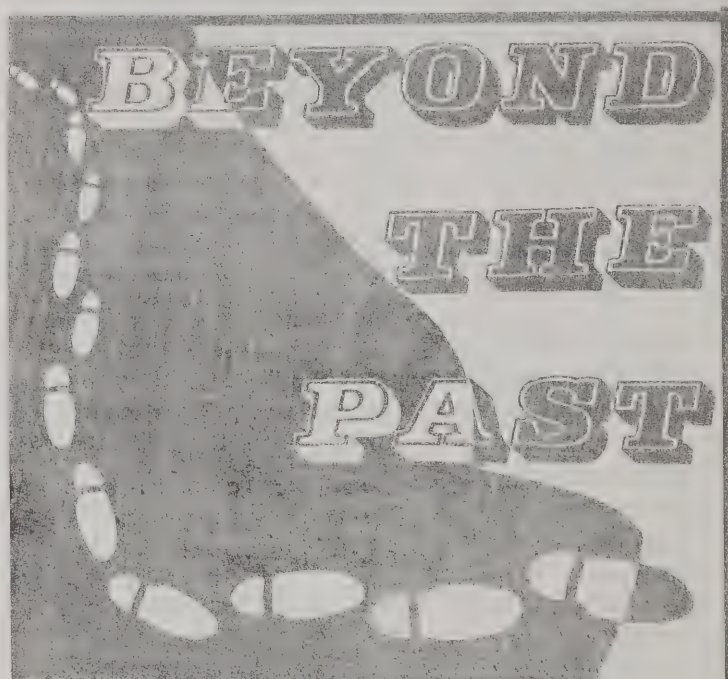
#### LATEST LAND RUSH

About eighty years ago when the Oklahoma territory was opened to homesteaders, it resulted in one of the greatest land rushes in history. Today that rush is being repeated but in a different form. Land is being sold for vacation or retirement purposes in many out-of-the-way places from Colorado and California to Florida and Maine. Most of the land is either desert or wasteland.

These lots are sold by mail through intensive advertising, or by high pressure salesmen who know how to put up a good story. Sometimes they use cocktail or dinner parties to get prospective customers and furnish paid transportation to the site.

But the majority of people never see what they are buying until it is too late to back out. Many companies who sell lots in subdivisions make no provisions to furnish water or to provide sewerage disposal. One California development corporation, after years of selling, has now sold 40,000 lots, but there are only 600 houses on the sites.

Many buyers consider it an investment and hope to sell the lots at a profit. A doctor from New York State bought some land at Canaveral Groves, Florida in 1960. When he finally visited it in 1970 he was disappointed to find no passable roads to his property. When he tried to walk through the brush to see his property, a caretaker turned him back because the area was infested with poisonous snakes. He has been trying to sell it ever since but without any success. While he is waiting for a better market he is paying \$94.86 a year in taxes. "But who knows, maybe in 15 or 20 years it will sell," he said.



This is the story of Marvin, an adopted boy. In his teens he got into bad company and went astray. The road back was long and difficult.

This story is warmly human and true to life, a story filled with conflicting emotions young people meet in a world where love is overshadowed by hate, joy is followed by sorrow, and where well-meant efforts are at times rewarded with misunderstanding and suffering. This is the account of one boy's desperate search to find meaning in life, and to escape the haunting shadows of the past.

This story had been run in serial form in YOUNG COMPANION and is now coming out in book form. It is expected from the printers by December 10. It is a hardcover book with 320 pages and will sell at \$3.00 per copy.

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And the Angel said unto them,  
 Fear not: for, behold, I bring you  
 good tidings of Great Joy,  
 which shall be to All People.

Luke 2 v. 10

Across  
 The Editor's



FAMILY LIFE has something new. This issue contains the first installment of a book length story, "Fire In The Zurich Hills." We believe that most of our readers will find it both interesting and worthwhile. It gives us a glimpse of what life in the early Anabaptist church was really like.

Most of our homes have the Martyr's Mirror with its many accounts of the suffering and steadfastness of the martyrs. But somehow, it almost seems on reading those stories that the prisoners were never really tempted to recant and compromise with the enemy.

"Fire In The Zurich Hills" is a story about ordinary people. The main character is a grape farmer who has a wife and later on a little son to care for. Although he has the best of intentions, he is tempted, time and again, to compromise a little here and a little there. After spending a few weeks in jail on a diet of bread and water, the thoughts keep coming back again and again, is it right to waste one's life languishing in prison if by compromising just a little, he could return home to his wife and his son?

The story is amazingly authentic for all the major events, and much of the conversation is taken right out of the court records of Zurich. Those who like true stories should appreciate this one for it is essentially true, with just enough narrative furnished to bridge the gaps in the court records.

Because of limited space, the story has been condensed for Family Life. Plans are to have the complete story published in book form. It will give more detail on many of the events, and should be ready by next fall.

This is the kind of story which anyone can well afford to read twice, and we would urge the readers to first read the condensed version, and then buy the book and get the complete story. The book contains quite a few more characters than the condensed version, and may be a bit hard for some people to keep all of them in their proper place unless they have first read the condensed version.

We would also like to call attention to the second of the series of Child Training Problems. The response to the first one has been encouraging and we have received some very good answers and suggestions. We will, however, need a lot more and also on each of the other questions in order to make the study worthwhile.

So far, the majority of responses have come from middle aged people or younger, from the ages of 40 down to 19. A number came from young couples who have only one or two children. We appreciate their response and it is worth a lot. However we hope that older persons will also take the time to send us their opinions. After all, they have the chance to look back and to see how their labors have turned out and have had time to see whether they used the right or the wrong methods.

Whether it's just a paragraph or five pages, send in anything which you think may be of value. The need is great because many young parents are wanting and needing it urgently. As has been brought out, this is one job where you don't ordinarily get a second chance. If we fail our children, it is too late to go back and start over.

■ ■

can show well below zero but it doesn't seem particularly cold, while on another day, it may be well above zero but seems a lot colder? The answer is that the wind or chill factor makes the difference. Several years ago the weathermen started giving the chill factor instead of the actual thermometer reading, because it was a better guide to preparing oneself for the day's work. At first it was said that the chill factor was obtained by subtracting the wind velocity from the actual reading. In some cases this may be accurate, but a table has now been worked out showing what the chill factor is at different temperatures and wind velocities.

The chill factor means that it will take the same amount of heat to keep a person or a building at a certain temperature at a given wind velocity as it would at a certain temperature with no wind. Thus from the accompanying table it can be seen that it would seem as cold with a 20-mile wind at zero as it would at forty below if there were no wind.

The differences vary according to the temperatures

and wind velocity. The colder the temperature, the more difference the wind will make. Thus at 30 degree temperature a ten mile an hour wind will make only 14 degrees difference. But at zero, it will make 22 degrees difference.

The higher the wind velocity, the less difference it will make. Thus at 20 above zero a 20-mile wind will make 29 degrees difference. But doubling the wind velocity will only make 1 1/2 times as much difference. Wind velocities of more than forty miles an hour make very little difference on the chill factor.

CHILL FACTOR TABLE

MPH Wind	Temperature						
	30	20	10	0	-10	-20	-30
0 (calm)	30	20	10	0	-10	-20	-30
10	16	2	-9	-22	-31	-45	-58
20	3	-9	-24	-40	-52	-68	-81
30	-2	-18	-33	-49	-63	-78	-94
40	-4	-22	-36	-54	-69	-87	-101

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WHAT DO YOU THINK? (Continued)

them to reading and writing and teach them handicrafts, suitable and useful. If you do this, you shall live to see much honor and joy in your children."

There is much more good advice. It states on page 379 in the German Menno Simons book.

—INDIANA.

I think we parents are responsible and we should not just feel it's in the minister's place to keep ordnung in church. Of course the ministers can be a big help by preaching the responsibilities of parents in raising the children.

Let's not wait till the children are 9 years old to start to teach them to behave themselves and to be honest and have good morals. I would like to ask a few

questions, do we parents live so that we are good examples to our children? Do we believe in discipline and use the rod if necessary? Do we pray for them and ask God to help us and to give them a humble heart? Do we see to it that they are with good company? Do we dress them in modesty and the ordnung of the church? Do we give them fancy names? I feel this can give them more pride. Do we talk about other people or against the Bishop and ministers? Do we teach them to fear God? I feel those parents who are concerned are not the ones who sleep in church. Of course the ones who have sleeping sickness have an excuse for sleeping in church. I think a child who is not obedient should sit with his father. I have also noticed that if a church gets too big, the young boys sit in hallways or other rooms where they can't be seen and sometimes cause disorders.

—J.J. Miller, Danville, Ohio

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Success is being friendly when another needs a friend;  
It's in the cheery word you speak, and in the coins you lend;  
Success is not alone in skill and deeds of daring great;  
It's in the roses that you plant beside your neighbor's gate.

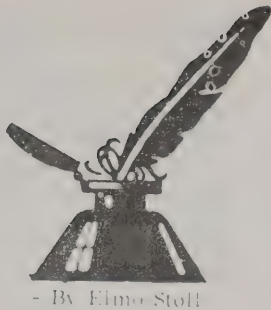
Success is in the way you walk the paths of life each day;  
It's in the little things you do and in the things you say;  
Success is in the glad hello you give your fellowman;  
It's in the laughter of your home and all the joys you plan.

Success is not in getting rich or rising high to fame;  
It's not alone in winning goals which all men hope to claim;  
It's in the man you are each day, through happiness or care;  
It's in the cheery words you speak and in the smile you wear.

Success is being big of heart and clean and broad of mind;  
It's being faithful to your friends and to the stranger kind;  
It's in the children whom you love, and all they learn from you—  
Success depends on character and everything you do.

—Selected

# Views and Values



- By Elmo Stoll

## MORE THAN HEROD'S KINGDOM

It was King Herod's birthday. The King decided to celebrate. He would throw a big party and make it a day worth remembering. So Herod ordered a good supply of rich wine and sent out invitations to the top people in the land.

They had a merry time together, the king and his honored guests. It is not hard to imagine the scene. Heaping plates of choice food were carried in, balanced on the skillful hands of the palace servants. Goblets clanked and clinked as they were lifted and refilled. The air was heavy with the smell of the blood-red wine.

As the hours slipped by, the laughter became louder and the jokes more coarse. And then there was a sudden hush and tipsy heads turned toward the door.

The daughter of Herodias was entering.

King Herod looked, too, and sucked in his breath sharply. He had not known she could be so stunning.

The girl danced. She leapt and whirled and spun. She did everything her mother had taught her to do, and more. It was a lewd display before the bleary eyes of lustful men.

As she turned to leave, a flush of pride tinted her beautiful face. There was a deafening burst of drunken applause.

King Herod staggered to his feet, rising generously to the occasion. Drawing himself up to full height and gathering up his kingly garments, he announced grandly, "Ask me any favor you like, and I'll give it to you."

There was a stir among the guests as the import of the words hit them. Did the king really mean that? Anything?

Perhaps the king sensed that his guests doubted him. It seemed to anger him, to prod him recklessly on. "I swear to it," he roared. "I'll give you anything you ask for, even if it's worth half of my kingdom!"

The girl left to confer with her mother. In a short time she was back, her request ready. "Give to me here upon a plate the head of John the Baptist!"

Like cold water dashed into his face, the request jolted the king from his stupor. The color drained from his cheeks. The head of John? Never! He couldn't do that to the desert preacher. Why, he admired the man. He was fascinated by his rugged courage, his straightforward honesty, his rash boldness. He loved to hear him talk. Herod's mind reeled and he tried to think. Why had he ever made such a promise to the scheming girl and her cunning mother? He wish he hadn't—wished it now with all his heart.

But then his eyes shifted to the guests. They were watching, waiting. Here were the honored men he wanted to impress. If he wavered now, would they not leave his party despising him in their hearts. That would never do.

King Herod ordered an executioner to give the girl what she wanted.

Poor Herod. Desperately he had tried to think of some honorable way to save John's life, some way to escape from his oath without losing face with his guests.

Poor king indeed. There would have been a way out, a perfectly honorable, completely honest way. He wouldn't have needed to go back on his promise and could still have spared John's life. How? If only Herod would have had a better sense of values he would have known the answer. But he had his values all mixed up.

He must have had them mixed up. All he had promised

the dancing girl was half of his kingdom. If he would have had his values anywhere near straight, he would have known immediately that John's life was worth more than that. In fact, it was worth more than his whole kingdom, a hundred times more.

But then, of course, if King Herod hadn't had his values mixed up, he wouldn't have made the promise in the first place. He would have punished the girl for her indecent capers instead of rewarding her. No, more than that would have been different. He wouldn't have made the party to start with. He wouldn't have put John in prison. Even the girl herself and her plotting, pouting mother wouldn't have been around, for they rightfully belonged to another man.

But it is useless now to try to imagine how things would have been had King Herod possessed a better sense of values. It is too late now, almost 2,000 years later, to change his life or the lives of those that suffered at his hands. The best we can do today is to examine ourselves and make sure we do not have our own values mixed up. Because when people today value the wrong things, they still do as Herod did—make tragic mistakes, wrong decisions, and harmful choices.

King Herod was all taken up with his kingdom. It looked big to him. He thought it was important. He valued it. He thought when he promised the dancing girl half of his kingdom, he was being extremely generous. That was why it never dawned upon him that in granting her request, he actually gave her much more than he had promised.

It is still possible for us today to see the things of this world through the eyes of King Herod—see them so that we get the impression they are worth more than they actually are.

Several years ago a grandfather offered his young grandson the choice of two coins. With a twinkle in his eyes, Grandfather held them out in his wrinkled palm—a nickel and a dime.

The young boy sized up the coins shrewdly. It didn't take him long to notice that the one was about twice as large as the other one. He reached out and with a self-satisfied look picked up the nickel.

Grandfather smiled and returned the dime to his own pocket. His grandson had not yet learned that some things which look big are actually very small, and some things which look small are big.

We smile at the thought of a little boy choosing the nickel instead of a dime. And yet many adults make the same mistake in a spiritual sense—they think that because something looks bigger to them, it is therefore worth more. That is the mistake Herod made when half of his kingdom looked bigger to him than the life of one of God's prophets. And it is the same mistake we make when we let ourselves believe that the values of this earth are worth more than the values of the next world.

The sad fact is that all of us are humans, and it is easy for us to get our values mixed up so that we let some things mean more to us than their true worth.

Many of our forefathers had a clear choice—they had to choose between their lives and their faith. Some of them found that when it came to the test, their lives meant more to them than their faith—so they recanted and got to live then, thirty, or sixty years longer. But others valued their faith higher than their earthly life, and thus they died—to live forever.

We are not faced today with an outright choice between our life and our faith, and yet each day we are faced with smaller decisions where we must choose between things of this world and eternal values. An Amish father happened to damage his neighbor's property one day. It was an accident, and the neighbor was nowhere around, and so would never know who had caused the damage. The father looked at his two sons and thought it over. They had seen what had happened. The father thought to himself, "If I go and tell the neighbor what happened, it's going to cost me at least \$40. But if I don't go, I will be teaching my sons to be dishonest."

The \$40 looked big to him, but he decided that his sons'

characters were worth more than that, so he told the neighbor what had happened and paid the damage.

In the world today, so many people have the wrong values that a person who has the true values may seem odd or queer. For example, a man who bought an old cash register at an auction, found two twenty dollar bills wadded behind the drawer. He asked around until he found out who the owner of the cash register had been, and returned the money. When a friend heard about it, he said, "You were crazy to return the money. I would have kept it."

From the world's viewpoint, the Christian is indeed crazy, because he often chooses that which looks to be of the least value. But it's just because he has a different kind of values. To the people of his day, Moses must have appeared to be crazy, too. Moses had it made as far as the world was concerned. Here he was, the son of Pharaoh's daughter. He had everything—education, ease, luxury, riches, power, and honor. The promises of Egypt's court would have looked big to a lot of people, but Moses saw where the true values lay—he reached for the dime and left the nickel. In the words of the Bible, he "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God

than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season" (Hebrews 11:25).

The world has all kinds of "half-kingdoms" and nickels to offer—cheap things that look big but aren't worth as much as God's dimes. Young people sometimes see these attractions of the world, big and inviting and beckoning. In comparison with the pleasures of the flesh, the Christian's life may look dull and worthless. And yet it is in the godly life that will prove in the long run to have been of the greatest worth.

We need constant reminders to keep our values straight, to hold dear and cherish those things of true worth and not to be deceived by the glitter and glare of the world's cheap tinsel. We need to ask ourselves again and again what we really want to accomplish in life. What are the goals which mean the most to us. What are we living for? Does our faith mean enough to us that we are willing to sacrifice for it? Or do we neglect our church and family—too busy with earthly things, jobs, houses, crops and cattle.

Let's remember that Herod's mistake was to value the wrong things. He chose the nickel when he could have had the dime. ■■

## Editorielles —

### O schöner Stern von Bethlehem.

O schöner Stern von Bethlehem,  
Glänzend durch düstere Schatten fern,  
Gibst ein Licht zu die wo lang voran;  
Und leitest die Weisen auf dem Weg,  
Hin zu dem Ort wo Jesus lag'.  
Schöner Stern von Bethlehem, schein an.

Chorus—

O schöner Stern von Bethlehem,  
Leuchte uns bis die Herrlichkeit anbricht.  
O gib uns dein Licht zu leucht'n den Weg,  
Hin zum vollkomm'nen Himmels-Steg.  
Schöner Stern von Bethlehem, schein an.

O schöner Stern, weis'cht hin zum Licht,  
G'leitest die Pilger ihr Gesicht,  
Ueber die Bergen bis der Morgen bricht.  
Hin zu dem Licht des Herrn Mahl,  
Wird er nun geben ein glänzend Strahl.  
Schöner Stern von Bethlehem, schein an.

O schöner Stern, weis'cht hin zur Ruh,  
Für die Erlöst'n, gerecht und gut.  
Droben im Himmel wann die Kron erlangt;  
Denn Jesu' ist dieser Morgen-Stern,  
Glänzend und strahlender leucht er fern.  
Schöner Stern von Bethlehem, schein an.

### Christus geboren zu Bethlehem.

Wo der König Herodes das Bericht von Jesus hörte, erschrock er und mit ihm das ganze Jerusalem; und ließ versammeln alle Hohenpriester und Schriftgelehrten unter dem Volk zu lernen wo Christus sollte geboren werden.

Warum er erschrocken ist weiß ich gerade nicht, ausgenommen dieweil er sich fürchtete er möchte sein Königreich verlieren.

Es ward ihm gesagt: „Zu Bethlehem im jüdischen Lande;" denn also stehet geschrieben durch den Propheten: „Und du, Bethlehem im jüdischen Lande, bist mit nichten

die kleinste unter den Fürsten Judas; denn aus dir soll mir kommen der Herzog, der über mein Volk Israel ein Herr sei."

Dies hat Herodes wohl nicht so sehr beliebt. Jesus soll der Herr sein? O nein, Ich will Herr sein. Ja, das ist gerade was so viel fehlt unter uns Menschen zu derer Zeit, ein jeglicher will der große Ich sein; doch lehrt uns die Schrift, wir sollen uns demütigen und herunter halten zu die Niedrigen.

Die Feiertagen nahen sich wieder. Der Tag kommt wo gehalten wird für Christi Geburtstag. Es wird viel Bereitschaft gemacht für solche Tagen und vielleicht manche Seelen, in sonderheit Kinder und junge Leute, wissen kaum der Ursprung von diesem Tag. Und wenn vielleicht schon geredet wird von Christus wird es doch verzehret durch die große Augenlust, Abgötterei und der gleichen. Christtag Bäumen werden aufgestellt mit viele kleine Lichter von allerlei Farben, nur für lustig anzuschauen. Der Baum im Garten Eden wo Adam und Eva nicht sollten davon essen war auch lustig anzuschauen und sie aßen davon wodurch sie Gottes Gebot übertreten haben und sich also versündigt.

Wenn solche Sachen aufgestellt werden in die Häuser daheim und auch in die Versammlungs-Häuser, dann wird gesungen: „Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe, und Frieden auf Erden und den Menschen ein Wohlgefallen." Wird die Ehre immer Gott gegeben bei solche Sachen? Oder wirds vielleicht meisten Teils von die Menschen verschlungen in ihrem Götzendienst?

Dies sollte doch ein Tag sein von tiefe Bekümmernis und Nachdenkens. Wir wollen die Worte bedenken in einem Lied.

„Merk auf, mein Herz, und sieh hinein:  
Was liegt dort in dem Krippelein?  
Wer ist das schöne Kindelein?  
Es ist das liebe Jesulein."

Als wir dieses Lied durch lesen sehen wir im vierten Vers wo der Schreiber uns weisen will wie wenig daß die Welt ist mit all ihrem tun gegen Gott der uns das Heil gegeben hat durch seinen Sohn. Er sagt obchon die Welt vielmal so weit wäre, mit Edelstein und Gold bereit, ist sie Dir doch viel zu klein, zu sein ein enges Wiegelein. Doch mit all

diesem wird die Welt im ganzen mehr geachtet als wie Jesus der Herr aller Herrn, und König aller Könige.

Christtag wird vielleicht geachtet als ein Tag von lustig und fröhlich sein. Ja, zum teil sollen wir fröhlich sein daran zu denken daß Gott sein liebes Kind Jesus Christus lieb in die Welt geboren werden zum Heil aller Menschen; aber nicht eine Lustbarkeit der Augen von Fleischeslust, Augenlust und hoffärtiges Leben. Solches ist nicht vom Vater, sondern von der Welt, und die Welt wird vergehen mit ihrer Lust, wer aber der Wille Gottes tut der bleibt in Ewigkeit.

Es wäre zu wünschen daß wir an solche Zeiten mehr an Christus denken würden, wiewohl wir allezeit an ihn denken sollen, aber dieweil so über diese Feiertagen viel andere Sachen am gehen sind wäre es notwendig daß wir unsere Gedanken üben mehr an Christus zu denken daß wir die andere Sachen besser meiden könnten.

Wenn wir mit Paulus sagen wollen: „Christus ist mein Leben und Sterben ist mein Gewinn,“ so wollen wir doch sorgfältig sein unsere Gedanken nicht lassen vergiften mit allerhand von Sachen wo die Welt aufstellt.

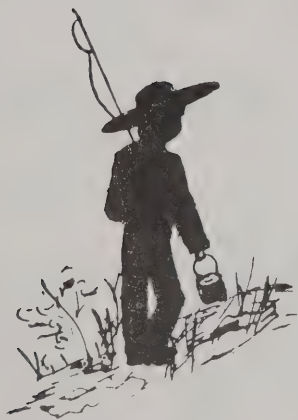
Wir wollen unsere Sache wohl prüfen, wir wollen uns selbst fragen mit des Dichters' Worten:

„Ach Gott, wie ist's mit uns bestellt!  
Wie treibt's der Menschen Haufen!  
Sie wollen lieber zu der Welt,  
Als zu dem Himmel laufen.  
Sie suchen schnödes Geld und Gut,  
Sie lieben ihres Fleisches Muth  
Und tun was sie gelüftet.“

Sind wir von solche Leute wo lieber zu der Welt wollen als zu dem Himmel, dann Wehe für uns, wir sind noch auf dem weiten und breiten Weg wo abführet zur Hölle und Verdammnis. Ja, es ist ein Weg wo die Menschen dünkt gut zu sein in diesem Leben, aber Wehe am ende davon.

Wenn wir dann dies Schreiben beschließen:

„So laßt für einander uns herzlich auch beten,  
Daß keines doch möge abtreten vom Wege,  
Auf daß wir bewandeln die richtige Stege.“



**Viel  
für  
dankebar  
sein**

Sammy probiert die sechs Ecken von die Schneeflocken zählen als sie wider die Schulhaus-Fenster fliegen. Sie schmelzen bald und springen mit einander über das Glas herunter. „Sie sind lustig,“ denkt der Sammy, „denn sie müssen nicht in die Schul-Stube sitzen und studieren.“ Sammy war müd von sein History studieren. Er siehet gegen die Uhr. „Nur zwei Uhr,“ sagt er leise zu sich selber. „Noch eine Stund mehr dann können wir heim gehen.“

Die sechs grade History war am reciten. Teacher war am erklären vom ersten Dankfagungs-Tag. „Nächst noch ist Dankfagungs-Tag,“ denkt der Sammy. Er vergißt sein mut-

losigkeit als er horchet was der Teacher am sagen war.

„Denket mol,“ ermahnte er, „wie wenig die Pioneers hatten für dankbar zu sein, und doch waren sie sehr dankbar. Wir haben so viel mehr, und sind vielleicht nicht so dankbar als sie waren.“

Er guckt über die Schulhaus-Stube und sieht es die andere Kinder am abhorden waren. „Ich sage was wir tun. Wir fangen an mit die First-Grade und alle von euch können etwas sagen es sie dankbar sind dafür.“ Er nimmt ein Chalk in seine Hand und dreht sich gegen dem Blackboard. Dann sieht er über sein Schulter gegen der Abie Ghy.

Abie denkt ein wenig, dann fängt er an, „Ich bin dankbar für die Sonn, der Mond, die . . .“

„Eins, nur ein Ding für jedermann,“ brecht der Teacher ein. Er schreibt groß auf dem Blackboard — Ich bin dankbar für — Nun tut er Sonn hie schreiben.

„Ich bin dankbar für die Sternen,“ sagt die Anna Miller.

„Ich bin dankbar für die Blumen,“ sagt ein anderes von die Mädchen.

Teacher schreibet all die Sachen auf dem Blackboard. Bis er zu die Fifth-Grade kommt war schon viel auf dem Board geschrieben.

Sammy sieht gegen das Board und lesset, „Sonn, Mond, Eltern, Jesus, Himmel, Gesundheit, Gif-Sach . . .“ Ach, was könnte ich jezt denken es niemand gesagt hat, denkt er. Er siehet es jedes Kind will das beste sagen, und etwas es niemand gedenkt hat dran. Er wünscht er wüßte was der Jost, Larry, und Mosie am denken sind. Es war nicht lang bis er den Mosie höret sagen, „Ich bin dankbar daß ich spielen konnte und fröhlich sein.“

„Das ist gut,“ antwortete der Teacher.

„Ich bin dankbar daß meine Eltern mich gelernt haben zu schaffen,“ sagt Mosie nächst.

„Das ist auch sehr gut,“ ermuntert der Teacher.

Sammy seine Gedanken waren steig am springen für etwas bessers zu denken. Er horcht als Larry seine Kommt.

„Ich bin dankbar daß ich ein dankbar Herz habe für dankbar zu sein,“ sagt er.

Geschwind sagt der Sammy, „Ich bin dankbar daß ich dankbar sei kann für ein dankbar Herz für dankbar zu sein.“ Nun bin ich eins weiter gegangen als der Larry, dachte er. Aber sein selbst Lob war nicht lange geblieben als er die Kinder höret lachen.

Er sieht daß der Teacher auch am lachen war. „Du mußt etwas anders nehmen,“ sagte er.

Sammy denkt ein wenig dann sagte er, „Ich bin dankbar daß wir Säu haben für butchern am Samstag.“

Die Kinder fingen wieder an zu lachen.

Teacher hebt sein Hand auf für sie still machen. „Dies ist etwas für dankbar sein,“ sagt er als er Säu auf dem Blackboard schreibt. „Viel Leute gehen hungrig und wären froh über solches zu haben.“

Wo der Sammy die Kinder gehört hat lachen dann dreht er sein Gesicht wieder gegen das Fenster und watcht die Schnee-Flocken verschmelzen und fröhlich miteinander übers Glass nunter springen. Er denkt, „Noch ein Tag in die Schul gehen dann ist es Samstag und wir tun butchern.“

Sammy war fröhlich am Freitag-abend als er helft die großen schwarzen Kessel im platz stellen in den hintersten Hof. Der Muffler es an sein Hals war flospt in den Wind wie ein Flag.

„Oh, ich kann bald nicht warten bis am Morgen wenn wir butchern tun,“ sagt Sammy zu sein Vater. „Hast du

gesagt es der Jost sein Dat wird auch kommen helfen?"

"Ja, er wird kommen," antwortete er. "Sammy, hebe der Kessel höher auf daß ich dieser Beckenstein unter es tun kann."

Sammy hebt die Seite vom Kessel hoch in die Höhe. Seine Gedanken waren auf Morgen. "Ich will helfen die Sän scrapen, darf ich, Dat?"

"Du darfst nicht helfen das tun, du mußt früh aufstehen wann du es ebensoviel als sehen wirst."

"Ich will früh aufstehen. Ich habe gesagt zum Teacher es ich dankbar bin daß wir Sän haben für butchern."

Der Vater lächelte ein wenig. "Es ist etwas für dankbar sein, denn wir sollen alle Tage dankbar sein, nicht nur am Dankjagungs-Tag."

"Wir habe alle gesagt was wir dankbar sind dafür."

"Gib acht wie du der Kessel hebst?" vermahnt der Vater.

Wo er fertig war dann sagte er zu sein Vater, "Ich weiß wo die Scrapers sind und der Emery-Stein. Soll ich gehen sie holen?"

"Ja, denn wir brauchen alle von die butcher Tools."

Sammy springt im Shop und krattelt auf der Hobelbank, er weiß gerade in welche Box auf dem Laden es die Tools waren. Er jumpst vom Bank, und kommt auf ein Bord. Die Box fällt aus seine Hände und die Tools rollen über dem Boden. "Dooovoh! Dooovoh!" greißt er. "Mein Fuß! Mein Fuß!" Er sitzt auf dem Boden und wimpfelte.

"Was ist Ich?" fragt der Vater als er hinein kommt.

"Ich habe mein Enkel gedreht," heulte er. "Es tut so weh!"

"Komm, ich nimm dich ins Haus. Es wird gleich gut." Er hebt der Sammy auf und hilft ihm ins Haus gehen.

Früh Samstag Morgen ist der Sammy gewacht. Sein Fuß schmerzt. Er war sehr verdrossen, denn er höret die Uhr in die Stube vier schlagen. Gleich sieht er ein Licht durch die Register scheinen. Sammy ist nicht erschrocken wo er das laute jacht hörte von die Stube kommen. Er wußte es sein Vater die Grate vom Ofen am schütteln war. Er nimmt der Poker und klopft wider das Ofen-Rohr. "Amos! Sammy! Andy!" ruft er.

So geschwind es der Amos und Andy ihre Namen gehört haben dann springen sie aus dem Bett. "Sammy," sagt der Andy als er herum sucht für seine Kleider. "Komm geschwind, denn heut wollen wir butchern."

"Mein Fuß tut weh und er spiert ganz geschwollen," antwortete der Sammy von tief unter die Deck.

Wo Sammy die andern höret die Steig herunter gehen konnte er nimmer ins Bett bleiben. Wo er sein Fuß auf dem Boden tat hat es sehr weh getan. "Ich kann nicht laufen," wimpfelt er. Die Tränen kommen in seine Augen. "Nun kann ich nicht helfen butchern."

"Was ist Ich, Sammy?" kommt sein Vaters Stimme durch dem Register. "Was bist du am sagen?"

"Ich kann nicht laufen," antwortete der Sammy in eine grobe Stimm. "Mein Fuß tut weh."

Sammy hört die Mäm sagen, "Dat, bring ihn herunter und dann werden wir sein Fuß baden."

Sammy wärmte sei sich bei dem Florence Ofen. Die Mutter tut englisch Salz im Wasser und bringt das Fuß-Bübele in die Stube. Das spiert gut zum Sammy, aber sein Mut war nieder.

"Nun ist der Andy und Amos nans mit dem Vater und ich muß hier sitzen mit mein weh Fuß," bedauerte er sich selbst. "Nun habe ich nichts für dankbar sein. Ich kann nicht helfen die Sän butchern. Fürwas hab ich solches gesagt zum Teacher?"

Er fingt an zu heulen wo er sieht daß er sein Fuß nicht

im Schuh schieben kann.

"Sammy, was ist Ich?" fragt die Mutter als sie in die Stube kommt.

"Ich kann mein Schuh nicht antun," weinte er.

"Tue zwei Strümpf an und gehe in deine Heberschuhe. Ich muß geschwind das Morgen-Essen bereiten." Sie geht an das Deck-Schublad und kriegt eins vom Vater seine Strümpf.

"Ich kann nicht laufen," klagte er.

"Vielleicht kannst du übereinweil," probiert sie ihn trösten.

Aber der Sammy war nicht leicht zu trösten. "Ich wollte helfen butchern," sagte er.

"Wann du nicht nans gehen kannst, dann kannst du helfen ins Haus."

Dies tröstet der Sammy gar nicht. "Ins Haus schaffen ist nicht butchern."

"Das geht mit, Du kannst die Dörm aufblasen für sehen ob sie gut sind." Sie weist daß der Sammy gleich das tun.

"Ja, aber ich muß lang warten bis Zeit kommt für Dörm bloßen."

"Und wann du nicht nans gehen kannst, dann kannst du ans Fenster sitzen und die andere watchen."

Als die Mutter in die Küche geht denkt der Sammy, "Ich will aber nicht ans Fenster sitzen und watchen, das ist für die alte Mommies. Ich will helfen."

Aber wo es zeit war für butchern, sitzt der Sammy ans Fenster auf ein Stuhl. Er war traurig als er der Jost und Andy sieht bei die Männer und konnte nicht dabei sein. Er watcht als sie die Sän scrapen und darnach auf den dreibeinig Trellis hängen. Es dünkt ihn es die Trellis gucken wie ein Teepee. Sammy hebt seine Nase zu wo der Vater ein großer Zuber voll Dörm hinein bringt und leerte sie auf dem Tisch.

Die Mäm und die Nachbar-Weibskent fingen an sie buken.

Sammy war gleich müd von alles. Sie haben alle mehr Spaß es ich, klagte er zu sich selbst.

Nach dem Mittag war der Sammy noch am Fenster gesitt. Er war bald am schlafen wo die Anna ihm ein warm Stück Sau-Leber gebracht hat. "Wir haben viel und wir können alles essen es wir wollen," sagte sie. Sie holte der Salz-Schaker und gibt es zu ihm.

Die Tür fliegt auf und der Andy und Jost kommen in die Küch. Sie haben beide ein Stück Leber in ihre Hände. "Das ist sehr gut," spricht der Jost als er sein Stück aufhebt gegen Sammy.

"Ja", lachte der Andy, "wir haben vergessen dankbar sein für dies wo wir in die Schul waren."

"Der Sammy hat das gesagt," antwortet Jost. "Er ist dankbar es wir Sän haben für butchern."

"Aber heute habe ich nichts für dankbar sein," antwortete der Sammy, "denn mein Fuß tut weh und ich kann nicht helfen butchern."

"Meinst du, du bist nicht dankbar für die Leber es du am essen bist?" fragt der Andy.

"Er hat nicht so viel als denky gesagt," antwortet die Anna, "und ich habe ihm auch Salz gebracht."

Andy sieht der Sammy an. "Hast du vergessen es der Dat gesagt hat wann wir nicht danken dann tun wir essen wie's Vieh, und das ist gefressen." Er sieht der Jost an. "Komm, Jost, wir wollen wieder nans gehen butchern."

Als sie die Tür hinaus gangen waren dann ist die Anna zu die Mäm gangen watchen Dörm buken.

Sammy fühlt allein. Er sieht mit trockenes Mut die Leber in seine Hand. "Jesus, ich danke dich für die Leber," wispert er als die Tränen über sein Backen herunter laufen.

Die Mutter hat gehört was die Kinder am schwächen waren wegen dankbar sein. Ihre Gedanken waren tief gegangen als sie der Dörm an ihre Hand herum wickelt und kracht mit dem holzig Messer. Sie wunderte ob sie und der John es verfehlt hatten für ihre Kinder lernen für recht dankbar zu sein. Sie denkt sie wollte der Sammy vermahnen wann sie mos allein sind. Es waren andere Leute in die Küche. Sie wollte Sammy sagen er sollte dankbar sein für seine Augen, seine Ohren und viel andere Sachen.

Die kleine Anna steht an die Mutter ihre Seite und wackelt. „Ich will die Dörm aufblasen wann du fertig bist!“ sagte sie.

„Du mußt der Sammy lassen helfen!“ antwortete sie. „Er hat ein weher Fuß und er kann der erste aufblasen.“ Sie sieht der Sammy an. „Vielleicht ist dein Fuß gut genug für mit gehen ein wenig Fleisch zu die Kessler family nehmen. Ich glaub nicht es sie Säne haben für butchern.“

„Ich weiß es sie keine haben!“ antwortete die Anna geschwind.

Sammy sagte nichts.

„Ich fürchte wir haben unsere Kinder gar nicht gelernt für dankbar sein!“ spricht die Mutter zum Vater, John Miller, wo sie ihm gesagt hat was der Sammy gesagt hatte. Es war Samstag Abend und die Kinder waren alle im Bett.

„Wir sagen doch wann sie beten es sie danken sollten für alles es der Herr sie gegeben hat!“ antwortete er.

„Ja, aber für es sagen mit dem Mund, und recht dankbar fühlen sind zwei verschiedene Sachen.“

„Ich weiß wohl, aber ich habe gemeint sie sind dankbar. Und du hast gesagt der Sammy sagt, er hat nichts für dankbar sein dafür?“

„Ja, aber er war ziemlich verdrossen weil sein Fuß weh war.“

„Fürwas hast du ihm nicht gesagt vom Ken Thomas der gar kein Gebein hat?“

„Ich hab nicht an ihn gedacht, ich denk weil ich ihn nicht kenne.“

Der Vater denkt ein wenig. „Vielleicht können wir in die Stadt gehen am Dankagungs-Tag und ihn besuchen. Es ist sieben Milen . . .“

„Ja, ich wär auch froh für ihn sehen. Ich kann ein Hahnen butchern für ihn.“

„Nun können wir ein wenig Fleisch nehmen aus Kesslers auf unser Weg.“

„Ja, wir können ein rechter dankbare Tag haben.“

„Wer ist der Ken Thomas?“ fragte der Sammy als er hinkelt gegen's Buggy. Er sieht unter dem Tuch vom Korb wo er tragt. Brod und Butter war drein es seine Mäm gemacht hat, und ein Hahner.

„Er ist ein alter Mann in die Stadt und ich habe ihn für Jahren nicht gesehen, aber ich weiß daß er froh ist für Besuch!“ antwortete der Vater. Er hat nicht gesagt zu seine Kinder es der Ken Thomas kein Bein hat.

John Miller und seine ganze Familie krattlen auf dem Surry und gehen für die Stadt. Wo sie aus Kesslers kommen sind dann springt der Amos hinein mit dem Fleisch.

Sammy sein Fuß tut noch weh, aber er hat am Morgen seine Schuhe wieder antun können. Er wunderte fürwas sie gehen ein alter Mann sehen wo gar keine Kinder sind für spielen mit. Aber er war doch froh für mit gehen.

John Miller fährt in die Thomas Lane und bind sein Gaul an ein Posten neben dem Garage. Mrs. Thomas macht die Tür auf und sieht die John Miller Familie an. Ihre

weiße Haar waren auf ein Valle auf dem Top von ihrem Kopf. „Ist der Ken daheim?“ fragt der Vater.

„Ja, er ist!“ antwortet sie.

„Ich bin der John Miller!“ antwortet der Vater, „und dies ist meine Familie. Wir sind kommen euch besuchen, und haben euch ein wenig Sachen gebracht.“ Er langte sie der Korb.

Sie hebt's Tuch auf. „Ach, daß guckt gut!“ erstaunte sie sich. „Wir sind sehr froh für dies. Kommt herein. Der Ken ist froh für Besuch.“

Wo sie in die Stube kommen waren dann sieht der Sammy ein alter Mann bei dem Fenster sitzen auf ein schänkel Stuhl. Er lächelte wo er der John sahnte. „Wel! der John Miller!“ grüßte er. „Du hast mich noch nicht vergessen.“

Sammy wunderte fürwas er nicht aufsteht. Aber wo er nahe kommen ist sah er es der Mann keine Beine hat. Neben ihn war ein Bazel in ein Käftig (cage) am singen und auf den Boden lag ein kleiner Hans-Hund. Blumen waren am blühen aus Fenster.

„Wel, wie bist du?“ fragt der John als er dem Ken seine magere Hand in seine nimmt.

„Es geht noch gut.“ antwortete der Ken. „Ich habe noch viel für dankbar sein.“

Sammy denkt an sein eigener weher Fuß und sein Glend. Er mußte nur ein Tag aus Fenster sitzen und der Ken muß allezeit.

„Hast du keine Schmerzen?“ fragt der John.

„Es sind Tagen es ich hab!“ antwort er, „aber dann bin ich nur mehr dankbar für die Tagen es ich nicht Schmerzen haben muß.“

„Ich denk es ist ein guter Weg für es anzusehen!“ sagt der John. „Wann die Sonn etliche Tage nicht scheint dann bin ich so viel mehr dankbar wann wir sie wieder sehen können. Ich denk es schaft der nämlische Weg.“

„Ja!“ lächelte der Ken, „ich habe viel zu tun und halte mich an etwas tun. Das helfst.“

Sammy sieht mit große Augen und höret zu.

„Was kannst du schaffen?“ fragt der Vater.

„Ich hab eine kleine Zigfäg und mach ein wenig Sachen, und ich kann schreiben. Ich kann viel mehr tun es der Dick Reimer.“

„Der Dick Reimer? wer ist er?“

„Er hatte Polio und ist in dieser Stadt kommen bald sechs Monat zurück. Er kann seine Hände nicht regen.“

„Und er wohnt in diese Stadt?“

„Ja, ihr könnet an seine Heimat laufen. Es ist nicht weit.“

„Vielleicht besuchen wir ihn auch.“ Der John Miller sieht sein Weib an.

„Wir wollen!“ antwortete sie, „denn wir wissen nicht wann wir wieder die Gelegenheit haben.“

Sammy war froh daß sie wollen der Dick auch besuchen. Er wunderte wie es wäre wann ein Mensch seine Hände nicht regen könnte. Er sitzt und höret zu was die andere am schwächen waren.

Dick Reimer lächelte als die John Miller Familie in seine Stube gekommen sind. Er konnte nicht naus langen für handschaken. Er war bald dreißig Jahr alt und wohnte allein mit sein Weib. Er lauft in die Stube aber seine Hände und Armen hängen los bei seiner Seite und schwingen unverhindert als er länfte. Er setzte sich auf ein Stuhl und schwäst mit John Miller.

„Und du kannst nicht eine Tür aufmachen oder deine  
(continued on page 33)



Name Withheld.

I was tired. The friends seated around the table didn't realize this. They kept up a lively conversation as they munched their popcorn. When I thought no one saw me I looked up at the clock on the shelf. The little hour hand pointed to eleven.

I questioned if it would be proper for me to excuse myself and go to bed. But then I decided this would be poor manners, for didn't these friends come to visit me while I was at Uncle Noahs. I was sure the folks in my home community wouldn't keep a person up so long just for a casual visit. Yet, I decided, these people meant it well. It certainly was nice of them to come and visit me. After all, I didn't get to Uncle Noahs very often.

I stifled a yawn as I every so often sneaked a glance toward the clock.

Another hour passed. By this time, much to my relief, the group was mentioning that it would be time to go home. After the friends left I hurried to bed but I found I was too tired to sleep. I lay in my bed wide awake. Soon the clock struck 12:30...one o'clock...one thirty.. and so on.

At two thirty I was still wide awake. At three o'clock I became upset. I wasn't well, and I was afraid. What would happen to me if I couldn't get to sleep?

My thoughts went to a friend who had a nervous breakdown after she didn't sleep for a too long time. I did not consider the fact that she had taken pep pills to stay awake.

By this time fear seemed to hold me tightly in its grip. I quaked and my heart pounded. When I closed my eyes, weird figures came into my thoughts. What should I do? I was afraid I would lose my mind!

Then what would happen? I was far away from home. Old Noahs could hardly take care of me then. I don't remember praying, but I'm sure I did. Even then it could not have been a prayer of faith for fear was overwhelming me.

After a long battle I finally fell into a troubled sleep.

The following morning I felt tired. At intervals through the day I slipped away and tried to sleep, but couldn't. I was fearful and tense.

When a neighbor came to visit me in the afternoon. I told her about my "almost" sleepless night. She sympathized and offered me some tranquilizers. This was new to me but I gladly accepted them. I didn't realize that this would be followed by years of relying on drugs for the quieting of fears— which I had labeled as "nervousness."

These fears were not only with me at night, but also in the daytime. I carried the little pink pills whenever I left home. When I was in church— or anywhere with a crowd— Mr. Fear was often with me. At times it seemed he would take hold of me with two hands and shake me, and tell me that I was about to lose my mind and to do something drastic.

Quickly I would pull out the little vial of pink pills and slip one into my mouth. They tasted bitter, but I was too anxious for the quieting of the nerves to mind.

At that time I didn't know what the little pink pills were doing something to my body. Slowly but surely rheumatism and stiffness crept into my muscles. I felt

miserable.

My misery was accentuated when I thought of going away overnight for I knew I couldn't sleep. I always made sure I had plenty of pills with me. For a long while I took only one to get results. But this eventually led to two as my body became used to them. This at times led to three, when I became too desperate for sleep. But this added another fear. I was afraid I'd take too many and never wake up.

I became a clock watcher. When we would get visitors that would stay a little late, I knew I would have a horrible night ahead of me. The later they left, the more fearful I became.

At times I lay in bed and shook all over, but it was not from the cold. But at times I was cold all over. The tenseness seemed to slow down my circulation. When this happened, I would take more pills until sleep would overtake me. But the following day I would feel miserable, and groggy.

It didn't help matters any when I read in the papers that sedatives and sleeping pills can weaken the mind and mental powers. I told myself that I'm not taking them regularly, only when I needed them, and that was usually when I was in church or went to bed too late. My greatest misery was when I was away from home.

I dreaded to hear the striking of the clock. To me it was only a reminder that I was still awake, and that it was getting later all the time. Then more frightening thoughts would come.

These almost constant fears through the night were very hard on my health. I was at a point that I hardly knew what to do. I didn't realize that I was depending on tranquilizers instead of having the faith I should have had.

Then one night as I went to bed late, I had a strong desire to overcome this fear. I recalled the Bible verse, "I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me" (Philippians 4:13).

All things. All things. Surely, this included being able to go to sleep without depending on drugs. I didn't realize how very weak my faith had become because of the fears that ruled me. But now as I pondered over this Bible verse, my faith was revived. If the Bible said this then surely God could help me out of my fears.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me," I repeated as I stared into the darkness.

But as the clock struck ten, the old fears came back. On the stand in front of my bed were the tranquilizers and a glass of water. I had everything ready. But I was determined not to take any. I wanted to relax without them.

"Just see," said the spirit of fear in my heart, "it is now ten o'clock already and I haven't slept."

"Fear thou not," I whispered into the darkness, "for I am with thee: be not dismayed: for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41:10).

"If you can't sleep, then tomorrow you'll be too tired to go to church," came the troubling thoughts again.

I repeated the verse every time the thoughts came.

As before, my body began chilling instead of becoming warm. I lay tense as the evil thoughts ran through my mind. Earnestly I prayed for help. Other Bible verses came forth which I repeated. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" (Psalms 46:1)... "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved" (Psalms 55:22)... "Have faith in God"... "Trust in the Lord...". "Sorge nicht, denn er sorget für euch."

I repeated these verses over and over as I prayed. A wonderful peace possessed me and I lay calm and composed. The fears seemed far off.

As I heard the clock strike the hour of eleven, my body stiffened. Eleven o'clock already, and I haven't slept! The fears came back in full force. It seemed for awhile I didn't even have the faith to turn over in bed to get the pills. Quickly I swallowed them.

Afterwards I was sorry that I gave in. This inward struggle repeated itself many a night. At times I thought I won the battle, only to turn to the bottle of pills again.

One night when I went to bed late, God gave me grace and more determination. I prayed for wisdom to overcome. I asked God to put into my mind what to do and what to pray.

The battle was long and hard.

I could hear the even breathing of the others in the house. I was too ashamed— or did I have too much pride— to tell them what I was going through. I'm sure they would've helped me pray, had they known, and I could've conquered the fears more easily.

As I lay awake the evil forces of fear attacked me again. I told myself that it isn't necessary that I sleep many hours. By lying in bed the body would also get its rest. (A friend had explained this to me not long before this.) Then I repeated the Bible verse, "...he giveth his beloved sleep" (Psalms 127:2).

Surely, I told myself, if God loves me He will give me sleep. He promised He would. Then I prayed for sleep to come, and ended the prayer with, "...Deine willen gescheh. In Jesus Namen. Amen." (Thy will be done. In Jesus' Name. Amen.)

By this time God's grace strengthened me and my faith was greater than my fears.

"If it is God's will that I sleep then He will give me sleep," I reassured myself over and over as the evil forces struck at me through the darkness.

A peace flowed through my body and I lay calm and relaxed. I heard the clock strike eleven... then twelve..

#### LET US WITH A CHEERFUL MIND

Let us with a cheerful mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All our wants He doth supply,  
Loves to hear our humble cry,  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed,  
His full hand supplies our need,  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

The peace remained and the evil thoughts left me. As the chills left me, my body became warm and comfortable. Oh, how wonderful God's grace had proven to be! Had I only sought it long before this— instead of the tranquilizer bottle!

This fear had brought my health to a new low. Although it was conquered, the consequences I would feel for years to come.

I realize that there will be more fears to battle as I go through life. They may not be the same as this one, but may attack in a completely different manner.

Fear is a robber of the worst kind. If it would only rob people of their wealth, it would not be so bad. But fear does not only rob the people of their wealth, but also of their health. It brings imaginary sicknesses, and real sicknesses. It can persuade people to believe that it is only their nerves.

This brings more fear— and the worst is the fear that the mind will eventually fail. With this extra fear, the poor victim finds himself running to doctors, to chiropractors, and to anything that well-meaning friends recommend. This robs the pocket book. Naturally such fear will bring nervousness. When this prevails then the health will fail.

There are many types of fears.

I know a young non-Amish mother who nourished a fear that she was losing the love of her husband. It soon seemed to her that he paid much more attention to other women than he did to her. This brought on jealousy, and intensified the fear within her. She was sure that her premonitions were correct. She did not consider the fact that she had a good husband— one that wanted to do only what was right.

Then one day she became sick. When she saw the concern in her husband's face and voice, she was delighted. She received more attention from him, which should have given her the assurance that he was faithful. But when she was well again the old fear returned. After that there were many sicknesses in her life. If they were feigned, she was an expert in keeping this fact hidden. In a short time there were several trips to the hospital— some for minor reasons. Being her husband worked in a factory, the hospital bills were paid for.

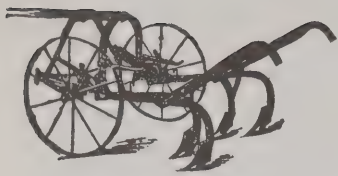
But there were many other trips to the doctor that weren't being paid by the insurance company. Because of this, hundreds of dollars were poured into the doctors' laps. Even if they called it just a "case of neurosis," they had to prescribe medicines in the drug store to keep the patient satisfied.

The Bible says that "perfect love casts out fear," but a perfect love towards God will resort to prayer for God's grace to overcome fear. It is one of the surest remedies to overcome this sneak-thief— fear.

When the spirit of fear enters the heart it's not always easy to dislodge. At times we do not associate it with something that can be completely overcome. We may laugh at our own "silly" fears afterwards, but at the time it is no laughing matter.

Fear and suspicion can ruin friendships. They can make one person lose confidence in another. Fear can do many things; but love is still stronger. If we live in perfect love, fear cannot pierce the armor of God— the shield of faith— the helmet of salvation.

We must have faith in the power of God. If we doubt, we become weaker spiritually and the spirit of fear can overcome us. God surely is our refuge, our strength, and a very present help in trouble (Psalms 46:1). ■■



# TOO LATE TO CHANGE

## IT NOW

By Elmer Schwartz

"It doesn't look like it will be fit to work in the field," Edward Yoder said to his wife as he sat down to eat breakfast, "so I think I'll go over to the implement auction today."

"How much did it rain last night?" his wife asked as she set a plate of eggs before him.

"We had over an inch. This will make us late with the plowing but it will be good for the grass. Do you want to go along to the sale."

"I think I'd better not," she answered after a moment's consideration. "The baby has a cold so I think I'd better stay at home with him."

The Yoders had just been married a little over a year and this was to be their first year at farming. Edward still needed a few tools and decided this would be a good time to go to the sale.

As soon as he had finished his after-breakfast chores, Edward was on his way to the sale. As he got closer to town, he saw several truckloads of machinery pass him. This made him a bit impatient and he tried to urge his horse to go faster. As he was tying up his horse at the hitching rack, a truck drove in with a cultivator on the back. Edward saw that it was their deacon, William Fry, in the truck. "I wonder if that's William's cultivator," Edward said to himself as he threw a canvas across the buggy seat and then ambled over to the cultivator.

"Is this your cultivator, William?" Edward asked as he started to inspect it.

"No," answered William, "it belongs to my neighbor. Do you need one?"

"Yes, I do." He took hold of a wheel and shook it a little to see if it was loose. "This looks like a pretty good one."

"Yes, it is," replied William as he sat down on the tongue. "Mr. Blair always kept it inside and took good care of it. He used it until about five years ago."

"You mean he still uses horses?"

"Yes, he did. He's just a bit old-fashioned. He did his plowing and discing with a tractor but light work like planting and cultivating he did with his team."

"Does he still have horses?"

"No, when his boy came home from the army about five years ago he took over the farm. One of his first transactions was to sell the horses. The old man took it pretty hard so the boy has just been selling the tools one every now and then."

Edward walked to the back of the cultivator and exclaimed, "Why, here's a shovel missing. Did you maybe lose it on the way over?"

"No," William answered with a chuckle. "Mr. Blair is a funny old man. He does things in an unusual way. If anybody tells him an easier way to do something, he always says, 'I've always done it this way. It's too late to change now'. Just take this cultivator for example, the first year I lived next to him, he was cultivating beside the field where I was mowing hay. When he turned around at the end, I noticed that a shovel was missing. I mentioned something to him and even offered to go home and get one of mine. I told him I had a few extra in the

tool shed but he was unconcerned about it as he could be. He said the shovel has been off about ten years already."

"You mean he knew the shovel was missing and he didn't do anything about it!" Edward exclaimed in disbelief.

"That's right," William answered with a chuckle. "When I wanted to go home and get one of mine, he just shrugged his shoulders and said, 'It's always been this way. It's too late to change it now.'"

"Well, that's about the queerest thing I ever heard," exclaimed Edward. "It's hard to believe anyone would be that unconcerned."

"I thought so too," the deacon answered, "for anyone knows his cornfield would have been in a lot better shape if he'd fixed up his cultivator!"

Just then Marvin Shetler walked up and after a few words of greeting he said to the deacon in a low voice, "Did you hear about the 'blow-out' the young folks had over at Andy Bontragers on Saturday night?"

"Yes, I heard about it," William replied shaking his head in disappointment. "I was over to talk to Andy. He doesn't know who brought the drinking along so what can we do?"

"Well, I think something should be done about it," Marvin said, indicating that he was not satisfied with William's answer.

Nervously William got up from the cultivator tongue. "But what can we do if we don't know who the guilty persons are?"

Marvin shook his head. After a brief pause, Edward ventured to offer his opinion. "Before I was married, we lived in Ohio and there we didn't have any young folks get-togethers on Saturday nights. I was just wondering if it wouldn't be better for the young folks around here, too."

"Yes, I agree," seconded Marvin. "If they are out the night before, it's no wonder so many of them are half asleep in church."

The deacon did not answer for some time. He seemed to be lost in deep thought. Then he answered, "I agree with you. I think so too. But it's always been this way and I'm afraid it's too late to change it now."

Just then the auctioneers came walking past to start selling so the conversation came to an abrupt halt.

Later as Edward was going home, he looked back at the cultivator tied behind his buggy. He was pleased with his purchase. As his eyes came to rest on the place where the shovel was missing, Edward thought to himself, "Mr. Blair must have been a queer fellow. He was satisfied to do his farming in such a half-hearted manner whereas if he would have been a little more concerned, he could have done a lot better job."

Just then the deacon's words echoed in his ears, "It's always been this way. It's too late to change now."

Edward's smile changed to a frown. "Why," he wondered out loud, "are some people always ready to make any change for an improvement in farming, but when it comes to rooting weeds out of the church, they think it's always been this way, and it's too late to change it now?"

■ ■

# FIRE

# IN THE

# ZURICH

# HILLS

By Joseph Stoll

This is a condensed version of the story which gives a gripping account of the early days of the Anabaptist movement. It is the cold stark facts about the times of persecution in which our forefathers lived. Information for the story has been taken from the court records of Zurich, and every major incident actually happened.

The condensed version will appear in Family Life in eight installments. The complete book, when it is ready will give more details on some of the happenings. The book should be available in the fall of 1973.

## Chapter 1

SUDDENLY MARX BOSHART jumped up from his stool. "I must be getting home," he said. "Regula will be wondering what became of me."

So saying, he pulled on his coat and hurried outside. "Good night," he called back, but the sound of his voice was lost as the wind caught the door and slammed it shut. Marx turned toward home, striding rapidly, avoiding the slippery patches of snow.

He glanced down over the lake, and caught his breath at the sight. The sun had slid behind the distant row of hills but the western sky was still alight. The thin wisps of clouds were painted pink and red, and the whole was reflected on the surface of the lake. Marx could make out the ice that had daily been freezing farther out from shore, and beyond the ice the choppy water of Lake Zurich.

Then Marx's eyes were drawn to the dark snowcloud in the north. The blackness of its shadow made the damp wind seem even colder, and Marx pulled his coat tighter. Directly beneath the cloud lay the city of Zurich. Through the dusk Marx could see a few lights twinkling in the city, four miles away, and then he heard the deep bong of the tower bell in the Grossmünster.

Marx walked on, his mind going over the talk of the evening. There were many things in the world to confuse a man, but he wouldn't let them bother him. He was just a farmer, a dirt farmer who grew grapes. He had been married only three months, and he had a wife to support. That was enough to worry about.

Marx looked again at the dark cloud over the city. According to Johann Brotli, there was a greater shadow hanging over the city. But what if a religious storm was about to break over Zurich? Let it break, thought Marx Boshart. It won't affect my life. I'm not a religious man.

IN THE WARM MUSTY STABLE, Marx milked the cow. The sound of the milk squirting into the pail, the clucking of the hens as they scratched in the manure,

the occasional bawling of the calf— these were the noises of the stable, but mixed with them were the sounds of early morning drifting in from outside. And then Marx heard his wife singing as she cooked breakfast.

The cow moved about restlessly, indicating that she had no more milk to give. With a few last strips, Marx got up and carried the brimming pail toward the kitchen. Dawn, gray and overcast, was beginning to break, lighting dully the fresh snowfall of the night. The air was cold but the wind had died down, and it seemed warmer to Marx than the evening before.

Marx was thinking again of the conversation in the shoemaker's shop. Absently, he set the milk pail by the door where he usually left his boots, and carried his boots inside.

"Marx, are you still asleep?" asked his young wife, trying not to giggle.

Marx laughed in spite of himself, and quickly returned the boots and got the milk. "No, Regula," he grinned, "I wasn't sleeping, just dreaming."

"And your dreams, what were they about if I may ask?" Regula approached her husband and placed her hand on his shoulder. She smiled up into his eyes.

"Nothing much. About what Fridli Schumacher and Johann Brotli were talking of last night while I was there."

Regula Boshart waited patiently for Marx to explain.

"Brotli is going to Zurich today to take part in a debate. About baptism. You know how he feels about baptizing babies."

"Yes."

"Well, Zwingli will defend the old way. Brotli is wor-

ried the council won't give them a fair chance against Zwingli. In fact, he says he's sure of it. I guess one other time when they had a debate, every time they tried to say something, Zwingli cut them off... choked the words in their throats, Brotli said."

"They... them? Who is it? Who is with Brotli?" Regula asked, perplexed. She poured some fresh milk into mugs and set the table for four.

"I don't know too well myself. Brotli talks about Conrad Grebel and Felix Monz, and I take it they are the leaders against infant baptism. Then he talked some about a new fellow, a stranger from the Grisons, Blau-rock I think his name is."

"And Wilhelm? You forgot Wilhelm, Marx."

"Of course, there's Wilhelm. He'll surely be passing through the village this morning if he didn't go to Zurich earlier. I guess Wilhelm Reublin was the first priest in the whole country to preach against baptizing babies."

"And the first priest to marry," added Regula.

"The very first, though Brotli wasn't far behind him. Those two men are alike in a lot of ways, it seems to

me, though Wilhelm is almost old enough to be Brotli's father. The way Wilhelm has preached in Wytikon against infant baptism is just like Johann Brotli has preached in our village. And both of them have been in trouble with the law about it."

"And they'll probably keep on being in trouble, Marx," said the young wife, a worried note entering her voice. "I wonder if you should talk to Johann so much. I don't want you in prison." She reached over and touched his shirt cuff possessively.

"Ho," laughed Marx. "Don't worry about me. I'm not a priest nor a preacher. Why shouldn't I visit with Johann Brotli? He lives with my brother-in-law, and that's excuse enough. Anyway, I hardly see him once a week. If you want to worry, better worry about Fridli's wife. She's your sister, and she and Johann's wife have their heads together all the time."

Regula carried the broth from the fireplace and placed it on the table. Marx watched her, admiringly. As far as he was concerned, he had married the prettiest girl in Zollikon.

"Isn't Father up yet?" asked Regula. "And Valentin? Breakfast is ready."

"Your father was packing a few things for his trip to Zurich," said Marx. "I'll call him. And Valentin too."

Marx skipped lightly up the stairs to the second floor of the stone house. In a few minutes he returned, followed by two men. One was Regula's father, Rudolph Thomann, or "little Rudi" as he was commonly known. Rudi was a small thin man of sixty, bald down to the tops of his ears, a fast and easy talker. His wife had been dead several years.

Behind Rudi stalked the hired man, Valentin. At eighteen Valentin was already over six feet tall, and he was still growing. To hide his height, Valentin bent forward, stoop-shouldered.

The three men sat down to breakfast, and Regula took her place at the end of the table.

They had barely begun to eat when a rapping sounded at the door. Marx rose to open it.

"Do step inside," he said, as he recognized the two men standing in the snow of the doorstep.

"Uh, we hardly have time, have we, Johann?" asked the elder of the two men.

"Not much," answered Johann Brotli. "You see, Marx," he explained, "Wilhelm and I are headed for Zurich, and we want to be there when the debate begins. But Fridli said something about your father-in-law going to Zurich today, too, and we thought it would only be courtesy to offer that he walk with us."

"Come on in and sit down while I ask him," urged Marx, warmly. "He is eating breakfast, but I do believe he could be ready in five minutes."

Wilhelm Reublin and Johann Brotli entered the house and seated themselves, yet Marx could see they did not relax. He quickly explained to his father-in-law what the travelers wanted.

"I would be most happy for their company," Rudi Thomann answered quickly. "If they'll excuse me for one moment while I swallow some more breakfast, I'll be right with them."

"Don't you wish you were going along, Marx?" asked Johann.

"Really, I'd have no business in Zurich," Marx answered.

"But the debate..."

"That would be too deep for me to follow," Marx ob-

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\* CAN THIS BE CHRISTMAS? \*  
\* What meaneth all this fuss and worry? \*  
\* Whence go these crowds to run and scurry? \*  
\* Why all the lights— the Christmas trees? \*  
\* And the silly "fat man?" tell me please! \*  
\* Why don't you know? This is the day \*  
\* When everybody should be gay, \*  
\* For this is Christmas! \*  
\* So this is Christmas, do you say? \*  
\* But where is Christ this Christmas Day? \*  
\* Has He been lost among the throng? \*  
\* His voice drowned out by empty song? \*  
\* No, He's not here— you'll find Him where \*  
\* Some humble soul now kneels in prayer; \*  
\* There you'll find Christ— not Christmas. \*  
\* But see the many fickle thousands \*  
\* Who gather on this Christmas Day, \*  
\* Whose ears have never yet been opened, \*  
\* Or said to Him, "Come in to stay." \*  
\* In countless homes the candles burning, \*  
\* In countless hearts expectant yearning \*  
\* For gifts and presents, food and fun, \*  
\* And laughter till the day is done, \*  
\* But not a tear or grief or sorrow \*  
\* For Him so poor He had to borrow \*  
\* A crib, a colt, a boat, a bed \*  
\* Where He could lay His weary head. \*  
\* I'm sick of all empty celebration, \*  
\* Of feasting, drinking, recreation; \*  
\* I'll go instead to Calvary. \*  
\* And there I'll kneel with those who know \*  
\* The meaning of that manger low, \*  
\* And find the CHRIST— not Christmas. \*  
\* In endless bliss we then shall dwell \*  
\* With Him who saved our souls from hell, \*  
\* And worship HIM— not Christmas! \*  
\* -Dr. M. R. Dehann \*  
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jected, blushing. "I couldn't make head nor tail of it. That's out of my line; I'm a farmer."

"I think you could," said Johann kindly.

Just then Rudi Thomann came bustling downstairs closing his coat and carrying a bundle under his arm. "Come now," he said, "let's be off promptly. I don't want to be the fault if these gentlemen are late."

The three men left.

Marx got up from his chair at the table, stretched himself, then told Valentin what work he could do that day. Then he turned and helped his wife wash the dishes. Regula was surprised. And delighted.

AT NOON WEDNESDAY Rudi Thomann came stepping smartly into his house at Zollikon. His trip to Zurich had gone well; and moreover, he had had time in the afternoon to spend a few hours at the much-talked-about debate. Following that, his kind fellow-travelers, Wilhelm Reublin and Johann Brotli, had persuaded him to dine with them for the evening meal.

"I didn't know supper would turn out to be a religious meeting," he told Marx and Regula. "We were hardly finished eating when the people started to come. Conrad Grebel was there, and Manz, and that new fellow Blaurock. Everybody was talking about the debate and what might come of it. Some thought it went off well, but most of them figured it didn't gain them much. They were in suspense last night, not knowing what the council would rule on it, or what steps Zwingli would take next. Then this morning..."

"Did the council pass any new acts?" Marx interrupted.

"Yes, new, but not really new," continued Rudi.

"They passed a resolution this morning stating that Zwingli had won the debate, therefore all newborn babies must be baptized, and those that haven't been baptized are given eight days to get it done. Any parents who aren't willing to obey are supposed to leave the canton and live somewhere else. The council won't put up with unbaptized babies."

"They're pretty well set on it, are they?" mused Marx.

"Absolutely!" exclaimed Rudi. "Might as well try to move these hills as to expect the council to show patience toward those who won't baptize their babies."

"And I suppose," put in Marx, "that Grebel and Manz aren't about to change their minds either."

"No, they certainly aren't," said Rudi forcefully. "Here again it would be as easy to move a mountain as to make them give up. Why, did you know that young Grebil and his wife have a new baby, a little girl less than two weeks old?"

At these words Regula took interest. "Really?" she asked. "And it's not been baptized yet?"

"No, it hasn't," said Rudi. "I heard Conrad say last night, 'The child is a girl, named Rachel, and she has not yet been baptized in the Romish waterbath.' From the way he said it, I could tell he isn't planning to have it done in the next eight days either."

"Oh my, such a mix-up," sighed Regula. "And the poor little babies are in the middle of it and don't know what it's all about."

"Just as good they don't," observed Rudi dryly. "But my guess is the worst is still coming. Looks like a deadlock of ideas to me, and nobody is going to give up. But Zwingli has the council on his side, and they carry the sword, so of course, they will overcome."

So saying, Rudi Thomann took out some business pa-

pers from his bag and began to do some figuring. As far as he was concerned, the discussion on baptism was closed.

ON SATURDAY, EARLY in the afternoon, some villager came home from Zurich bringing the news of the council's latest move. Marx had been ready to return to work when he heard it. At once he dropped his ax and went in to talk to his wife. Rudi was there too, having just awakened from his after-dinner nap.

"Regula! Father!" called Marx, short of breath.

"The council has acted. Conrad Grebel and Felix Manz have been forbidden to teach or preach anywhere in the canton. They're completely silenced, so it will mean the end of their Bible readings. Grandfather will be upset, I'm sure."

"I expected as much," said Rudi, cleaning his teeth with his fingers.

MARX SAT UP IN BED and rubbed his eyes. What had wakened him? A rooster crowed in the stable. It must be near morning, yet the night was dark still. Had there been a knock at the door?

Yes, there it was again. A quick rapping. Marx slipped into his trousers, and without awakening his wife, stepped quietly to the front door. Not wanting to wake the whole household, he whispered, "Who is there?"

"Your friend Johann, Johann Brotli," came the answer.

Quickly Marx unbarred the heavy door and swung it open. Johann Brotli stepped inside, shivering from the cold. In the dark hallway Marx could not see the expression on his face.

"I'm sorry for wakening you," Johann apologized. "It's almost morning, and I supposed you might be up already."

"That's all right," Marx assured him; his wonder increasing by the minute what his visitor wanted.

"I am just now coming home from Zurich," Johann explained. Marx could detect excitement in his voice. "You heard about the council's ruling yesterday, did you? That I'm given eight days to get out of the canton?"

"Yes, we heard."

"Listen, Marx," Johann whispered, "a great thing took place tonight. I'm on my way home to tell my wife about it. And to tell Fridli and his family. For some reason as I was passing, I felt compelled to stop in and invite you and Regula over to hear about it too."

"You mean now?"

"Yes, as soon as you can come over. I want to return to Zurich again soon after dawn."

Marx yawned. He was still partly asleep, and he tried to get his befuddled brain to think. Go over to Fridli Schumachers now? At five o'clock in the morning? It seemed rather senseless, and yet...

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER the Bosharts quietly entered the shoemaker shop. A lamp flickered in the corner. Fridli motioned the new comers to chairs around the table, where the Brotlis and the Schmachers were already gathered.

By the lamplight Marx could see that Johann's face was aglow, and his eyes sparkled with excitement. Surely he must have gone through a soul-moving experience.

"My beloved brethren," Brotli began, his voice faltering with emotion. "The Lord does not forsake those

who call in faith upon his name. And so, He has at last heard our prayer and has shown us what must be done. In the last few years we have often met together to study and discuss the Scriptures— Conrad Grebel and Felix Manz and others of us. Point by point God has opened our eyes to His will and has shown us what kind of church he desires. The way has not been easy; we have stumbled and faltered, and nearly lost hope, and yet surely this was all God's workings to make us more dependent upon him. The vision of a true church of Christian believers...this vision has grown and grown until it fills most of our waking hours."

Johann Brotli was speaking from the heart. He looked at his wife, and then he continued, "More and more we have come to realize that if we are to build a true church today, it will be just like the first New Testament church, a suffering and persecuted church. This was hard to accept, and harder yet to act in the face of it, but the conviction last night came overwhelmingly to all of us brethren that we could no longer put it off, we could no longer nurse the vain hope that Ulrich Zwingli might join us and be our leader, we could no longer wait for a more favorable time. The vision of a true church of Christ, a called-out people, holy and redeemed, and baptized upon their faith in Jesus— this is the vision that led us on."

"What...what did you do?" asked Mrs. Brotli with wide eyes, staring at her husband.

"I will come to that presently," Johann Brotli said. "Yesterday when we heard the severe move against us by the council, all of us felt crushed at first. The feeling was of despair, discouragement. What could we do now? No more meetings for Bible study. Four of us banished from the canton. Where was there yet hope?"

Marx leaned closer, his elbows on the table. He hadn't meant to get involved in these religious matters, yet he felt his heart beating faster.

"Word was whispered around," continued Brotli, "that we must meet at Felix Manz's house late last night to talk and pray about the matter, and although the meeting in itself was an unlawful act, we had no choice but obey God rather than men."

"So, late in the evening we met at Mrs. Manz's house, about a dozen of us. We discussed the council's action first and what it meant. Then Conrad read from the Scriptures to us. So many of the verses fitted the moment. As we sat there, we could feel the Spirit of God at work; a great anxiety came upon us and we were moved in our hearts. What was God now asking of us? What did He expect us to do? Wasn't it expecting too much that we should face persecution? And yet when we remembered the steadfastness of the Apostles, we were strengthened. Maybe we too can endure, if the Lord helps us."

"At last we knelt in prayer, and we poured out our hearts to God that He might have mercy upon us and grant us grace to do his Divine will. I tell you, friends, it was a moving experience." There were tears in Johann's eyes now.

He continued. "I think we all felt in our hearts what should come next and yet it was difficult, since it was so different from anything in our time. Often we had read how men and women of the New Testament were baptized upon their faith, but none of us had ever seen it done. We had watched babies being baptized, yes, but that isn't really baptism."

"As we rose from our prayer, Georg Blaurock turned

to Grebel and said, 'Brother Conrad, I ask it of you that you would baptize me with the true Christian baptism, upon my faith and knowledge.' And with these words he fell on his knees before Conrad. What else...?" Brotli's voice choked; he cleared his throat and went on, "What else could Conrad do but baptize him?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Fridli.

"And then, Georg having been baptized, the rest of us turned to him and also asked for baptism. Brother Georg Blaurock then baptized us, one by one, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

"Oh, Johann," Mrs. Brotli began to cry, and then to shake with sobs. "Oh, Johann, why did you do it, why did you do it?"

"But dear," Brotli rebuked her, "It was surely the leading of God, since in all this country there is no church living by the New Testament."

"I know," sobbed his wife. "I know it in my head, but my heart fights against it. I am afraid this will take you away from me, maybe...maybe even cost your life."

"And what if it does?" Johann asked in a calm voice. "Surely the soul is worth more than the body."

The group sat silent for some time, each absorbed in his own thoughts. A new church had been organized! How far would this movement spread? Would Zwingli, with the help of the council, wipe it out ruthlessly? Or would the new church, God being with it, grow and grow in spite of persecution, until it would fill all of Switzerland. Surely Johann had been right when he said a great thing had taken place during the night.

"But come," said Johann, "I have not finished. After the baptism, certain of us brethren were chosen as ministers and leaders, and appointed to teach and preach and baptize."

"Are you one?" asked Fridli, suddenly showing great interest.

"Yes, Fridli," Johann answered humbly, lowering his head, his voice trembling. "I am one. Other ministers are Georg Blaurock, Conrad Grebel, and Felix Manz. Perhaps later there will be more, as the church grows."

"Do you think it will grow then?" asked Marx, watching Johann closely. He had not had time to think this new thing through, and he did not know what to make of it.

"I think it will grow," answered Brotli, with conviction. "I think this village of Zollikon, as one example, is like a field of wheat waiting for the sickle. There are dozens of people here who want to serve God, and have only in the last year or so become acquainted with the Bible. As the Bible is read more and more and the truth is taught, the church will grow just like it did in New Testament times."

"But Zwingli..." objected Marx.

"If God be for us, who can be against us? The early church at Jerusalem had its problems too, with both the Jews and the Roman governor striving against the Christians. If God could convert a persecutor like Paul, he might change Zwingli's heart, too, who knows? And even if God doesn't do that, He has changed our hearts. And for me, just now, that is enough." Johann Brotli was satisfied.

Fridli Schumacher looked at his wife, a troubled expression on his face. For a moment he seemed torn by indecision, then abruptly he spoke, "Johann, if it is God's will so, I would like the church here in Zollikon to begin today. If you are willing, I too want to be baptized. For two years you have lived here in my house,

and during this time you have taught me much about the ways of God. I know there is much I need to learn, and I am but a weak and ignorant shoemaker, yet if you think I am fit, I ask it of you."

"Brother Fridli," Johann answered with feeling in his voice, "give God the glory, and Him alone, if through me you could learn faith in Jesus Christ. You are not a child...indeed you are a grown person and know what this symbol of baptism means, that it signifies an inner change of heart, a new birth into the kingdom of God. It means putting off the old man with all his lusts and desires, and becoming a new creature in Christ Jesus. I think we should pray."

Dawn was beginning to show at the windows as the group knelt in earnest prayer in the shoemaker's shop. Johann Brotli led in praying, imploring God to show them His will and to lead them by His Word and by His Spirit.

When they had risen from prayer, the group waited for Johann to proceed. He sat quietly, as if in deep meditation. Then he opened the New Testament and read the ninth chapter of Acts and the fifth chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians.

Then Johann announced, "I would like to return to Zurich shortly, but first I would like to have a word alone with my wife. Then perhaps you, Fridli, can accompany me as far as Hirslanden, and there at the well, the Lord willing, we will perform the baptism ceremony. I hope the rest of you can come along too."

Marx looked at Regula. He saw that her eyes were red, and he knew she was sympathizing with the two women whose husbands were giving themselves willingly to danger by being baptized. But she need not weep for her own husband. Marx Boshart had no intentions of being baptized. He had never been a man to rush into something. He would watch awhile first.

Johann was talking to him. "Marx," he asked, "would you like to go along to Hirslanden?"

To his own surprise, Marx heard himself saying, "Yes, I would like to go along and see how it's done. After all, Fridli is my brother-in-law."

"Then we'll come past your place in a half hour or so," said Johann.

THE VILLAGE WELL at Hirslanden, between Zollikon and Zurich, was equipped with a hand-cranked winch and a rope with which to draw up the pails of water. Someone had carelessly spilled some water, and the winter cold had frozen it into solid ice around the base of the well.

As the group from Zollikon approached the well that January morning in 1525, Johann Brotli was in the lead. He stepped lightly over the ice, unwound the rope, and dangled the pail into the depth of the well. Hearing the splash below, he jerked on the rope several times so the pail would fill, and then slowly he turned the crank, bringing the pail of sparkling water to the surface.

Marx Boshart drew near and reached out for the pail. He set the water down in front of Johann, then drew back to watch. The village was quiet at this hour on a Sunday morning. No one was in sight.

Brotli took out his New Testament and began to read aloud from it. Fridli stood beside him, his head bowed. To one side stood Fridli's wife and Regula.

Marx grew nervous. He wished Johann would hurry. What if someone should happen by, and wonder what was going on? Marx raised his eyes and peered down the road. No one had followed them from Zollikon. Then he

turned the other way, toward Zurich. Far in the distance a man was walking.

Marx wanted to whisper, "Johann, hurry, someone is coming." But he did not. He listened as Johann read on and on. Brotli was not nervous.

He closed his Testament and turned toward Fridli. "Now then, Brother Fridli..."

Marx interrupted him. "Johann," he said, "there is a man approaching. He is almost here. Why don't you wait till he passes?"

Johann looked up. The man was indeed near. He was carrying a bundle that looked like it might contain clothes.

Johann Brotli's face lighted up in a smile. "No need to fear that man, Marx," he said. "That is Hans Oggenfusz, the tailor. He has long been a friend of Conrad Grebel."

"Good morning, friend Johann," called out Oggenfusz as he came up. He looked at the pail full of water, and the group gathered around the well, and asked, "What goes on here?"

"This is a Christian baptism ceremony, Hans," Brotli explained. "We were about to proceed when you approached."

Oggenfusz looked surprised, and Marx guessed that for some reason or other he had not been present the previous night.

Johann Brotli solemnly dipped his hands into the pail while Fridli Schumacher knelt before him on the snow and ice. Holding his filled hands above Fridli's head, Johann pronounced, "I baptize you, Brother Fridli, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

Marx Boshart watched as the water trickled down through his brother-in-law's thick hair, and dripped onto his collar. Fridli got up, and the ceremony was over.

IT WAS WEDNESDAY EVENING, January 25, 1525, in Zollikon.

Inside the house Marx Boshart heard the light knock of the callers. He turned to his father-in-law and said, "I think they are here."

Rudi Thomann had been resting in his sturdy oak chair and he was on his feet in an instant. The wiry little man strode to the front door and flung it open. "Welcome to my home," he said warmly, drawing the two men inside and closing the door. "The meal will soon be ready. Would you like to come sit in the parlor until Regula calls?"

Marx rose to greet the two men, Johann Brotli and Wilhelm Reublin. The visitors seated themselves.

The talk soon turned to the topic that was foremost in each of their minds. "It is most kind of you to invite Wilhelm and me tonight," Johann said. "This has been a hard week for my wife and me, and I suppose it is the same with brother Wilhelm..."

"Yes, it is difficult," agreed Wilhelm.

Brotli continued, "There is so much to do, getting ready to leave our home on such short notice and bidding farewell to all our friends and brethren. Just think, three more days..."

"It is hard to leave our homes," put in Wilhelm, "but the hardest part is to leave at this time, now when we are most needed. Both Johann and I have worked and prayed for this moment, and now we must leave."

"No doubt God will raise up other men to take our places, Wilhelm," said Brotli.

"Then you think...you think this baptizing will

spread?" Marx asked.

"Indeed I think God will have a church here in Zollikon," spoke Johann Brotli with conviction. "And a church in Wytikon where Wilhelm has been sowing the good seed. And other churches here and there throughout every canton of Switzerland, and even beyond."

Rudi Thomann had been silent. He whittled nervously with a small knife. Now he got up and paced across the room, then returned to his armchair and sat down.

"But Ulrich Zwingli," he muttered. "Don't forget Zwingli, and the great council of Zurich."

"Zwingli and the council cannot stop the work of God," said Wilhelm Reublin.

"I don't know. I don't know about that," mused Rudi, whittling more rapidly, the shavings gathering on the floor in front of him.

At that moment Regula appeared in the doorway and bashfully announced that the evening meal was ready. The four men got up and entered the front room, where a lamp on the wall lit up the table filled with food.

A bowl of steaming vegetable broth had been set in the center of the table, and around it had been placed the bread, the cheese, and the milk. The men sat down, and bowed their heads while Wilhelm spoke a short prayer of thanksgiving.

Marx handed the bread and cheese to the visitors, and Rudi invited them to eat well as guests in his house.

As Wilhelm bit into the cheese, he glanced toward Rudi and said, "I suppose you are ready for more company when it comes."

Rudi answered with a quick smile. "The parlor is swept," he said, "but truly, I am curious who is coming. I've been wondering who it could be ever since you hinted that some friends of yours might call tonight after supper."

Wilhelm Reublin smiled in return. "I realize it is not the usual practice for guests to invite others to join them, especially when there is a law against their gathering together in the first place. That is why I asked you if it would be all right. I might as well tell you who I am expecting. Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock will be here tonight."

A thrill ran through Marx Boshart. He had heard so much these last few days about Blaurock and Manz, and tonight they would be here in person.

A few minutes later, just as Wilhelm Reublin was reaching for the last piece of cheese, a soft tapping was heard on the outer door. Marx pushed back his chair and excused himself. He opened the door and peered into the darkness. His eyes fell upon two men.

"This is the house of Rudi Thomann?" asked the taller of the two men, stepping into the light.

"It is," replied Marx. "May I enquire who you are and from where you come?"

"I am Georg Blaurock," answered the tall man, "a native of the Grisons, and a lowly servant of the Lord. My companion is Felix Manz."

Marx Boshart looked at the two men closely. The elder of the two, the one who had said he was Georg Blaurock, at once drew his attention. Blaurock was a man of energy who missed nothing that was happening around him. Marx could tell, from the way Georg's eyes took in all that was in the room, and from the way he dominated the conversation. His voice was deep and ringing and his words fell out in a clipped rapid way. His dark hair he wore thick and long, but on top he was balding. His beard, too, was black with but a few wisps of gray

running through it. Blaurock was a big man, a forceful personality who believed in what he was doing with his whole heart. Marx watched his face.

"But do be seated," came Rudi Thomann's voice. He had brought in chairs from the parlor. "My guests have not quite finished dining. Perhaps you too would like to eat a bite."

"No, thank you," came Felix Manz's polite answer. "We ate just before we left Zurich."

As Regula began to gather up the dishes, the men retired to the parlor. Rudi placed chairs around a long table and set a lamp upon it. The men produced copies of the New Testament and placed them upon the table. Then one by one they sat down. Marx sat at one end, near the door, so that when the neighbors arrived whom Brotli expected, he could show them in.

He had not long to wait. They came in a group, three men. He knew them well. There was his gray-bearded grandfather, Jacob Hottinger himself, and uncle Hans Bruggbach from the neighboring village, Zumikon. Uncle Hans had married one of the Hottinger daughters and often came home to Zollikon to visit. The third man... Marx looked again. It was Heinrich Thomann, but no, it couldn't be Heinrich. Surely not.

What could Heinrich want here at his brother's house this evening? Had he come to see Rudi on business, and happened to arrive just as the two other men got there?

Marx knew Heinrich Thomann was a loyal churchman, a faithful disciple of Zwingli. Just the past week Marx had overheard Heinrich talking to Rudi, telling him what he thought of these rebaptizers. No, Marx could not imagine what had brought Heinrich over this evening, unless it was pure curiosity. Heinrich pulled off his outer coat and prepared to sit down. Clearly, he was planning to stay.

Georg Blaurock was speaking. "We are gathered here tonight in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, God's only begotten Son, who was sent to earth that we poor sinful men might be redeemed. We are not come together to pass the time idly, we have not come to play and drink, we have not come to entertain each other with stories. No, brethren, we have gathered here to seek more fully the will of God for us. We have gathered here to praise and glorify God's name. We have gathered to bring sinners to repentance."

Marx listened closely. He was fascinated by Blaurock's speaking, his rhythmic voice that rose and fell constantly, the accent that was different from the speech of Zollikon. The words flowed on and on as if under pressure. Blaurock was born orator.

But soon Marx Boshart forgot Blaurock's manner of speaking; he forgot his wonderful voice. His full attention was drawn to what Blaurock was saying. The message suddenly overshadowed the message-bearer.

Ever since Sunday when Fridli Schumacher had been baptized by the well, Marx had been telling himself he would not get involved. If his brother-in-law joined the new church, that was his business. He admired Fridli's courage and sincerity. But it was not for him. He would stay clear.

Georg Blaurock spoke earnestly, "Christ said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' If we do not keep His commandments, then clearly we do not love Him. Then our faith is vain; it is not acceptable, and we are not redeemed—verily we are still in our sins and serving the old man of the flesh. We have not yet crucified our flesh with its affections and lusts, as the Apostle

tells us we must. We have not given ourselves wholly to God to follow him as dear children."

"It is not enough to say, 'Lord, Lord'. Jesus said, 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' We can hear to-day a great outcry in Zurich and in places abroad, of a new movement to God. But what is it more than a crying of 'Lord, Lord', when even the leader, Master Zwingli, is not fully surrendered to do the will of our Father in heaven."

For ten more minutes Blaurock spoke, occasionally swinging his hands for emphasis. Then he turned to Felix Manz and said, "Brother Felix will now read from the Bible."

Felix turned the pages of the New Testament in front of him and announced, "Here in these pages the will of God is written; here we must turn for the answer when we are puzzled and do not know what we should do; here is the voice of authority, the voice of God."

Felix Manz read from Romans 8, occasionally pausing to comment on a verse. Marx lost track of where he was reading, so he leaned back in his chair and listened. He could not remember having heard this chapter before. The words were new. The message was challenging, yet frightening. "For if ye shall live after the flesh, ye shall die..."

Marx's eyes wandered around the table. Uncle Hans Bruggbach was leaning forward, listening eagerly to every word that fell from Felix Manz's lips. Grandfather Hottinger had his eyes closed, but Marx knew he was not dozing. Grandfather had told him that in this way he could concentrate better.

Then Marx saw Heinrich Thomann. For a moment he forgot about the chapter being read. Heinrich had pushed his chair back as if to escape the message by getting as far away from it as he conveniently could. Heinrich's face showed boredom and outright disgust. Once more Marx wondered what could have possibly brought him to this meeting.

When Manz had finished reading the chapter from Romans, Wilhelm read the third chapter of the letter to the Colossians. As Marx listened, he began to feel a tenseness in the room. Uncle Hans was biting his upper lip, a sure sign that he was nervous. Wilhelm read, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth..."

Marx could feel his scalp prickle, and a great longing for something he could not define filled his being. In his mind he scolded himself. He must not let himself get involved.

The words continued, "...also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man."

Marx tried closing his eyes as his grandfather was doing, to see if thus his mind would clear. He hoped Regula had finished with the dishes, and was listening. He looked around. Yes, there she was, seated on a stool by the doorway.

But now the Scripture reading was finished, and Blaurock had called for prayer. The nine men turned to kneel and Georg Blaurock led in praying, in words so earnest that Marx felt chills go up and down his back.

Suddenly, unexplainably, hot tears burned his eyes. What has come over me? Marx chided himself. weep like a woman.

The prayer was ended, and as Marx got to his feet and swung around to sit down, he saw with the corner of his eye that Heinrich Thomann had not knelt with the rest; he sat stiffly in his chair, staring straight ahead.

Now there was sobbing, and Marx turned toward the sound. Uncle Hans Bruggbach had his head in his hands and was crying uncontrollably. Gradually, though, the sobs grew less, and Uncle Hans cried out in an anguished voice, "I...I am a great sinner before God."

Blaurock was at his side, and in a voice that was very gentle he said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"Then...then pray to God for me, will you?"

"Let us kneel once more," said Blaurock. "A soul is near the kingdom, so let each of us open his heart to God and pray that brother Hans may find grace in His sight."

Again the group knelt in prayer, this time silently.

When they rose, Georg Blaurock turned to Hans and asked, "Do you sincerely desire the sign of baptism, to show that you have repented from sin, are dead to the old man, and want to walk henceforth in the ways of the Lord?"

Hans Bruggbach of Zumikon answered simply, "Yes."

Felix Manz rose to his feet. "Can anyone forbid water to baptize this man?"

"No one," said Blaurock.

"Would you kindly bring us some water?" Felix asked of Rudi.

Rudi Thomann hurried to the front room, and came back with a pail of water and a little dipper. He set it on the table.

Hans Bruggbach went to his knees in front of Felix Manz, and Manz took the dipper in his hand, filled it with water from the pail, and slowly poured it over the head of the kneeling man, saying as he did so, "This water is a symbol of the grace of God. In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, I baptize you."

Marx looked over toward Regula. She sat on the stool, her hands folded in her lap, watching the scene. Her face was sober and strained. As Marx caught her eye, she glanced toward him and smiled slightly.

Marx looked again. In the dim unlighted hallway behind Regula, he made out the form of Valentin, the hired man. Valentin had gone to visit a friend, but he had come back early. Marx wondered when he had come in, and how much he had heard and seen.

Hans Bruggbach had taken his seat. Now Jacob Hottinger spoke, "I too request the sign of baptism," he said. "For some months now I have been reading and studying the Bible, and have traveled to Zurich many times for Bible readings. I think the time has come to form a church of God here in Zollikon. The time has come to choose whom we will serve. As for me and my house, I would like to say with Joshua, we will serve the Lord."

"May God be your strength," breathed Johann Brotli.

Felix Manz picked up the dipper again, and following the same procedure, baptized old Jacob Hottinger.

"And now," said Georg Blaurock, looking around the room from one face to the next. "If there are other persons present tonight who wish to draw up a covenant with God and begin a new life in Him, they make their

desires known." His eyes rested on Marx and stayed there.

Marx reached up to wipe the sweat from his forehead. His face burned, and it seemed as if all eyes were turned toward him. No one spoke. They were waiting.

Marx Boshart coughed. He had to look up, to see what Regula thought. He raised his head. Regula had her face down. But Marx had seen something else. He had seen Heinrich Thomann. Heinrich was horrified by what had taken place. Marx could tell by the firm set of his mouth. And Heinrich was a close friend of Hans Wuest, the village bailiff. No, this was not the time to be baptized, Marx was certain.

Georg Blaurock continued preaching for half an hour. Heinrich got up and joined Valentin in the darkened hallway.

Suddenly the outer door banged shut loudly, as if it had been slammed with force. The men at the table jerked to attention, and Rudi and Marx got up to investigate.

A moment later Rudi said, "It was my brother. I could see that Heinrich was upset, but I didn't know he

was leaving."

"Do you think...? Might he...?" Johann Brotli began to ask.

"Has he gone for the bailiff, do you suppose?" asked Wilhelm.

"I don't think so," answered Rudi, with some confidence. "I think he went home."

The meeting had come to a close by the sudden interruption, and now Grandfather Hottinger got up to go home. Uncle Hans Bruggbach followed. With tears in their eyes they bade the brethren farewell. A few minutes later Brotli and Reublin also went out into the night.

"You will sleep here, am I right?" Rudi Thomann asked, speaking to Felix Manz and Georg Blaurock.

"We will gladly stay," answered Blaurock. "The hour is late and we are tired. Besides, I have a feeling our labor in this house is not yet complete."

Rudi Thomann looked at him with a question in his eyes.

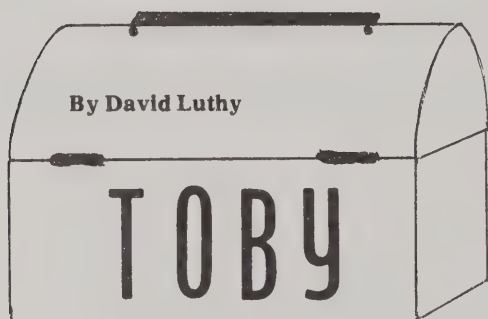
Georg merely said, "We shall see. Come morning, the Lord willing, we shall see."

—To be Continued Next Month

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## CHILDREN'S SECTION

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### and the TEASER

**A**ll during breakfast Toby Chupp had just one thing on his mind— sledding on the hill behind the schoolhouse. The winter so far had not had much snow. Different times the boys had brought their sleds to school with grand hopes of good sledding, but each time the snow had been too light. They had been able to go down the hill a few times, but the snow had either soon melted or was so crisscrossed with tracks that the sleds went slowly. This morning, though, Toby had a feeling that the snow had come to stay. "It should be days before last night's snow melts," he told himself. "We should have great sledding!"

Toby wasn't the only boy at Sandy Hill school who knew there would be good sledding that day. The snow-covered road in front of the school was streaked with marks made by sleds being pulled to school by the pupils.

"Hi, Toby," greeted Andy Bontrager, one of Toby's classmates. "You can't imagine how smooth and fast the sledding is this morning. I wish the teacher would give us a free period this morning."

Toby pulled his sled to the edge of the hill and flopped down on it expecting to go sailing down the hill at a record speed. But the sled didn't move at all. A turn of his head told Toby why not. "Hey, Raymond, let go of my sled!" barked Toby.

"Ha, ha," laughed Raymond Miller. "That was a good one. Toby thought he was going to whiz down the hill and he just lay there."

Toby barely heard Raymond's words for he was on his sled now and this time doing what he had expected to do a moment ago— racing at top speed down the hill. Never before had he gone so fast and it almost frightened him. But there were no trees in the pasture at the foot of the hill, so Toby had nothing really to fear. The sled traveled across the level pasture farther than it ever had before. "At noon we'll have to see whose sled can go the farthest," thought Toby as he began to pull his sled back up the long hill. "Say, going back up the hill isn't very easy. I guess the snow works two ways. It gives us a faster ride downhill but a slower walk back up."

Toby was concentrating on each slippery step he was taking and did not see Raymond Miller coming toward him at lightening speed. But when Raymond yelled "B-E-E-P! B-E-E-P!" like a loud car horn alongside him, Toby jerked his head up and nearly lost his footing. "Oh, that Raymond Miller," muttered Toby as he braced himself to keep from falling. "If it isn't one prank it's another. Why doesn't he leave me alone. It sure was nice at Sandy Hill all the years before he came here. Why did his folks have to move here last summer anyway?"

The school bell rang when Toby was nearing the top of the hill. "There goes the five-minute bell," said Toby to Andy Bontrager beside him. "This morning it should have been a ten-minute bell, cause those guys just started up the hill will never make it in five minutes. Whew, that's slow work climbing that long slippery hill."

Toby stood his sled on end and leaned it against the playground fence. Already there was a row of different sized sleds lined up there. "See you again at recess," Toby said silently to his sled. He climbed through the fence and went into the schoolhouse.

But it wasn't at recess that Toby next saw his sled. He and the others had to wait until noon to do any more sledding. The teacher had said the ten-minute recess wasn't long enough for them to go down the hill and get back up. The boys had moaned a protest but they knew she was right.

So at noon the boys ate their lunch with a few words and were out at the hill in record time. Toby lingered at the pump a moment. When he arrived at the fence where he had left his sled he should have been able to spot it instantly. But it was no longer leaning against the fence. There were only two short sleds which the younger boys had not gotten yet. Toby's long sled with the bright red runners was gone.

"Hey, someone stole my sled," said Toby to the pupils at the top of the hill who were getting ready to go down. "I left it by the fence and it's not there now."

"Quick call the police," spoke up Raymond Miller, his voice sounding as excited as Toby's. "Somebody went and stole Toby Chupp's sled."

A few of the pupils laughed.

"I don't think it's funny," protested Toby. "How'd you like it if somebody stole your sled?"

"Aw, come on, Toby," said Levi Kuhns, an eighth grader. "Don't you know that somebody is just pulling your leg. Surely you don't think someone came and stole your sled."

"Well, where is it then?" asked Toby.

Levi pointed at the pasture at the bottom of the hill. Toby's gaze followed his pointing finger and he saw a lone sled parked way down there with no one near it. "But how....but why..." Toby fumbled for words to express his shock.

"So long," waved Raymond Miller as he got onto his sled. "Hope the police can find that stolen sled of yours."

"Raymond gave it a kick and it went sailing down there by itself," spoke up one of the pupils. "He did it to see what fuss you would make."

"Well, that's mean," said Toby. "He should have to bring it back up himself. I'm not going to walk down there and spend half my noon hour getting it."

"Don't take it so hard," said Levi. "You can ride down the hill with me. My sled's long and we can both sit up. I'll steer with my feet. Come on, let's quit wasting time and do some sledding. Don't pay any attention to Raymond. Just ignore him."

"I wish I could," thought Toby, "but he's always teasing me one way or another. How can I ignore him?"

For the next three days the sledding was real good, but by the fourth day the warm rays of the bright January sun had melted the snow enough that the weeds and tall grass beneath it were showing through in many places. The sledding was rough and the boys decided to take their sleds home. They were sorry to see the snow melt, but the teacher was glad to no longer have to mop up the

puddles which the sled runners had left on the school porch where she had locked them in each evening.

That afternoon when school was dismissed, Toby pulled his sled along home behind him. Levi Kuhns walked with him as far as the corner where he turned left and Toby to the right. As they walked along they chatted.

"Hope we get some snow soon," said Toby. "I think I could go sledding every day and not get tired of it."

"Me too," said Levi. "In fact I'm planning to go sledding tomorrow."

"You are. Where?" asked Toby.

"Over on the hill at Jake Raber's. It slants to the north and is sure to have snow on it longer than anywhere else. Why don't you come along?"

"I'd really like to," answered Toby.

"Well, if you can go, be at my place by 1:30 tomorrow afternoon and we'll walk over there together."

When they parted at the corner, Toby said to Levi, "By. Hope to see you tomorrow afternoon."

Toby broke into a slow trot. His thermos rattled in his lunch bucket and the sled he was pulling squeaked as it passed over the patches of gravel which the snow no longer covered.

The next day was Saturday, and Toby was given permission to go sledding on Raber's hill with Levi. Toby helped his dad in the forenoon and then ate a quick lunch which his sister had made. His mother had gone to town and didn't expect to be back until around one, so Toby didn't want to wait to eat dinner with the family. He was afraid he wouldn't be at Levi's by 1:30.

It was a mile walk to Levi's. The air was brisk and Toby trotted partways to warm himself up. "I wonder if any other boys will be sledding on Raber's hill this afternoon," mused Toby. "Or maybe it will just be Levi and me." His mind continued thinking of the sledding fun they were going to have. "And one thing I'm glad about is that Raymond Miller doesn't live in our side of the district. I can go sledding for once without him teasing me."

"Right on time," greeted Levi, when Toby walked in the lane. "I'm glad you came as I was afraid I'd have to go sledding alone. Monroe Yoder had said he would go a-long too but has to go to town. So guess it's just you and me."

"How far is it anyway?" asked Toby.

"You know where Rabers live, don't you?" asked Levi.

"I think I do," said Toby, "but I really never was over in this area very often. Since town is the opposite way from us than you are and Rabers are in the next district, I'm not over here very often."

"Well, it's just up at the crossroad and a little north," explained Levi.

"You mean the place with the 'Master Mix' sign on the barn?"

"No," said Levi. "That's where Billy Bouncer lives. The Rabers live at the next farm."

"Billy Bouncer?" asked Toby. "Who's he? I never heard of him."

"Oh," laughed Levi. "He's a dog, not a person. He's Melvin Schrock's dog. His real name is Rover but I call him Billy Bouncer."

"Why?" wondered Toby.

"If he's out in the yard, which he likely is, I'll show you why," said Levi.

As the boys reached the crossroad and turned north

the large 'Master Mix' feed sign on Melvin Schrock's barn came into view. "I wonder what Billy Bouncer is like?" thought Toby. "Is he a big dog, a small fat one, an old dog?"

"Good," exclaimed Levi as they drew opposite the Schrock home. "There's Billy Bouncer lying on lying on the porch."

Toby saw a large furry dog lying on the front porch. "Looks like he's asleep," he said to Levi.

"We can fix that," said Levi. He cleared his throat quite loudly several times in rapid succession.

The dog's eyes opened and he lifted his head. He barked a sharp single bark.

"Hi, Billy Bouncer," called Levi and he made a very sour face toward the dog.

The dog rose as if he had been suddenly kicked, jumped off the porch, and came across the yard toward the boys. He barked as he ran. As he drew near to the road he came no further but stayed in the yard and barked at the boys. He did not stand still and bark; he was so excited that he bounced back and forth with each bark.

"See why I gave him the name of Billy Bouncer?" said Levi. "He doesn't just stand and bark. He moves about and looks like he is bouncing."

"Doesn't he ever bite anybody?" asked Toby, not particularly eager to linger in front of the barking dog.

"No," said Levi. "He never bit anyone that I heard about. It's a wonder he hasn't already with the amount of people who tease him."

"I think I'd leave him alone," said Toby. "He looks kinda mean to me."

"Oh, but he's so much fun to tease," said Levi. "See how he has slowed his barking down. Now watch him when I make another ugly face at him. Levi twisted his mouth and nose to one side of his face. The dog resumed his rapid barking and bouncing. "If he didn't make such a fuss, it wouldn't be any fun," said Levi as he began to walk down the road again.

"But that's the way a dog does if he's teased, isn't it?" said Toby.

"Oh, I don't think so," said Levi. "Sure, most dogs will bark a little, but not very many will carry on like Billy Bouncer does. Why, I think he'd stand there all day barking and bouncing if a person had the patience to stand there. Let's see what Raber's dog, Shep, does if I make a face at it."

In a few minutes the boys arrived at the Raber farm

and turned in at the lane. A collie's bark announced their arrival. The dog was standing in the open door of the buggy shed. As Levi and Toby walked past, Levi made a face at it. Shep stopped barking for a second and stared at Levi. Then it walked away, turned to bark a few more times, and went to the house where it sat beside the door.

"See," said Levi. "Shep just leaves. He doesn't carry on like Billy Bouncer does. Shep's no fun to tease. You can't tease someone who ignores the teasing."

That afternoon as Toby was sledding he kept thinking about Billy Bouncer and Shep. As his sled whizzed downhill he forgot his thoughts, but during the slow walk uphill they returned. "Levi said 'You can't tease someone who ignores the teasing'," thought Toby. "I wonder if that's true for people as well as dogs?" Toby's mind traveled to school and his teaser, Raymond Miller.

"It's really covered yet here," said Levi to Toby as they neared the top of the hill. "The snow always is slower to melt on the north side of something. Last year I came sledding here long after the snow was too poor on our hill at home. It slopes to the east and looses its snow sooner. I never thought about Raber's hill until a few years ago when I was over here to borrow something and saw the snow still on it. I'm sure glad I did."

"I am too," said Toby as he drew his sled to the top of the hill and sat on it. "Let's rest a few seconds before going down. You know what you said a while ago. I've been thinking about it."

"What do you mean?" questioned Levi. "You mean about the snow staying longer on the north side of a hill?"

"No, I mean about teasing," said Toby. "Do you think it works the same with people as with dogs?"

Levi did not hesitate to give his answer. "Yes, I think it's the same. Why, who do you have in mind, Raymond Miller?"

"Yes," said Toby. "Some days I wish I didn't have to go to school. I wish he'd leave me alone."

"He would if you'd ignore him," said Levi. "He wants attention and gets it by teasing you. When he teases you, you make a fuss and everybody watches. Remember the time he pretended that he threw your hat into the stove?"

Toby nodded his head.

"Well," continued Levi, "you went to where he was sitting and tried to pull him out of his seat to show you where he put it. Everybody laughed and watched and Raymond got all the attention he wanted."

"Is that why he teases me?" asked Toby.

"Sure," said Levi. "He craves attention and gets it by teasing you. If you'd just ignore him, he'd soon leave you alone. It's just like I said about Billy Bouncer and Shep. You can't tease someone who ignores the teasing."

"But what should I have done when he hid my hat and said he put it into the stove?" questioned Toby.

"Well, first of all you should have known he wouldn't burn your hat up."

"Oh, I didn't think he really put it in the stove," said Toby. "That's why I was trying to get him out of his seat to show me where it was."

"But at first you thought it was in the stove," said Levi. "Then after a few seconds you knew that couldn't be and made a fuss. If you had just gone on and ignored him and said, 'Oh, well, guess I'll have to get a new hat next time I'm in town,' it would have spoiled the fun for Raymond. Later you would either have found your hat or someone else would have told you where it was. Or Raymond might even have come and told you himself. But

### Try the Uplook

When the outlook is dark, try the uplook.

These words hold a message of cheer;  
Be glad while repeating them over,  
And smile when the shadows appear.  
Above and beyond stands the Master;  
He sees what we do for His sake:  
He never will fail nor forsake us;  
He knoweth the way that we take.

When the outlook is dark, try the uplook—

The outlook of faith and good cheer;  
The love of the Father surrounds us,  
He knows when the shadows are near.  
Be brave, then, and keep the eyes lifted,  
And smile on the dreariest day.  
His smile will glow in the darkness;  
His light will illumine the way.

—Anonymous

now that Raymond knows you are easy to tease, it will be harder to ignore him."

Saturday evening and all day Sunday Toby thought about his conversation on Saturday afternoon with Levi. He rolled the thoughts over in his mind and came to the conclusion that Levi was right. He must learn to ignore Raymond's teasing. "But it isn't going to be easy," Toby told himself. "Even if I ignore him the first time, maybe I'll forget myself another day and it will spoil it all. I'll have to try hard to not let anything he does bother me no matter what it is."

As Toby walked to school on Monday morning he repeated his resolution "Don't let Raymond bother you" over and over in his mind. He tried to imagine ways in which Raymond might tease him and how he should react to it. But he knew he never could imagine for sure what Raymond would do to tease him. "I'll have to be prepared for anything," Toby told himself.

Monday passed without any incidents. Actually Toby was disappointed for he hoped to see if he could ignore Raymond or not. But Raymond behaved himself, and Toby did not have the opportunity to find out. It wasn't long, however, before the opportunity arrived.

On Tuesday noon when Toby had washed his hands and opened his lunch bucket he almost let out a loud gasp when he found a book inside instead of his lunch. But he caught himself and didn't make a sound. He sat and thought about the predicament. "Raymond must have put a book there to make it feel like my lunch was still inside," Toby reasoned. "But what should I do now? I'm hungry." He kept his lunch bucket closed so the others wouldn't see the book.

Raymond must have been disappointed that Toby hadn't made a fuss yet, so he called over to him, "Hey, Toby, why don't you open your bucket and eat? Aren't you hungry?" A wide grin was on his face.

Toby did some quick thinking. He got up from his seat and walked to the entrance room of the schoolhouse. As he left the class room he said, "I'll eat when I come back." Luckily he took his lunch bucket with him or Raymond would probably have opened it and shown the boys the book. Once alone in the entrance room, Toby said to himself. "He's hidden my lunch out here somewhere too." Toby opened the door to the woodroom and peered inside. It was dark and it took his eyes a few seconds to see anything. "Looks like no lunch is in here," he thought. He closed the door and looked around the entrance room. "Maybe it's behind that coat on the shelf." He lifted the coat. "Nope, not there. Maybe it's inside the cabinet where the drinking glasses are." He went to the opposite side of the room and opened the door to the thin cabinet. No lunch was there.

Suddenly Toby felt hot all over. He thought sure he would have found his lunch by now. Actually only a minute had passed but he had tried all the hiding places he could think of. He almost panicked but then told himself, "Even if I can't find it I'm not going to say a word to anybody. That will spoil Raymond's fun. But my lunch has to be somewhere. Since we keep our lunch buckets out here he almost had to have hid it here. I'm going to look in the woodroom again." Toby opened the door and peered inside once more. He couldn't see any sign of his "Maybe if I move a few pieces of wood," he thought and reached down and moved the large piece beside him. "There it is! There's my lunch!" Toby could have screamed with joy. But he knew he should continue to

act as if nothing had happened. Quickly he opened his lunch bucket and put his lunch back inside. He took the book and laid it on the shelf in the entrance room.

When Toby entered the classroom all the boys' eyes rested on him. They had no idea what was up but knew something had happened. Toby merely smiled and ignored their questioning looks. He sat down and began eating his lunch. He didn't have the nerve to look at Raymond Miller, but if he had, he would have seen as surprised a look on Raymond's face as he himself had worn when he discovered the book.

Tuesday afternoon passed without another prank. As Toby and Levi walked home after school, Toby told him about his first victory.

"That was good thinking," praised Levi. "Everybody suspected that something was the matter, but no one knew what. You kept from being like Billy Bouncer that time. Keep it up."

Toby was glad for Levi's encouragement. It made him feel good that he hadn't made a fuss about his missing lunch. "But I don't want to get over-confident," he warned himself. "Maybe next time it won't go as well."

Toby did not have very long to wait to find out how things would go a second time. Thursday forenoon at the first recess a stray dog walked past the playground. A few boys whistled at it, and it turned in.

"Poor dog is probably hungry," said one of the girls.

"Yes, it probably is," said Raymond Miller with a gleam in his eye. He ran to the schoolhouse and returned a few seconds later with something in his hand. "Here dog, here dog," he called as he knelt and held out his hand. "You'd like some of Mrs. Chupp's good cake, wouldn't you?"

Toby heard his mother's name, and it dawned on him that Raymond had taken the piece of chocolate cake out of his lunch bucket. He saw Raymond begin to take the wax paper wrapper off the cake and had an urge to rush toward him and wrestle it loose from his hand. "But I can't do that," Toby firmly told himself. "I've got to ignore him. So what if he lets the dog eat it? I'd sooner the dog would, have the cake than Raymond have the fun of seeing me make a fuss."

Toby said nothing to Raymond and did not try and take the cake away from him. Raymond sensed that Toby didn't care about the cake and now began to tease the dog by holding it out toward the dog and then quickly jerking it away. Then he wrapped the cake back up and said, "Hey, Toby, here's your cake. Want it?"

Toby was afraid to say he did lest Raymond tease him with it in some other way. He didn't know what to say but finally said, "When you are finished playing with it, you can put it back where you got it." Then he turned and went toward the pieces of wood which had been laid out as bases for a game they were playing. Silently he said to himself, "I don't care what he does with the cake." Toby considered it small payment for his second victory.

Days passed. Weeks passed. Raymond tried a few more times to tease Toby into getting worked up, but each time Toby managed to remain calm and not make a fuss. Finally the teasing stopped altogether. Toby was relieved. "I wish I had never let it bother me to start with and it wouldn't have gone on so long or been so hard to stop," he thought one day on the way home from school. "But any way I'm glad I learned that what Levi said is true, 'You can't tease someone who ignores the teasing.'"



Christine

## Accepts Help



Martha Helmuth.

"Father," began five-year old Christine one evening after supper, "I can't find a pencil."

Father peered over the top of the paper he had been reading. "Did you look in the drawer of the library table? I think there are some in there."

"All I can find is one with the lead broken off," answered Christine as she rummaged through the drawer a second time.

"Bring it here and I'll sharpen it for you," Father answered.

"Okay," Christine answered happily. She watched as Father got out his pocket knife and began whittling at the end of the pencil.

"There now, will that do?" he asked as he handed the pencil back to Christine. "What are you going to write tonight?"

"Oh, I'm just going to draw pictures," Christine answered as she sprawled on the floor with her paper and pencil. Soon she was busy with her picture and scarcely noticed when Mother and seven-year-old Edna joined them in the living room.

After a while Edna came and looked over Christine's shoulder. "What are you making?" she asked.

Quickly Christine put her arm over her picture so her older sister couldn't see it.

"Let me see your picture, please," coaxed Edna.

"No, go away," Christine answered shortly.

"Christine," Father rebuked. "Let Edna see it."

Slowly she removed her arm from the paper. Edna studied it a little.

"What is it, a barn or a house?" she asked kindly. "May I help you make it look right?"

"Go away and leave me alone!" Christine said crossly.

"Well, my pictures used to look like that too," Edna answered, "but teacher Ida showed me how to make them look better and I could show you how too."

Christine turned her paper upside down on the floor. "Go away!" she said again. She didn't like to be reminded of the fact that she couldn't draw very well.

Reluctantly Edna left Christine to herself.

After a while Christine picked up her paper and went to Father. "Father, will you help me make windows and a chimney on my house?" she asked.

Father looked at her thoughtfully as he picked up little James who was trying to climb into his lap. "Are you sure you want me to help you?"

"Yes, I can't make them look right," answered Christine.

"Well, I didn't think you wanted any help the way you spoke to Edna a little bit ago," Father answered. "Let me see your picture."

Christine handed the picture to Father who looked at it a little. "I'll help you with the house if you will let Edna help you too if she wants too."

Christine looked at Father hesitantly. "Okay," she said weakly.

Father put James down again and moved his chair closer to the library table. Then he showed Christine how to make the house look more natural and how to make the windows and chimney.

Soon Christine was on the floor, ready to begin coloring. She picked up a blue crayon and began coloring.

"Oh, no, Christine, you must not color like that," Edna said. "Let me show you how to color it carefully and

neatly. Teacher Ida showed me how."

"Go leave me alone!" Christine said crossly. "I don't want you to help me."

"Christine," Father called. "Remember what I told you, and let Edna show you how."

Reluctantly Christine shoved the paper toward Edna who had gotten down on the floor beside her.

"Color it carefully," Edna suggested, "like this." Taking a crayon she showed Christine how to shade it, moving the crayon from side to side. "You must always keep your crayon going from side to side," she explained, "not going from side to side for a while and then going up and down or in circles."

Edna held out the crayon for Christine again. She grabbed it from her.

"Try staying inside the lines," Edna coached.

"Go away and let me do it by myself!" Christine said crossly.

"Christine," Father said firmly, "come here."

Slowly Christine walked over to Father.

"That is no way to talk to your sister. She only wanted to help you. Now you go tell her you are sorry and then thank her for helping you."

Slowly Christine did as she was told.

Just then the clock struck 8:30.

"Children, it's time to get ready for bed," Mother told them.

"May I help James get ready for bed?" Christine asked quickly.

"It looks like he's already got his shoes off," answered Mother as she looked at James who had just gotten off Father's lap, "but you may help him unbutton his shirt."

"No," answered James as he pulled away from her. "Father help."

"Mother, James won't let me help him," complained Christine, as she slapped him.

"James," Mother said, "Let Christine help you," and then turning to Christine she continued, "but Christine, you are not to slap him. He will let you help him sooner if you are nice to him."

Reluctantly James allowed Christine to help him. As soon as Christine was done, she stooped to untie her own shoes. One shoe lace stuck and didn't want to untie. Christine yanked at it, only to find that it was tied in a knot.

"Mother," complained Christine, "my shoe lace has a knot and I can't untie it."

"I'll help you," offered Edna.

But Christine, still in a bad mood from her earlier problems, pulled back her foot and refused to let Edna help her.

"Christine," rebuked Mother, "all evening you have been unwilling to let Edna help you, but when James didn't want you to help him you slapped him." Mother looked at Christine. "Come here a minute."

Slowly Christine walked up to her Mother and held her foot out to her.

Mother shook her head. "No, Christine, you'll have to let Edna help you with it." She laid her hand on Christine's shoulder as she looked at her thoughtfully. "Did you like it when James didn't want you to help him?"

Christine shook her head.

"Is it any nicer when you act the same way toward Edna?" Mother went on.

Christine stared at the floor without answering.

"You see, you must learn to treat others the way you want them to treat you," Mother went on. "In this case you need to learn to accept help from Edna. In the same way, I'm sure you wouldn't want Edna to slap you and you must not slap others."

Slowly Christine raised her eyes to Mother's.

"Will you tell Edna that you are sorry and then show that you really are sorry by letting her help you?" Mother asked.

Christine was thoughtful for a moment. "I - I'm sorry," she stammered as she held out her foot for Edna to untie the shoe lace.





## SAMSON AND HIS RIDDLE

**A** woman in Israel ran quickly to find her husband. "Manoah!" she cried, "a man of God came to me. He had the appearance of an angel—frightening and terrible."

Manoah could see that his wife was greatly excited. He listened as she told him more of the stranger who had appeared to her.

"I did not ask him where he came from," Manoah's wife continued, "nor did he tell me his name. But he said to me, 'You will have a child—a son. He is to be a special person for God, so don't drink any strong drink or eat any unclean meat.'"

Now Manoah was excited, too. A son? It was hard to believe. Could it be true? He and his wife were childless and had often longed to have children like other people. But had his wife said the child would not grow up to be an ordinary person? Had she said something about being special to God? When Manoah thought of this, he began to feel frightened. They would not know how to train such a child. How he wished he himself could have talked with the man of God. Manoah lifted his heart up to heaven and prayed, "Oh, God, please send the man of God again, so he can teach us what to do for the boy who will be born."

Manoah's prayer was heard. One day when his wife was in the field resting, suddenly the angel appeared to her again. She did not stop to talk with him this time. Instead she ran quickly to find her husband. "Come," she gasped to Manoah. "The man who came to me the other day is back again."

Manoah and his wife hurried back to the field. Manoah said to the stranger, "Are you the man who spoke to my wife?"

"Yes," the stranger answered.

"How shall we train the child when he is born to us?" Manoah wondered.

"Just do as I told your wife," the stranger answered. "She must be careful to drink no wine and eat no unclean meat." By this Manoah and his wife understood that their child was to be a Nazarite, a person who all his life is under a vow to God never to drink strong drink or cut his hair.

Manoah did not want the stranger to leave so soon. "Can we persuade you to stay to eat?" he asked. "We'll kill a young goat and prepare the meat for you."

"No," replied the stranger. "I won't eat, no matter how much you insist. If you want to show your thanks, you may offer the meat to God as a burnt sacrifice."

All this while Manoah and his wife still did not realize that they were talking with an angel. "What is your name?" Manoah asked. "Tell us, so we will know who to reward when your words come true."

"Why do you ask for my name?" the angel replied. "My name is too great for humans to understand."

Manoah must have been puzzled by the strange reply. But he said no more, just went to work and killed the goat and prepared to offer it on an altar. Then as the flames leapt to the sky, a startling thing took place. Before the astonished eyes of Manoah, the stranger stepped into the fire and rose up into the air with the flames, and disappeared into the sky.

Manoah and his wife fell with their faces to the ground. They were terrified to think that they had talked with an angel as with a man. "We will certainly die," Manoah cried out, "for we have seen God!"

But his wife said, "If the Lord meant to kill us, he would not have accepted the burnt sacrifice from our hands. Nor would he have let us see all this just now, or hear what we have heard."

The angel's words came true. Time passed and a baby was born to Manoah and his wife. It was a boy, and they named him Samson. As he grew up, God was with him and blessed him. His parents were careful not to let him drink wine or cut his hair. They had not forgotten that Samson was under a special promise to God.

Samson was born at a time when the Israelites were again ruled and oppressed by enemies. This time it was the Philistines. God had let them rule over his people, because they had turned to strange gods and prayed to idols of wood and stone and metal.

One day Samson was visiting in the land of the Philistines. He saw a beautiful girl, and took a strong liking to her. Samson decided that was the girl he wanted to marry, even if she was a Philistine. He returned to his parents and said, "There is a Philistine girl I saw in Timnath. I want you to get her as a wife for me."

His parents did not like the idea of Samson marrying a Philistine woman. They said to Samson, "Can't you find a wife among our own people? Surely you don't have to go to our enemies for a wife?"

But Samson did not want to listen to his parents. He liked that Philistine girl, and he would have her. "Get her for me," he said stubbornly, "for she pleases me."

So Samson and his parents set out for the land of the Philistines. As they neared Timnath, they were walking through a vineyard of grapes. Samson was walking alone just then, parted by a short distance from his parents. Suddenly a strong young lion came charging at Samson. The lion attacked so quickly that Samson had no time to hunt for a club or a stone with which to defend himself. In that instant, as the lion sprang for Samson's throat, a strange power surged through Samson. It was the spirit of God. With a strength he had never known before, Samson tore the lion to pieces with his bare hands.

When Samson rejoined his parents, he acted just as though nothing had happened. He did not mention a word about the lion he had killed in such an unusual way. It was a secret he decided to keep just for himself.

At Timnath plans were made for the wedding, and then Samson and his parents returned home again. When the time came which they had set to be married, Samson travelled once again with his parents to the land of the Philistines.

When they came to the place where Samson had killed the lion, Samson stepped aside to see what had become of the dead body. He found the flesh decayed away, but a swarm of bees had built a nest among the bones, and had gathered honey. Samson reached down, scooped up a handful of honey and ate it as he went along. When he came to his father and mother, he gave them some to eat, without telling them that he had scooped it from the decaying body of a dead lion.

At the wedding feast Samson found that thirty young Philistine men had been invited as special guests to keep him company. Samson said to them, "Let me give you a riddle to solve. The feast will last seven days. If you can solve the riddle in that time, I will give you thirty suits of clothing. But if you cannot solve it for me, you must give me thirty suits."

The thirty young men decided to try it. They could not imagine that Samson would know a riddle so hard that the thirty of them couldn't solve it in seven days. "Give us your riddle," they said. "We're ready for it."

Samson's riddle was about the lion and the honey he had found in it. "Out of the eater came forth food," Samson said, "and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Samson felt sure they would not guess the answer, for he had shared his secret with no one.

The thirty young men thought and thought. They tried for three days, but could not solve it. On the fourth day they went to Samson's new wife and said, "Coax your husband to answer the riddle for us. If you don't, we'll burn you and your family."

So the next time Samson's wife was alone with him,

she started crying. She sobbed and wept and said, "You must hate me. You don't love me, for you gave the guests a riddle and haven't told me the answer."

Samson did not want to tell her. "If I haven't even told my father and mother, should I have to tell you?"

But Samson's wife would not give up. She kept on sobbing. Every day while the feast lasted she wept and begged and coaxed. Finally on the seventh day Samson could stand it no longer. To have his new bride weeping all the time and carrying on like this was ruining his wedding. So he told her all about the lion and the honey.

His wife watched her chance, called the young men, and told them what they wanted to know. That evening just before the sun set, the thirty young men topped in triumphantly to Samson. "What is sweeter than honey,"

they said, "and what is stronger than a lion."

The words angered Samson. He knew well enough how they had found out the answer. "If you had not plowed with my heifer," he shouted, "you would not have solved my riddle!"

In a rage Samson stormed away from the wedding. He went out and killed thirty Philistine men and took their suits of clothing and brought it to the men who had solved his riddle. Then he left his wife in anger and returned home to Israel. He had thought she was so beautiful, but already she had cheated him, and he had lost his temper and called her a heifer before the wedding guests. Perhaps he was sorry, now that it was too late, that he had not taken the advice of his parents and married for something else than outward beauty.

-E.S.

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## YESTERDAYS AND YEARS

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# The Largest Amish Settlement in 1852

by David Luthy

**T**oday when we think of the largest Amish settlements, a number of places come immediately to mind: Holmes-Wayne, Lancaster, Lagrange-Elkhart, Geauga. We may even tend to forget that they were at one time quite small. Back in 1852 Holmes had four church districts, Lancaster three, Lagrange-Elkhart two, and Geauga hadn't yet been founded. In fact, back in 1852 the largest Amish settlement wasn't at any of those places. It was located in Illinois.

To present-day Amish the name "Illinois" means only one thing—the settlement at Arthur, Illinois. But in 1852, Amish people were not acquainted with the Arthur settlement for it was not founded until 1865. No, to them "Illinois" meant somewhere else—Central Illinois near Peoria. East of Peoria in a twenty-mile-wide half circle (taking in Tazewell Co., Woodford Co., and a corner of McLean Co.) were five Amish church districts known as the Central Illinois Amish settlement.

### Part 1: A Settlement Is Born

It is difficult for us today to imagine what Central Illinois was like when the first Amish settler, Peter Maurer,\* arrived there in 1892. The present-day bustling industrial city of Peoria (population 130,000) was a village of log cabins. The Illinois River, on which it is situated, contained no bridges and there were no railroad tracks running beside it. Nor were there diesel-propelled barges traveling on it, only slow moving flatboats and canoes. Perhaps Peter Maurer arrived at Peoria by flatboat, but it is more likely that he came overland on horseback or even more likely that he walked.

Peter Maurer had lived in Alsace in Europe. Like many Amishmen there, he came to America to avoid military service, to find religious freedom, and to take advantage of the cheap land. In 1827 he had settled at the new Amish settlement in Butler County, Ohio, but in 1892 he set out for Illinois where he heard there was cheaper land than in Ohio. Central Illinois must have appeared quite different to him from his native Alsace. He had been used to a mountainous landscape, much of which was covered with dense forests. But as he gazed at Central Illinois he saw no mountains, not even any hills. He saw a vast stretch of nearly level prairie dotted occasionally with a grove. Along the creeks and rivers were belts of timber, tall and heavy but not very dense.

Peter chose to build his log cabin in the timber along a creek, Rock Creek, in the northwest corner of McLean County about twenty miles east of Peoria.

The next year two Amishmen, John Strubhar and Nicholas Maurer, walked from Butler County, Ohio to McLean County, Illinois. It was a distance of over 300 miles, of which nearly the last 200 were raw prairie without roads, not a single acre under cultivation, no homesteads - uninhabited except for the prairie chicken, the rattlesnake, and the prairie wolf. They, like Peter Maurer, came to buy the timber land which the government was selling for \$1.25 an acre. Strubhar staked his claim along Rock Creek, while Nicholas Maurer settled a little westward in Tazewell County near the Mackinaw River. Then the following year six Amishmen also settled in Tazewell County but west from Nicholas Maurer. They built their cabins in the timber along the Illinois River near what later was Wesley City. They were the first Amish to come directly from Alsace to Illinois. Also coming from Alsace at the same time but settling ten miles northward along Partridge Creek in Woodford County were "Red" Joseph Belsley and John Engel. The Central Illinois Amish settlement was growing.

### Part 2: A Pioneer's Memories

Following is the account of an Amish pioneer coming to America and settling in Illinois in 1834. It was written in 1892 by Christian Ropp who was a bishop in the Amish church near Wesley City, Illinois:

"I, Christian Ropp, now an old man nearly eighty years, at the request of my children, will attempt to write a brief account of my life. I will begin with my father. He was one of three orphan children. They had inherited a flour mill and a hemp mill but this they lost

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\*The name "Maurer" and many other Amish family names in this article are unfamiliar to present-day Amish. The reason for this will be explained in the continuation of this article in the January issue.

before they grew up. Then my dear father was compelled to hire himself to strangers until he was twenty-eight years of age, when he was married to Elizabeth Eiman. His brother died, and his sister married one Zimmerman, whose Christian name I have forgotten.

"My father lived in upper Alsace about six miles from Basel, and two miles from Altkirch, and five miles from Befford. And since he had heard many favorable reports of America, he thought it might be better for himself and children to emigrate to America, than to see his sons drafted into the army, for he had at that time six sons.

"He lived at this time upon a small farm in upper Alsace, called 'Barthel Hutte', two miles from Altkirch, two miles from Damerkirch, and five from Befford. It was in the year 1826, at a time when many people were leaving for America that my parents decided to go also. In May, 1826 the long voyage to America began. We journeyed from Befford to Paris and Havre (both in France) where we had to wait for a number of days. We had our own horse and wagon, but here had to sell the horse.

"We entered the ship, but soon most of us were seasick. My mother was seasick most of the time. We met with some stormy weather. We also caught a large fish with a hook, which pleased me very much. We were on ship forty days.

"After we reached Philadelphia, my father hired a team to take us to Lancaster County. After we had gone thirty or thirty-five miles, we stopped over with an old Amishman by the name of Zuck. Here we remained a number of days to arrange our affairs. Then my father bought a horse, and after setting up the wagon which we had brought with us, we started out again, for my father wished to go to Butler County, Ohio. (Ed. note: They had taken their wagon apart at the port in France, brought it with them on the ship, and reassembled it in Lancaster County.)

"When we came within six miles of Lancaster, we met a Mennonite by the name of John Konig who was plowing along the roadside. When he saw my father, he knew him by his clothing as well as his beard, for at that time no one except our people wore beards. After speaking with him, he invited him to remain over night, but my father hesitated, since there were others also with us who were on their way to Ohio. But finally my father was persuaded to remain all night, and as they were talking together during the evening, Konig told him of Canada, and that many were now going to that place, and that each family was offered fifty acres free.

"As three families were about to leave for Canada, my father decided to go with them. The names of our fellow-travellers were Christian Farni, John Erb, Michael Swartz, and Zehr. After a six week's stay in Penn-

In the early years of the Amish settlement in Central Illinois, there were no bridges across the Illinois River. The settlers depended on ferry boats to take them across to Peoria where there was a trading post. Following is a list of the fees charged by a ferry boat about 1830 as taken from the "Peoria Star" newspaper.

Foot passengers 6 1/4¢

Man and horse 12¢

Dearborn sulky chair with springs 50¢

One horse wagon 25¢

Four wheeled carriage with two oxen or  
two horses 37 1/2¢

Head meat cattle, horses, mules 10¢

Hog, sheep, or goat 3¢

Articles sold by bushel, rate per bushel 3¢

And all other articles in equal and just  
proportions.

sylvania, we left with the above-mentioned for Canada.

"My father bought his second horse, but after making about half of the journey, the horse became sick and had to be left behind. Then we had to do some walking. It was a long and tedious journey. The road at that time was bad. We were on the way more than three weeks, but finally in the fall we reached Waterloo Township.

"We remained all night in a little village called Rumbletown, now Berlin (Kitchener). Then my father went to Wilmot Township where the free land was to be had, and selected a lot along the middle street. The conditions were to pay nine dollars for surveying, and to clear two rods along the street; and then the fifty acres were free. There were two hundred acres in a lot; the other hundred and fifty could be bought later for \$2.50 per acre.

"Then we built a little log cabin and moved into it the same fall. But now our money was all gone. We had to hire out as laborers in order to make a living, Andrew and I; but wages were very low. I received only \$2.50 per month and wore out more boots and clothes than I earned.

"In the spring we cleared some land and planted potatoes and garden vegetables. The things went somewhat better, for we were supplied with food. And then each year we fared a little better. We finally cleared forty acres.

"But now several of our number decided to move to Ohio, for it was too cold in Canada. These were the following: Joseph Goldschmidt, Peter Danner, Daniel Unzicker, Peter Nafziger, and several others. And since my brother Andrew had cut his foot so that he had been disabled for six months, he decided to accompany this group; so in 1831 he left for Ohio.

"In 1832 we held a sale and moved to Ohio, but I and my brother Jacob remained to collect our sale money. In 1833 my brother Andrew returned to help collect the money, for in Canada money was very scarce at that time. We then sold our property and collected about \$1100.

"In 1833 we left for Ohio. There were four of us, I and Andrew and Jacob, and Christian Lehman. We had a horse and covered wagon. The journey was tedious. We were on our way seventeen days, and at one time came near being robbed, but by the help of Divine Providence we escaped. We finally reached Ohio where we found all well; and we rejoiced greatly.

"But since land was high here, and hearing that land was still cheap in Illinois and that eight families from Germany (Alsace) had already settled there, we decided to move to Illinois. The names of those settlers were Peter Engel, David Schertz, John Schweitzer, Peter Roggy, John Auer, ——— Gingerich, and Peter Beck.

"In the fall of 1833 my brother Andrew journeyed to Illinois to see the land. He was well pleased and returned immediately for the rest of us. Since it was late in the year, we decided that the family should remain in Ohio until the following spring, but I and Andrew started early in January 1834 for Illinois. We went on horseback and were thirteen days on the way, since the roads were very poor. (Ed. note: Actually roads were almost nonexistent on the prairies in 1834. The rider merely rode where the horse could easiest go.) We had to ride around many swamps and were often at a loss to know how to cross streams, for at that time there were few bridges. We arrived in Woodford County at the home of Peter Engel. Here my brother Andrew married Jacobine Wirkler (Verkler).

"In the spring we moved over to the Mackinaw, and took up a claim, for at that time the land had not yet been put on the market. We cleared about ten acres. During this time our dear mother died in 1834 of consumption and was buried in Butler County, Ohio. But my father and the rest of the family came to us in Illinois in the spring. Christian Farni from Canada also came to us. Then we lived together until after harvest when we were all taken sick with the 'Shittel-fieber' (malaria). Then we sold our claim for \$200 to Fritz Niergarth and moved

back to Metamora (Partridge Creek) to Peter Engel's..."

### Part 3: To Illinois By Boat

The Amish settlers who came directly from Alsace (also from Bavaria) to Central Illinois before 1840 arrived on the eastern coast of America at one of three ports: New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. There they left the sailing vessel and traveled overland to the closest Amish settlement, Lancaster County. There they would spend a few weeks visiting with their brethren, relaxing from their long sea voyage, and preparing for the long journey to Illinois that lay ahead. Perhaps they would purchase a horse or a team and a wagon, but many did not. All made sure they had good shoes, for some of the trip would be on foot. When the day came for them to begin their journey they proceeded by horse and foot over the mountain passes of Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh (250 miles) where they would transfer to a flatboat on the Ohio River.

The flatboat, propelled by the river's current and an oar or pole, would take them down the winding Ohio River beneath the southern borders of three states: Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. When the flatboat reached Cairo, Illinois at the junction of the Ohio River and the Mississippi River, the Amish settlers would get off. The flatboat would continue on down the Mississippi River to New Orleans where it would be sold. Since the flatboat relied on the river's current to push it along, it was helpless to travel up stream.

At Cairo the Amish settlers would board a steamboat which, unlike a flatboat, could travel upstream as well as down. Up the Mississippi River the boat would travel, stopping at St. Louis, Missouri to unload much of its cargo and many of its passengers. It was probably at St. Louis that the Amish settlers boarded the steamboat which would take them further up the Mississippi and into the Illinois River, where they would travel 200 miles to Peoria.

After 1840 the Amish who came from Europe to Central Illinois no longer landed on the east coast. They had discovered that they could avoid the long overland walk through the Pennsylvania mountains by boarding ship which would take them to New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi River. There they could buy passage on a steamboat all the way to Peoria.

An Amish settler's first glimpse of a steamboat must have been breathtaking, for he knew of no such large and splendid boat in his native land. The three-story-high steamboat with its twin smokestacks rising far above it, its large paddlewheels on each side, its many balconies trimmed with jigsaw woodwork and pained gleaming white must have been quite a marvelous sight for him to see.

But the Amish settlers did not experience the loveliest parts of the steamboat, the dining room and the staterooms. Those parts of the boat were only for the wealthy passengers. The Amish were deck passengers, having tickets which required that they remain on the main deck where they found whatever space they could among the piles of cotton bales and other cargo. They brought their own food aboard with them and were not invited into the dining room where Negro porters waited on the wealthy passengers seated at tables covered with linen cloths and set with crystal and silverware. Nor would they have a comfortable bed in one of the many staterooms which lined both sides of the dining room. The deck passengers' beds would be the planks of the deck or the blankets they had with them to spread on the deck. Some of the children might find a softer place by climbing on top of the cotton bales.

The Amish settlers were not the only deck passengers on the steamboat. Men who made their living by bringing cargo down the river by flatboat would return up the river by steamboat, having sold their flatboats in New Orleans for lumber. Also, there were men from the pine woods of Minnesota and Wisconsin who had floated down the Mississippi River on huge rafts of logs. Having sold their logs in New Orleans they were heading home by the

easiest and quickest way—steamboat. Many of them were big, rough-featured fellows with shaggy hair, knives in their belts, and rifles over their shoulders. They swore and drank and gambled on the deck; they were the least desirable of the deck passengers. Also aboard were peddlers with packs on their backs; they would sell their wares to the passengers and to the people who would gather at the warves when the steamboat stopped on its strip upstream to take on fuel, cargo, or passengers.

But most of the deck passengers were immigrants—quiet folk who kept to themselves and chatted in their native languages. They, like the Amish settlers, had come to America to find new homes and jobs somewhere up the great river in the Mid-western frontier.

### Part 4: The Settlement Grows

Between 1829 and 1852 approximately 120 Amishmen settled in Central Illinois. With these settlers came their wives and families, except in the cases where the settlers were of age but yet unmarried. These pioneers built their homesteads near a creek or river. Partridge Creek in Woodford County received the most Amish settlers, but Rock Creek in McLean County was not far behind. Wesley City (Called the "busche Gemein") along the Illinois River in Tazewell County was third in the number of Amish settlers it received. The Dillon Creek district and the Mackinaw River district, both in Tazewell County, each received about a dozen families. A few families located elsewhere in the area, but the great majority lived in one of the five above-mentioned districts.

It is interesting to note that almost without exception the Amish pioneers settled along either a creek or river. There in the timber land bordering the water they built their cabins and cleared a few acres to grow their crops on. They turned their backs on the miles of level prairie land beside them, considering it just a few degrees better than a desert wasteland. This makes us smile today for it is the prairie, not the timber land or groves, which has made Illinois a leading state in the growing of corn and soybeans. But to the Amish pioneers the groves and creeks were the only part of Central Illinois that reminded them of their homeland, Alsace.

There were other reasons why the prairie land was not chosen by the early settlers. Due to its levelness it had poor drainage and was often wet. The Amish and other early settlers considered it unhealthy, and it was; typhoid fever and malaria ("shittel Feber" as the Amish called it) were common. Also there were no roads across the prairie; the creeks provided the settlers with avenues of transportation. Nor was it necessary to dig a well; the creek provided all the water they needed. And on the prairie there was no building material; at the creeks, tall timber grew waiting for the woodsman's axe. The nearby trees also provided the cabins with wood for the fireplace and served as a windbreak against the strong winter storms. The early settlers couldn't imagine living out on the prairie in the middle of nowhere.

Besides the above reasons, the early Amish settlers turned their backs on the prairie for another reason. They did not need 100 or more acres to make a living. All they needed were a few acres. By the time they had felled trees to build their cabin, shed, and rail fences, they had cleared almost enough land to do their farming. Their plows were simple and they saw no reason why they should attempt to break the tough prairie sod. The crops they raised were for their own use, not for market. A settler planted his acre of corn by hand in rows made by a single shovel plow. His wife or one of his children dropped the seed corn into the row at certain intervals kicking loose dirt to cover it. The children were kept busy all summer hoeing the weeds from the corn and chasing off the blackbirds that wanted to eat it. At night herds of deer might visit the corn patches. A pioneer could have fresh meat for the table if he was quiet and a good shot.

—To be Continued Next Month

## PROBLEMS IN CHILD TRAINING NO. 2

Sam Hershberger's wife, Susie, wasn't feeling like herself that rainy day in April. She tried to tell herself she had a good reason for being so grouchy with the boys. The three-year-old twins, Markie and Mervin, had been noisy and mischievous all morning. The baby was fussy with teething. Really, the baby was almost two, so there was still another reason Mrs. Hershberger wasn't feeling good.

Markie and Mervin chased each other across the living room floor, both shouting at the same time. Wearily, Susie turned from the sewing machine, "Boys," she commanded, "I've told you two or three times already to be quiet. The baby is finally sleeping, and you're going to wake her. Understand, this is the last time I'm going to say something."

The twins escaped to the kitchen, but within two minutes they were back. This time Markie was pulling on Mervin's suspenders, and Mervin was yelling for him to turn loose.

"Boys!" cried the mother again, "You've got to be quiet, do you hear? Now this is the last time..." The sentence faded away as Mrs. Hershberger remembered she had used those words before. Sheepishly, she returned to her sewing.

The next thing the twins did was to push a chair up to the pantry shelf to raid the cookie jar. Mother learned about it when the jar came crashing down on Markie's shoulder and bounced off on Mervin's head. The twins burst out crying, and there was an answering echo from the bedroom.

Susie Hershberger was upset enough this time to rap each twin's head once with her knuckles.

"Be still right now," came the stern words. "If you don't hush up, I'll open the closet door and let the bogeyman out. You know what he does to bad boys."

The twins forgot their pains in a hurry. Casting frightened glances toward the basement stairs where the dark and terrible closet was located, they quickly backed out of the pantry.

Within a half hour, though, the boys had recovered.

The bogeyman who carried bad little boys into some dark hideout was almost forgotten. However, the twins prudently stayed in the kitchen, a safe distance from the closet.

They soon had more mischief going. This time it was some original art work on the kitchen wall with crayons.

Susie Hershberger grew suspicious when all was so silent in the kitchen. She came out to investigate.

"Mark and Mervin, you know better than that, I know you do. You're two bad little boys, and that's all there is to it. But you just wait, when your dad comes home for dinner he is going to hear about it, and you'll probably get a whipping."

The boys dropped their eyes and waited for the storm to pass. They weren't too alarmed about the whipping from Daddy. It was a long time till dinner, and Mother would likely forget to tell him.

But this time she did not forget. With tears in her eyes, Susie poured out her woes to her husband. The twins stood to one side, trembling. "I can't do a thing with them," Susie concluded.

Sam Hershberger was an understanding man. He realized his wife wasn't feeling very well, but all the same, he was worried.

"I wonder," he said to his wife, his voice kind, "I wonder if your trouble isn't that you threaten to much and don't follow up."

What do you think? Was Sam right about his wife? Was empty threatening the only mistake she was making? How should she have handled the problems that arose during this one forenoon?

If you have some helpful advice, or can draw from your own experience, sit down right now and write it on paper. Express yourself just the way you feel. It would be nice if you could mention your age and a few words about your own family. Your name will not be used.

Send your letter, to: **CHILD TRAINING STUDY, RR 4, AYLMEER, ONTARIO, CANADA.**

Watch for next month's Problem in Child Training.

continued from page 13

"Kleider antun?" fragt der John.

"Ich kann auch nicht mein Haar strahlen, oder die Mädchen aus mein Gesicht jagen. Aber ich bin froh es ich gute Augen habe, und nicht blind bin wie der Edgar Burkeh."

"Es ist gut es ihr es so sehen könnet, besser es wann du am denken wärest der andere Weg — — Wann ich nur stark wäre wie der so und so..."

Die lachte. "Ja, es macht mich denken von die Story von dem König und sein Garten."

"Was war das?" fragt der John Miller.

Sammy sitzt fernerhin auf sein Stuhl für alles hören was der Die hat zu sagen.

"In die Story sagts es ein König ist nans in sein Garten gangen für sehen wie alles ist," fängt der Die an. "Aber alles sieht traurig aus. Er fragt der Eichen Baum fürwas er so traurig ist. Ah, sagt der Baum, Ich nimm so viel platz und alles es ich tun kann ist Schatten auf dem Weg schmeißen. Wann ich nur schöne Blumen hätte wie der Rosen Busch dann wäre ich sehr froh."

Wo der König zum Rosen Busch kommen war dann war er auch traurig. Der König fragt was les ist. "Ah," sagt der Rosen Busch, "Ich wünsche ich könnte so gute Früchte geben für die Menschen zu stärken wie der Trauben-Stock.

Ich steh die Leute es nahe kommen, und ich will doch nicht die Dornen haben."

"Wo er zum Trauben Stock kommen ist fängt er an, "Ah, wäre ich doch so groß und stark wie der Eichen Baum. Ich bin so schwach, ich kann net so viel es mich selber heben, ich hänge da über die Fenje."

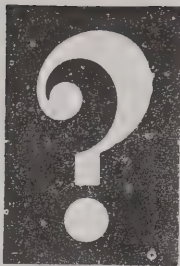
Zunächst kommt der König zu ein kleines Violet es bald versteckt war im Unkraut. Das Violet war sehr fröhlich.

"Was macht dich so fröhlich?" fragte der König."

"Warum sollte ich nicht fröhlich sein," antwortet das Violet, "denn du der großen König hast mich hier getan weil du gewußt hast es dieses das beste ist für mich. Dann will ich fröhlich sein weil ich weiß es du mich hier in dem Unkraut haben willst."

Sammy sein Fuß tut noch weh auf dem Heimweg. Aber immer bringt es seine Gedanken zum Ken Thomas, dem Die Reimer und zu dem König sein Garten. Als sie anfangen wispern er zu sich selber, "Ich bin dankbar für die Säue, für meine Kräfte, für meine Hände..." Er haltet an die Sachen zu namen... — und dankbar daß ich dankbar sei kann für ein dankbar Herz haben für dankbar sein."

DEADLINE  
FOR ANSWERS  
DEC. 30<sup>th</sup>



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

??

Question:

I am a young married man in a plain church. I used to work in a factory but people kept telling me farming is better especially for the children (we have some boys). I think this is true, so not too long ago I went in debt to buy a farm and have a mortgage at 8%.

I am beginning to wonder which is the best, being in financial trouble all the time, or being in a factory? I would like to have the opinion of others.

—Wanting What's Best For The Future

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ANSWERS FOR THE ONE WHO IS WONDERING WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACTIONS OF CHILDREN FROM AGES 9 TO 16

Who else but the parents? I believe some of that responsibility starts already at home during the highchair age. Children are smart and they can soon tell, even in their young years, whether they must obey their parents or if they can get away with things.

I know it is only as the Lord blesses our efforts, that we will be able to teach them to be respectful in church and at other places. It is very important to see that they have good companions to play with and later to fellowship with. This may not be the whole answer but I feel it is a great part. —EPHRATA GRANDMOTHER.

I feel it is the responsibilities of the parents for the conduct of children 9 to 16 years while they are in church. If they can not keep them under control in time of church services at this age, how will they be able to keep them under control when they are older and go places that the parents are not along?

Children should be brought up to have reverence for God. When they sit on the bench beside the parent, they should be taught to sit quietly without having toys to play with. By the time they no longer sit with the parents, it is still the duty of the parents to see to it that the children do not make a disturbance.

—OHIO GRANDMOTHER.

I think 9 years is too young to start sitting with the boys and girls in church. The earliest reasonable age would be 11. I sat with Mom until I was 12 and it never hurt me.

It seems there must be something lacking if the boys are allowed to stay outside a long time during church services. And to think, that they would even destroy property and even at such a place where people have come together to worship the Lord. It leaves a big question mark as to the sincerity of the worship services.

We were surprised that anyone would ask who is supposed to be responsible for the conduct of the children. Apparently those parents didn't accept the responsibility

when the Lord entrusted them with the care of those dear little souls. After all, that is the only thing we can take with us along to Heaven (with the help of God).

It seems to me that when children are outside and perhaps in mischief, the parents should go out and see about them and correct them. Surely they wouldn't wait for someone else to go.

I have heard it said that children are a reflection of the home. If this is true, then it wouldn't sound very good for the homes where the children act that way in church.

—CONCERNED PARENT, MD.

If children get into mischief and destroy property, I feel the parents are responsible. We have to teach them to respect the property of others when they are still young, so we should start making them mind when they still sit on our laps. The Bible says in Proverbs 13:24, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." Also in Proverbs 23:13-14, "Withhold not correction from the child for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod and shalt deliver his soul from hell."

I believe if we do this, and with the right attitude, our children will learn to respect other people's property.

—A FATHER FROM IOWA.

I have seen where the father went out and fetched the boys in when they were out too long in church. I think if the parents think anything at all of their children, they will not let them be out any length of time without finding out why. Sometimes there is a reason for going out in church, but too often they are out a lot longer than necessary. I think the Scriptures teach us that the parents are responsible and have to give account for their children.

—CONCERNED FROM DELAWARE.

We live among a group where some of the boys stay out till services are started. When they do come in, they shove the benches together and sometimes they take out the screws, or spoil the songbooks. Is this the way we shall train our children? The Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6.

In the book of Samuel, we read about the high priest, Eli, who lost his life because he did not punish his own sons for their misdeeds. Are we as parents enough concerned about our children to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? I am afraid that too often we are so much concerned about "Welt und Gelt" that we are not aware of what is happening or where it will end.

—PENNSYLVANIA PARENT.

I think it is the responsibility of both the parents and the ministers. First of all, the parents should do what they can with their own families. It seems too many say, "This is the way it was when we were young and children will be children." To my way of thinking, this kind of attitude does not even get us inside God's vineyard.

Secondly, parents should talk with the ministers. If the ministers are agreed to work on it, then a big change can be made. But we have to keep after it all the time to keep it rooted out or we can soon lose more than we have gained.

Thirdly, the parents should see that they are in good standing themselves with the church and in the ordnung

FAMILY LIFE

so they can be a good example. Then the ministers can have faith in them that they want to build up the church. If the parents are disobedient to the church in some things then it is hard to do anything with the young folks.

I also think parents can be too loud after church, in talking and maybe in joking and laughing. If a lot of people are together there can be a lot of noise.

—ONTARIO.

It makes a difference what attitude the parents take about something like that. I've seen where parents actually stuck up for their children as if it were all a joke or in fun. Sometimes the children claim the other party gets upset or angry, which may be, but it isn't helping the situation any. Maybe if the parents insisted that their children apologize and pay for any damages, it would help.

—OHIO

Respect and discipline must be taught before the ages of 9 to 16. They ought to know right from wrong. I'm afraid we parents aren't on the alert enough after church leaves out. We just think they should be able to take care of themselves.

If the Golden Rule is practiced, they wouldn't want to break windows or destroy property. I think if our children are involved in something like that we ought to take them to apologize and then pay for the damages.

—INDIANA.

I believe a man of the house is responsible to a certain extent if the boys do not come in when it is time for church to start. But the main duty is the parents. If the parents are lax, perhaps it's the ministers' duty to remind them.

As for destroying property, I believe it is something which is taken far too lightly by both children and grown-ups. I have heard something like this passed off lightly with "it was just an accident" when 9 times out of 10 someone was acting the dunce or had no business being there in the first place. Wouldn't it be the duty of anyone when seeing such things, to report them either to the parents or to the man of the house.

Our neighbors' boys broke something "accidentally" once and they had to go back and make things right. It made a big difference in their attitude. In Lev. 6:5 we can read that the Israelites had to restore the damage plus one-fifth if they had wronged a neighbor.

—PENNSYLVANIA MOTHER.

Does anyone know of any excuse why the children aged 9 to 16 should not sit with their parents? It would not take one more seat to have them sit with their parents, where they rightfully belong, than it does to have them sit somewhere else. The damaging of property sounds like pure lawlessness. Are the parents asleep either naturally and/or spiritually that they are not aware of their God-given responsibilities as set forth in the Bible?

—MT. PLEASANT MILLS, PA.

Perhaps we are all somewhat to blame for letting the conditions get to where they are now. If we all work together to prayerfully try to change things, we should be able to accomplish much.

The ministers should bring up the subject in church and continue to admonish and remind us of our responsibilities. We as parents should be a good example ourselves by staying in the church room as much as possible.

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ible and conducting ourselves in a quiet and godly manner after church.

However it is probably the parents who have the greatest influence and responsibilities over their children. Do we remind our children frequently of what we expect of them and then see to it that they obey? Menno Simons has some very good advice on the subject of "Kinderzucht" when he writes:

"My beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, you who sincerely love the word of the Lord, instruct your children thus from youth up and admonish them daily with the word of the Lord, setting a good example. A child unrestrained becomes headstrong as an untamed horse. Give him no liberty in his youth and wink not at his follies. Bow down his neck while he is young, lest he wax stubborn and be disobedient to thee. Correct thy son and keep him from idleness lest thou be made ashamed on his account. Beloved brethren in Christ, if you rightly know God and His word, and believe that the end of the righteous is eternal life and the end of the wicked eternal death, then study to the utmost of your power to lead your children in the way of life and to keep them from the ways of death. Pray to God for the gift of His grace. Watch over their salvation as over your own souls. Teach, instruct, admonish, threaten, correct and chastise them as circumstances require. Direct

(Continued on page 8)

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HOME REMEDIES and suggestions -----

When small children and babies have croup and colds, turn on the hot water in the bathtub and in a short time you'll have a lot of steam. (If you have a shower built above the bathtub, this is better yet.) I kept the baby in the steam for an hour or so at a time, lying in a basket. In a very short time her croup was gone.—A.M., Ohio

My aunt had trouble with blood clots. She took 4 to 5 drops of juniper oil daily and found it effective. —Ohio

The "Puzzled weight watcher" and all you other overweights got some ideas on reducing (January issue 1972). Well, now what about us underweights—the skinny people? We could use some improvement too! Any suggestions?

—Mary, Pennsylvania

I was wondering if some readers could give us a bit more information as to the "lobelia plant?"

I am interested in herbs and find them a great help. A little over two years ago I suffered from a brain hemorrhage and have found bay leaf (bought in a grocery store) tea very helpful when my head doesn't feel clear.

I also would like to pass on this helpful advice for mothers with children. When our three small children had the red measles, they drank red raspberry leaf tea and it really kept down their temperatures. I collect the leaves in summer and then dry them indoors for winter use.

To my way of thinking each home should have in their library the book "Back To Eden." (Sold in Pathway Bookstore.) It has taught us many helpful simple remedies.

—Mrs. Alvin Wagler, Canada

(The writer above didn't state whether the tea should be hot or cold when served. Some people advise hot tea for measles, others advise cold, and some advise hot drinks at first and then serve the patient with cold drinks, and to keep the body warm—"to drive out the measles."—Sarah.)



Another year has almost passed. As the years go by I at times need to ask myself if I'm growing in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ as the Bible tells me to do. Have I gathered, instead of scattered; have I built, instead of torn down?

Scattering or tearing down is bad enough in itself, but when a person does this they are not only doing it for themselves but someone will take an example from them and will be doing the same. How necessary it is to pray for one another as the days pass and make the years—bringing us ever nearer to eternity.

A mother from the West wrote in and said, "This morning, burdened with too much work to fit into one day and very tired from the day before, I took out my frustration on my children.

"Now this evening I picked up a magazine and saw this mother's prayer by Marjorie Holmes:"

"Oh, God, I was so cross to the children today! Forgive me. I was discouraged and tired-- and I took it out on them. Forgive my bad temper, my impatience, and most of all, my yelling. I am so ashamed as I think of it. I want to kneel down by each of their beds, wake them up and ask them to please forgive me. But I can't; they wouldn't understand. I must go on living with the memory of this awful day and my unjust tirades. I can still see the fear in their eyes as they scurried around trying to appease me-- thinking my anger and raving was their fault.

"Oh, God, the pathetic helplessness of children! Their innocence before the angry adult. And how forgiving they are-- hugging me so fervently at bedtime, kissing me good night. All I can do is straighten a cover, touch a small head burrowed in a pillow and hope with all my heart that they will forgive me.

"Lord, in failing these little ones whom you have put in my keeping, I'm also failing You. Please let your infinite patience and goodness replenish me for tomorrow."

—A Mother in Missouri

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A mother from Ontario has advised that instead of marking children's stockings and other things with the child's initial, mark them with the child's age. When a garment is passed down it will stay with the child nearest that age and they will be able to find their own belongings without confusion. This works as long as the younger child does not outgrow the older one.

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A friend would like to know how to keep molasses in cinnamon buns from running out while the buns are raising. She says the molasses runs to the bottom, then the "goodies" are missed. Maybe no one has a solution for this.

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Household hint: To clean stained boontonware or melmac (plastic) dinnerware, use 1/4 clorox and 3/4 water. Let set 3/4 minute then remove clorox water and fill with water. Let set several hours to remove smell. Caution: If left set too long with clorox water the colors in the dishes may fade.

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I suppose most of you readers have heard quite a bit of criticism about those who chew gum in public. It is often considered healthier than candy, and a good "coaxing tool" for children. A father from Middlefield, Ohio voices his opinion:

"One thing that does not belong in a church is chewing gum. Especially if you consider yourself to be a Christian. I have shed many a silent tear when I saw people chew gum in church.

"Recently I saw an ad in the Provoker magazine about the cheapness of the gum mixture. It does more harm than good, for chewing gum contains a lot of unhealthy chemicals."

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Dear Readers,

Within the past months there have been two of our good friends who had nervous breakdowns and went to the hospital for help. Both are mothers of little children. What makes us so depressed at times that we can not straighten out by ourselves? What could be avoided so we can lead more calm and worthwhile lives, and not care about the cares of life?

--Pennsylvania

(Some nervous Christians have found relief from the book "Nervous Christians," which can be bought from Pathway Bookstore, Route 4 LaGrange, Indiana Price: 50¢)

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#### Yum Yum Cake

2/3 cup orange juice                      1 cup ginger ale  
1 large package of marshmallows  
1 pint whipped cream                      1 angel food cake

Heat orange juice and ginger ale till it boils. Add marshmallows and stir till dissolved. Cool thoroughly. Add whipped cream; fold into liquid. Break angel food cake into small pieces. Put half of the cake in the bottom of the cake pan and pour half of the mixture on the cake. Put the rest of the cake and mixture in the pan. Serve with whipped or ice cream.

—Gertie Miller (14) Berne, Indiana

#### Creamy-Sure Fudge

2/3 cups (1 small can) undiluted evaporated milk  
16 marshmallows, or about 1 cup of marshmallow creme  
1 1/3 cups granulated sugar                      1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/4 cup butter or oleo                      2 cups of semi-sweet  
1 teaspoon vanilla                      chocolate pieces  
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Mix first 5 ingredients in saucepan, stirring constantly. Heat to boiling and boil 5 minutes only. Remove from heat; add chocolate. Stir until melted. Stir in vanilla and walnuts. Spread in 8 inch pan. Cool until firm. Makes about 2 pounds.

—Ruth Ann Yutzy (12) Bloomfield, Iowa

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### Chocolate Candy

3 cups sugar                      1 tablespoon butter  
3 cups milk                      1 tablespoon vanilla  
5 tablespoon cocoa

Boil sugar, milk, and cocoa and stir while on stove. Boil to soft ball stage. Remove from stove and add flavoring and butter. Stir until it is creamy. Pour on buttered plate and cut in squares when cool.

--Priscilla Byler (15) Belleville, Pa.

### Hard Tack Candy

1 3/4 pounds white sugar  
1 cup water  
1 cup white karo

Cook all together until 280° then add coloring. Leave on stove until it reaches 290°. Remove and add chosen flavor. Pour at once on greased cookie sheet or marble slab. As soon as it is cool enough to work with, cut with scissors into strips and various size pieces. You can begin cutting off the edges almost immediately. The flavoring comes in grams and we put 1 eight-ounce bottle in each batch of candy. Flavoring can be bought from the drug store, such as— peppermint, spearmint, wintergreen, thyme, anise, cinnamon, etc. Make each flavor a different color. Suggestion: peppermint- colorless, wintergreen-dark green, spearmint- light green, thyme- blue, anise- yellow, cinnamon- red, etc.

--Ohio

### Cracker Jack

1 pound butter  
5 pounds sugar  
1/2 gal. white karo  
1 small bottle yellow cake color.  
Boil this to soft crack. Add 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, then boil until a hard crack. Pour over 1 1/2 lard can full of popcorn and 1 pound peanuts.

Cracker Jack can be enjoyed the year around and can be kept fresh a long time if put in a tight container.

--Mrs. William Y. Hostetler Butler, Ohio

### Popcorn Balls

1 1/2 pint cane syrup or half sugar  
chunk of butter, the size of a walnut.  
Boil to hard ball when tested in cold water. Then add vanilla and 1 level teaspoon soda. Have a big dish full of Pour the foaming syrup over the popcorn. Stir well together. Now it is ready to make into balls, or crackers jack. If you use cane syrup, add 1 tablespoon vinegar.

--Mrs. M. H., Millersburg, O.

### Peanut Brittle

2 cups white sugar  
1 cup white karo  
1/2 cup water  
Cook 2 minutes. Then add 1 lb. raw peanuts. Continue cooking till hard crack. Remove from heat and add 3 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons soda, and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Pour on buttered cookie sheet.

--Mrs. Marvin Hilty, Berne, Indiana

### Snowy Fudge

1 1/2 cups Peanut Butter  
2 cups sugar  
2/3 cup milk  
1 cup marshmallow cream  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Cook sugar and milk to 234 degrees F. or until syrup forms a soft ball which flattens when removed from water. Add other ingredients. Mix well. Pour into buttered pan 8 x 6 x 2.

### CONTENTMENT

Explaining to my little girl—  
Christmas not far away—  
"See it's marked red on the calendar  
We'll give you things that day."

"But Mother, I have everything,  
I've need of nothing more!"  
She spoke rather insistingly  
With wisdom of age four.

"Naught do I need that I don't have.  
I've dolls, puzzles, my book,  
The pretty bag that Grandma gave;  
See all my toys, just look!"

I glance at her small box of toys,  
Yes, there were quite a few;  
I noticed dolly's faded clothes  
Had a tear or two.

I know some dresses newly made  
Now in my closet hide  
When on the little doll are laid  
Will make her starry-eyed.

Yet when we mention gift-giving  
She says, "I've everything!"

Ah, sweet contentment of a child!  
Of such the kingdom is;  
We glimpse in trustful faces, mild,  
A shade of heavenly bliss.

So much from them we have to learn—  
To trust with humbleness,  
To leave all care in the Father's Hand  
As they trust all to us.

--A.S., Pennsylvania

### Some Mothers Write

Two-year-old Lester was trying to call his favorite pussy down from a high place. When pussy wouldn't listen he asked, "Vit candy?" (Do you want candy?)

--Mrs. E.B., Pennsylvania

My pre-school niece asked to brush Mother's false teeth. With this permission she started to brush, then asked, "Mother, do you feel this?"

"No," replied Mother, "I don't feel anything."

Then she began to brush faster and harder. "Mother, do you feel it now?" she wanted to know.

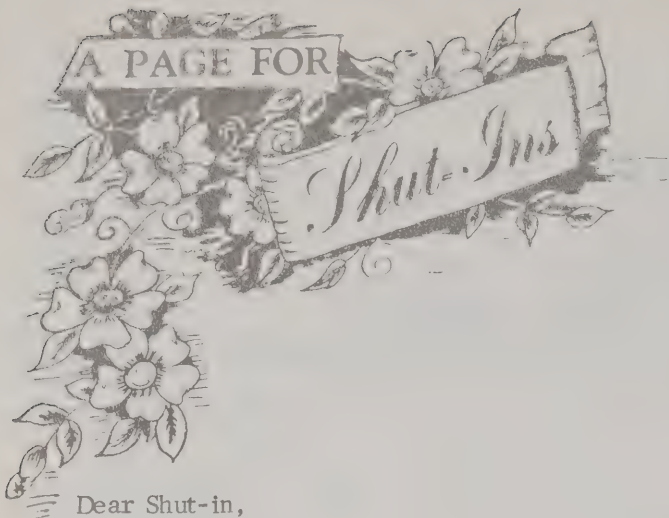
--Mrs. E.B., Pennsylvania

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Thoughts from  
My Rocking Chair



If you can  
make life  
beautiful for  
others we have  
accomplished  
a great  
mission  
Aunt Becky



Dear Shut-in,

Today I was having "one of those days"  
And I felt kinda lonesome and blue,  
Then suddenly I was thinking of you, dear friend,  
And I wondered if you get them too.

So I thought just in case you'd be feeling this way  
And were wondering if anyone cared,  
I'd write you a line to say that they do  
And that all of your troubles are shared.

So if nobody came to visit today  
And the mailman no letter has brought,  
Don't think that your friends have forgotten you then,  
No, don't ever cherish this thought.

'Twas only that each one was busy today—  
Life demands us to each do our share  
But they thought of you often as they hurried along  
And for you they would whisper a prayer.

For probably each one's remembering now  
A time when you lended a hand;  
You always are helping another along,  
How you do it I can't understand.

So if you're not feeling quite like you should  
And there's work that you think you should do  
Just think of the friends who remember and care,  
Who are glad they can do it for you.

But maybe you never feel lonesome and blue,  
If so, you won't need this small note,  
But I'm feeling happy and cheerful again,  
And so I am glad that I wrote.

—One of those friends  
E. W., Port Trevorton, Pa.

• • • • •

Magdalena pulled the covers over her shoulder. Everything in the house was quiet. She looked at the calendar and counted the days. "Three weeks that I've been in bed already," she mused. "It seems this fever will never come down. Oh, I must be patient though, even if there will be many more weeks like this. I want to be thankful that I don't have to lie in bed like Adeline Myers for she suffers a lot of pain. And there are so many others like her. I guess I'm really lucky yet. She has been in bed ever since I can remember, and here I'm almost twenty-four and have seldom been sick yet."

Magdalena's throat felt hot and dry. She looked at the empty water glass on the stand in front of her bed. No use going to the kitchen sink to get a drink. I can't see

that it would hurt though. But thoughts reminded her of the time she had tried it, several days before, and she had almost lost her balance.

In a few minutes she heard the screen door slam shut, and the footsteps of a child. "Tena," she called to her niece, "will you please bring me a drink of water?"

"Yes," Tena answered as she pulled open a drawer in the worktable, and began rummaging through it.

Magdalena listened as the twelve-year-old went into the pantry and out again. Maybe Tena forgot to bring a drink.

"Tena," Magdalena reminded her, "I'd like to have some water."

This time Tena didn't answer. Her mind was too absorbed in what she was hunting to pay much attention to what her aunt was saying.

Magdalena waited a few minutes and then she called again. Maybe Tena didn't hear her the second time.

"Yes," answered Tena impatiently, "I'll get it as soon as I find the grass shears and take it out to Mommy."

"Mommy," complained Tena when she came out to the yard where Grandmother was working. "Magdalena is so impatient. She just keeps on calling and calling when she wants something. It seems she can't wait until a person gets time to do something. Mother thinks you've spoiled her."

"But I don't always get the things she wants right away either," Grandmother answered with understanding. "But there are times I feel I might as well get it right away as later. She didn't get angry, did she?"

"No, I guess not. but I felt she was very impatient."

Magdalena heard the voices coming through the open window and felt very much hurt. Tears dripped from her eyes onto the pillow. "Why can't they see that I'm trying to be patient?" she sobbed. "Surely, I wouldn't have called so often if I didn't think that Tena needed a reminder, or that I thought she hadn't heard." Fresh tears came as Magdalena thought of how she was misunderstood. "They've never been sick so long and don't know how it is," she said brokenheartedly to herself.

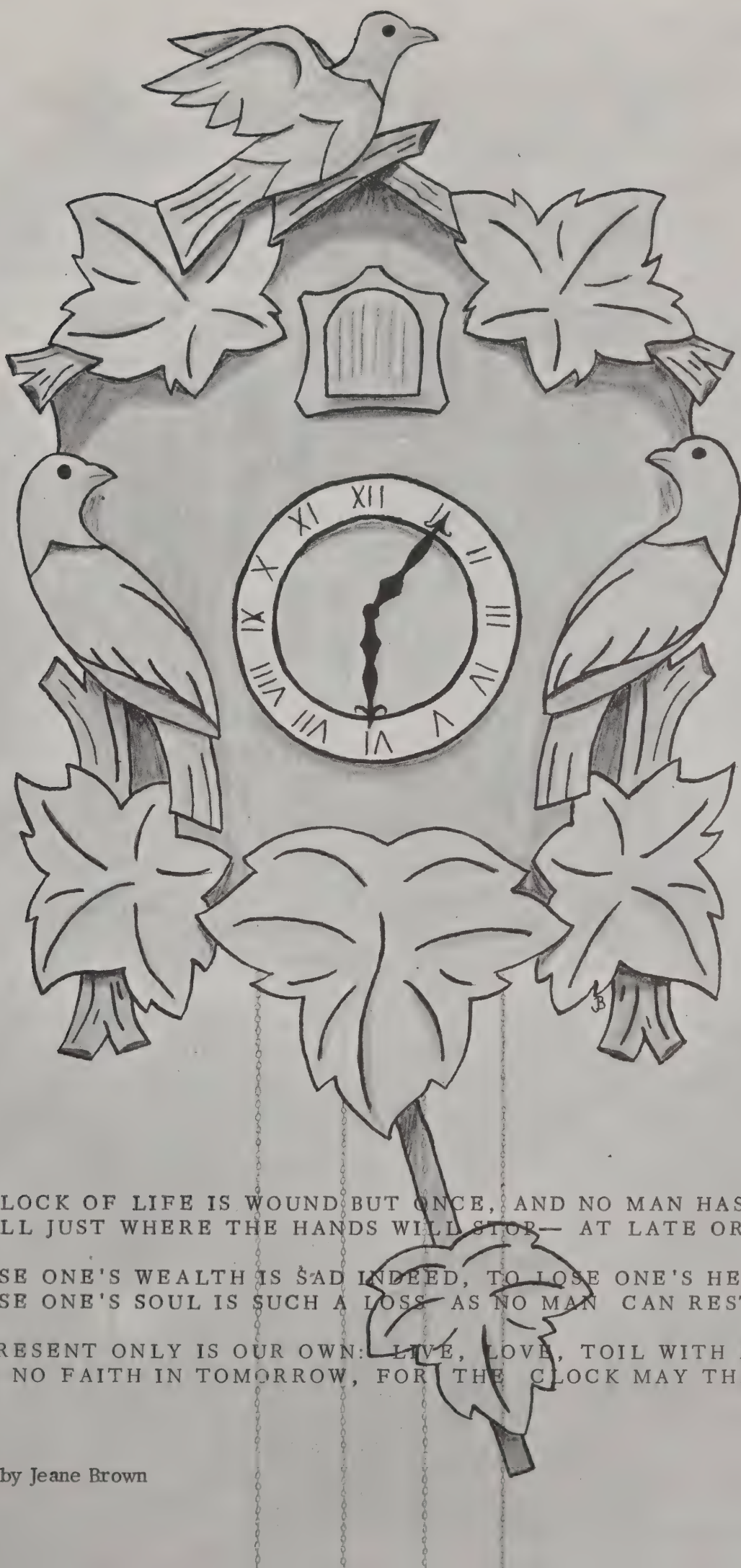
How easy it is for misunderstandings to come into our life, even when each party tries to do their very best. and such misunderstandings cause people to misjudge one another, and misjudge the motives of others. This naturally leads to more misunderstandings and can come to arguments.

Magdalena realized that it was wrong to be impatient. She was trying her utmost to make it easy for those who had to take care of her. But like the "generation gap", a barrier can come between the sick and the well. When this happens they will naturally lose confidence in each other. This brings more trouble on the horizon.

A patient, to be happy, needs the confidence of those around him, and in turn he needs to have confidence in those who help him along. When once this is shattered, the broken pieces can not be fitted together very easily again. And even if they're fitted together, the utmost care has to be taken lest the confidence be shattered again.

No matter if one is sick, or well, Susan Coolidge's words should be remembered, "It takes so little to make us glad, and again so little to make us sad." If we take little opportunities to make each other glad, there will be less chance of a misunderstanding. ■■

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: Our cover picture was drawn by a 16-year-old girl of Daviess County, Indiana.

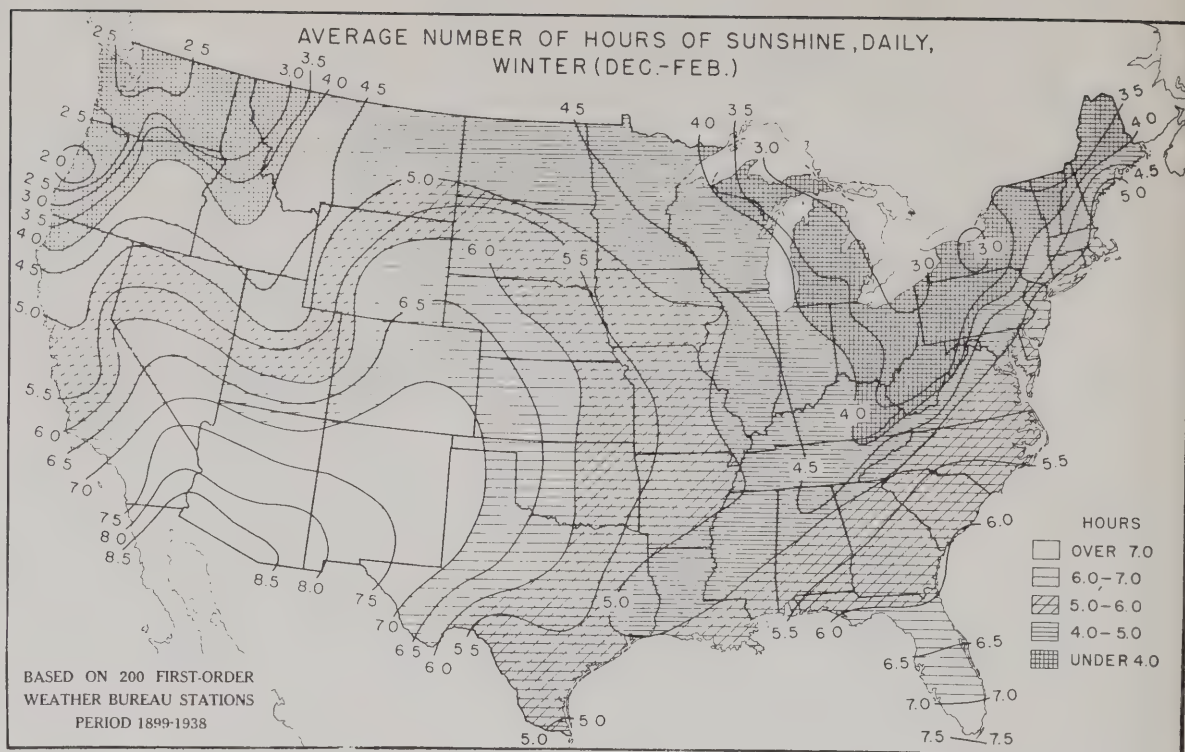


THE CLOCK OF LIFE IS WOUND BUT ONCE, AND NO MAN HAS THE POWER  
TO TELL JUST WHERE THE HANDS WILL STOP— AT LATE OR EARLY HOUR.

TO LOSE ONE'S WEALTH IS SAD INDEED, TO LOSE ONE'S HEALTH IS MORE,  
TO LOSE ONE'S SOUL IS SUCH A LOSS AS NO MAN CAN RESTORE.

THE PRESENT ONLY IS OUR OWN: LIVE, LOVE, TOIL WITH A WILL.  
PLACE NO FAITH IN TOMORROW, FOR THE CLOCK MAY THEN BE STILL.

# Sunshine and the Chill Factor



Sunshine is a scarce item during the winter. According to the above map, northern Ohio and the Great Lakes Regions ordinarily receive only about an average of 3 hours of sunshine per day during the winter months.

Why is sunshine important? First of all because it provides warmth. It is a mystery which is hard to explain how the rays of the sun can travel through space for 93 million miles without leaving any of their warmth and then as soon as they hit the earth's atmosphere, warm it up. On a cold clear day during the winter when the outside temperature is well below zero, the sun can shine through the glass windows into your living room and still feel almost as warm as it does during the summer. How is it possible for the warmth from the sun's rays to go through the subzero air on the outside, and then warm up the inside of the house?

To explain this we must remember that the rays of the

sun must be absorbed before they can warm up anything. As they pass through space there is nothing there to absorb the rays, not even atmosphere, so the rays do not lose their heat. When they reach the earth, they lose a small amount of heat as they pass through the atmosphere, but this is really very insignificant. Perhaps only about 4% of the warmth which the earth gets from the sun is picked up by the air.

Most of the warmth is picked up when the rays strike the earth, or the soil, or plants, or animals, or people. A black object will absorb more heat than a white one will.

When the rays come into your living room and strike your cheeks, the warmth is absorbed by your body and it feels warm. If you were to hold a mirror and reflect the sunlight out another window then the heat would be reflected away from the earth again and those rays would not help to warm the earth. If the rays were reflected by the mirror onto another person, that person would absorb the rays and the warmth from the sun.

Rays from the sun contain two different kinds of rays. The most noticeable are called infra-red rays which means ordinary warmth rays. When you fire up your stove, it throws off infra-red rays, or if you strike a match this is infra-red heat. The story is told of a smooth talking salesman who went around selling what he claimed was a new type of a heater. It burned oil and it made infra-red heat. Many people fell for the scheme until they finally discovered that infra-red is the ordinary kind of heat rays like any stove will throw off.

The other kind of rays are called ultra-violet rays. These can not be seen but they are very important to our health and well being. It is by means of ultra-violet rays that we get vitamin D from sunshine, a very necessary vitamin. But these are also the rays which cause sun-burn and can damage one's health. Fortunately most of the ultra-violet rays are screened out by the atmosphere before they reach the earth's surface. Some kinds of ultra-violet rays reach the earth even through a layer of clouds. Too much sunshine is harmful to the skin and authorities now believe that skin cancers are caused by too strong ultra-violet rays.

BOO, IT'S COLD TODAY

Why is it that on a calm winter day the thermometer

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